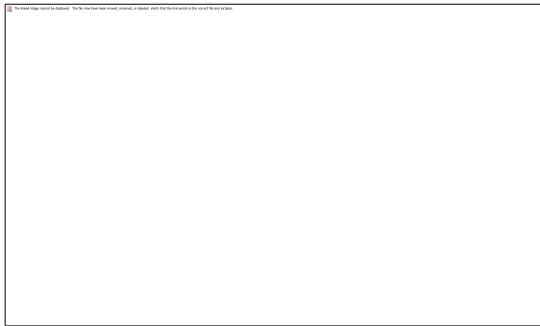
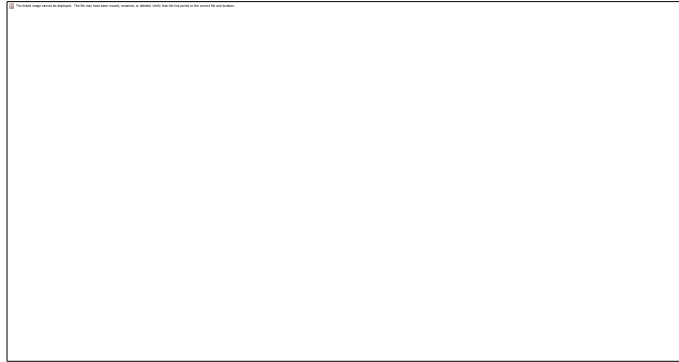


~ Turning Point ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Songs by Mandy Moore, 112. They ain't mine, never will be, their loss.

Sex, bad language and all the other stuff that I can toss in a FF is here.

Kiddy thing: If ya ain't old enough go the Hell away, I ain't got time fer ya!

Detective Olivia Benson wiped the rain from her face with both hands and looked down to where her partner Detective Elliot Stabler was looking under the black plastic covering the newest victim on the night straight from Hell. Pulling her collar tighter around her neck, she squatted down next to him. "Tell me this one's different than the one two hours ago?"

"And make your night, not a chance Liv." He lifted the plastic higher and gave her a small shrug of his shoulders. "Sure looks the same to me but I could be wrong."

"Why can't the sick bastards do this when its daylight and dryer, I swear my feet are webbed after being wet all day?"

Elliot sneezed so hard that he fell over into Olivia. "You have webbed feet and I've got pneumonia, if I fall over dead make sure Munch doesn't toss me in a dumpster and rifle my desk." He wiped at his red nose with his handkerchief and struggled to his feet. "I've had it, let's get outta here; we'll wait and see what the ME says in the morning."

Olivia shivered and nodded her soaking wet head. "That is one conversation that I'm not gonna

enjoy," She wiped her face and walked beside Elliot away from the crime scene. "She's got three vics just for us and who knows how many in total, is it the weather, time of month...what?"

Elliot shrugged his shoulders and gave her a small grin. "You mean like PMS...God I hope not." Olivia gave him a wicked grin and patted his back; she didn't envy him that was for sure. Living with one woman was bad enough during that time of the month but four would be suicide in her book.

"You could always sleep on the Captain's cot during that time or buy a couple bottles of Midol on your way home."

"Believe me we have a medicine cabinet filled with Midol bottles, not to mention all the other things in the bathroom." He gave her a small smile. "Maureen still can't believe that I can buy tampons without turning purple from embarrassment."

"Good next time I run out I'm sending you." She climbed into the warm car and turned the heat up, her body was aching and she wanted nothing more than to go home, have a stiff drink and a hot shower in that order.

Olivia poured another two fingers of bourbon, dropped down on the side of her bed and groaned. It was four in the morning and this was the second time she had been in this spot in the last three hours, she hoped that taking a hot shower changed her luck. Draining her glass, she placed it next to her beeper and then crawled beneath the covers. She rolled to her side and looked to the doorway that led to her living room and knew this would be more bearable if she could share her life with someone other than her partner. Sighing, she closed her eyes and let the pitter patter of the rain lull her to sleep.

"Don't you two look like shit; ya know wandering the streets all night isn't good for ya?" Fin said and dropped a bag of bagels on Olivia's desk. "And since I got to spend all night nice and dry, I thought I'd be nice and hit the streets bright and early." He waved a paper at Elliot. "Me and Munch came up with a possible witness to one of the crimes, she said that she 'thinks' she saw someone running from the alley on the second vic last night."

Elliot handed the paper to Olivia and leaned back in his chair. "Did you guys bring her in?"

"Yep, she's in number two with Munch, he's telling her about the harmful events that can come from mixing Boones Farm and MD 20/20."

Olivia rolled her eyes and got up from her desk. "Your choice Ell, the smell of formaldehyde or ripple?"

He scratched his head and gave her a small grin. "I'll take the ripple, seeing three guys with their

Johnson's missing is too much for me this early in the day."

"Oohh I see it's the macho thing or should I say lack of it huh?" She gave him a bright smile, grabbed her jacket and headed from the room. "Call me if ya get anything." On her way over to the ME's, she thought of how funny it was that men could look at women's bodies that had been cut up or worse but if a man had his privates cut off, they would rather have their legs waxed then see the body. "OK Liv think, three dead guys all with their dicks hacked off, pissed off prostitute of pimp?"

Captain Cragen and Elliot stood outside of the interview room and watched Munch and Fin question the wino, Elliot had to grin at the way Fin was handling himself. From the way he kept wiping at his watery eyes and keeping his distance told a story Elliot was glad he wasn't in. "Oohh come on," Fin groaned and wiped at his eyes. "You remember in what order you mixed your booze but you can't remember what the guy you saw running away looked like?"

"Told ya...it was dark and I can't see good at night...gots that glaucoma."

"Oohh please you're what 25 at the most, I think your main problem is all those little capillaries in your eyes have burst from that gut rot you drink." Munch walked to the other side of the room, looked out the window and then turned to look at her over the tops of his glasses. "What if...I got you an aged bottle of Boone's farm strawberry wine, would that help with your memory and eyesight?"

"It couldn't hurt none...might make my eyesight come back...could use it."

"I bet you could," He nodded his head at Fin and headed to the door. "OK Elliot your turn, I give up." He and Fin stepped in to the hallway and gave Cragen a slight nod. "We tried but she seems to have not only memory loss but she's blind as well."

"I heard," Cragen looked at the wino through the glass and rubbed a hand over his head, he had seen plenty of homeless but this had to be the worst one so far. Her clothes were in layers because the ones beneath were rotting and leaving filthy skin exposed. "Do we have anything else, any other witnesses or clues from the crime scenes?"

Fin shook his head and looked back through the glass. "Uniforms are still out there but with all that rain we had, it washed all evidence away and three cases almost at the same time has us thin."

"I'll see if I can pull some officers from other departments, there's gotta be someone else who saw something. Where's Benson?" He looked to Elliot.

"She lost the bet, she's on her way to the ME's right now, maybe we'll get lucky and she'll find something."

Olivia stood off to the side and watched the Medical Examiner weigh organs, dump them into a steel container and then toss more internal pieces into the steel tray that hung from the scale. It reminded her of the old butcher shop where she bought her steaks, he would toss the fresh meat on the scale, throw it onto the wrapping paper and slide it across the top of the show case. "Ya know when I finally kick off and my body comes in here, I hope you're off that day."

The tall woman looked up and gave Olivia a crooked grin. "I hope I never see or hear of your body being in here other than walking," She finished weighing the liver, placed it inside the metal tray and pulled her gloves off. "Let's go in my office I've had enough dickless men for a few hours and that includes the walking type." They went to her small office, the ME grabbed some papers from the top of her outbox and handed them to her. "That's what I got from the vics last night and you'll be happy to know that it was the same freak that did all three."

Olivia scanned the reports and then looked up. "Are ya sure about that...same weapon or what?"

"Same weapon, same pre and post mortem wounds and what you want to know is that yes they were alive when their penises were cut off. She picked up an x-ray and handed it to her. "Take a look; you'll see a nice old crack up the back of this man's skull. Your perp knocked out each vic before doing the nasty stuff, now the head trauma's could have been bad enough to be life threatening but with extreme blood loss at a lower point there's no way for me to tell if any of them would have died from cracked heads." She shrugged her shoulders.

"So they were knocked out and then the little cut was made that ended it, either way they're dead?" She looked up from the x-ray and gave the ME a wicked smirk.

"Sounds like you and me have had the same kind of 48 hours, if you find the perp let me know, I have an ex husband that needs taught a lesson, son of bitch is trying to sue me for support."

"I can think of a few I can toss this freaks way as well," She waved the reports. "Are these our copies?"

"Yep all yours Detective and take a break you look like you should be on one of my tables."

"Oohh I plan on it as soon as we're done for the day." She waved the papers at her, left the small office and headed down the hallway; she was exhausted and could feel it in the way she moved. Yawning wide enough that she felt the muscles in her jaw stretch; she shook her head and ran a hand through her hair. "I'd kill for eight hours of sleep, I'd settle for four though."

"Do you always talk to yourself or is this just a special occasion?"

Olivia stumbled and tapped her chest with her hand. "Do you always lurk in dark doorways Counselor?"

"Only my own, I get the most enjoyable gossip this way." ADA Alex Cabot whispered and

walked beside Olivia. "Are you on your way back to work or home?"

"I wish it was home but we're working that triple homicide from last night and I was just getting the ME's reports." She stopped and faced Alex; she looked at her attire with a raised eyebrow. "I don't think I've ever seen you in anything but a suit, what's the occasion?" She looked at the faded Levis, mans button down shirt and the scuffed cowboy boots that she wore.

"It's my day off, for once I don't have court and all the cases I'm working on are waiting their day in court." She flashed a quick smile at Olivia and caught her totally off guard, it wasn't often that the ADA let her steel wall down and showed any facial expressions. "About that triple homicide last night, anything as far as evidence or in need of my assistance?"

"Alex it's your day off, go home and watch TV or something." She held up a finger when Alex went to say something. "All the evidence was washed away in the rain and the ME didn't find anything on the victims, they were all hit from behind and then...why are you here anyway?"

"I didn't know what to do with myself so I came in to get some old files and see if I could breathe some life into them."

"I don't have that problem on my days off; right now I'm wearing my last pair of socks and underwear. So I'll be washing clothes on my days off, cleaning my apartment and cooking real food for supper." She stopped outside the door to the SVU offices and looked at Alex. "Go home or take a walk in the park...or go see a movie."

Alex nodded her head and brushed her hair away from her face. "Maybe I'll go have some lunch and browse the book store for something to read." She walked away and then turned back. "You'll call me if you need anything..."

Olivia rolled her eyes and waved a hand at her. "Yeah we'll call now go enjoy your day off."

Alex walked down the hallway thinking of how depressing it was to be at work on her day off and worse that the case files she had with her were so old that she was sure that all involved were dead. "Face it Alexandra you're a big loser."

Olivia was still shaking her head when she got to her desk; she looked up and gave Elliot a raised eyebrow. "Did you guys get anything because I got zip?"

Elliot gave her his usual amused smirk and leaned back in his chair. "First what were ya shaking your head at?"

"Alex, it's her day off and she's in the building looking for something to do with her time." She handed him the reports from the ME and opened the folder in the center of her desk. "Are these the identifications on all three victims?"

"Yep, Munch and Fin are out right now at the first ones house, we got the second one and we'll meet them at the third to compare notes."

She looked up from the papers. "These guys were all upper class, what the Hell were they doing in the alleys on the opposite side of where they lived?"

"Don't know maybe their families will have some idea what's going on," He saw their Captain coming from his office and nodded at him. "We've got zip on the ME's report, no DNA or trace evidence."

"Well we have a call in; since you two are here you get it." He handed Olivia a piece of paper. "Supposedly this person saw the perp up close and personal." He shrugged his shoulders and adjusted his suspenders. "If that did happen why in the Hell did he wait until now to call us?"

"Maybe he was afraid," Elliot said and got up from his chair. "Wouldn't be the first time that some witness saw too much and hid for a few days before coming forward?"

Captain Cragen nodded his head and shoved his hands in his pockets. "OK well find out his story before you do anything else, we don't want him taking off."

Olivia and Elliot were on their way out the door when they ran into a wandering ADA; Olivia stopped and touched her partners' upper arm. "Hold on Ell," She touched Alex on her shoulder and stepped back when she spun around. "You're still here?"

"I just called a cab so I'm waiting." She clutched her folders to her chest and gave Elliot a nod.

"Wanna come with us, we've got a possible witness, we can drop you off at home afterwards?" Olivia asked after looking to her partner.

Olivia ran her hand through her hair and looked around the area under the bridge, she was getting the distinct feeling that they were getting the run around. The homeless didn't move around as much as they portray on TV or in the movies, they stay in one area because they're afraid of loosing the small area that they've been squatting in for years. She turned and looked to see Alex leaning against their car with her cell phone up to her ear; she had called the station house to see if someone had screwed up the location of the witness. "Whad'ya think Ell are we getting screwed or what?"

"I think our witness got scared and took off, let's get out of here and maybe he'll show up again. Besides we got all those interviews to do and we gotta drop Alex off at home." He squinted when he saw the ADA coming towards them; it was hard for him to tell what she was thinking because of her blank expression.

"Bad news guys that was Cragen, our witness was found inside a dumpster eight blocks from here. ME's over there now doing a prelim but they think that he was dead before the dumpster." She stopped, crossed her arms over her chest and looked to Olivia, so what's next?"

"We've got the families to question," Olivia said and looked to Elliot and then back to Alex. "Might help if you're there, ya know the whole justice thing."

Elliot gave them a grin and wiggled his dark brows. "Can't hurt none but maybe we should have you help Munch, his personality scares the Hell outta innocent people."

"And I'd have to write out an arrest warrant on myself for murdering him." She said and didn't notice the grins on the detective's faces. "I can only take so much of his conspiracy stuff before I start praying for 'his' alien abduction."

"Hey she does sorta have a sense of humor, who knew?" Elliot said and jogged around to get into their sedan.

"I heard that Detective Stabler." Alex said and gave Olivia a slight nod when she opened the back passenger door for her. They sat quietly in the sedan as Elliot took them out of Manhattan, headed across the East River and towards Long Island. Where the traffic became congested, Elliot groaned and flipped the dashboard light on to Olivia's amusement. Olivia glanced sideways at him and rolled her eyes, the look on her partner's face was one that he used during interrogations. The drawn brows over flashing blue eyes and a slight upward lift to the corners of his lips was the look he used when he was not amused with a perp.

"What is it with you," she asked and snorted when he looked to her with raised brows. "You know you've drove most of the way looking in the rearview mirror, are we being tailed?"

"Nope," he looked in the rearview mirror and back to the road. "It's Alex, she looks...human." He gave her a quick glance and a grin. "Ya know breathing and not so stony?"

Olivia gave him a raised eyebrow before looking over the seat and into the back where Alex was leaning against the door sound asleep with her head against the window. "Ahhh how cute, she drools." She wiggled out of her black blazer, rolled it up and then leaned over the front seat.

"Ahhh how cute, drool all over your blazer." He grinned and ignored his partner's growl when she slid sideways across the seat and into her own door. "Sorry, damn dog ran out at us."

"Yeah right you jackass." She mumbled and then tucked her blazer between the ADA's head and where it rested against the window.

"Hey how come you've never done that for me?"

She sat back in her seat and gave him a roll of her deep brown eyes. "For the simple fact, that if you fall asleep I'll be too busy screaming to worry about your head bouncing off the window."

"Guess that makes sense," he rubbed his chin and gave her a quick glance before training his eyes back on the traffic. "Is there something going on at the DA's office that Alex doesn't have anything better to do than hang around with us?"

"No idea, I do know that it's her day off." she said, turned in the seat to look into the back and watch pale blue eyes flutter open. "You OK?" She grinned when Alex mumbled something and then lay down across the backseat with her blazer as a pillow.

"She reminds me of the twins, two minutes on the road and they're asleep." He glanced in the rearview mirror and then over at Olivia who was still watching the ADA. "We still have the camera back there?"

"Don't go there Ell, she'd have both of us strung up." She rested her chin on the hand resting on the back of the seat and took in the alabaster skin of the lithe blonde. For the rest of the ride she just watched her, transfixed by the relaxed features and pale blonde hair that fell around her face.

After not being answered and feeling ignored, Elliot replied. "Not for her, I wanna picture of you drooling." He made a turn down a side street and cursed when he was snagged in the very traffic jam he was trying to avoid. "I've never seen you this interested in anyone and that includes the ones you've dated."

"You really suck Elliot," She turned back in her seat when he cut through an alley and parked outside of a small deli. "And don't you dare say I'm buying or I'll call Kathy and tell her about your hooker that calls every single day."

"Informant Liv, she's my informant." He turned the sedan off and turned in his seat to give her a smirk.

"Oohhh sure," She raised her voice a few octaves, snapped her gum and spoke like a teeny bopper. "Detective Elly, I have some information for you. I'm wearing red silk panties and black fishnets, interested?" She looked in the backseat when she heard a deep chuckle. "Whad'ya think there Alex, good blackmail material so he has to pay for lunch?"

Alex opened her sleepy eyes and gave Olivia a wink. "I think it might be enough to make him pay for dinner as well," she sat up in the seat and shook out Olivia's blazer. "Sorry it's kind of wrinkled, you didn't have to sacrifice your blazer for me."

"It's not a problem," She got out of the sedan and opened the back door for her. "What's a few wrinkles compared to your face getting bruised?" She felt her cheeks redden and turned to see where Elliot had gone. "Let's go get something ta eat I'm starving and I can hear your stomach growling."

Alex rubbed her stomach and gave Olivia a small grin. "I can't remember when the last time it was that I ate; I forget most of the time and just grab something from one of the vending machines." She sniffed the air and moaned. "God I can smell roast beef." She followed Olivia to the front door of the deli and was surprised when she opened the door for her and placed her hand at the small of her back as she went through the archway and kept it there all the way to the table where Elliot sat. It had been a long time since anyone had opened a door for her or showed protectiveness where she was concerned. She wondered if it was because Olivia was a cop and so used to protecting people or if it was just the way the woman was.

"I ordered us Cokes to start off," Elliot said and went back to looking at the menu. "The waitress said she'd be back in a couple minutes for our orders."

Olivia looked to the back of the deli and nodded her head. "OK then I'm heading to the john, you men never stop for anything." She chuckled when Elliot rolled his eyes and mumbled something about his family. "It's true Ell and you know it." She walked towards the bathroom and turned to see Alex following her; she stopped outside the bathroom door, pushed it inward and let her go first. She stepped behind her and caught her around the waist when she jumped backward; the force sent her sideways into the wall with Alex still in her arms.

"Sorry about that, damn stall door opens the wrong way." An older woman said as she walked past them.

"Olivia, you can let go now." Alex said as she looked over her shoulder into deep brown eyes. "Thanks for saving me from landing on my ass." The second the detective's arms left her waist and she moved away from her, she missed the warmth of her body.

"Sorry about that," she let Alex go and rubbed the back of her neck. "I kinda got the wind knocked outta me, some cop huh?"

Alex watched her rub her neck and knew that it was a habit for her but wondered if she had gotten hurt in their collision. "You OK, I didn't give you whiplash did I?"

"Nope I'm fine," After Alex closed the stall door they walked into the bathroom. "Ain't this nice, I've seen closets bigger than this?" She moved up against the small sink so that Alex could open the stall door, feeling uneasy, she spoke to her. "I'm gonna wait outside until you're done."

"Would you stay and block the outside door, I don't want to smack someone coming in?"

"Sure and I bet the men's room is twice this size and they don't have this problem."

"We always get shafted," Alex finished and opened the stall door; they danced back and forth until they got past each other. "But this is ridiculous." She moved to the small sink, washed her hands and groaned when she had to use her shirt to dry them.

Elliot looked up when Olivia and Alex came towards him and watched as his partner placed her hand on the ADA's lower back. He gave her a curious look and went back to looking over the menu. "So I was about ready to call for back up and then I remembered what Kathy told me about women and bathrooms," he looked up and gave them both a wide smile. "She told me to not go there."

"That's exactly right," Olivia said, opened one of the menus scanned it for all of two seconds and moaned. "Oohhh I know what I'm getting." She closed her menu and then leaned sideways to

point to her selection on Alex's menu.

"Make that two." She handed her menu to Olivia and gazed at Elliot. "So do you think we can bust his wallet?"

After their food had been brought to the table, Elliot looked at the amount and grinned. "Now this is a man sized meal." He looked over at the other two plates and moaned. "Hell I shoulda got the roast beef sub." He grinned when Olivia traded half of her hot roast beef for half of his pastrami; Alex gave them both a strange look and went back to eating. She watched them steal food from each other's plates and realized that they were more than partners, they were like siblings. She didn't have anyone that she was close with like Olivia and Elliot were and then she realized that they spent more time with each other than Elliot probably did with his family. She worked long hours like they did but it was just her, some nights she never left her office and fell asleep in her chair. Her social life was the time she spent in the SVU bull pen and passing other lawyers in the hallways, her days off she spent at home reading law books or preparing case files for court. It was one of the reasons she had a very high conviction rate but it didn't keep her company or give her comfort when she needed it. Finishing her sub, she picked up her Coke and took a long drink before leaning back in the seat next to Olivia. She turned to look at the dark detective and felt tingles in her stomach; she had always felt close to her but couldn't put her finger on it as to why.

"I don't know about you two but I want desert and a cup of coffee." She waved the waitress over and asked for the coffee and a slice of black forest cheese cake.

"Where did you put all that food?" Elliot asked and leaned back in the seat with a groan. "I'm stuffed and can barely breath and you're gonna eat cheese cake?"

Alex gave him a smug look. "That'll teach you to pass judgment, I can eat twice as much as most men; and I have a high metabolism so I burn it off quick." She cast a quick glance at Olivia and saw the twinkle in her eyes. "It helps that I can't remember when the last time I ate." She moved back from the table when her plate was removed and replaced with her coffee and a plate with her cheese cake on it.

"While you two are gorging, I'm gonna go call dad and see if there's any more news on our cases." He pulled some bills from his pocket, tossed them on the table and groaned when he slid from the booth. "Maybe get some Roloids on the way out." He stepped to the door and was about to push it open when his cell phone rang, pulling it from his belt, he answered. "Stabler...yeah she's with us why?"

"Tell Cabot that we need a search warrant for a Beth Johansson, girlfriend of our first vic." Munch said. "She's at the hospital getting her hands sutured."

"Oohh Hell John," He rubbed his face and looked back towards the table he had just left. "How soon before they turn her loose?"

"In about 45 minutes or so, I can see if the doctor will hold her for a bit longer."

"OK, let me talk to Cabot and see what she thinks about this. Hey John, can she be linked to the other two?"

"The only thing I can think of is...nope, unless Fin can charm a confession out of her."

"We can only hope that she does that, I'll call ya back as soon as I see what the ADA can do for us." He hung up and watched the two women talking and almost fell over when Alex fed Olivia some of her cheese cake. "Getting all cozy, next you two will be picking out China patterns." He walked back over and dropped down across from them. "Got a situation here Alex, John and Fin have the first victims girlfriend at the hospital, she's getting her hands stitched up. They wanna know if they can get a search warrant for her apartment?"

Alex looked to him and felt her face heating up; she had just pulled the fork from Olivia's mouth when he sat down. "Got anything else, her getting her hands stitched up isn't enough; she could have cut them some other way?"

"How about we head over to the hospital and if need be you can get us that search warrant?" Olivia asked and took a sip of Alex's coffee before getting up from the booth.

Alex shrugged her shoulders and looked to Elliot. "It's up to you guys after all I'm just a tag along." They all got up from the booth and as Olivia reached for the bill Alex pulled it out from under her fingers. "I got it," she handed Elliot his money and squeezed past Olivia to go over to the cash register.

"Getting a little cozy with the ice princess aren't you?" He whispered in her ear and pulled back when she turned to look at him.

"What are ya getting at Ell?" She asked with a raised brow. "Don't we share food all the time?"

"Yeah but this is Alex Cabot, high society ice princess of the DA's office. First you drooling all over her on the ride over here and now she's feeding you, ya know I never knew you went for her type..."

"My type and just what do you know about my type?" She had never discussed her dating practices with anyone let alone the one person she was closet to, Elliot knew that she had slept with Cassidy once but that was it.

"Oohh come on Liv..." He dropped his head and ran his hand across the back of his head.

"Alex is not gay Elliot," she gave him a crooked grin and walk towards the door. "Tell Kathy I'll pick her up at eight and to wear that little black dress, I love what it does for her legs."

"What...hey you're talking about the mother of my kids!" He followed after her and held the door for Alex.

"That's what you think," she gave him a wink. "The twins are mine." She went around to her side of the sedan and opened the back door for Alex.

"Is there a problem?" Alex asked as she went through the door before Elliot.

"Nope, just my partner letting me know that she has bigger balls than I do." He pointed a finger at Olivia and shook his head. "I have no words for you right now."

"Score one for me, so what are we doing?" She closed the door after Alex got in and then took her seat up front.

"I guess we head back across the bridge and go see this girlfriend."

"Let me talk to Munch and see what other details he has," Alex said from where she was leaning over the front seat. "It may be a waste of time going all the way back, plus I can always call the court house and have the warrant signed and faxed over to the hospital."

"Here use my phone," Elliot handed her his cell phone. "He was the last one to call."

"This fucking sucks," Fin said and tossed the doctors report to Munch. "Doc says that the cuts on her hands are from fluorescent lights, they had to dig pieces outta her palms so that's her proof that she wasn't lying."

"Plus her alibi just checked out, she works the midnight shift over at some packaging place in Hells kitchen." He grabbed his phone and handed the report back to Fin. "Munch...never mind beautiful it's a bust at this end." He winked at Fin and watched his partner roll his eyes. "Seems our prime suspect has an air tight alibi for where she was and the cuts are from falling on one of those fluorescent light tubes." He listened for a few moments and nodded his head. "OK we'll see you guys there and then I'll take you out for dinner and show you how charming I can be." He laughed and hung up his cell phone. "I just love that women, she's so spunky!"

"Did Alex threaten to fill all your orifices with hot pokers again?"

"Better than that, she say's she's sitting with two people who have guns and promises that she'll shot me in my ass if I so much as breath too close to her." He gave his partner a grin. "I still got it, all the women want me."

"Yeah dead."

"How'd you know it was Alex calling me?"

"Easy you call Elliot gorgeous so I know it wasn't him and you didn't do the chest crossing thing so I know it wasn't Olivia."

"Damn I gotta come up with some new stuff every ones got me figured out." He adjusted his glasses and looked around. "Let's stop, get something to eat and head on over to the last victims family."

"Ya know we ain't got shit on three murders, no evidence, no witnesses except that drunk wino bitch." He walked out through the ER door and turned to Munch. "We're running outta time, a few more hours and it'll be dark."

"And our happy little nocturnal slasher will be out looking for more Johnson's to slice off, I got your point."

The grieving widow of William D Baskins sat with balled up Kleenex in her fists, she accepted the glass of water from Olivia and looked over to where Elliot was sitting in a chair across from her. "He would stay late at his office on Tuesdays and Thursdays," she wiped at her nose and placed the glass of water on her coffee table. "He liked to take it easy on Wednesdays and always came home early on Friday, that's why I never really thought anything was wrong."

Olivia moved forward on the couch where she sat next to Alex and leaned towards the widow. "Mrs. Baskins where did your husband work and did he have anyone making threats or have any known enemies?"

"He worked at McGruder and Siskins in the Bronx, he did their books. Everyone liked him, he was a sweet man. How many enemies could a man have who worked for a company that makes plastic pipes?"

Olivia looked to her partner and then nodded her head. "How about close friends that we can talk to, did he go out after work with the guys for say a few beers?"

"Or maybe play ball at the gym..." Elliot asked and then stopped when he saw a questioning look on the ADA's face, she had been completely silent and had her normal stony façade but something was wiggling around in her head. "Have something counselor?"

"Mrs. Baskins," she moved up on the couch and leaned around Olivia. "You said your husband did the books at this place, was he a certified CPA?"

"Yes, he graduated from Berkeley in 1996. Why what has that got to do with someone murdering him?"

"Maybe nothing ma'am," Alex said in a whisper before she used Olivia's thigh to push herself up from the low setting couch. "I'll be back in a minute, I'm gonna call my office about something." She left the immediate living room area and stopped near the front door to make her call.

"Bill wasn't any kind of athlete, he was lucky if he could walk and not trip over his own feet and

he never drank." She sniffled and handed Olivia a small picture that she had been holding on her lap. "He was a quiet man and I don't know what I'll do now without him." Olivia looked at the picture of the 31 year old man and handed it back to his widow, there was something wrong with the picture the widow painted and what she had seen with her own eyes at the ME's office.

"Elliot I don't have anything else," she closed her notebook and stood up. "I'm going to check with ADA Cabot, we'll meet you outside." She didn't normally leave her partner behind but something was bothering her and she wondered if it was the similar to why Alex had left the room.

"Mrs. Baskins can you give me the address and name of your husbands boss, we'd really like to stop by and question the people he worked with, maybe see if they had noticed anything strange going on?" He looked to where Olivia and Alex were whispering near the front door and wondered what had gotten into the two women, Olivia was acting weird for some reason and he wondered if it was because of having the ADA with them.

When Alex hung up her cell phone, Olivia placed her hand on her shoulder. "Hey Alex, something's not right here, I saw Baskins in all his glory and that was the body of someone who spent more time in a gym than behind a desk."

Pale blue eyes caught sable and held them; Alex looked over Olivia's shoulder and then whispered to her. "When she mentioned Berkeley and what year her husband graduated it sparked a memory, back in 95 and 96 they had a problem with some of the fraternities there. I called my assistant and she's pulling up what ever she can find from back then, it may mean nothing but his name sounds so familiar. You know the good old boy club where money covers up a lot of broken laws."

"Seems like a big fall, you know the rich kid going for his CPA at Berkeley and ends up working in the Bronx."

"Exactly, this house screams old money, it costs more than I make in five years and he's working in the Bronx." She watched Elliot come towards them waving a piece of paper.

"OK girls let's go meet up with Fin and Munch." He handed the paper to Olivia and then opened the door for them. "And on the way you can fill me in on your little whispering session, maybe give me some hints on how female intuition works. The lord knows I need all the help I can get living with three women."

After interviewing the widow of the third victim, they all went back to the squad room to pour over notes and pull up files. Alex went to her own office to look over the stuff that her assistant had pulled up; she swung her door open and stood looking inside the dark room. The first thing that caught her attention was the strong scent of roses, shivers ran up her spine and made the hair

on the back of her neck stand up. Flipping the light on, she blinked and then felt every nerve in her body go on alert. On every surface in her office was a vase of red roses, her briefcase and the files she had in her other hand dropped from numb fingers to scatter across the floor. "Son of a bitch..." She turned from her door and went in search of her assistant, before she could say one word; the older woman gave her a bright smile.

"I have never seen so many roses in one place before, he must really love you."

"When did they get here and who brought them?"

"I came back from lunch and they were there, I didn't want to invade your privacy but there might be a card among them."

"OK thanks, can you get me a couple big trash bags?" She saw the confused look come over her face but ignored it and returned to her office. Picking up her phone, she called Olivia's desk. "Do you have a few minutes; I need you to come look at something?" She hung up her phone and went back out into the hallway to wait for the detective to show up. After picking up her scattered files and briefcase, she slumped down onto the floor and waited.

Olivia stood up and grabbed her leather coat off the back of her chair; Elliot looked up from the files he was reading with a questioning look. "Where ya goin?"

"That was Alex on the phone, something's wrong over at her office." She pulled on her coat and grabbed the notes she had written up on what she had found so far. "I'll be back in a few minutes; I'll call if I'm longer."

"Don't worry about it," He stretched his arms up over his head and yawned. "Once I finish this I'm heading home. But if you need help just give a yell and I'll come over."

"OK then if I'm not back before you take off, give your wife my love." She gave him a cocky grin when she walked past his desk.

"Hey Liv ya know one of these days I'm gonna tell Kathy what you say about her!"

"Go ahead but I'll warn ya you might just lose buddy."

He shook his head and glanced over at a smirking Munch and Fin. "Not a word John, I spent the whole day with Liv channeling you, in estrogen Hell with her and Alex and in an hour I'll be right back there with my own family."

"And here I was ready to build a statue in your honor and worship at your feet; I can't even bribe Cabot to get in the same room with me."

"Hell maybe I should charge you," Fin said and closed a file on his desk before getting up. "I

gotta look at your ugly mug all day."

"Oohh believe me after all this time without a date, you're starting to look good to me." John said to Fin while looking over the tops of his glasses. "I'm already paying for four ex-wives, what's a little more for you?"

"You're a sick fuck you know that?" Fin got up and headed to the coffee room leaving a smirking John and eye rolling Elliot behind.

Alex looked down the hallway when she heard the elevator door open; she continued to sit on the floor until Olivia stopped in front of her. "I didn't want to go in incase there's evidence."

"What are you talking about?" she held out a hand and pulled her to her feet.

"I have what the state of New York can't protect me against," She flipped her office light on and waved for Olivia to precede her. "I'm being stalked."

Olivia looked around the office and back at the ADA. "How long has this been going on and why didn't you tell us?"

"Months and you know as well as I that unless he does physical harm, not a damn thing can be done about it. This is the first time that he's sent flowers here; I usually find them on my doorstep at home."

Olivia ran her hands across her face and walked further into the office. "Christ Alex what were you thinking?" She shook her head and looked to the ADA. "Has he ever left a card, called you or had any other contact with you?"

Alex leaned against her door jam and watched the detective walk behind her desk. "I get phone calls at all hours; I stopped answering them at home and got a service."

Olivia used the bottom of her shirt and pulled a small card from the dozen of roses that sat in the center of the desk; she placed it on the blotter and used her pen to pull the card from the small envelope. "You're mine." She looked up and caught pale blue eyes and waved her over. "That's what the card says, take a look and see if the handwriting looks familiar."

"Probably not, what are the chances that he stepped into a flower shop and ordered all of this and signed the card?"

"Slim to none but there's always a chance that he's getting sloppy." She looked around the room and still couldn't believe all of it. "First thing we need to do is talk to Cragen unless you wanna use the DA's investigators."

"Are you kidding, those idiots couldn't find their own asses with both hands and a road map."

She looked to the shocked expression on Olivia's face and sighed. "Listen, I'm tired and so over all of this it isn't funny." She closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose. "I need a vacation, a week out in the middle of nowhere. No noise, pollution or some sick fuck that keeps sending me roses." She opened her eyes and leaned close to Olivia. "I hate fucking roses; they remind me of funeral homes, what happened to flowers like daisy's or those little tiny carnations?"

"Don't worry about it, let me do some digging and see what I can find out." She used a piece of paper from Alex's legal pad to preserve any evidence on the small flower card, folding it; she slipped it into her coat pocket. "You need help with these things...it's kinda hard to breath in here?" She looked to the door and saw Alex's assistant standing there with garbage bags in her hands, stepping over to her, she took them and nodded her head. "Ya know I always thought that a single rose was romantic but after all of this I can see your point." She handed a bag to Alex and started dropping just the roses in the bags, she saw the sad expression on the assistants face and handed her one of the rose filled vases. "So you said that you get them at home, what do you do with them and have they ever been delivered when you're there?"

"It started at home first; I thought it was kind of romantic, you know the secret admirer type way until it became more frequent and not one peep of who was doing it. Now when I see that damn long box outside my door, I kick it down the hallway to old Mrs. Danderson's. This is the first time that they've been sent here and I don't like any of it." She didn't want to tell Olivia that she felt her heart slam in her chest with just the thought of going home, that she had more locks on her apartment door than anyone in Manhattan or that she jumped with the slightest sound. "I've been thinking...could you not tell Don and just see what you and Elliot could find out, if it's some whacked out asshole then we'll bring your boss in on it?"

Olivia dropped her head and rubbed the back of her neck, she thought for a few seconds before nodding. "But if this gets worse than what it is now, I'm going to my Captain. Alex this guy could be really dangerous and from this little display he's out of control all ready." She dropped the filled bag of roses near the door and walked over and stopped close to the ADA. "I'm gonna call in a favor and have a cop keep an eye on your building during the day, you don't need it at night."

Alex gave her a raised brow look but kept her facial expression blank. "And what brings you to that conclusion Detective Benson?" She had noticed the slight change in the way Olivia was carrying herself and the way she was taking in every little detail of her office. She rolled her eyes when she walked over near the door and picked up a white laundry bag and waved it at her. "So what, I bring my dirty clothes into work so I can stop off after work at the dry cleaners."

"Alex, unless your underwear need dry cleaned," She pulled on the thin black elastic that hung from the bags opening and waved it at her. "I always thought you were the thong type, Victoria Secret at that." She gave Alex a wicked grin and looked into the bag. "And I bet everything has a partner in here huh?"

"I can't believe you're playing with my underwear, now put that back before someone catches

you." She started to walk towards her when her boss stepped through the door, at the sight of Liz Donnelly, her face went instantly red. Olivia swung the bag behind her and stuffed the thong in her coat pocket just as Liz turned her head to where she stood.

"Who died?" She asked and looked to the remaining roses.

"Some mix up at a florist," Olivia threw in and slyly dropped the laundry bag. "I'll look into this and let ya know if I find anything, Liz." She nodded her head and grabbed the discarded bag of roses on her way out the door.

"What are you doing here; I know you have the day off because I gave you a direct order yesterday?" She took in the laundry bag and the suits in dry cleaner plastic hanging on the coat tree and the thin bar in the small alcove near the door. "Alex do you have any clothes left at home or are they all here?"

"I have clothes at home, that's stuff that I just picked up yesterday but forgot to take with me. Cab drivers hate me on those days so I was hoping I could mooch a ride with Detectives Benson and Stabler." She knew that she was caught when Liz raised a long finger at her.

"You will not be in this office past five o'clock, I'll have security checking all night so that you can't sneak back in here. You look like shit and I don't need one of my ADA's falling over in the middle of court, go home and get some sleep." She turned and then stopped outside of the door. "I'll call Detectives Benson and Stabler and have them escort you home in cuffs if necessary."

Olivia walked back in to the bull pen and over to her desk, she sighed when she heard Cragen yell her name. "Get in here we gotta problem!" She pushed her chair back, walked to his office and knew what the expression on his face meant.

"Don't tell me, we got another one don't we?" She closed her eyes when Cragen nodded his head.

"Park patrol just called it in, ME's on her way over with Munch and Fin." Olivia nodded her head and got up from the chair that she had automatically dropped into. "Call me as soon as you guys get word from the ME and I'll send out uniforms to scour the area for witnesses." Olivia and Elliot left his office and headed out to the new crime scene; they looked to each other and shrugged their shoulders.

"Looks like another long night, Kathy's gonna change the locks and throw my clothes in the front yard."

Olivia grabbed the phone book from the top of a filling cabinet and followed him out; she pulled it open and went right to the section with hundreds of florist's phone numbers. "Oohhh fuck me blind," she mumbled and closed the book. "It's gonna take hours to do this."

"Do what?" Elliot asked and stopped to look back at her. "Why ya got the phone book?"

"I need to track down a florist that sent like 20 dozen of long stem red roses to Alex, her office was full of 'em."

"Hold on, she has you trying to find out what florist they came from, why?"

"Because they came from her stalker, I'll explain on the way over to the crime scene, but this is the deal, dad stays out of it for now."

He gave her a critical look about their Captain staying out of it but knew that the order came from the ADA. "How about if you narrow the florist down by size and location, 20 dozen is a lot for one of those small places...how in the Hell can someone afford that many roses?"

"I have no idea but it's been going on for a while and she's terrified."

Alex climbed from the taxi after paying the driver, grabbed the suits that she had brought with her walked towards the front door of her building. Her fear had begun the second the taxi had slowed, she hoped that because of the extravagant lay out that was her office that there would be nothing at her apartment door. She cleared the top step and stopped dead, in front of her door were more roses. Long boxes as well as vases sat blocking her door mat, she looked down towards the end of the hall and then to the stairs. She didn't know whether to disturb everything or just turn around and leave. "Come on Alexandra, step over the shit and then lock your door." She stepped over the flowers with one foot, unlocked her door and pushed the door open. Tossing her briefcase into the middle of the floor, she used the door jam for balance so as to not trip while stepping over the flowers. The first thing she did after locking her door was check the answering machine for the line that only her relatives had the number to, she smiled when she saw the red light blinking. Hitting the button, she headed into her bedroom and stopped when she got to her large closet. She tilted her head to the side and listened for the message from her machine. *"You can't hide from me, it took some doing but I found this number. I hope you liked the flowers, it was a killer to get them."* Her blood ran cold, she dropped the clothes she had in her hands to the floor and fell to her knees. She had used her grandmother's name for this other number and was so sure that he would never get it. She bent over, rested her forehead on the floor and felt hot tears of frustration and fear slip from behind her closed eyes. She had no idea how long she stayed on the floor but her knees were killing her when she finally got up. Grabbing a black duffle bag from her closet, she filled it with clean clothes and dropped it on her bed before going into the bathroom. Shedding out of her clothes, she tossed them out the door to land on her bed and then climbed into the shower. She didn't care that the water was cold, she was finished washing her hair just in time for the hot water and was done a few minutes later.

Grabbing an old dark blue hooded sweatshirt and a pair of black Levis, she dressed and pulled on her old cross trainers. After pulling her long hair into a pony tail, she pulled the hood up and grabbed her duffle bag. The biggest problem she had was where she was going to go, if she used a credit card he'd find her. There was only one place she knew that was safe and where she wouldn't be endangering or imposing on anyone.

"Well this is a first," Munch said as he turned to Elliot and Olivia. "Park Patrol screwed up, this new vic isn't like the other three; this guy has so many holes punched in him he makes Swiss cheese look solid."

Fin stepped from behind him and stopped next to Olivia. "Weapon was a piece of rebar from the construction site a short ways from here, we gave it to homicide."

"But I thought they gave it to us," Olivia said and watched the coroner push the gurney with the victim on it towards the bus. "How did they get the scene mixed up?"

"They freaked when they found the rebar through the guy's nuts, figured it was SVU." Fin shrugged and walked back towards the sedan he and Munch drove.

Elliot wiped at his nose and looked around the scene, everything was taken care of and since they weren't needed he was going home. "Hey Liv I'm going home can ya take me off the board when ya get back?"

"Sure," she caught the sedan keys and watched him take off towards a taxi stand at the top of the park. "Come on John let's get out of here before they all change their minds and give it back to us." On the way back to police plaza, she watched the business signs for one that was for a florist. She was thinking that one being close by would be the best bet to check for the huge delivery to Alex's office. She slowed and pulled over when she saw a sign for Academy Floral Company, she looked at her watch and then to the dark windows of the shop. "Guess that'll wait until morning, probably too close anyway." She pulled back out onto the street and continued on her way to the parking garage, the whole while thinking of the blonde ADA. Ever since Alex had come to the SVU unit as their ADA, Olivia had watched the younger woman. When she and Elliot had to appear for court, she always sat on the outside part of the bench so she could look at the long legs of a certain counselor. A few times she knew that she had been caught by either her partner, Alex or both at the same time. It was at those times that she pretended to be spaced out and not know why they were giving her inquisitive looks. She smiled and shook her head a little as she pulled into the police garage, her behavior now reminded her of when she was much younger and would get caught doing something totally against everything a female was supposed to do. "Men never get yelled at for cat calls; don't know why I always did." She said to herself and got out of the dark sedan. "Been slapped a few times as well, it's just gotta be the company I keep."

"Of course it is, I hate being the only one that gets slapped but now that we hang out I'm not alone." Munch said and gave her as much of a grin as he ever gave anyone. "Feel like joining me and Fin for a supper, he'll buy?"

"Can I have a rain check; I've got some files to check out before I head out tonight." She looked at her watch again. "It's past ten o'clock...could ya bring me some food?"

"Sure thing Liv," He squeezed her shoulder and went back over to where Fin was waiting for him. "We'll bring ya some real coffee to, the stuff upstairs walked past us on our way back down." She waved and headed into the building, climbing the stairs to the bull pen; she walked over to her desk and dropped down into her chair. A royal blue folder in her in-box caught her attention, she lifted it out and when she dropped it in the center of her desk, the scent of perfume caught her attention. Picking it back up, she opened the folder and brought it up close to her face. She knew the scent but only smelled it when Alex was close to her; it was a subtle citrus scent with a slight vanilla added to it. She had closed her eyes and was taking deep breathes when Cragen tapped her on her shoulder.

"You know if Fin caught you huffing ink, he'd toss your ass behind bars just because." He smiled when she jumped and the folder fell from her fingers. "I'm heading home before I start acting as strange as you and I better not hear from the midnight shift supervisor that you were in here distracting them...again."

"You won't, I just have this file to read over and then I'm outta here." She knew that he didn't believe her and more often than not one of them found her in the crib sleeping on either the cot or one of the bunk beds. Hours later and after eating the Chinese food that Fin and Munch had brought back, she had given up on work and was asleep on the cot in the crib. It had been the usual flipping of the coin that got her the cot while John and Fin slept in the bunk beds. She lay on her side in an old NYPD t-shirt and her low rise Levis, her boots and socks lay under the cot. She faced the doorway, fluffed her pillow and closed her eyes to John and Fin's rumbling snores.

The night security guard that kept an eye on the District Attorney's floor stopped outside of one of the conference rooms, as far as he knew, no one was left. He opened the door, peeked in and shook his head. The blonde head lowered over a thick book was not supposed to be there, he was told to check her office and if she was there to kick her out. "Miss Cabot are you trying to get my ass kicked?" He walked in and stopped beside where she sat at the long table. "Miss Donnelly gave me strict orders to toss you out on your ass if I caught you in the area."

Alex smiled up at him and nodded her head. "I'm gone George you never saw me, I've been home for hours." She closed the book she had been staring at for the last hour, grabbed her briefcase and left ahead of the security guard.

"And don't go to your office and try and hide."

"Don't worry George, I won't, see you tomorrow night." She gave him a small wave and headed to the elevator, hitting the button for the floor she wanted; she rubbed her stiff neck and yawned. Pulling her hood up over her head, she walked out of the elevator and down the dimly lit hallway, she hoped her new hiding spot was open, if not; there were other's in the building. She walked between the desks and ran her fingers across the black leather coat that hung on one of the desk chairs and dropped her briefcase in the chair. Going around a bend, she went through a door and stopped inside the room. Hearing soft snores coming from one side of the room she hoped she didn't disturb the officers. Once her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she stepped to

where the cot was and saw the outline of a body. She had turned to leave and stopped when she heard a low raspy voice.

"Alex?"

"Olivia?" She squinted and saw her rolling to her back.

"You lookin fer me?" She asked in a low whisper.

"No I...go back to sleep." She went towards the door and stopped when Olivia called out to her.

"Come here," She moved over and patted the mattress. "Talk to me."

"It's late, I'll see you later."

"Don't make me get up and chase after you, the floors ice cold and I'm bare foot."

Alex sighed and moved back towards the cot, she sat down on the edge and tried to make out Olivia's features in the dark room. "I can't go home..." She dropped her head when Olivia put her arm around her lower back. "He's got my other phone number." She let Olivia pull her down on the cot beside her and then rolled over to bury her face against her neck, for the first time in months, she felt safe.

"Go ta sleep; we'll talk in the morning." She pushed the hood off Alex' head and ran her fingers through the hair at her temple, minutes later they were both sound asleep in each others arms.

Cragen walked out of his office at eight o'clock the next morning and looked around the bull pen; he saw Munch and Fin at their desks and Elliot coming from the coffee room with a fresh cup in his hand. "Where's Benson?" He asked and stepped over to her desk to see what was in her out-box.

"Funny you should ask that," Munch said and looked over the tops of his glasses. "She was busy last night and caught the uni-bomber while we were sleeping; they're still back there in the crib...sharing the cot."

"You spend too much time reading about conspiracies," Cragen said and turned to Elliot.

"For once he's not hallucinating," Fin said and nodded his head towards the cribs door. "She caught someone or they caught her, don't know which."

"And she has this person in the crib?" Elliot said and looked to his boss. "I think she needs some time off, like a few weeks before we end up handcuffing her to the heat register."

"Go wake her up and then I wanna know what you all have so far, we gotta move on this

people." He walked back to his office but left the door open, he was curious as to who Olivia had in the crib and would chew her ass later for it. Elliot cast a quick glance back to the other two detectives and then headed to the crib; he knew that he would tease her about this until one of them retired.

Olivia woke to the feeling of moist hot air washing over her ear and neck, she ran her hands across the body that was covering a good majority of her own and felt the silky warm skin beneath her fingers. Opening one eye and raising her head a bit, she caught sight of blonde hair flowing from inside the dark hood and long fingers spread out over her right breast. Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and continued to caress the soft skin of Alex' lower back and ribcage. At the click of the door's latch opening, she froze and waited. She knew that she should have gotten up when John and Fin did but she was too tired and comfortable to even move. She would worry about everything later; there were more important things to be taken care of.

Elliot had snuck into the room and now stood against the wall watching with crossed arms his partner sleep. This wasn't like all the other times he came to wake her; she looked so different to him. For one thing the body lying on top of her, the possessive hand on her breast and the way their legs were tangled brought a blush to his cheeks. He took one step and gave her shoulder a soft shake. "Liv time to get up, dad wants some news." He stepped closer and almost fell when he recognized the uni-bomber, shaking his head; he cleared his throat and gave his partner a raised eyebrow. "Come on I know you're awake and dad knows you're not alone, better wake Alex before he storms the crib."

"Damn," she opened one eye. "John squealed didn't he?"

"Actually he said you caught the uni-bomber so Cragen has no idea who you're with, not like he won't find out if he comes in here."

"Oohh God damn," Alex mumbled and tried to disappear by burying her face deeper into Olivia's neck. "He's gonna kill me." Elliot chuckled and stepped back when Alex rolled over and sat up, she slipped her feet into her cross trainers, rubbed her face and stood up with a low groan. "That cot sucks, my back is killing me." Rubbing her back, she tried to stretch and gasped with a sharp pain. "Could one of you just shot me?"

"Nope, you're not getting off that easy 'cuz I'm not gonna suffer alone at dads hand." Olivia said and leaned over to get her boots and socks. "We'll cover you so you can get out without him seeing you." She slipped her feet into her boots and stood up. "OK let's do this," she placed her hand on the ADA's lower back, waited for Elliot to go out the door and whispered in her ear. "Once we get past his office you just keep on walking and we'll block his door." She snorted and shook her head. "This is like getting caught in the dorm rooms, ya know trying to sneak the person out without getting caught?"

"I never got caught; I was good at shimmying down drain pipes." She felt her face blush. "Damn so much for my perfect ice princess reputation, I'm ruined."

Olivia pulled her to a stop, stepped in front of her and looked into her bloodshot eyes. "Why are we acting like a couple of kids, we didn't do anything and I don't think your rep is ruined, just glare at John and it'll be all fixed."

"That's right you caught the uni-bomber so I'm safe, unless I have to prosecute."

They stepped out into the hallway, looked towards the captain's office and then walked right behind Elliot. As soon as he stepped into Cragen's office he glanced back and saw Alex walking towards Olivia's desk. He stepped to the side to let his partner in and then turned to look at his boss. "Now that you two have graced us with your presence I only need to do one other thing," he stood up and yelled out loud enough for the entire floor to hear. "MISS CABOT COME HERE PLEASE!" He watched the dark clothed figure freeze, the shoulders slump and then the ADA turned and headed towards his office. He waited until she came in and stood beside a blushing Olivia. "OK people what is going on with our case," He looked right at Alex. "Any idea's there counselor?"

"I was doing some checking into the Berkley Fraternities; in 1996 a case was dismissed due to lack of substantial evidence. It seems that the DNA from a violent rape was lost and or damaged, all charges were dismissed and the Fraternity named was broken up."

Cragen gave her a raised eyebrow look and waved a hand for more. "And what has this got to do with our three vics?"

Olivia looked to her and nodded her head, she had read the notes and reports that Alex had left on her desk and knew what she had found. "William Baskins was in the fraternity that was accused of the rape and assault, I don't know about the others because all the names were removed from the files except for his, seems that someone had enough pull to expunge the records."

Cragen pointed to Olivia and Elliot. "That's your job, get to Berkeley and find out from their people what happened, could be a revenge type deal, what else do we have?"

"OK, the girlfriend we talked to said that her man always went to this sports bar in Queens, the last she saw him was the day before her was killed. He called her from there the night he got killed; she could hear the game in the background." Fin handed Cragen the paper with the bars address on it and leaned against the wall opposite Olivia, Alex and Elliot, he smirked at the way the two women tried not to look at each other.

"OK, you guys follow up your lead, Alex I need to have a word with you." He dropped down into his chair and waited for his detectives to file out. He leaned forward, placed his hands together and looked at her shadowed face. "What's going on Alexandra?"

She knew she was in trouble, the only time Cragen ever used her full first name was when he was concerned. She pulled her hood back, dropped down into a chair across from him and raised her eyes to meet his. "Nothing I can't handle...about the crib, I was just too tired to get a cab

home and..."

Cragen raised a hand and stopped her. "Alex I'm just glad it was Olivia you were sleeping with and not Munch, if it had been I'd have Huang lock your crazy ass up. Now how is it that you ended up with two of my detectives yesterday?"

"I was around the building and Ol...Detective Benson asked me if I wanted to ride along. I'm going to see what I can dig up on that case from 96, there's got to be something somewhere."

"Keep it up Alex and I may just steal you from the DA's office and don't worry, the kids won't say a word about the crib. Just be careful around here ya got me and if you're wondering how I knew it was you sneaking out of here, you're the only one I know with 'Bottom Feeder' on a sweat shirt."

She narrowed her eyes and tried to blink the dryness from her eyes. "What do I have to be careful about?"

"Oohh I'm sure if you go out there and ask John he'll tell you." He smiled when she got up and left his office, sometimes she could be so dense, he wondered if it was because she was a brilliant lawyer that she forgot about everything else.

Alex looked down at the legal pad on the prosecutor's desk and up to Judge Barry. "Your honor I ask to remand the defendant until his trial, he has no permanent residence, he is not employed and the people feel that he is a flight risk."

Judge Barry leaned over her desk towards Alex; she narrowed her eyes and raised a finger. "Miss Cabot, the defendant is being charged with breaking and entering and attempted rape. His place of residence is the courthouse steps, I trip over him every day getting in the building, I don't think he's going anywhere and besides, if you set bail at \$1000.00, he couldn't come up with the minimum." She looked to the homeless man. "\$1000.00 bail or bond, next case." She slammed her gavel and handed the folder to her bailiff, Alex ground her teeth and grabbed up her legal pad and briefcase before leaving the court room. She just couldn't win with the judges, if it wasn't Petrovsky it was Barry. Both Judges hated her guts and did everything they could to make her life a living Hell. With this homeless man she had just tried to have locked up, it took Munch and Fin two days to track him down after he broke into a basement window of the building next door and attempted to rape a lady in a supply room. If he tried to rape once, he would try again and she didn't want that on her conscience. She had enough weighing on her mind as it was, she had three more cases for that day and two of them were before Petrovsky. She knew what the detectives went through every day to find perpetrators, follow leads and talk to all involved before she had anything to take before the judge. And the minute she got in there, they threw everything back at her. She stepped into her office, threw her briefcase into a visitors chair and shed her black suit jacket. Throwing it on her desk, she planted her hands on her hips and stared at the opposite wall. "Fucking son of a bitch!"

"I've been referred to as many things but it's been a while since I was called a son of a bitch by a fellow colleague." George Huang said and walked into the small dim office to take a seat in front of Alex's desk. "So what has you all prickly this early in the day?"

"Judge Barry and a number of other things," she said and moved over behind her desk to drop down into her chair. "So what brings you here?"

"Oohh I was in the area and thought I'd stop by and see how you are." He leaned back in the chair, crossed his legs and placed his folded hands on his knee. "I heard that you went with Detectives Benson and Stabler to question family members."

Alex rolled her eyes and shook her head in amazement. "Is there anything not mentioned around here, I mean who would possibly care where I was on my day off?"

"Oohh you'd be surprised, the word I heard was that you were in skin tight Levis and with one word you ran off with the detectives."

"Tell me something George, who was it and when?"

"Oohhh it was just a conversation I over heard downstairs, be careful Alex." He got up from his seat and turned for her door. "I didn't like the expression on the cops face when he was talking about you and Detective Benson; beat cops are another animal all together."

He left her office with a small smile and a wave; she was beginning to worry more with each passing second. If her stalker was a cop, then it would be harder to catch him, he could cover his tracks easily and never be caught. She grabbed her phone, dialed the operator and waited to be connected to the department she needed. Once again she was having her phone number changed; she was running out of names that couldn't be traced back to her. Before she could be connected, she hung up and called a number to one of the other departments in the building.

"What is it with these rich assholes?" Elliot asked and slammed the car door. "They act like they can do what ever the Hell they want and not have to answer for it?"

"Money can buy a lot of silence or a good hit man, so since we washed out at both their little office of we are better than you registration and the security office..."

"We run over someone, get hauled in and you can search their database while I stall for time?"

"I was thinking more of checking some florists on our way back home, the reason Alex stayed in the crib last night is because she's afraid to go home." She looked to Elliot and rubbed her palms down her thighs. "From what I saw in her office, she hasn't been going home to stay there."

"But we've never found her in the crib before or did you tell her you were staying?"

"No I didn't tell her that, I didn't know she was still in the building when I got back and then me, Fin and John crashed after the letters on the reports ran off the pages." She looked back to the street and sighed. "I have no idea what to do if I find this guy, there's no law that says he can't send her flowers...wait, she said he calls her apartment..."

"We get her to get us the phone records, check the numbers and then go beat the shit outta him."

"Why didn't she do that to begin with, unless she was hoping that he'd just go away and leave her alone?" She slipped down into the seat and closed her eyes. "Maybe I can get her to stay at my place?"

"Or you can stay at her place; maybe grab the asshole when he shows up."

"But to do that Alex would have to become bait, I can't do that to her; there's got to be some other way to get this asshole."

"First we check the flower shops, second we go over her phone records and third we gotta get something on this case before dad kills us."

Olivia thought for a split second, cursed herself for not thinking of it sooner and then tossed out her thoughts to Elliot. "Maybe instead of looking for the men involved in this, we should look for the women who were there at that time. Maybe check with a rape crisis center, hospital, maybe the campus clinic if they have one."

Elliot groaned and gave her a quick glance. "But before we can do that, we need a warrant. If it's anything like what we ran into today, we'll need half a dozen and a few threats to their lives to even get in the damn door."

Alex stood outside the court room doors with her briefcase in hand and half a dozen motions in her other from the last two scumbag lawyers; she hated the fact that when anyone found out that she was a lawyer that she was grouped with the bottom feeders. These last two wanted all kinds of deals that basically let their clients out of jail free. She had been threatened with contempt of court in both cases and almost let the bailiff take her there just so she could get some sleep. She yawned and blinked her eyes hoping that the dryness would go away, she had taken her contacts out but her eyes still itched. Feeling a slight pull in her lower back and right hip when she stretched, she remembered why she felt so sore and felt the deep crimson covering her cheeks. She had never in her life thought she would end up in the same bed with Olivia, as innocent as it was she still felt like she had crossed a line somewhere. When a loud voice came from behind her, she jumped and spun to look at one of the court clerks. "Sorry Miss Cabot, I have this file for you, it came in a while ago." The geeky little man said and handed the thick file to her. "You were in court when it came in so I'm so glad that I was able to get it to you without delay." He nodded his head, turned on his heel and walked away at a pace that reminded her of a shuffle. Looking though the file, she realized that it was the phone records she had requested, what confused her was why they didn't go to her office. Dropping everything into her briefcase, she

headed for the courthouse doors and out into the windy freezing day. Pulling her ankle length black wool coat tighter against her body, she skipped down the stairs and out to the curb to wave down a taxi. What pulled up was not what she was expecting.

"Hey beautiful wanna lift?" Munch asked and jumped out to open the rear door for her. "We had a little visit from the spook squad; they said you requested a phone tap on all your phones."

She climbed into the back of the dark sedan, placed her briefcase on the seat and then leaned her arms on the back of the front seat. "OK and how did you guys get involved in this?"

"Oohhh that's an easy one," Fin caught her eyes in the rearview mirror. "They were looking for your girl but she's still out on the road somewhere, so they grabbed us, they needed to get in your place to set everything up but I volunteered to set it up."

"Damn I forgot all about that," She searched through her pockets for her keys and then finally found them in her briefcase. "So you guys know what's going on?"

Munch turned in the seat; he dropped his head to look over the tops of his glasses in his classic way. "No and that's another reason why we're here, what's going on Alex?"

"I'm being sort of stalked; I've got someone who keeps sending me roses at both home and now my office."

"Most women would be thrilled to death if they got roses, what's the rest of it?" Fin asked and turned down West 78th street where Alex lived.

"I hate roses but the thing is that I've gotten close to 40 dozen in the last two days, and now whoever this is has somehow gotten the phone number to the line only my relatives have. I'm running out of places to hide from this freak, that's why I ordered the phone taps."

"What does Olivia have to say about all of this?" Munch asked and noticed the light blush that worked its way up her face. "Oohh so she doesn't about this part does she?" He chuckled and got out after Fin parked, he looked around for anyone watching before opening the back door for Alex. "Don't worry we'll protect you until she gets here." He winked at her and then he and Fin followed her into her building, as soon as she cleared the top step, she saw all the flowers crowding not only her door but the hallway.

"Fuck," Fin whispered and then looked around the hallway. "It looks like a damn grave site, how long has this been going on?"

Alex sighed and looked to the detectives. "Don't yell but a few months, it's really gotten bad within the last week or so." She felt better when John took her keys, leaned over the mess at her door and opened the locks.

"I can say this in all honesty, I have never seen so many locks on one door since I worked in Baltimore. We had this old man who was so paranoid he kept the Master lock company in

business, wrapped his house in tin foil and set up these huge satellite dishes in his front yard to send illegal Government signals back to space..."

"What he's not telling ya is that it was his house." Fin remarked and helped Alex step over all the flowers.

John gave Fin a look reserved for knocking down a suspect and continued with his story. "Anyway, with this many locks on one door, I don't think you have to worry about anyone breaking in. He'd die of old age before he could pick all of them." He saw the steel bar leaning against the corner of the wall and rolled his eyes. "Is there anything you don't have to keep your door closed?"

"A tank, know where I can get one?" She asked while placing her coat on the rack near the door. "So how long does it take to put the tap on my phone?"

"I'm already done," Fin replied and stepped back over to the door. "As soon as someone calls, the tap activates and does its job. The guys back at the station will monitor it," he snapped his fingers. "I need a list of numbers for the people who have the number, ya know your moms and who ever." He looked around her large apartment and saw her sound system; he dropped his head and gave her a version of his partner. "Damn girl but you gots some slammin shit here," he walked over and looked at some of her CD's. "Mandy Moore, Beyonce, Alicia Keyes, Otis Redding, Barry White, Pink, Anastasia, and Natalie Merchant," he picked up a CD and waved it at her. "Black Eyed Peas?"

"What were you expecting to find up there?" She asked with a tilt to her head. "Oohhh wait, you thought because I'm a lawyer that I'd have Opera or classical?"

"Alex you scream blue blood..."

"Culture, the Met on a moon lit night, New York Symphonies on the arm of a tuxedo clothed distinguished man like me." Munch waved a hand at Fin. "Not hip hop spank your monkey or what ever it is they yell."

"Spank your monkey...I can't believe you just said that." Fin rolled his eyes, grabbed him by his arm and dragged him to the door. "I'll kill 'em for ya and let ya know if we get anything on your phone lines." He took the paper with phone numbers from Alex, pushed John out into the hallway and snickered when he tripped over flowers.

"Here take my keys and give them to Olivia, I know she's gonna scream and yell once you tell her what I did." She tossed Fin her ring of keys and then locked her door after he went out. "She should be happy about this and why the Hell am I worried about what she thinks?" She went to her bedroom, stripping on the way she tossed her suit over the foot of her bed before going to her bathroom. She knew damn well that she thought very highly of everything the detective did and said. Turning the shower on, she adjusted the water before getting under the spray. It was a quick shower unlike the half hour ones she would take before all of this stalking business started. Once she was finished, she pulled on her thick terry clothe robe and went out in the kitchen to call her

favorite restaurant for supper.

Elliot stood off to the side and let his partner work her charms on the geeky little punk who was doing a soft shoe act, he tried to run from behind the counter and found himself lifted off the floor by his belt. "Listen you little runt, did you or did you not send a shit load of red roses to the assistant district attorney's office?"

"Lady you're nuts!" He struggled and kicked his feet. "I don't hafta tell you shit!"

"Liv maybe you should just let him go and we'll report what he's got here under the counter to narc squad?" He lifted the full sandwich bag of pot up and waved it. "Maybe they'll search the place for more in the way of plants?"

"OK, we didn't have any roses so I told the guy to call New York Floral Corp over on 68th street, check with them." He sighed when she put him down on the floor.

She looked to Elliot and winked. "OK so when did this guy call or did he come in?"

"He called at like eight in the morning and it was on a cell phone, I heard all kinds of voices in the background and then static." He wrote down the phone number for the other floral shop and pointed to the door. "Now get out before I call...just get out!" He watched them leave and then ran over to lock the door and drop the shades.

"Ya know Liv he could scream police brutality."

"But he won't," She stopped on her side of the car and winked. "Because if he does, I tell his brother and he'll get the shit kicked outta him."

Elliot narrowed his eyes and smirked. "His brother is who and what have ya got on them?"

"His brother is a beat cop in the 27 and a friend of Lenny Briscoe, one phone call about pot and his ass is grass so to speak." She got into the car and grabbed her cell phone when it vibrated on her belt. "Benson."

"Where ya at there stud?" Fin asked and chuckled when Munch choked.

"We're about 20 minutes from home why what's up and what's with the stud comment?"

"Oohh nothin just givin Munch a hard time, I got Alex's apartment keys, we're on our way out so I'm gonna put 'em in your desk drawer."

"Why do you have her keys and where is she?" She felt her heart rate speed up and nervous sweat form on her upper lip. "Is she OK, I mean where is she?"

"Relax Liv, we took her home and she gave me her keys so you can get in her apartment."

"If she's there then why do I need her keys?"

"Like I know what goes on in women's heads, she gave me her keys you figure out the rest, later."

Elliot cast a questioning glance her way. "What was that all about?"

"Alex gave Fin her apartment keys...for me."

He gave her a bright smile and snickered. "Guess you've got a date tonight."

"Yeah right, I make it a habit to date straight women. She probably wants to know what we found out on the case and about her stalker." She reached into her coat pocket and felt something strange; she pulled it out, coughed and quickly shoved it deep in her pocket.

"I see you forgot all about those," Elliot snorted. "Just think how I felt when I was looking for the car keys, Victoria secrets, I never pictured you in stuff like that."

"Makes me happy as Hell that you don't and besides they're...not mine." She whispered the last part and felt her face get hot.

Elliot pulled the sedan into the parking lot and turned in the seat to look at her. "How did you get her thong with Fin and Munch in the crib?"

"Oohh for Christ sakes Elly, I stole them from her laundry bag." She slapped her hands over her face and groaned.

"Liv if she's straight and you're not interested then why did you steal her thong?"

"Just forget it; can you drop me off at her place on your way home?"

"Just take the sedan that way you two can drive in tomorrow and not have to wait on a cab."

"So you're assuming that I'm spending the night with her and you just wanna hurry home so you can tell Kathy."

"How'd ya guess, you're our number one hobby. And she had a good laugh last night over your drooling."

Alex stood at her kitchen counter filling two plates with the Greek food she had ordered from a small place just down the street. With the choriatici salata on the dishes, she added keftedes, large black olives and the main dish of psito. She knew that Olivia liked Greek food and hoped that she was hungry when she got there. Filling her glass with her favorite Greek wine Rodos

2400, she took a long sip and let it sit in her mouth a minute before swallowing. Closing her eyes, she let the beat of the song flow through her body and carry her away. *Beyonce's* song *Naughty Girl* blasted from the speakers throughout her apartment, she moved in a way that would have men and women falling at her feet. One woman was close to it, Olivia had let herself in after hearing and feeling the music from the other side of the door. She now stood leaning against the wall that separated the kitchen from the living room, her eyes trailed down the lithe figure dancing in front of her. Fire roared through her veins and pounded in her ears with the tempo of the music. If she wasn't in lust before, she was now. Alex could pull the basics of sexuality to the surface and make a person drown in them. Her complexities were overwhelming to Olivia; she was so used to seeing the stoic immaculately coifed assistant district attorney. Not a young woman dressed in cut off sweatpants, a midriff t-shirt and barefoot dancing in her kitchen with total abandon. The song changed to one by *Mandy Moore*, Olivia let her eyes drop closed for a second before she opened them to watch Alex dance.

Don't tell me how I had a vision
That this day would come to be
Call it luck, call it intuition
Here I am (here we are), isn't that enough
For a little bit of reality
Fate is good, fate can be real
If you believe it's what you feel

Oh, what a moment
When I looked into your eyes
I knew I got the prize
Oh, baby, what a sweet surprise

It only took a minute, to let you in my life
It only took a minute, for me to realize
It only took a minute, and I knew just what to do
It only took a minute to fall in love with you

Time and time again, boy I've always been
The only one who think things through
You got a hold on me, set me free
Who would've known that out of the blue

I discovered the magic of all my dreams that night
With just one look at you
I knew that everything would be all right

It only took a minute, to let you in my life
It only took a minute, for me to realize
It only took a minute, and I knew just what to do
It only took a minute to fall in love with you

Alex moved to the song, feeling the music in her veins and the words in her heart. She turned to go into the living room and stopped dead in her tracks, there right in front of her was the person that came to her inner vision with the words of the song. She looked into her reddish brown eyes and felt her world fall into place. She stood still looking into Olivia's eyes until the song trailed off into silence so loud it deafened her.

Here I am, isn't that a vision
Here I am, isn't that a vision

Oh, what a moment
When I looked into your eyes
I knew I got the prize
Oh, baby, what a sweet surprise

It only took a minute, to let you in my life
It only took a minute, for me to realize
It only took a minute, and I knew just what to do
It only took a minute to fall in love with you

"Hey, ya hungry?" She asked and could have slapped herself silly with how smooth she handled her actions. She slapped a hand over her eyes and took a deep breath. "How long have you been standing there watching me make an ass of myself?"

Olivia cleared her throat, rubbed the back of her neck and looked up with hooded eyes. "Long enough to know that you're a very dangerous woman, do you take a body guard when you go out dancing?"

"You're here so does that count?"

"Nope, so what's for supper?" She pushed herself from the wall and walked to where Alex had been fixing their plates. "So are ya going to tell me why I have the keys to your apartment, or was this the only way you thought you could get an armed guard?"

Alex turned her sound system off and flipped the TV on. "I thought it'd be easier to tell you what I had done then to explain it over the phone that I wish I could toss out the damn window." She pointed to the small box that Fin had attached to her phone. "I called to have a phone tap put on my lines and Fin and Munch intercepted the call that was supposed to go to you." She cleared her glass topped coffee table off and waved to Olivia. "They picked me up outside of the courthouse and brought me home, Munch made fun of all the locks on my door." She grabbed her plate, glass of wine and went into sit on her couch to eat her supper. She watched Olivia follow her and felt her heart squeeze in her chest, for the first time she noticed how rumpled she looked. Her reddish brown hair was messy and falling over her eyes, soft dark stripes lay below her eyes and the low moan when she sat hit her. "Long day?"

"Frustrating day, we struck out at the college." She filled her mouth with the chicken and chewed slowly to savor the spices. "They told us that no such thing happened and that they couldn't help

us in any way. So then I told Elliot that we should check the local hospitals, rape crisis centers, maybe the campus clinic and see if anything comes up by way of victims."

Alex nodded and chewed her food slowly before swallowing and taking a drink of her wine. "But you'll need warrants to open doors, I'll get them in the morning that is if Judges Barry or Petrovsky don't have me shot the second I walk through the courthouse doors." She finished her supper and got up to go into the kitchen for desert. Normally she wouldn't have bothered but she had a taste for Baklava with warm honey poured over it. She popped a small plate in the microwave and moved to the side when Olivia came into the kitchen. "I got the phone logs; I just glanced at them so if you want you can take them back to the bull pen to go over. I was kind of surprised that the courthouse clerk gave them to me," she pulled the plate from the microwave and held it out to Olivia. "I don't know why he had them." She took the dirty plate from her and placed it in the sink. "Forget about the plates, I'll get 'em later."

"He shouldn't of; I'll check into it maybe someone at the phone company screwed up. What judge signed the paperwork?"

"Judge Gaines, he was the only one I could catch before early court hearings." She popped a small piece of the desert into her mouth and moaned at the flavor, she was glad that she could eat anything and not gain any weight. The small piece of baklava only had a couple million calories and she usually ate close to half a pound at one time. "Tell ya what, screw work and all the pervs wandering around out there and let's crash on the couch and watch TV." She crawled over the back of the couch, dropped down onto the cushions and put her feet out on the coffee table. Olivia rubbed her neck and looked to see how relaxed Alex was, it was like looking at another person all together. She moved around and took a spot somewhere in between Alex and the other arm, when she leaned back into the cushions she felt exactly how tired she was. "OK let's see," she flipped through a few channels and cussed low under her breath. "There it is, my favorite...court TV!" She cast a quick glance at Olivia and grinned. "Kidding I hate that fucking show, they're all posturing for the damn camera. Let them go in front of some of our judges and see what happens." She gave up and handed the remote to Olivia. "You're turn and I refuse to watch Cops or anything having to do with our jobs."

Olivia looked at her and chuckled. "That leaves a whole lot of a choice now don't it, it seems that the public wants to know what we're doing so they can get ideas on how to screw up our investigations." She stopped when she reached the Sci-Fi channel. "How's this?" She looked to see that Alex was watching her with a smirk.

"No job talk Liv, we'll watch Colonel O'Neill toss Daniel through the stargate." She grabbed the bed pillow she kept on the couch, placed it on Olivia's thighs and laid down to watch TV. "Maybe they'll kill some snakeheads and get rid of Anubis." Olivia draped one arm across the back of the couch and not knowing what to do with the other one; she let it lay on the couch beside her. "You know you can touch me, I won't hit you or anything and after last night it doesn't really make a difference does it?"

"I just didn't wanna over step ya know; I didn't wanna pull a Munch and get the Hell slapped outta me." She yawned and blinked her eyes. "Besides I should be going, with all those locks on

your door, no one can get in."

"I know no one can get in, it's the thought of him knowing I'm here alone, please stay with me." She turned over to look up into warm brown eyes. "I'll make you breakfast in the morning, complete with real fresh coffee."

Olivia rolled her eyes and groaned. "God it's pitiful how easy I am, coffee a donut and I'm history." She ran her fingers through soft blonde hair and watched pale blue eyes flutter closed. "I won't let him get near you, you're safe." Minutes later, they were both stretched out on the soft couch sound asleep wrapped in each others arms. Sometime during the night, Alex had removed Olivia's holster and handcuff case and laid them on the coffee table. Even though the couch wasn't that big and not really comfortable for two people, she never left Olivia's side.

Olivia and Alex walked from the parking garage to the building's elevator, Olivia waited for her to step in before she followed. She gave the ADA a small grin and ran her fingers down the front of the burgundy colored silk shirt she wore. "Ya know Elliot's gonna give me that smirk and tease me all day, he knows damn well I don't have any silk shirts."

"Well the boys have probably been making up all sorts of little fantasies about what we did all night, tell 'em I plied you with expensive wine and food, had my way with you and the shirts a replacement for the one I ripped off your body during foreplay." She gave Olivia a quick grin and pulled her stoic mask back on when the elevator doors opened.

"Alex are you trying to give me a stroke, geez." She followed her from the elevator. "It ain't them that's gonna be having fantasies all day." She mumbled and then heard Alex chuckle up in front of her. "Damn, you heard that didn't you?"

"Yes and I do my best to plant ideas in people's heads all day long."

"Well, with some of us you don't have to work too hard, we just think like that all the time." She thought of what they both said and stopped in her tracks right outside Alex's office door. "Hey are you saying..."

"What do you think I'm saying," She placed her briefcase on her desk and then shed her long overcoat. "Have you ever heard of me dating anyone?"

"No but then you're not exactly the type to flaunt someone around the courthouse either." She watched Alex come towards her with twinkling eyes. "You're enjoying this aren't you?"

Alex hung her coat up on the rack near the door and leaned in close to her ear to whisper. "Of course I am I like seeing you off tilter, the bars I go to aren't the type you'd find guys like Munch, Fin or Elliot having a beer. But you'd be in there hiding in a corner and keeping an eye out for any trouble."

"So is it an attraction because I can be dangerous or something completely different?" She was hoping against everything she believed in that Alex saw her for what was underneath and not the gold badge on her belt. Too many people wanted details into the perversion she waded through every day; it had happened more times than she cared to count and that was with other officers as well. She knew that Alex knew every detail to the cases they worked but it was different reading it and having it spoke to you in the bedroom. She backed against the wall when Alex closed her door and leaned further into her personal space.

"What we see and hear every single day is exactly what I don't want in my bedroom, you understand why I can't have it there. But that's not everything Detective Benson," She placed her hand on Olivia's chest right over her heart and then looked deeply into her reddish brown eyes. "You have compassion and once a case is over with you don't toss it to the side."

"So you want someone with lots of luggage and could fall apart in a matter of seconds?"

"We all have luggage but only you can make me lose concentration in the middle of a courtroom hearing, make me sit and day dream when I'm supposed to be writing briefs and get away with carrying one of my thongs around in her coat pocket." When she ended, they were only inches away from each other. Olivia had reached out and placed her hands on Alex's trim hips and was letting her fingers work back and forth against the soft material. She wanted so much for the ADA to step closer to her so she could feel her body heat soak into her and give her something to remember all day but most of all she wanted the press of her soft lips. She watched her tilt her head to the side, move in closer and then yelp and fall into her. "God damn it all to Hell!?" She yelled from where they were smashed behind the door. "I hate this office, its too fucking small." She rubbed the back of her head and caught site of a grinning Olivia. "Sure laugh it up Benson, you'll get yours later."

"Sorry Miss Cabot I didn't know you were here already." A tall man with shoulder length sandy blonde hair said as he stood in between the doorway and her office. "I have your mail and a large manila folder from the Internal Affairs Bureau."

"Why is IAB sending me files, I didn't request any?" She held out her hand for her mail and looked into his brown eyes when he wouldn't release the items. "Thanks I've got them."

"Sorry Miss Cabot I didn't know you had company." He shot Olivia a glare and shoved the mail into Alex's hands.

Alex followed him down the hallway with her eyes and then turned to a concerned Olivia. "Go tackle him and ask him who he is," when Olivia just gave her a funny look, she rolled her eyes. "If you love me you'll go arrest him and beat a confession out of him as to why he had my mail."

"What...he doesn't work here?" She stepped past Alex and looked down the hallway. "Why didn't you say so?" She took off down the hallway at a sprint and tried to catch up to the now sprinting man. She pushed past people in the hallway and almost went down the stairs head first when a man shoved her sideways. When she made it outside, she saw the man go around a corner and against every thing she had been taught, she followed. As soon as she cleared the

corner, she found herself looking up at the sky and then nothing.

Alex tossed all her mail on her desk and was about to turn and see if she could find out what was going on with the strange man when a heavy weight slammed her face first into her desk. She struggled to move and growled when her hair was twisted at the back of her neck and her nose was smashed to her desk top. "Break it off with that bitch or you'll be sorry, you're mine Cabot, never forget that!" Was said close to her ear and then she cried out when her face was slammed into her desk and hard blows landed in her lower back and ribs. She sunk to the floor in front of her desk and gasped with pain, it felt like her back was broke and it was hard to breathe. Tears came to her eyes to trail down her cheeks and moisture dripped from her nose. Wiping at her face, she moaned when she saw that her fingers came away red with blood. Using the edge of her desk, she pulled herself to her feet and stumbled out into the hallway. Looking around, she saw no one except a few women talking in front of one of the other offices. Stumbling forward, she stopped and leaned against the wall.

"Did a man come running by here?" She asked and wiped at her nose again.

"A few men have run past us, Jesus what happened to you?" One of them came forward and offered her a Kleenex.

"Call Detective Stabler at the SVU for me and tell him I need his help at the front of the building." She pushed off from the wall and walked unsteadily down the hallway and to the stairs; she hoped she could make it without falling on her face.

Olivia got up from the alleyway and used the building to stay on her feet; she pressed one hand to her throat and winced from pain. Tears flowed down her cheeks when she tried to swallow and it got worse when she took a deep breath. The back of her head hurt like a bitch and her shoulders hurt from the fall, she knew she would catch Hell from all sides when she got back in the building. Holding her throat, she slid around the corner and started back towards the front doors of police plaza. Wiping at her face, she blinked trying to stop the tears. She had been caught in the throat before by a punch but this was far worse, every time she swallowed it burned. She stopped and leaned against the side of the building and then shook her head when she saw Alex coming towards her. Her pulse picked up when she saw the front of her pale blue silk shirt covered in blood and blood still running down from her nose. Moving forward, she reached out to Alex and held onto her. When she spoke it came out as a deep growl and more tears poured from her eyes. "What happened?" She tilted Alex's head back and wiped at the blood running from her nose.

"I got attacked from behind in my office," She looked at her blood covered hands and shirt cuffs and grinned. "This will look good in court today." She took the handkerchief Olivia produced from her coat pocket and pressed it to her nose. "Sure glad you didn't hand me my thong."

Olivia wheezed when she tried to laugh. "Let's go in..." she said and wiped at her cheeks. "Sucks."

"Yeah it does and it's about to get worse." She wrapped an arm around Olivia and turned her to where Elliot was running towards them, they both knew he was going to throw a fit about their condition.

"What the Hell happened to you two, I got a call and..."

"I'll tell ya everything once we get back inside, we'll go up to the bull pen while you go grab the mail and envelope off my desk. It should have finger prints on it from the guy that clocked Liv; the guy who got me is a mystery."

"He saw all the blood covering Alex and then the nasty bruise forming on his partner's throat and upper chest. "You two need to get over to the hospital," he pulled Alex's hand down and looked at her nose. "You're lucky, it's not broke but you're gonna have two black eyes."

"Fucking great, we should have stayed at home." She saw the look come over Olivia's face and she shrugged her shoulders. "Well we should have, now look at us." She took Olivia's arm while Elliot walked beside them to the building. "I'll be blind in a few minutes and you're mute." She groaned with each step to the elevator and thought her lungs were going to jump right from her chest. "Can one punch break ribs?" She blinked her swelling eyes at Elliot when he turned to look at her. "He punched me and it really hurts to breath."

"They might just be bruised, you'll need an x-ray to find out and that's exactly why you two are going to the hospital," He pointed at Olivia and shook his head. "Don't go there Liv, you two are going even if dad has to take you." He held the elevator for them, hit the button for the garage and handed his partner the keys to their sedan. "And don't think about running off because dad will call the hospital and if you two aren't there he'll put out an APB."

Alex removed the handkerchief from her nose and looked at him from blurry eyes. "Will you write up the reports for me, I want to file charges for assault on a police officer and assault on a public official, I think it's penal code 120.08."

"Sure no problem and I'll get that stuff off your desk; maybe we'll get lucky and get prints."

"Security cameras..." Olivia said in a deep raspy voice. "Hallway and maybe the stairs."

"Don't worry about it I'll take care of everything now get your asses to the hospital and I'll tell Liz and dad what happened." He waited until they got into the sedan and pulled away before going back to the elevator, he knew the minute that he told Cragen and Liz what happened all Hell was going to break loose. Flipping his phone open, he called Munch's desk. "Hey I need some help; I need the security tapes from the front and back doors and the hallway where Alex's office is."

"Sure no problem, what's going on?"

"Alex got attacked in her office; I'm heading there right now to collect possible evidence. Liv's taken them both to the hospital because she went after one of the perps and he clocked her in the throat."

"This all happened downstairs, Jesus Christ what is the world coming to when a cop and an ADA are attacked at work?"

"I don't know but out of the two of them, I'd say Alex is the one whose libel to kill someone." He walked into Alex's office, pulled a pair of surgical gloves from his jacket pocket and pulled them on. "Tell the Captain that I'm running this stuff over to the lab, hopefully we'll get some prints."

"Will do and I'll call the hospital and check on our girls." He hung up the phone, waved to Fin and pointed to Cragen's office. "Come on we got a big problem."

Olivia brushed Alex's hair back from her forehead and said in a raspy voice. "Will you stop already; you're such a big baby."

Alex fought with Olivia's hands when she tried to keep her from removing the bag of ice off her face. "Yeah well let 'em stuff a few pounds of cotton up your nose and see how ya like it." She said with a nasally voice.

"I'll trade ya, you let them gag you with that scope thingy and I'll let 'em pack my nose." She dropped her head down to rest on Alex's shoulder and sighed. "I don't want you in your office alone until we get those assholes," she raised her head up and looked into Alex's swollen eyes. "And that goes for your apartment, I don't care if you have a door made by the Fort Knox safe company, I don't want you there."

"OK, then where am I supposed to work and sleep?" She lifted the ice bag from her face and tried to focus. "And don't you dare say you're gonna stick me in some witness safe house because I'll beat the shit outta my guards and escape just to kick your ass."

Olivia chuckled and grabbed her bruised throat. "Don't worry I don't trust you in a safe house, you can work in the bull pen and stay with me at night."

"My boss is gonna have a shit fit over all of this not to mention Don when he finds out all the details. And then with me staying at your place and when I take you on my midnight romps through the park naked the rumor mill will burn down."

"Maybe you should have a cat scan done, ya know to make sure ya don't have brain damage or something."

"My brains just fine, my face hurts like a royal bitch but that's it, after last night you doubt that I would run naked through the park?"

"Well dancing in your apartment is a lot different then going sky clad through Central Park, Hell I hate going there in broad daylight."

"OK ya got me; I just stand by my living room windows and howl at the moon."

Elliot watched the lab tech spray down everything that had been on the ADA's desk, what he wanted special attention paid to was the thick envelope from IAB. There was no reason for her to be getting files from them and it was highly unlikely that they had come from them. It was easier to stop the world on its axis than to get information from the IAB, it was all fine and good if you were a dirty cop and being investigated, then you had their undivided attention but other than that, no one saw their files or knew what they were doing. "So what's the chance that our guy left his prints behind, Alex didn't say if he had gloves on or not?"

The lab tech shined a black light over the envelopes and grinned. "We have a Hell of a lot of prints here, it'll take me a few minutes to scan all of them and then match them through the system."

"Give me a call if you get anything, I've gotta get back and check on my partner and the ADA." He handed him a card with his phone numbers on it. "Call my cell phone if we get a hit on anyone not finger printed for the court house or police plaza."

"Will do but I'll tell ya right now that it's going to be a long list, you have to remember how many people have touched this mail before it got here."

"Just run what you have on the big envelope," he snapped his fingers. "Slide the stuff out of that for me, the ADA may need the information." Grabbing the papers, he fled them in half and left the lab at a jog. Once out into the hallway, he sped up and took the stairs to the bull pen. As soon as he was near his desk, Cragen yelled his name; from the tone, he knew he was in deep shit.

"What in the Hell did you five think you were pulling," He closed his door after Elliot walked in. "Our very own ADA is being stalked, now attacked and it could have been prevented if she had been put under guard?"

"Benson was with her," Elliot said and dropped down into one of the chairs. "She went after one guy and when Alex was alone, that's when the other one got her."

Cragen jabbed a finger at him and yelled. "That's exactly what I mean, if Alex would have been under guard, none of this would have happened and sleeping with Benson doesn't count."

Fin looked to his partner and slumped further into his chair, now he knew that Cragen was pissed, he would have never thrown such a low blow at Olivia otherwise. "What has her sleeping accommodations have to do with her getting attacked in her office," Munch asked. "If she was assigned a detail, she would have one guard and the same thing would have happened. Now we

know that it has to be in house, how else would they have gotten their hands on her mail?"

Elliot unfolded the papers in his hand and started to leaf through them, when he came to some 8x10 pictures, he stared and then folded them back up. What he saw, he didn't want anyone else seeing except for Alex. "I've got the lab trying to ID some prints from an envelope supposedly from IAB plus Alex got a good look at the guy so we can get a sketch. We can show it around and see if anyone knows the guy."

"And what about the triple homicide case, we're losing here people." He waved a hand at them. "You three work on the triple, against my better judgment, I'm putting Benson on guard duty."

Fin whispered to Elliot once they were far enough away from Cragen's office. "What's gotten into the old man, no matter who was with Alex it would've gone down the same way?"

"I think it stings a little bit, ya know he's always had a crush on Alex and now he finds out that she would rather go to Liv for help than him."

"Oohh for cryin out loud, he's old enough to be her father and that comment about them sleeping together." He shook his head, grabbed the radio from his desk and waved at Munch. "Come on and move your bony ass, we got work to do."

"Oohh that's right, we have some winos to roll and just maybe someone will fall from the sky with the answers to all our problems."

Olivia signed her release papers and then handed the clipboard to Alex; the hospital staff was ready to commit both of them to a long forgotten wing. Olivia for flashing her badge every time someone got near the ADA and Alex for singing at the top of her lungs, five minutes after giving her a shot of Demerol and some pills for the pain and swelling in her face, she went off the deep end. They had given Olivia pain pills but she would wait until she was at home before taking any of them, she didn't want her driving impaired and there was no way Alex was getting behind the wheel. "Come on Alex, we're going home."

"Nope I have some work to do, court briefs or brief court which ever works." She draped her arm around Olivia and leaned into her. "Guess my dating is put on hold huh, who wants ta be seen with me and my black eyes?"

"Why would you say that, if the person you're dating won't go out with you because you're a little bruised then you need to find someone else?"

"That's the thing; I don't know how this person thinks. Is it just my looks that catches their attention or is something deeper?"

"I really hate the pronoun thing, who are ya talking about?"

Alex leaned in close to her ear and spoke in a husky whisper. "Who have I been sleeping with?"

"And I supposed to know this how, come on Alex it's not like I have a window into your private life..." she watched a smirk come over her features and blossom into a brilliant smile. "You're fucking with my head again, why didn't you just ask me?"

"Because I'm a bottom feeder and I like fucking with you and right now I want nothing more than ta bust a dozen penal codes with a certain detective."

"Oohhh God Alex on drugs," she held back a moan when her hand slipped inside her coat and squeezed her right breast. "We're still in the ER...can you hold on until we get to the car?"

"Sure I can, it's easy holding on to your tit."

Olivia stopped and tried to remove her hand as they waited for the ER doors to slide open, she blushed when a young couple walked in and looked directly at her and Alex. "That's not what I meant, you're gonna get us both busted if not worse...fuck, the damn reporters are here!" She spun Alex around and back through the doors just as a reporter yelled out. "Come on Alley move your hand we've got company." She was able to move her and a held onto them both as she turned them back towards the door. "Now behave yourself or we'll both be out of a job."

Elliot saw the mob of reporters at the ER door and knew that he was too late, tossing some bills over the seat to the taxi driver, he jumped out and pushed his way to where his partner and Alex were standing. "Come on don't you have anything better to do like harass some crooked city official?"

A reporter pushed to the front and pointed his microphone at the two women. "Miss Cabot is it true you posed for Playboy?"

"Do you still get royalties for the videos you did in college?" Another one asked.

"Get the fuck outta my way before I arrest everyone!" Elliot yelled and shoved the last reporter out of his way. "Come on let's get you guys back home, at least there we can keep the damn press on ice."

"I wanna make a comment," Alex slurred and struggled in Olivia's arms. "Let me show 'em my resume." She tried to lift the bottom of her shirt up and groaned when Olivia held her tighter.

"You can show us as soon as we get in the cruiser." Elliot said and opened the back door for his partner and Alex. "Keep her company; she's acting too weird to be left alone." He grinned when Alex blew him a kiss and shook his head at Olivia. "What did they give her, she's..."

"Completely uninhibited and loud," Olivia mumbled and crawled into the backseat. "Almost like she was slipped a ruffie and what's this about videos?" She turned to Alex and felt her mouth go dry; she had unbuttoned her shirt and was in the process of unsnapping her bra. "Alley what are you doing?"

"Showing ya my resume, it paid my tuition through school." She flashed Olivia and laughed when she dove across the seat to keep her from completely stripping. She held onto a squirming ADA while Elliot laughed hysterically in the front seat and flipped the siren on to get through the traffic faster.

"We really need a camera set up in here," he looked over the back seat and laughed harder. "I can't wait to tell Kathy what happened to you today, she's gonna wanna come into work just to make sure I'm not making all of this up." Olivia gave up with the struggle and just let Alex do what ever she wanted, she just lay with her face pressed against her chest and breathed in the soft scent of her skin. There wasn't much she could do anyways; Alex had her so wrapped up in her arms and legs that she was lucky to move an inch. "Now I know how the taxi drivers around here feel, titty flashes, sex romps in the back seat and New York's finest just ignoring it." 30 minutes later he pulled into the garage and waited for everyone around them to move away, there was no way he was opening the back door so they could see his partner held captive by the ADA. "OK girls we're home," he pulled the door open and looked down into clouded blue slits and grinned. "So how ya feel there Alex, you look really stoned?"

"Feel that way to, why'd ya tie me up?"

"You are really wasted," he waited for Olivia to wiggle free before helping Alex to sit up and then quickly buttoned her shirt for her. "Can't have you flashing your resume around, we've got enough problems without that." He pulled Alex from the car and waited for Olivia to join them. "OK Liv you take Alex while I get the elevator and make sure no ones gonna give us any problems, if the reporters were at the hospital then they might be hiding around here." He wondered about the reporters waiting for them at the hospital, it had to be connected with the men who had attacked them earlier. He would have to check into that once they got upstairs. "You two sure make the pair, the wasted ADA and her sex toy." He gave Olivia a wide grin and stepped to the side so they could get into the elevator. "Ya know the last time I saw someone grab your chest, you dropped him like a bad habit."

She struggled with Alex and her groping hands and stuck her tongue out at her partner instead of flipping him off. "Count yourself lucky, I could have taken the pain killers they gave me and you would have had me the corpse and Alex to put up with all by yourself."

"Oohhh that would have been fun, me driving us down Centre Street with you comatose in the backseat and Alex flashing her tits at everyone," he gave the ADA a closer look. "I think she's getting ready to crash," he stepped forward and swept Alex up into his arms. "And there she goes." He watched her eyes roll back in her head and then her head drop back against his shoulder.

"I'm glad you came and got us, there's no way I would have been able to carry her all the way to

the bull pen." When the elevator door opened, he walked out and through the bull pen to the crib. Olivia pushed the door open and then moved over to fix the cot up.

"Thanks Elly, so is the captain ready to kill me and Alex?" She stepped back and gave him room to put Alex down on the cot.

"Worse, he cracked on you big time and you're on guard duty." He waved a hand at Alex and shot her a grin. "There's your charge." He gave her a soft smile and squeezed her shoulder. "Maybe you should get her a clean shirt, if someone comes in here and sees all that blood they may arrest her for murder and when you're done I've got something to show you." He shrugged his shoulders and walked from the room.

"Right," she rubbed the back of her neck. "One of my shirts or go foraging in her office for one of her own?"

"You in my office now," Cragen yelled and walked away from the door to the crib. "And bring Stabler with you."

Olivia dropped her head and rubbed her neck all the way to where she could see her partner; she waved a hand and nodded her head in the direction of Cragen's office. It was the slowest walk she had ever done, it reminded her of the times when she was sent to the principles office. A wicked smirk came over her face as she stepped into her captain's office.

"I don't see anything funny with what's happened," Cragen said from where he paced behind his desk. "Now tell me why you didn't come to me with this?"

"Alex just wanted me to check to see if I could find out who was sending her flowers, neither one of us thought it would go to this extreme in a matter of two days." She dropped down into a chair and saw Elliot come through the door.

"I guess I should be chewing on her ass as well, that can wait. Now what in the Hell happened today and how's the throat?"

"I'm fine a little sore but I'll live, and what happened this morning. I think I was set up." She went on to tell Elliot and Captain Cragen everything that happened from the minute the guy showed up with the mail until Alex found her outside. Elliot told him about the reporters outside of Bellevue ER and the comments about Alex posing for Playboy and something about videos.

"Then it's gotta be someone who knows her or has a way of getting information on her private life, now what about this envelope from IAB, what was in it?"

Elliot rubbed the back of his neck and handed Cragen what had been inside the envelope, he looked to Olivia and handed her what he had in his pocket. "I didn't want anyone to see those except Alex, they're...revealing."

Cragen leafed through the papers and then at Elliot. "These were sent to Alex by way of an

envelope with the IAB seal on it, did you look at these?"

"No I'd forgotten about 'em actually, what is it?"

"It's every thing that Alex has ever done in her life, starting with High School right up until she came here as the ADA for SVU."

Olivia swore under her breath and looked to her partner. "What a sick son of a bitch, where...better yet how did he get these?"

"What's the matter Benson?"

"Nothing besides the fact that who ever sent that stuff to Alex has been watching her and taking pictures," she flipped through them, found one that showed only Alex's naked back and handed it to Cragen. "That's from the window in her living room, the other ones I can't show you because..."

Cragen looked up from the picture and nodded his head. "I understand, when Alex wakes up, I want you to take her back to your place. I'll let Liz know what's going on and we'll handle the rest on this end. When she's coherent, I want you to ask her who they have doing all of there investigations for the DA." He looked up when Fin waved a paper in his doorway.

"Finger prints on the envelope come back to a Dale Banister, priors of assault and battery, two counts aggravated assault, six counts criminal possession of a firearm, rape in the third degree, 24 counts of possession of child pornography, yadayadayada." He stepped in and handed it to Olivia. "Ya got lucky he didn't really hurt ya Liv, he's a mean son of a bitch, and someone needs ta cap his ass. Sorry Cap but that's how I feel, wish I knew how the hump is still walking free."

"Filth like him have scum bag lawyers that can pull miracles and don't worry about it; I'd be the first one pulling on him. OK what else we got on these people?"

"Munch is doing the peep thing; he's going over all the security videos. So far there's only a shot of a man's back leaving the area of Alex's office. He had on a grey suit but then more than half the damn building is dressed like that."

"OK people, Olivia you stay here and keep an eye on Alex, sit in the crib if you have to but don't go anywhere without telling me, Elliot you grab Jeffries and go talk to Liz and see if she can think of anyone that would want one of her ADA's injured." He looked to Fin and waved a piece of paper at him. "You and John see if you can track down this Banister creep." He clapped his hands and got up from his desk. "Let's go people, if ya need me I'll be down stairs stealing uniforms for another sweep of witnesses from this mornings attack."

Elliot nodded his head and turned back to Cragen. "How is it that I got Jeffries, not that I'm complaining?"

"I'm stealing her from the other unit, now go do some work."

Olivia followed the guys from the office and headed for her locker, she couldn't remember what all she had in there but she did know that she had at least one clean t-shirt. Stuffing the pictures in her back pocket, she rummaged through her personal items and found a dark blue NYPD shirt. "This should do...how do I get it on her?" She asked herself and felt a deep blush working up her cheeks. "Oohhh damn...suck it up Benson, you take down bad guys and you're worried about changing Alex's dirty shirt." She took a deep breath and headed for the crib, she opened the door a slit and peeked in; what she saw made her pulse race. "You would just have to make this hard as Hell didn't you?" She was stretched out across the cot with her shirt pushed up below her breasts and one hand on her stomach with the tips of her fingers under the waistband of her trousers. "Nope I can't do it." Olivia chickened out and went to her desk to get some files she had been working on, grabbing the legal pad she had written notes on, she went back to the crib to work at the desk that sat against one wall. Dropping into the old chair she groaned and grabbed at her sore throat. After taking a look over her shoulder at Alex, she set to work on the files she had in front of her.

Munch got out of the sedan and followed Fin towards the skanky apartment building in Soho, just incase, he placed Vicks under his nose and smirked when Fin rolled his eyes at him. "Such a wuss, how many years ya been doin this?"

"Too many that's why my sinuses can't handle the stench anymore." He said and winched at the garbage piled up in the doorway. "Damn people live like pigs; the city should just burn the damn places down."

"Not a bad idea except ya got all those fucking bleeding hearts, then again would anyone even notice the places missing?" He climbed the stairs and stopped outside of the apartment that was supposed to be occupied by Banister; he looked to Munch and then pounded on the door. "HEY MAN THE PLACE IS ON FIRE!" He yelled and pounded harder on the door. Stepping back he pounded on the door until it opened and a man came stumbling out trying to get his pants on. "Ain't this predictable," He grabbed him and tossed him against the wall. "Dense asshole aren't ya, smell any smoke?"

"Who are you people?"

"Oohh we're your local firing squad, you're history Banister." He pulled a plastic card from his pocket and read him his rights. "So now that we have you, we're taking you in so the cop you hit this morning can pound your ass into the floor."

Banister struggled against the wall and grunted when Fin slammed him face first into the wall. "I didn't hit no cop!"

"OK then is it everyday that you clothes line women as they come around buildings?" Munch asked and thumped his head. "Did the shiny gold badge on her belt and the big ass gun not give you a clue there genius?"

"But she was chasing me!" He fought against the cuffs and tried to plant his feet on the floor.

"You sure are stupid aren't ya," Fin snorted. "You just admitted to assaulting an officer and you know all those other things you've gotten away with, well you're gonna pay for those this time around, now move your ass or you may accidentally fall down the stairs."

"This is police brutality, you can't threaten me!"

Munch turned and looked at him from over the top of his glasses. "If that was to happen, it would be your useless word against ours. Now who do you think the judge is gonna believe?"

They dragged him all the way to the sedan and then tossed him into the back for his ride back to one police plaza; the entire way there he screamed that he was innocent. He was still screaming when they parked and pulled him out.

"So where's Olivia," Jeffries asked and looked to see the DA stepping out into the hallway. And how did Cragen pull me from my unit?"

"She's on guard duty and out of commission for a few days anyway, she got popped in the throat this morning."

"I heard that someone got smacked, I had no idea it was Liv." She stood back and let Elliot approach the DA, she hadn't the slightest idea of what was going on so it was better that he handle it.

"He closed lined her when she came around the corner of the building, laid her right out." He shook his head and approached Alex's boss. "Do you have a spare minute, it's about Alex?"

"Sure," she saw Jeffries and waved them both back into her office. "Don called me but didn't get into specifics over what went on, where is she now?"

He waited until the door was closed and Liz had taken her seat behind her desk. "She's asleep in our crib; Detective Benson is on guard duty." He rubbed the back of his neck and gave her a small smile. "Captain Cragen won't let either one of them leave the bull pen," he cleared his throat and looked to Jeffries. "Do you have any idea who would want Alex hurt; we know her stalker has been able to get information on her that he shouldn't have been able to? I'm thinking one of your investigators or another lawyer she may have pissed off."

Liz chuckled and leaned back in her chair to rest her chin on the tips of her fingers. "Who hasn't she pissed off, I wouldn't be surprised if some of our judges haven't put a hit out on her." She flipped open a black book on her desk and copied some names down on a piece of paper. "Here are the primary investigators that we have at our disposal; Alex never uses them so maybe there's a grudge there. Now for the other lawyers, just pick anyone that she's ever gone up against..."

she raised a finger in the air and pointed to her door. "The roses in her office the other day, those were from her stalker and what kind of information?"

"Yep and those aren't the only ones she's gotten, they get delivered to her apartment as well and stuff dating all the way back to when she was in High School, you know transcripts complete with SATS and pictures of her in college." He looked at the paper she handed him and gave to Jeffries. "Thanks for the help, if you think of anything else would you call Cragen?"

"Son of a bitch, this idiot has really been doing some digging. Tell Alex I said to get her ass someplace safe and get some rest, she looks like shit. If I remember anything that will help, I'll call Don."

"Oohhh yeah, two black eyes, a bruised nose and a knot on her forehead to match; Mike Tyson would have done less damage." He and Jeffries stood up and left the DA's office to stop in the hallway.

"OK Elliot now just what in the Hell is going on here, Olivia gets knocked around, Alex has a stalker who did what?"

"He's been sending her hundreds of red roses and this morning," He explained how everyone fit into the picture and what John and Fin were doing while they tracked down any information they could find. "Alex is in rough shape, she slept in the crib the other night and then Liv stayed with her last night. Our stoic ADA is close to the breaking point even though she tries to hide it."

Jeffries dropped her head and looked at her feet before turning her head sideways to look at Elliot. "The best place to find out information from the other lawyers is to go to that bar they hang at, you know lurk in a corner and listen to them brag?"

Olivia sat with her face resting in her hands, she had gone over all the files she had and still couldn't come up with anything new on the triple murders. She still wondered if they would be able to find out anything by checking for female victims. Booting up her laptop, she waited for it to finish and then started her ISP. A few minutes later she was looking at all the health care facilities near the college campus. "Did you check gynecologists, there's a couple in that area?" Alex whispered in her ear and then ran her fingers across her tight shoulders and up the back of her neck.

"Uhhmm what..." she shivered from the warmth of her fingers running across her skin.

"Private physicians, some women would prefer their own doctor to one of a hospital or clinic.

"Nope, didn't think of that." She punched in the search engine and waited for it to kick out the information, while the list was building; she closed her eyes and let her head drop forward. Alex's strong fingers massaging the tight muscles of her neck and shoulders had her wishing they were home. "Only problem is they won't be able to disclose that information, patient confidences

and what not and going by the number of women who attended the college, we'd be dead and buried before we found anything."

"Not necessarily, I may just be able to get in touch with a few of the women who went to Berkeley, I think that one of the law clerks went there, she might remember something."

Olivia leaned her head back against Alex's chest and realized that she had changed her shirt. "Now for the more important case, dad wants to know who you've pissed off lately and this here is what was in that envelope." She cleared her sore throat and pulled them from the folder she had put them. "Elliot gave 'em to me because he didn't want anyone else seeing them." She turned in the chair when she felt her back grow cold from Alex's departure; she rose from the chair just as the ADA dropped down onto the cots edge.

"How the fuck did who ever get pictures of me in High School?"

"He probably went to your school; they keep stuff like that on file."

"I want my windows replaced with one way mirrors, God damn perverts in this city."

Olivia dropped down beside her and looked to her feet. "There's something else, do you remember the reporters at the hospital?"

"I don't remember anything after they packed my nose," she ran a finger across her bridge and winced. "How bad is it?"

"Not bad, your nose is a little bruised it's your eyes and forehead that look bad. You're a couple different colors and you've got a goose egg between your brows."

"That's from having my head slammed, now what did I miss at the hospital?"

Olivia gave her a big smile. "You'll love this; you flashed me and Elliot in the car and tried flashing other drivers. What worries me is the posing for *Playboy* and some videos you supposedly did?"

"Oohhh fuck," she ran her hands through her hair and let her head fall back on her shoulders. "I didn't pose for *Playboy* but there were videos, Spring break videos if that helps give you an idea."

Olivia felt her mouth drop open; she knew exactly what Alex was talking about. "Wet t-shirt contests and all...damn how come I couldn't be ten years younger?"

"That and skinny dipping in the hotel pool, I was sick as a dog after that night. One of the reasons I don't drink whiskey anymore, chugging from a bottle of Jack Daniels and then Jagermeister shooters just about killed me."

"You know I can't see you as a party girl," she bumped shoulders with her. "I can picture you in

the library buried in law reviews and periodicals, searching for some case that will completely floor your professor."

"Well the first few months away from home was party central and then it got old and I calmed down to make Law review. But I never thought anyone would find out about those damn videos, Hell there were thousands of kids down in Virginia Beach. I think I was in a video for all of a minute combined, there goes my chance to be Governor of New York."

"I don't think you have to worry about that, look at all the Presidents have done and they still got elected." She dropped her voice a few octaves. "We didn't have sexual intercourse it was just a blow job." She noticed Alex twisting her hands and groaned. "Oohh don't tell me that...that's just...gross and disgusting."

"I'm not saying I gave anyone a blow job, a gun to my head couldn't make me do that but I was on the receiving end when we got caught. I just hope no one ever finds out about that or I'll have to change my name and move to Canada or Maine, dontcha know."

Olivia tried to chuckle but it hurt too much. "Everyone has sex, OK so I don't but you were in college and it's kinda expected. So what's the big deal if someone knows about it?"

Alex turned and leaned in close so that she could focus. "Because she'll kill me if it ever gets out, she's a family court judge up in Minnesota."

"Oohhh, yeah you're a dead woman. When's the last time you talked to her?"

"Years ago, I called her to congratulate her on becoming a judge. She's got a different life now, the successful husband, four kids and the big white house with the huge yard and hundred year old shade trees."

"So it was just an experiment for her not a lifestyle, I've never been that curious to just try something. Either you are or you're not, there's no such thing as I think I'll be gay this week." She looked to her laptop and saw a whole page of different names for clinics in the White Plains area. "Let's see what we've got, maybe we'll get lucky and something will reach out and slap me." She scanned down the list and sighed, there were a lot of names but none of them were close to the college or White Plains New York. She relaxed into the chair when Alex stepped behind her and went back to massaging her neck and shoulders, she knew if she kept it up, she would fall asleep.

"How about if I call the Alliance rape center and see if they know of any places where a Berkeley college kid would go if they were raped or assaulted?"

"I can do that besides you sound funny, almost like you're from the Bronx."

"Sounds kinda sexy don't it, ya know like *Lorraine Bracco*? Besides, I'll throw my title around and open doors that you can't." She pulled Olivia's cell phone from her belt and dialed the number that was on the computer screen. As she waited to be connected, she played with the hair at Olivia's nape. She was glad the detective was letting her hair grow out, she always like her with longer hair. A few minutes later, she had the information she needed and hung up. Taking a

pen from the desk, she wrote the information down and then placed her chin on Olivia's shoulder. "So what's next," she draped her arms around Olivia's shoulders and leaned on her. "I'm starving to death here; can we go get something to eat?"

"Ya know anyone can walk in here and catch us."

"I don't really care; they can all kiss my ass. Now can we go get something to eat?" She squeezed Olivia and rocked them from side to side. "What ever ya want I'll buy."

"A farm house in Virginia with a small stocked pond?"

"I'll think about it now come on I'm hungry." She whispered in her ear and felt her shiver. "I'll even get us desert, how about strawberry pie with French vanilla ice cream on top."

Olivia brought her hands up to cover Alex's arms and ran her fingertips across the soft skin, she was just about to turn her head and face her when she heard someone clearing their throat. "Hate to interrupt but Fin and John brought in Banister," Jeffries said and then stepped all the way into the room. "Damn girls but you two look really bad; I would've gone home and relaxed in a hot bathe for a few hours."

They stayed just the way they were, neither one of them cared what Monique thought of how they were in intimate positions. "If we weren't under strict orders and someone hadn't been drugged to a comatose state, that's exactly where we'd be..."

"Yeah right," Alex stood up and grabbed Olivia's cell phone. "I can't even get her to leave so we can eat." She dialed the phone and placed an order at a nearby restaurant and ignored the look Olivia gave her. "Our food will be here in a little while, let's go see if this is the creep from this morning." She pulled Olivia up from the chair and followed Jeffries from the crib and down the hallway to the interrogation room.

Jeffries stepped to the side and touched Olivia's upper arm. "You two make a good couple," She looked to where Alex was standing next to Cragen. "Anyway, me and Elliot got some information on the investigators and other lawyers that could be involved. But maybe Fin can scare asshole in there into telling us who he works for."

Fin rolled his eyes, shook his head and in a split second he had Banister cringing from the loud slam of his hand on the table. "Come of it asshole, we have you on tape in the ADA's office, so don't try and pull this shit that it wasn't you!" She slammed his hand down again and smirked when Banister yelled out. "Some tough guy, I bet you only beat on women, wanna take a chance on me?"

"I'm innocent and I want my lawyer!"

John looked up from where he was fixing his shoe lace. "Now that's interesting, you called him

what an hour ago and he's still not here. If it was me, I'd take that as I'm shit out of luck." He went back to tying his other shoe lace and held back a smirk when Fin busted out laughing.

"Only one thing left and that's for you to admit you hit Detective Benson," he looked towards the door when he heard a knock. "Ya got two minutes to think about it, wave your rights and let us get on with our jobs." He went to the door and stepped out into the dim area between Cragen's office and the interrogation room. "What's up?"

"Olivia, Alex is that the guy who was in your office this morning?" Cragen asked and watched Banister flinch when John dropped down into the chair across from him. He saw them nod their heads and turned to Alex. "You wanna go in there and wheel and deal or should I call and ask for another ADA?"

"No I'll do it; maybe it'll scare the bastard into giving us his boss." She moved to the door and preceded Fin, taking the seat next to John, she stared directly at Banister. "I'm quite sure you know who I am, so either you waive your rights to counsel and we get this over with or you sit here and wait for a public defender to show up." She watched him squirm for a few minutes before she spoke. "You know you're looking at a class B felony that carries 10 to 25 years for assaulting a police officer, help us out and tell us who you're working with and I can put in a word for you with the DA?"

"I want it in writing that you won't go back on your word; I don't trust none of ya!" He looked around the room and directly at the one way mirror. "Is she back there...the cop?"

"That's none of your concern," Alex said and leaned back in her chair.

"That is unless you want her to come in here and even out the fight, after all you ran like a fucking wimp ass." Fin said and stood to hover over him. "You're times up, I think we got us rapist in lock-up, he likes blondes."

"All right I waive my rights, what can ya do for me?"

"No it's what you can do for us; I want to know who you're working for." She leaned forward and held his eyes. "You see what your boss did to my face, unless you come up with his name, you're going down for everything including conspiracy to commit a crime."

"But I didn't hit you why should I have to do time for that?"

"Give us your partners name and you won't," John remarked and slid a pad of paper and a pen across the table. "Better yet, if you don't want to say his name, write it down." Banister looked at the paper then to Alex and John.

"I do this you go easy on me?"

"That's the deal, but the information has to pan out and we get a conviction or it's no go." She said and watched him write a name on the paper. John and Fin looked at it and shrugged their

shoulders.

"John Marva?" Fin read off the paper. "Who the Hell is he?"

"He's the guy that gave me fifty bucks and the key to the basement door, ya know so I could get into the mail room."

Alex took the paper and left the room, she had never heard the name before. She wondered if it was real or something made up, she would run it through her computer and have Olivia run it through theirs as well. "I have no idea who this guy is." She handed the paper to Cragen.

"What kind of deal are you giving him?"

She smirked and shook her head. "None, that bastards going down for 25 years and I know Liz will back me on it." She left the small area and headed back to the crib to get her blood stained shirt. "Liv our foods here!" She yelled and grabbed at her forehead, taking bills from her pocket, she handed them to the delivery man and took the three bags to Olivia's desk. Dropping into her chair, she started pulling containers from the bags and placing them in the center of the desk. She had ordered enough food to feed all the SVU detectives; she knew that they hadn't the time to get anything. Filling two plates with Ribs, chicken strips, potato salad and a corn bread muffin, she kept one for herself and handed the other to Olivia when she got there. "OK tell the others it's time to take a break and eat, you people can't work if you pass out from starvation." She patted the other chair and moved down from the center of the desk. "You can have my usual chair, now sit down and eat."

"Has anyone ever told you that you're bossy?" She sat down and grabbed napkins from the pile and a plastic fork after waving to the others to come and get something to eat.

"Yeah but it's usually the defendants lawyer so that doesn't count," she bit into a chicken strip and chewed slowly while watching Olivia fight with a BBQ rib. "How is it, I can't taste anything?" When Olivia turned to face her, Alex used her thumb and wiped BBQ sauce from her chin. Licking her thumb clean, she saw reddish highlights flare in Olivia's eyes. "Problem?" She grinned and gave her foot a small kick.

"Nope, not a one." She lied, she knew damn well there was a problem and it was them being at her desk and not at home where she could act upon her compulsion to show Alex just what she did to her.

Elliot groaned and licked his fingers of BBQ sauce. "Hey Captain, Alex can't go back to her office, ever. She brings us hot food and not those stale old donuts." He squeezed her shoulder on his way over to his desk across from them. "So you two have any ideas on where to go with this John Marva?"

Olivia punched his name into her computer and waited to see what would happen, Alex leaned sideways and watched as a picture of an ancient man popped up. "How about pushing him off the banana he's standing on," She blinked her eyes and looked again. "He's been at Rikers going

on 50 years and he's spent the last two months in the hospital, he's dying of lung cancer and heart failure."

"Damn..." Elliot waved a hand at Cragen. "Our guys a bust!"

"OK how about if we get pictures of all the ADA's and lawyers that are regulars to the building, we put them in a card and have him pick out his John Marva?" He raised his hands and gave a small nod to his head. "Let's get on it people, as long as he's out there Alex will be breathing down our necks." He grabbed a chicken strip on his way to his office. "And I wanna hear something on the other case!"

Olivia had looped her building a couple times before she parked, she knew it didn't really matter if they were followed; the stalker probably knew everything about her anyway. Climbing from the sedan, she walked around and pulled the other door open for Alex. She watched all the dark areas near her building and pulled her weapon just incase someone was waiting for them. Placing her hand on Alex's lower back, she ushered them up the steps and to the door to her building. A few seconds later, they were inside her apartment and she was pulling her blinds down and her curtains closed. "OK if they want pictures they better have x-ray telephoto lenses with 'em." She turned and watched as Alex slumped on her couch and pushed off her shoes. "If you want a shower, its right through there," she pointed to a door down a short hallway. "There are clean towels on a shelf in there and a new tooth brush in the medicine cabinet." She sat down next to her and saw how tired she was. "You want some tea or maybe some wine?"

"Tea would be good; I don't want to mix wine with pain killers." She sat up and pushed to her feet. "Point me in the right direction and I'll make it while you take a shower."

"I'll get it you can..." She was cut off by a long finger pressed to her lips.

"It's your apartment you go first; it'll give me a chance to check out the real Olivia Benson."

"Oohh I see how ya are, you're gonna go search through my underwear drawer." She winked and headed to her kitchen to get the tea bags down for her. "Here's the tea bags and I'll be done in a few minutes," she pulled the sugar container down from the cabinet and then headed for her bedroom. "I'll leave some clothes in the bathroom for ya." *They might be a little thread bare and revealing but I'll enjoy it.* Olivia stripped out of her clothes, tossed them in her hamper and got under the water she had started beforehand. Dropping her head, she let the water beat on her neck and shoulders and felt the tight muscles relaxing. It had been a long day and night and for once she didn't argue when Cragen told her 'to get the Hell out of his bull pen' after washing her hair and soaping her body, she rinsed off and climbed from the shower. That's when she noticed that she had left the door open; she never bothered any other time because she was the only one there. Now two pale blue eyes watched her as she pulled her robe on and then grabbed her brush from the bathroom counter. "Can you see me or am I just a blur?"

"Oohh I can see just fine, I wear glasses to read, plus they make me look smart." She gave her a cocky grin and sipped at her tea. "Some detective you are," she moved from her stool and went around to pour another cup of tea. "Where's an extra pillow and a blanket for the couch?" She handed Olivia the cup of tea and then headed for the bathroom.

"You don't need one, my beds big enough for the entire SVU team."

Alex tilted her head to the side and grinned. "Now George would say that either you feel very comfortable and close with the other detectives or that you're into group activities in more ways than one."

Olivia leaned against the kitchen counter and sipped at her tea, she had to swallow quickly to keep from choking. "Does anyone else know how your brain really works; we're all used to seeing the Stoic Alexandra Cabot who goes out for blood not Alex who is insinuating that I'm into kinky sex?"

"If I didn't let my true self come out and play every once in a while, George would have me locked up in a very small and rubbery walled room." She placed her cup down and went towards the bathroom; she knew that Olivia was watching her. On her way; she pulled her t-shirt and bra before she disappeared from Olivia's view.

"She likes to fuck with my head too much, worse part is she enjoys the Hell outta herself." She sipped her tea and finally noticed that there was honey in it instead of sugar. Rubbing her throat she winced and went in search of her pain pills, she knew if she didn't take something tonight, she wouldn't be able to move her neck in the morning. Remembering that she had left them in her coat pocket, she went over to where she had tossed it across the back of the couch. Reaching into one pocket, she felt silk and grinned; checking the other pocket, she pulled out the pill bottles. Checking the labels, she became confused at how they were labeled. "This can't be right," she checked the medications names and became even more confused. "Alley someone at the hospital fucked up." She went to stand against the bathroom door jam so Alex could hear her better. "The pills we got at the hospital can't be for us, I know we don't need Buspar or Halcion."

"OK ya got me on that one," Alex said and stepped from the shower. "What are they?" She smiled when Olivia's mouth fell open when looked up at her. "Or should I say what they would do to us if we took 'em?" She grabbed a towel and started drying off while Olivia stood in shock. "Come on Liv you're acting like you've never seen anyone naked before."

"I have...it's just been a while since the body was in my own bathroom."

She turned and snapped the towel at her. "You're such a Monk, you need to go out more and not with those dick swinging cops either. Strip clubs are degrading and besides you can't bring them home." She took one of the pill bottles from Olivia and looked at the name. "That's some combination there, Benson Cabot, OK now what are the drugs?"

"Tranquilizers for crazy people, now if we were having problems with depression these would work." She looked at Alex and knew she saw the anger in her eyes. "When you take pain killers

do you always get whacked in the head and then pass out?"

"No, I've been wondering about that." She grabbed the clothes Olivia had placed on the counter and dressed. "Would I be too far off to think that whoever's stalking me can hack into a computer and change stuff?"

Olivia rubbed the back of her neck and cursed. "Son of a bitch, I never even thought of that, with the condition we were in everyone knew where we were headed. I wonder if I can get computer crimes to check into this." She headed for her bedroom and started pulling drawers open, she stopped when long fingers wrapped around her wrists.

"It can wait Liv, anyway chances are that the computer entries have been deleted and we wouldn't have anything anyways. I just wanna collapse and sleep for the next twelve hours or so," she dropped her chin on Olivia's shoulder and whispered in her ear. "I feel safer with you next to me so that means you can't go anywhere." She pulled her back into her body and gave her a tight hug before releasing her to drop back on her king size bed. "Damn, pull me up I for got to brush my teeth." She wiggled her hands and groaned when Olivia pulled her up from the bed. "And don't you sneak outta here or I'll make a spectacle of you."

"Really and how would you do that?" She asked and grabbed her tooth brush from the holder.

"Easy, I'd wait until you got all the way out to the sedan and then yell out the window," she caught brown eyes in the mirror and grinned wickedly. "To make sure you remembered that we need the little C batteries for the smaller dildo."

She put toothpaste on her toothbrush and grinned when Olivia choked and wiped the bubbles coming from her nose. "That's just not right," She mumbled and then spit. "My neighbors would be in the hallway listening at the door from then on." She rinsed her mouth and kept an eye on Alex to make sure she didn't pull something, she was enjoying their time together and loved it that she was so playful. Going into the living room, she checked to make sure that the door was locked and the dead bolt was engaged. When she felt comfortable that they were safe for the night, she went into her bedroom and found Alex lying across the bed.

"You know I've never slept in a bed this big," she rolled to her side and watched Olivia search through her drawers for something to sleep in. "Lately I've been sleeping in my desk chair or on that little loveseat in my office."

"You have got to be kidding me, why didn't you come to me sooner?" She lay down beside her after pulling her t-shirt on. "You could have come here or slept in the crib while me or Ell were there."

"I didn't wanna face it that could be spooked so easily or that I couldn't do anything about what was happening. In the court room I can do anything, outside it I'm just as vulnerable as every one else." She ran her fingers below her eyes and felt the puffiness and then swelling when she got closer to her nose. "Which side do I get?"

"Any side you want, I'm not picky... actually I end up all over the bed." She winked and gave her a bright smile. "I've even woke up on the floor in the middle of the night." She moved so that they could get under the covers and felt weird for the first time in days. The crib and Alex's couch were different, this was her bed and it had been quite a while since she had shared it. "Damn I forgot my damn cell phone." She got out of bed, went into the living room and came back with both their cell phones, she prayed that neither one of them would ring at all that night. "First one that rings gets thrown across the room." She crawled back into bed, flipped the night stand light off and felt Alex roll over beside her. "Night Ally."

"Night Liv and I'm gonna warn ya now, I've killed a few of those body pillows." She moved right up against Olivia and wrapped around her, placing her head on her shoulder, she took a deep breath and sighed. "Thank you." She mumbled and fell asleep.

"You're welcome Ally," She whispered and ran her fingers through her wet hair. "Will you give me more than this?" She ran her hand under the soft t-shirt and over the smooth skin of Alex's back, she stopped when she came to the downy hair on her lower back. Minutes later her hand lay still and deep snores rattled from both women.

"OK this is what we've got," Munch waved a couple pages of notes at Elliot and Cragen. "I did a detailed search of the campus records and all the clinics that Olivia and Alex had found. We have one woman claiming that she was raped during the specified time period." He handed everyone a copy of the sheet and dropped down on the edge of Olivia's desk. "The problem is finding her; last known address was Hackensack New Jersey."

"Jersey," Elliot said and looked up from the report. "We got anybody in Jersey we can call?"

"I got someone there," Fin said and pulled the phone from his desk closer. "He's NARC squad but he might be able to get us a lead on our girl." He dialed the number and waited.

"OK people now this is what we got from the college a few minutes ago, someone found the missing pieces of our victims." He held out a report for all of them. "Get over there and see what the CSU has, ya can't miss it either. They nailed them to the sign on the Dean's building."

"That should get it through his head that he's a dick." Munch said and grabbed up a radio from his desk. "Are we calling Liv in on this or what?"

Cragen nodded his head and pointed to Elliot and Jeffries. "Call her and have her and Alex meet you at the scene, tell her to make sure that Alex has some search warrants handy. Let's go people." He walked back to his office, dropped into his chair and started making phone calls to get things started on another investigation.

The shrill ringing of a cell phone pierced a foggy brain, a hand reached out and slapped around

until the offending device was found. "Huh?" Came out in a raspy voice just loud enough to be considered a whisper.

"Who is this?" Elliot asked and then grinned. *"Is that you Alex...is Olivia awake?"*

"Huh...yeah...minute."

He heard grunts in the phone and then his partner's equally raspy voice come over the line. "Benson...I think." She ran a hand across her face and then place it on Alex's hip. "What time is it?"

"Oohhh it's going on nine o'clock, did you two stay up half the night?"

"No, I think it was all those days of no sleep. What's up?"

"Oohhh dad wanted me to tell you that we're on our way over to examine some missing pieces, someone nailed some dicks to the sign on the Dean's building. So that means you two have to get outta bed and bring some search warrants."

"That's the last time I bring a sedan home, we'll meet you guys up there." She hung up and wrapped her arms around Alex; she wished that she had turned the phones off before they went to bed. It was important to solve the cases but she was worn out from lack of sleep and her throat hurt worse now than the day before. "Sometimes I really hate my job," She rolled to her side and buried her face in long blonde hair. "Got blank warrants in your briefcase?"

"Yeah...ya want me to make one out to have SVU arrested for disturbing our sleep?"

"I have a feeling that you could make that happen," she placed a kiss on Alex's head and rolled from bed. "Come on Ally we have a long ride ahead of us, we'll stop for breakfast on the way to Berkeley College."

"Fuck," She rolled to her stomach and buried her face in Olivia's pillow. "This really sucks!" She yelled and then started whining.

"You whine to, you fit right on in with the rest of us." Olivia said with a chuckle and sat down on the side of the bed to get dressed. "Elliot whines all the time when we're on stake out." She placed clean clothes down on the bed next to Alex and then pulled the t-shirt she had slept in off and tossed it on the foot of the bed. She arched her back and looked over her shoulder when fingernails trailed across her skin.

"Just seeing what you would do." She sat up and groaned, rubbing her temples, she looked to her side and into concerned brown eyes. "How bad is my face, I'm afraid to look in the mirror?"

"Not that bad, you're just...colorful." She winced from the pinch to her ass and slapped at her hands. "You are and if anyone says anything mean, I'll give you my gun and you can shoot 'em."

Alex crawled from the bed and stumbled to the door that connected with the bathroom. "So you wouldn't shoot 'em for me?"

"Hell no, that's entirely too much paperwork, if you shoot 'em it's half as much and easier to slip onto Ell's desk." She pulled her boots on and got up to go into the kitchen. "You want coffee for the ride?"

"Nah, got any juice?" Alex yelled back.

"Grape juice, will that do?" She turned the water on in the kitchen sink and washed her face before searching for travel mugs.

"Perfect, I can't drink coffee first thing in the morning it kills my stomach." She came from the bathroom dressed and her hair damp, went to the closet by the front door, and pulled one of Olivia's leather coats out. "You know I have clothes all over New York but never where I need 'em." She pulled the thigh length black calf skin coat on and ran her fingers down the front. "I've always loved this coat, she sniffed the sleeve and closed her eyes. "Still smells like leather and," She opened one eye. "Men's cologne?"

"And your point would be?" She handed her a travel mug filled with grape juice.

"I always wondered what that is that you wear; I didn't think it would be men's cologne though." She pulled the collar to her nose and took a deep breath. "What is it?"

Olivia leaned forward and took in the scent of juniper, citrus, patchouli and other scents and wiggled her brows. "That's some stuff I picked up on a street corner, its Cerruti 1881, I think it's from France." She looked up into clear blue eyes and couldn't help but lean closer, tilting her head to the side. She moaned and closed her eyes when Alex met and kissed her with an intensity that stole her breathe away. She wrapped one arm around Alex's neck and pulled her tight against her body, when they broke for air, she saw that she had some how ended up in the corner between the front door and the closet. "Uhhmm...Christ Ally," She ran trembling fingers across her lips and moaned from the pounding between her thighs. "I'll kill Elliot if we drive all the way to the college for nothing," she said in a raspy voice. "I would do anything to be able to stay here and see where this would lead."

Alex pressed against her and then whispered against her lips. "Think of this as incentive to hurry their asses up so we can come home." She captured Olivia's lips and then plunged her tongue inside to dual with hers; soft moans came from them both and then gasps for air when they parted. "Let's go before we have to come up with a plausible excuse to keep from getting fired."

Olivia whimpered and dragged her feet all the way to where her coat lay on the couch; she took a deep breath and pulled it on. "Think of Munch in a Speedo, Fin in a thong and Elliot in a bikini." She mumbled all the way back to where Alex was waiting at the door. "I hope you're suffering as much as I am, 'cuz you sure deserve it."

"God this is just plain wrong," Fin said and turned away from the blood stained white sign on the building. "It takes a real sick fuck to haul around three dicks and then nail 'em on a sign." He shook his head and walked over to where the college campus security police were gathered.

"Makes an interesting statement," Munch tilted his head down and looked over the tops of his glasses. "Now everyone knows the Dean's a three time winner of the dickhead award." He gave Elliot and Jeffries a small smirk.

"Now he's only one dick away from your record." Monique said and gave him a huge toothy grin. "Where's CSU and why isn't the Dean out here screaming like a maniac?"

Better yet, where's Liv and Alex," Elliot asked and looked to where Fin was talking with a few college students that were wandering too close to the crime scene. "Maybe I should send Fin to look for 'em, he looks like he's ready to draw down on some kids."

"So how long have they been dating?" Monique said loud enough for just Elliot and John to hear.

Elliot drew down his brows and shook his head. "They're not dating..."

Monique moved to stand right in front of him. "From what I saw yesterday, those two are dating." She winked and then stepped back to see Olivia and Alex coming towards them. "Don't look know but here they come and it sure does look like Alex is wearing Liv's clothes?" She took in how the leather coat was a little big on her as well as the faded Levis. "She looks so damn young dressed like that."

"She could be mistaken for one of the kids around here," John said and chuckled when a few of the campus security cops practically fell over when she walked by. "Come to think of it, she's not that much older than some of these kids."

Elliot counted on his fingers, shrugged his shoulders and grinned at Monique. "I don't remember being that young," He watched them stop to talk to Fin and busted out laughing when one of the security guys sided up too close to Alex. She took one step back, reached for the chain around her neck and shoved her gold ADA's badge in his face. "Bet he wasn't expecting that?"

"How come I think she picked that up from Fin," John shook his head and walked towards them hoping he could get there before someone got hurt, namely a campus employeee.

"Hey now I thought you was one of the students, no need to be so fucking rude." The tobacco chewing campus security cop wheezed and waved a hand around them. "Ya don't look no different then them."

Alex planted her hands on her hips and shot him a disgusted look. "So you're admitting to sexually harassing all the female students, because that is exactly what I call it when a man offers

to 'bang me till I drop'?"

"He said that to you?" John asked and then stepped into the other man's personal space. "I should shoot you just for looking at her; get the Hell outta here before I change my mind!"

"And who the Hell are you to her?"

"I'm her...father so get the fuck outta here before I haul your ass in for being a dick headed asshole!" John reached under his coat and held back his smirk when the security cop turned and left the area. "Damn rent-a-cops," he turned to give Alex a crooked smirk. "So Alexandra you look better than the last time I saw you."

"You have to mean conscious because it's defiantly not my looks."

He tapped Olivia on her shoulder to get her attention. "Liv do something with her ego, even with the bruises you still turn heads so just get over it. I'd use the lingo Fin does but I have the feeling that I'd use them wrong and your girl would kick the shit out of my boney ass." He waved to them and walked back up to the building. "Come on we have work to do, don't know what kind yet but I'm sure someone can figure it out."

Alex looked up to where Elliot, Monique, John and now Fin were standing near the building with the CSU team and realized that they were all dressed in black and looking more like the FBI than NY police officers. With what their job entailed it seemed fitting that they all wear black to fit the constant mood. She looked down at what she wore and realized that she wasn't much better. "Come on Ally let's go see if we can't get the Dean to show his face, the guy I talked to said that he talked to him on the phone but he refused to come to the door."

"Sounds like he knows something, maybe waving a warrant around will get us in?"

"That sounds good but we don't have one and don't you dare try and pull what you did the last time..."

Alex squeezed her upper arm and leaned into her side. "Stop worrying, I won't do that, what I'm saying is we give him a choice. Either he talks to us or I get an arrest warrant for obstruction of justice and impeding an investigation. What ever I charge him with is a B misdemeanor with only a maximum 90 jail sentence if pushed, but the college won't look too highly on him being charged with anything."

"We'll see if he'll talk with us, if not threaten him with the warrants."

They stood behind Monique and watched Elliot pound on the door with enough force to make the window rattle. "Come on Mr. Saxton we need to speak with you!"

"Go away I don't want to speak with anyone, I had nothing to do with this!" He screamed from behind the door.

"We need to ask you some questions, just open the door."

"I'm not opening the door for anyone, just go away and leave me alone!"

Alex walked up and placed her hand on Elliot's upper arm. "Let me try before you break your hand on the door." She stepped closer and looked through the glass pane beside the door and saw the man cowering. "Dean Saxton, I'm ADA Alex Cabot; you're not making this any better by not speaking with us. The picture you're painting is one of guilt, if you know who did this we need you to tell us."

"You can't do anything and you can't make me talk either!"

"Sir, I can have an arrest warrant in a few minutes, I'll charge you with impeding an investigation, obstruction of justice, refusing to aide a police officer and if given enough time I can have you in court for a week getting motions filled."

"Sir open the door before we break it down, this is a crime scene and you're violating it." Olivia threw in over Alex's shoulder. Normally she had patience with people involved but when it came down to whiny ass men who were keeping her from doing her job, then all patience was thrown to the gutter. She looked to Alex, saw her nod her head and was ready to let Elliot take the door down when they heard the locks click open.

"I didn't do anything to anyone," the old man said and waved a hand to where the CSU guys were taking down the sign from his house. "Who ever did that needs to be locked up not me, I'm an innocent man that's been terrorized for years for something I had no control over."

"Hold on sir, what are you talking about?" Olivia asked and watched as his eyes traveled to each person at his door to finally land on Alex.

"I'll talk to one of you and that's the Assistant District Attorney," he saw an untrusting look come through dark brown eyes and shook his head. "Don't worry about her, I won't hurt her."

"It's alright Liv," she reached out and touched her hand. "He's not about to hurt me with all of you right outside his door." She turned and walked into the house with the schools Dean.

Olivia planted her hands on her hips and turned to look at the ground in front of her, she didn't like it one bit that Alex was inside the man's house all alone with no one to protect her. "Take it easy Liv," Elliot placed a hand on her shoulder and gave it a soft squeeze. "One peep and I'll have that door in splinters and don't underestimate Alex, she's tougher than she seems."

"I know I just don't like the idea of her in there alone, look how long it took for him to open the door and now our ADA's in there alone."

"Liv you're bringing personal feelings into this, leave it at home." He squeezed her shoulder one last time before going to talk with Jeffries and Munch.

Alex looked around the small dark office and saw right away that the man was terrified; the number of locks on his door hit her square in the chest. She was seeing what she could so easily have become if she hadn't gone to Olivia for help, the thick curtains covering the windows blocked out all of reality. Folding her arms across her chest, she tried to squeeze out the feeling of complete terror that leaked from every surface. "Please sit down, I'm sorry about how I acted but I'll explain everything in due time." He flipped on a green shaded desk lamp and then dropped wearily into his chair. "If it hadn't been for the campus security telling me what was right outside of my door, I wouldn't have known what was there," he looked to Alex and could just make out the glow of her pale eyes in the dim light. "It's been months since I left my home, I have groceries delivered and all my meetings are taken by my assistant. I'm terrified Miss. Cabot, I could be next."

Alex crossed her legs and rested her hands on the arms of the chair; she had relaxed a bit after seeing how terrified the little man actually was. "Have you any ideas who is doing this and exactly what else have they done to you?"

"I've never met the person face to face but I've gotten letters, phone calls, my car vandalized and now this." He pulled out a desk drawer and handed her a thick brown accordion type folder with a thick rubber band keeping it closed. "I've kept everything that was sent to me, I tried to turn it over to the campus police chief but he thinks I'm making everything up because I'm a bored old man."

Alex took the folder and weighed it in her hand, it had to be quite a few letters to weigh as much as one of her case files. "Did he give you any reason as to why he wouldn't help and do you have any idea as to why you were picked by this maniac?"

"He's the kind that wears the badge for power not for the good of the people and I don't know if you know of what went on here back in 1996, but I was here. I've been the Dean over 25 years and that was the first time that things got so out of control that I had to order Frat houses broken up."

"You mean the rape cases, we've been trying to look into that angle for the murder case we're working on and we've been stone walled the entire way. Is that a lawyers doing or the college itself?"

"A little of both, you see old money keeps this place running, without it..." he raised his hands out to the sides and shrugged. "It's not right but there are people that keep what's right from ever coming to the light of day." He pulled out an old tattered folder and handed it to her. "You never got that from me and once you leave here you'll never talk to me again. I'm going back home to get away from all of this, I'm too old to be afraid of my own shadow."

She stood from the chair and gave him a nod of her head. "Thank you for talking with me, when I'm done with the files where should I send them?"

"They're yours to keep; I don't want the darkness near me any longer. Burn them if you want and don't let the taint of evil get into your pores like it has mine, before long, it eats you alive and leaves behind nothing but a resentful old crone like me."

Alex nodded her head and made her way to the front door thinking of what he had just said to her, he was right, the darkness of her own demon had worked its way into her. That was one of the reasons she had stopped basically living in her own apartment, the darkness had started there and she thought if she ran it would just go away, never had she thought that it would follow her to work. She shivered and thought of Olivia, she prayed that it didn't creep into her life as well, she would do anything to keep it away and that meant her leaving if she had to.

Olivia was close to wearing out the concrete path between the sidewalk and the front door of the Deans house. She ignored the amused looks from her team members, spun around quickly when the front door squeaked open and sighed with relief when Alex stepped out. "You know I was close to storming the castle so to speak, you were in there way too long for my likes." She brushed a hand through her hair and rubbed the back of her neck. "What did he have to say and don't you ever do that again." She whispered the last part and saw a gleam of understanding in pale blue eyes.

"I think we have everything we need to bust open that case that was closed years ago and get the freak that killed those three men." She handed Olivia the folders and shoved her hands deep in the coat pockets to hide the fact that her hands were trembling. "He was the Dean back then, those are his personal files and letters from the person he thinks is responsible for the art display."

Elliot mimicked Olivia with the rubbing of his neck and shook his head. "You make us all look like incompetent dumb asses, you go in there and get what we've been trying to track down for days. Cragen's gonna fire all of us and steal you from the DA to solve and prosecute cases, this really sucks."

Alex gave him a small grin. "Oohh I'd look great totting around a gun, chasing down perps in my heels and bouncing them off walls before cuffing them." She shook her head. "Nope I'll leave that all up to you guys, I'll do battle in the court room; I'm deadly there."

"Oohh man this is just...sick!" Fin remarked and handed the letter to Olivia and walked over to where buckets of fried chicken and all the fixings sat on a table. Alex had taken advantage of the credit card that was for her ADA expenses, she never used the thing unless she was called away to another area and needed a motel room. So she knew that Liz would be questioning the use of the card, she would tell her that since she couldn't go home and her office was no longer safe that they should be so lucky that she wasn't staying at a five star hotel and ordering room service.

"One by one they will fall, but it will never be enough to satisfy my hunger for revenge. I have

jars sitting on a shelf just waiting to be filled with their balls, three down, six to go and when I'm done with the last one. I'M COMING FOR YOU!"

Olivia shivered and handed the note to Elliot, they had just gotten them back from the lab and weren't surprised that the only finger prints were from the Dean himself. The killer was keeping up the game of leaving them no evidence what's so ever. While they looked over the personal notes, Alex was sitting at an empty desk with her laptop hooked up to a phone line and reading over the file that contained information from 1996. She fought herself to not go over and rub the hunched shoulders of the ADA and wrap her arms around her to keep her safe. She knew that she was falling for her and she was finding it hard to leave those feelings at the door. It was all new to her, anyone else she dated she never worried about where they were while she was working. But with Alex, even them being in the same room, she kept looking over to make sure she was safe. *"You have got to be loosing your fucking mind Liv."* She heard her inner voice say and knew that it might just be right. Before she realized where she was or what she was doing, she was standing behind Alex with her hands on her shoulders. "Find anything?"

"A lot of covered up law breaking and palm greasing, I have the list of all the men involved so there's the victim list. And I have names of some women that were possible victims over a six year period; either it's one of them or a family member seeking the revenge." She handed Olivia a copy of both lists and pointed to the possible victims that were high lighted. "Those ones I ran checks on and came up with no warrants or past court hearings, maybe you'll get a hit on your system. I crossed off the ones who are deceased or already locked up and I made sure that they're still there and not released."

"Three women are locked up for assault and battery against men, where the Hell was their lawyer's heads? Couldn't they see that there may have been an underlying reason for what they did?"

"I can't answer that Liv and you know that I try my best to help where the defendant is a victim but not all prosecuting attorneys will do that. They're more concerned about keeping their win rates high and hoping to step into the DA's job."

"I know you do...it just pisses me off that victims get screwed and when something like this happens, they get screwed again by the same system that didn't protect them to begin with."

Alex rubbed her eyes and then pinched the bridge of her nose. "Anything on the other stuff?" She leaned her head back against Olivia's stomach hoping that the contact would calm them both down.

"A lot of sick notes about how they stalked their victims and gory details about the deed, this freak makes all the other serial killers look sane. I just hope that while we were getting the run around that he or she didn't kill someone else."

"If that is the case then I'll file charges against the campus security and everyone else who threw up road blocks and believe me if I get those rich assholes in my court room, they're not getting off." The look that came over Olivia's face told her that she thought she was turning on her own

kind. "Liv, I paid my own way through law school, I worked two part time jobs and clerked for judges to be able to pay for everything." She grinned at the slight blush that worked its way up her tanned cheeks. "Didn't know that did you, you thought I was some rich kid that got my college diploma by way of a few checks to the right people?"

"No I just thought that your tuition was all taken care of, you're too damn good at your job to have gotten your diploma by any other way than busting your ass. Besides, the DA wouldn't have hired you if you didn't know what you were doing."

"Don't be too sure of that," She smirked. "I've seen plenty of ADA's that should have been left out on the damn courthouse steps; they're nothing but ambulance chasers in disguise."

"Speaking of disguise, do you need to go by your apartment and office for anything, you know like clothes?"

"I guess that means that I'm staying with you huh?"

"Or Munch if you want, I know he wouldn't argue." She grinned and pulled away when Cragen came in waving a paper in his hand.

"I would sleep on the court house steps first, my bags in my office so I just need to go by there."

Cragen stopped in the middle of the floor and waved his hand to get everyone's attention. "OK people we got two more victims, one in Flatbush right on the edge of Prospect Park and the other is in Queens. Munch and Fin go see what you can get from their investigators and see why they didn't let us know about it, Stabler, Jeffries you two have the other one in Queens and find out the same thing. How in the Hell do they expect us to clear cases if no one tells us anything?" He looked to Olivia and Alex and held out a finger. "And you two are on desk duty, Alex, your boss gave all your cases out and you're not to show up until we have your stalker. I think Liz is afraid of any backlash if you get attacked again and Olivia you're still on guard duty. Work on any angles you can think of for the triple and just so you know, Banister came up nada on the mug shots we set up for him."

Alex nodded and rubbed at her eyes. "OK, so that means that my stalker doesn't work in the building, that doesn't mean he doesn't come here or go to the court house. What if we have a surveillance camera set up to catch my apartment door and have the camera outside my office swung to catch my door?"

Olivia sat down on the edge of the desk and looked to her captain. "It might be a good idea, after attacking her in her office he's shown us that he's not hiding in the shadows anymore. He may be keeping an eye on both places, maybe visiting his crime scenes so to speak?"

"Now you're sounding like me," George said and handed Cragen a sheet of paper. "The handwriting results you wanted, our killer is way off the charts in every direction." He moved closer to Alex and bent over to look at her. "Are you doing OK with all of this?"

"I'm fine, Hell I've got NY's finest at my beck and call." She grinned and squeezed Olivia's thigh.

"You had that before all this started," Cragen said and handed the paper to Olivia. "If you need anything Alex, make Liv get it." He grinned and headed back to his office.

"That's true in some cases but not all of them, now what do you think about my stalker George?"

He leaned against the side of the desk and crossed his arms over his chest. "I don't think the roses were meant as a romantic gesture of any kind, he knows you so that means he knows you hate roses. I think you need to think of when you were in school, did anyone pay too much attention to you and you spurned them or have you done something in the last few months...maybe win a court case by making opposing counsel look incompetent?"

Olivia smacked her forehead and got up from the desk. "Damn I knew I forgot something, I'll be right back." She jogged from the room and disappeared through the doorway.

"I can't think of anyone that I don't piss off in court," She said and leaned back in the chair. "That's almost a daily thing, with all the motions I file and arraignments I have to go to." She shrugged her shoulders.

"OK now for a more personal question, did any cop, lawyer, judge or someone connected with law enforcement ever proposition you?"

She thought for a few minutes and shook her head. "No, they call me the Ice Princess so not many men want to risk their jewels being ripped off verbally from a turn down. I'm at a complete loss as to who it is or could be; now I know exactly how other victims feel when we question them over and over again."

George leaned in close to her and held her eyes with his. "You are not a victim until you give in to his game, if you keep doing your job; you're showing him that you're not afraid."

"But won't that make him go even further off the deep end?"

"It's possible, it may also make him make a mistake and reveal himself. Don't take unnecessary risks get some body armor and a weapon for protection, don't become a victim Alex." She nodded her head; she agreed with him but knew that Olivia and Cragen would see it differently. She looked around George when she heard the unmistakable mumbling of Olivia; a crooked grin pulled a corner of her lip up and caught George by surprise. "She's become more than your body guard and friend hasn't she?"

"So much for my stoic expressions or is it a head shrinker thing?"

"Just human observation at work here, no shrink stuff, I promise. I've seen that grin right before you rip the throat out of a defense attorney so it's not your expression, it's your eyes, they become a darker blue when Olivia's around."

"I had no idea they did that and yes she's more than a friend, I feel safe with her." She watched Olivia search for something on her desk and then go over to Elliot's. "And you know it's not just the fact that she carries a gun and badge." She looked up at George and shook her head. "There's something deeper there and how come I'm spilling here?"

"Must be my charming and understanding ways that makes people tell me what's on their minds." He placed a hand on her shoulder and smiled. "You'll do OK with all of this; just remember you're only a victim if you let them make you one. I'll see you later, take care of Olivia."

Alex wondered what he meant by take care of Olivia; she was the stronger of them both but with George it could mean something entirely different. She watched Olivia move between everyone's desks and then stop at the row of lockers; she pulled an envelope from the manila envelope taped to her locker and tore it open. "Always the last damn place I look," she headed back over and handed it to Alex. "I had someone check on why that court clerk had your phone print outs and the judge and his clerk knew absolutely nothing about it, and the one who gave you the print outs isn't a clerk. I had someone check into the IAB folder and of course those idiots are denying ever knowing you and slammed the phone down when I was mentioned. And for the last thing that came up empty, the hospital has no idea how our prescriptions got mixed up and couldn't even find records that we had been there." She took a deep breathe and sat down on the edge of the desk.

"Ya know that movie with *Sandra Bullock* where her life gets switched with someone else, that's how I feel right now."

Olivia nodded her head and dropped the papers she had in her hands on the desk. "Wanna bet the hospital still sends us a bill even though they say we weren't treated?"

"I'm not betting you on that because I know damn well we'll get billed and probably for a heart transplant or something." She closed her laptop and swiveled the chair so she could look at Olivia. "Can we go to the shooting range after we go by my office; I need to keep up my qualifications."

Olivia raised her right brow and gave her an unbelieving look. "You have a gun, how come I didn't know this and where is it?"

"Sure I do, we live in New York and you've never seen them because I can't find the right holsters that don't make my suit jacket bulge, plus I'd be too tempted to use them in court so I leave my toys in my office safe."

Olivia dropped her head and shook it. "Ok now let me get this right, you've been stalked for months now but you leave your 'toys' in your safe...why?"

"I have a long list of people I wanna shoot in the ass; I'd go in to debt and run out of ammunition before I ever got to shoot my stalker." She ran her hand across Olivia's hip and winked. "So can we go to the range or what?"

"I am so easy," She felt her pulse pick up and just couldn't believe Alex was teasing her right in the middle of the bull pen. "You know you've shocked the Hell outta me the last couple of days and if you keep playing with my ass, I'm gonna fall off this desk."

Pale blue eyes caught dark brown and held them; she let the corner of her lip raise in a small mischievous smile. "So I can rock Detective Benson's foundation with just a touch, who knew I had such a power?"

"Who knew you were such a trouble maker, Oohh wait I know you're a trouble maker, that's why the judges keep tossing you in jail for contempt." She leaned down close enough that she picked up the scent of her own cologne on Alex's clothes. "I think you piss them off just to get some peace and quiet by way of the holding cell."

Alex gave her a full smile and raised both brows. "Oohh then you know that I've been waiting for you to get tossed in there with me," she slipped her fingertips beneath the waistband and brushed the fine hairs on Olivia's lower back. "It'd be so much more fun."

Olivia bit at her bottom lip to hold back a moan; she grabbed Alex's hand and pulled it from behind her. "OK let's get out of here before I have to explain to Cragen why my heads stuck in the freezer." She slipped from the desk and kept an eye on the ADA as she headed towards her captain's office, she ducked her head in and told him where they were going. After grabbing her coat from her desk chair, she watched Alex do the same and then walk towards her with a smirk on her face. "You know you're a mean and evil person and I'm still not used to not seeing ADA Cabot."

"Then you better prepare yourself for when we get to the shooting range," She grabbed Olivia's hand and pulled her towards the elevator. "Because I turn into Dirty Harry with my toys gripped in my hot little hands."

Olivia was in the booth next to Alex loading her clips when she heard rapid firing, she leaned back and saw Alex eject the clips, spin her weapons and drop them back into her holsters. Placing her own weapon in its holster, she stepped behind Alex and watched her reload the clips and then pistols. Drawing them from their holsters, she fired all the shots and repeated her earlier actions. Watching how Alex drew her weapons and fired made her heart jump in her chest, her form brought back memories but she couldn't place them. "So can I join the boys club since I can handle a pistol?" Alex asked and turned to see reddish brown eyes move from the target to her. "Wanna make a wager there Detective Benson, I win you cook supper, you win I cook."

"Before I make a wager, can you cook?"

Alex grinned and shrugged her shoulders. "Yeah if you like macaroni and cheese and hotdogs, that's why I plan on whipping your ass."

"Oohhh now that's something I just can't pass up," she held out her hand. "Lemme see your piece." She looked over the pistol Alex placed in her hand and looked up into smiling blue eyes. "I never expected you to use a Glock 35 Tactical 40," She glanced up at her. "What no laser sights?"

"Of course I have laser sights, I just didn't put 'em on. Now how about that bet and what are ya cooking for me?"

Olivia gave her a crooked smile, handed the Glock back to her and thought for a few seconds. "How about steak, loaded baked potato, cauliflower with cheddar sauce and what ever you want to drink." Pulling her shooting glasses down, she winked at Alex. "Best out of two clips, now remember I have to reload there quick draw." Olivia ran a new target down the range, pulled her weapon and fired until the clip was empty. Replacing it with a full one, she felt Alex behind her and turned to see her holding her target.

"Go ahead fire your last clip slow poke." She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back against the wall.

"Why do I get the feeling that no matter how good I shoot, I've already lost?"

"I have no idea but its fun watching you sweat, now hurry up 'cuz I'm hungry."

Olivia turned back to her target, took a deep breathe and squeezed off her shots until the clip was empty. Hitting the button to bring the target back, she collected her clips and placed them in her belt pouch. "OK Alex let's see how bad you shot."

"Oohhh you're gonna pay big time Liv," she held out her target and grinned. "Go ahead Liv; you can whine I won't tell anyone." She stuck her fist through the head area of the target. "Now about that steak, I like mine medium rare."

"Who taught you how to shoot?" She took both targets up to the desk and handed them to the officer. "And don't tell me you were on the college shooting team 'cuz Harvard doesn't have one."

"Oohh I have a friend on the SWAT team, he taught me years ago after I got jumped in central park. Would you sign my qualification record for me, that way it's done and I don't have to worry about it?" Olivia signed the paper and handed it to the officer so that he could put it on file.

"Ya know I feel set up," she crossed her arms over her chest and tilted her head to the side. "You're a ringer Alex and I think you should be protecting me."

Alex leaned in close to her and whispered. "I have some ideas about that, we'll talk about that after you feed me." She went to where they had hung their coats and pulled hers on over her double shoulder holsters. She looked down and noticed that she couldn't see the bulges under her arms. "That's solved; you're never getting your coat back. I bet Judge Petrovsky would throw a fit if I wore leather into court."

Olivia took in the way Alex looked in her leather coat and would do anything to see her dressed in all leather. "Come on quick draw and you know I've never seen anyone draw across their body like you do, Hell no cops shoot like you do."

Alex wiggled her brows and smiled. "I like cowboy movies; I saw it in one so I decided I'd perfect it. I'm a perfectionist in many things, the court room and shooting are just two, and some of the others are better left behind closed doors." She walked from the shooting range with an open mouthed Olivia staring after her.

"Oohhh fuck am I in deep shit here." She mumbled and then jogged after her.

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~ Turning Point ~

by Larisa
Part 2

Olivia bent over and used a pot holder to pull the oven rack with the broiler on it out, flipping the huge family steak over, she then poured more marinate on it and closed the door. Before she straightened up, she looked to her side to see Alex watching her. She had the distinct feeling that Alex had stripped her of her clothes and she was cooking in the buff with only the pot holder in her hand. Straightening up, she grabbed the beer she had pulled from the refrigerator and took a long sip before putting it down. "A few more minutes and the steak will be done," she checked on the cheese and turned the heat off under it before grabbing the steamer pot with the cauliflower in it. "So you can't cook at all huh?"

Alex stepped beside her and pulled down plates from the cabinet. "I can, I just choose not to, it's easier ordering take out. I hate eating left overs and cooking for just me sucks." She reached over Olivia's head and grabbed a bowl for the cauliflower. "You know what I mean, you go to buy meat and it always comes in a family pack. So ya gotta freeze most of it, you go to get chicken and it's cheaper to buy a whole one then parts and pieces but I can't eat a whole chicken at one time and reheating it sucks." She pressed up against Olivia just for the Hell of it and carried the plates to the kitchen bar. "I feed the neighborhood stray cats and dogs a good portion of what I do cook because I forget about it and then I'm to afraid to eat it because I don't remember how long it's been in the refrigerator."

Olivia dumped the cauliflower into the bowl and then poured the cheese over it before handing it to Alex. "I feed the bull pen when I make too much," she opened the oven door and pulled the

broiler out to place on top of the stove. "I love lasagna but I can't make just enough for me, it just kills the recipe. So I eat that night and then take the rest into work with me, it works out good because there's three of us bachelors there." She cut the steak in half and then placed the pieces on the plates along with the potatoes she pulled from the oven. "With the three of us bringing in food all the time, Kathy wants us all locked up because Elliot brags about what he eats at work." She sat down next to Alex at the bar and handed her a knife and fork. "You know you can come to the bull pen and eat with us any time you want, you've always been part of our little family."

"I'll remember that next time I'm looking at one of those disgusting sandwiches from the vending machine." She bit into a piece of her steak and moaned from the flavor bursting in her mouth, she had eaten in some of the best restaurants in New York and nothing compared to this. Swallowing, she wiped her mouth and looked at Olivia. "You cook for me every night and I'll give birth to all your children."

"What if I don't want kids?"

"I'll do or give you anything you want...to be honest, I don't want kids either." She took a sip of Olivia's beer and then filled her mouth with the twice baked potato covered in three cheeses, fresh chives and sour cream. "This world sucks too much to try and raise a kid; you know what I mean, look at the sick shit we see every day."

"I know what you mean and I see Elliot struggle every day with himself, he tries to hide it but he worries about his kids. He doesn't take our work home with him but its still there, it's in the news, the TV shows and the kids see it at school." She looked to Alex and shook her head. "No shop talk here, this is a cop and ADA free zone." She took a long pull of her beer and thought of what they could talk about. "OK now tell me more about these things that you've perfected."

Alex snorted and reached across the counter for the cap from Olivia's beer, placing it between her thumb and forefinger; she pressed it in half and dropped it in front of Olivia. "There's one for ya, the others are better for another time."

"But that's an easy thing to do; anyone can smash a beer cap in half."

"Really, OK ya wanna make another wager there Benson, I'll serve you breakfast in bed if you can do it? She got up from her stool, got another beer for them and twisted the top off. "Here ya go, now ya gotta do it like I did and no cheating either."

Olivia picked it up and placed it between her fingers. "Piece of cake Ally," she pressed her fingers and gritted her teeth together but it didn't help with smashing the beer cap. "Son of a bitch!" She dropped the cap and looked at the indentations in her fingertips. "I think you cheated and you're just trying to get me to bring you breakfast in bed." She rubbed her fingers and shook her head when they stayed red.

"Oohhh please like you wouldn't bring me breakfast in bed if I asked," she picked up the lid, held it right in front of brown eyes and smashed it in half. "See that no cheating either, that's what four years of law school gets ya."

"OK I would serve you breakfast in bed and so far I'm skill less...does that make sense?"

"Who cares, one more beer and I won't know my own name let alone be able to play scrabble." She finished her food and looked at Olivia with a raised brow. "Did I ever tell you that I can't spell worth a damn and if not for spell check all my motions would sound like a kindergartener wrote them?"

Olivia chuckled and placed her empty plate on top of Alex's before getting up and going to the sink. "And where did you place in your graduating class?"

"At the top, I'm always on top." She grinned when Olivia paused before getting to the sink; she loved throwing the detective off balance. She glanced to the microwave and saw what time it was. She got up from her stool and pushed Olivia out of her way. "I'll wash you dry and then we're getting outta here."

"And just where are we going at nine o'clock at night," she saw a grin forming on her face and knew she was in trouble. "Oohh Hell no...you're gonna get me in some kind of trouble aren't you?"

Alex laughed and hip checked her. "You sound like Fin and no I'm not gonna get you in any trouble, may give you a stroke or two but that's all."

Fin tapped knuckles with a few of the guys on his way to where the sound system controls were, a couple times a month he spun for a club that belonged to one of his childhood friends. He climbed halfway up the stairs and turned to look out over the crowd under the flashing and strobe lights. As usual, the place was crowded and pounding with the music's beat. Going all the way up to the top, he slapped hands with the DJ and stepped over in front of the second set of controls. He hit a button and a loud siren pierced the air before a loud thumping replaced it along with yells of recognition. Everyone knew what he did for a living and while he was in the club, there would be no problems or he would personally run the trouble makers in. Playing with the light buttons, he set lights to flash red and blue over the dance floor with a white light searching the crowd. It wasn't just for looks; he was actually searching the crowd for familiar faces.

Alex had a tight hold of Olivia's hand, she pulled her through the crowd and over to the bar against the one wall. She had to grin at how Olivia had just about thrown a fit when the taxi dropped them off in a dark alley in the middle of Queens. When a siren started wailing, the cop in Olivia clicked on. It took Alex dragging her to a side door of the dance club and pushing her inside to convince her that they weren't in the middle of a raid. "Loosen up Liv we're completely safe here," she yelled in her ear and pulled her closer to her at the bar. "You seem surprised."

"You can say that," she looked around and saw that a majority of the place was people in their

early 20's she felt ancient and out of place. "How often do you come here?"

"Not often, actually only when I can convince someone to come with me," she waved a hand at the bartender and took the two bottles of water he handed her. "My body guard might already be around here someplace, he's very imposing." She grinned at the narrowed look Olivia gave her. "Are ya jealous that I come here with a man?" She pressed into Olivia's body and rolled her hips into her.

"Why would I be jealous of that..." she shivered and grabbed a hold of the bar to keep from falling when Alex thrust against her. "Do you dance with him?"

"Sometimes, depends on our mood that night." She ran her hand up under the midriff shirt Olivia wore and caressed her stomach. "I'm gonna dance, you coming?" She shrugged her shoulders when Olivia leaned back against the bar and shook her head.

Olivia watched as Alex worked her way further into the crowd and to the main dance floor, she felt her stomach jump when she started to move with the beat along with the other dancers. What surprised her was the spot light that settled on the blonde and the change in music, it became a pounding Jamaican beat that brought more dancers to the floor. She watched for a full half hour before Alex came back to her and fell against the bar panting. She drank from one of the water bottles and used her forearm to wipe the sweat from her face before turning very pale blue eyes to her. Olivia had never seen Alex look like she did now, sensuality poured from her. She felt intoxicated and moved into Alex's personal space, she ran her hands up her back and pulled her into her body. "That was...I have no words." She ran one hand through Alex's wet hair, pushed it back from her face and ran her fingers down her neck. When the spot light hit them she looked up to where the DJ's were. "Friend of yours?"

"You could say that," Alex yelled into her ear and then held up two fingers and waved her hand in the air. "You will dance this one with me and then we'll go home before the crowd lets out and we can't get a taxi."

"Ally, I can't do hip hop," She whined but it did no good as she was dragged out onto the dance floor. "Don't scream when I step all over your feet." The lights lowered and the music changed to something slower, Olivia looked around and felt panic set in. She didn't see any other same sex partners in the place and was ready to pull away when Alex stopped her.

"Liv stop worrying and dance with me, these people don't care what we're doing." She moved against her and felt her loosening up, wrapping her arms around her neck, she pulled her even closer. "Listen to the words Liv." She said in her ear, tucked her face against her neck and listened to the song by *112*.

Oh I need to know
Where we stand
Do we share this special thing called love
I know I do

What about you
I just can't get enough of your time

Where do I go
What do I do
I can't live without your love
Thinking of you
Makes me feel
Like I'm the only one for you

Girl I want to
Be with you
No one else
Only you
Why can't we just
Make it happen
Baby I need you in my life

Every time I'm with you
Never want it to come to an end
Always make me so happy
You'll always have a place in my heart

Olivia couldn't ignore the fingers caressing the back of her neck or the lips kissing the area beneath her ear, she tilted her head further to the side and moaned when Alex slipped her thigh further between her legs. Pulling back a bit, she tilted her head and captured Alex's soft lips in a hungry kiss. Her blood roared in her ears and left her dizzy with need when they parted, she swore she heard sirens again and then her body started to vibrate with the speakers. Before she realized what was happening, Alex pulled her off to the side. "Look up there to the DJ's and tell me who you see."

Olivia squinted and almost fell over. "Oohh my fucking God...why didn't you tell me Fin was up there?"

"Would you have kissed me like you did if you had known?" Her lips still burned from the kiss and she wanted nothing more than to drag Olivia from the dance club and home.

Olivia tilted her head to the side, looked around them and then backed Alex up against the wall. "Alex, I just threw you out of the closet..."

"No you didn't, I'm not in any closet here that only happens at work." She gave her a crooked grin and then moaned when her lips were capture once again in a burning kiss.

"Uhh huh leave you two alone for a second and ya end humping each other against a wall." Fin said close to Olivia's ear and snickered when she froze and pulled back slowly from Alex. "Let

me help you two get outta here, Alex always has to be escorted from this place. She's a damn trouble maker and causes more fights than anyone I know." He wrapped his arms over their shoulders and guided them to a hidden door in the back. "Go right home and no sex in the back seat of the taxi." He grinned when Olivia groaned and then opened the door to a well lit alleyway for them. "There ya go girls and don't worry Liv, your secrets safe with me."

She turned and gave him a funny look. "What secret is that, I've never been in the closet, I was worried about Alex."

Fin rolled his eyes. "I mean you two humping against the wall." He gave them a wave and waited until they got into the taxi before closing the door.

Olivia gave the taxi driver her address and looked to see Alex grinning like a maniac. "You are so proud of yourself aren'tcha, ya set me up big time now every time I look at Fin I'm gonna turn bright red."

"Ya know he's known about me for years," she ran her hand up Olivia's thigh and played with the inner seam. "He's never said a single word to anyone and plays the innocent game to a T, so when you were trying to convince Elliot that I was straight, he was dying."

Olivia dropped her head back against the seat and turned to face Alex. "I forgot that nothing is sacred in that office," She leaned closer to her and looked into her dark eyes. "So about that song at the club...did you request that?"

"Yep, Fin knew there was a chance that we'd show up tonight, so he knew to play that song if I got you on the dance floor."

Olivia looked out the window when the taxi slowed and saw that they were already at her building, she pulled some bills from her pocket and then opened the door. Taking Alex's hand, she helped her from the taxi and then they ran for her front door. They hadn't worn coats to the club and now stood shivering in sweat dampened clothes while Olivia unlocked the door. Once opened, she let Alex go first and took in the low slung desert cami pants and pale blue midriff t-shirt that showed off her defined abs. When they got into Olivia's apartment, she tossed her keys on the kitchen bar and took Alex by her hand. "The words of that song, is that how you feel?"

"Every single word," she whispered in a hoarse voice and watched dark brown eyes lighten to a reddish brown. "Now what?"

"That's up to you." Olivia whispered back and felt her stomach flutter with the seductive smile that came over Alex's face. With a slight tug on her hand, she followed Alex to the bathroom and waited while she turned the shower on.

"Right now I need to get the stench of smoke off me," Alex started stripping out of her clothes and looked up to see Olivia watching. "Strip Benson or I'll pull you in there clothes and all."

"It just amazes me that most of the time I see you in an expensive suit and when you're not in it,

you go commando." She let her eyes trail down across her stomach to stop at a thin strip of blonde hair.

"Liv stop babbling," She grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it up over her head and then unsnapped the front latch on her bra. "You've got two seconds to get in the shower." She let her fingers trail across her nipples before she turned and climbed into the shower.

"And everyone thinks you're just bossy in the court room," she was trying to ignore the pounding between her thighs, she had never been this aroused before from just a little bit of touching. Most times, sex was just a release, a way of getting rid of tension. But with Alex, it would be much more. Shedding the remainder of her clothes, she tossed them in the hamper and stepped into the shower. The scent of body soap tingled in her nose and the sight of the lather sliding down Alex's body sent tingles lower.

Alex could sense Olivia behind her, she kept her eyes closed and shivered when her chilled body pressed into her back. She had no modesty around Olivia and she often wondered why that was, any other woman she would have been the prim and proper assistant district attorney. She wondered if it was impart to the job they did, that she needed to toss away the costume and lay bare who she really was. A low moan rumbled from her chest when fingers ran down across her breasts and stopped to investigate her naval and lower abdomen. Since before they had left the club, she had fought with her arousal and now with just a caress, she was ready to fall to her knees. She turned in Olivia's arms, turned them around and backed her under the shower spray. Closing her eyes, she dropped her head down to rest on her shoulder as the water warmed them. "If I give you my heart will you keep it safe?"

Olivia pulled back and blinked water from her eyes; she lost all means of speaking and went with what was in her heart. Slowly leaning forward, she captured Alex's lips in a gentle kiss and then pulled away to turn off the water and then lead Alex from the shower. She turned the bed side lamp on and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Til my dying day," She pulled her down on top of her and rolled them so that she was on top. "I'm in love with you Alexandra." She moaned when Alex pulled her down to capture her mouth in a deep soul stealing kiss, when they parted all she could do was gaze into dark blue eyes and wonder what she had done to deserve someone like Alex.

"What's wrong Liv...did I do something wrong?"

"No, it's just that I'm wondering why me when you could have anyone?"

"I don't want anyone, I want you, and we talked about this all before." She rolled them over and took total control, with one hand; she brushed Olivia's wet hair back from her face and lowered her lips to hers. For what seemed hours, they just kissed and caressed each other. It was when Alex ran her hand down between Olivia's legs and felt how wet she was that she made her way down her body to linger at her firm breasts. Cupping each one in her palms, she ran her thumbs across her nipples and watched them become hard and deepen in color. Licking around each one and then nipping her nipples, she looked up when fingers threaded through her hair and pulled her down to languish attention where needed. The soft whimpers and moans that came from

Olivia had her center twitching; she rose up over her and looked deeply into her eyes. "I love you Olivia, I've been in love with you from the first day I saw you...wasted so much time." She leaned down and brought their lips together in a soft kiss before kissing her way down to her naval. She grinned when Olivia thrust her hips upward and moaned deeply when she dipped her tongue into her naval. With just her fingertips, she made whispering movements over her stomach and ribs and watched the muscles flex. Where she was willowy, Olivia was hard with muscle; they were complete opposites in so many ways but the same as well. She was the strongest woman she knew and in so many ways, but when she touched her she was soft and yielding. She watched Olivia's back arch when she brought the flat of her tongue across her nether lips, her hands grip the bed covers and her heels push into the mattress. She moaned with the taste of her lover and slipped her tongue into her folds to tease her center. She licked the flowing juices from her and then teased her clit with the tip of her tongue until she whimpered. When Olivia started to thrust against her, she moved back up her body and captured her lips in a deep kiss. Bracing her weight on one forearm, she let the other one trail down to slip between Olivia's thighs. Pushing two fingers into her center, she pushed in all the way and stopped. "You stop me if I hurt you." She whispered and started to pull her fingers part way out before pushing them back in, she pumped faster when her lover met her thrusts. When two fingers slipped between her folds and into her center she gasped out against Olivia's neck, they rocked together and panted out against sweat soaked skin until Alex bucked against her lover and went rigid. She grunted and shuddered with her climax but never stopped moving her fingers in Olivia's center. With the tremors still traveling throughout her body, she brought her lover to the edge and the over when she hit a certain spot.

Olivia gasped and pulled Alex down into her body as she bucked and thrust against her with her orgasm, with the last of the tremors rolling through her, she wrapped both arms around her lover and buried her face in her wet hair. When Alex let out a long groan and relaxed into her body, she couldn't help but grin. Long minutes later and after they recovered, Olivia relaxed her hug, moved Alex's hair away from her neck and kissed and then nipped at the salty skin. When she whimpered, she bit harder and then sucked knowing that it would be a nasty bruise later.

"I hope you have a turtle neck I can wear," she grumbled and then whimpered when Olivia bit her again and then rolled them to their sides. "You know I bruise easy."

"Uhh huh and that means they'll last for a couple days," she pulled back and looked into a still flushed face. "I feel like a kid giving you hickeys." She ran a finger across a faint bruise under her eye and down her cheek to stop at her jaw. "You're beautiful even with black eyes."

"You need glasses Liv, I look like some boxers sparing partner." She snuggled into her body, rested her head on her shoulder and tried to do something with Olivia's spiked hair. "Ya know I never thought this would happen, I figured I'd go through life with you staring at my ass and legs during court."

"How come I can't ever live that down...maybe because I get caught a couple times a month huh?" She grabbed the blanket, pulled it over them and wrapped herself around Alex. "I'm still gonna do that ya know but now I got more visuals to add in there."

"That goes both ways there Liv," She nipped her chin and then her neck. "But I've got the privacy of my office to explore certain day dreams."

"I've got...your office 'cuz you're gonna share with me." She kissed her lovingly and then brushed her tangled hair from her face. A few minutes later they were both sound asleep and snoring softly.

Elliot had tried calling Olivia's cell phone and got the message saying that her phone was turned off and to leave a message, so then he tried calling Alex's cell phone and got the same thing. He lost all patience when he called both their apartments and got no answer from either place; he called the patrol car that was to do drive bys and had them go up to Alex's apartment and see if they were there. The officer told him that they pounded on the door for fifteen minutes and had no answer. The last thing that he could do was to go over to Olivia's apartment and pound on her door until one of them answered, to be on the safe side and keep Cragen off his ass, he had Monique with him. So now he stood outside Olivia's door pounding on it with the night stick he had brought with him and Monique stood leaning against the wall with a smirk. He had been driving her nuts for the last three hours, if he got this bad over his partner, she could just imagine what kind of basket case he would be with his wife and or kids. "Ya know Elliot if you break her door she's gonna be really pissed at you and why the urgency here?"

"Some hump left a note on Liv's desk saying that he knew Alex was with her and they would both pay."

"What the fuck is wrong with this idiot, if Alex was straight how could she show interest in someone who doesn't have the gonads to even face her?"

Elliot stopped mid strike and looked at her. "Am I missing something here?"

"You miss a lot Elliot; open your eyes once in a while."

He went back to banging on the door and getting dirty looks from the other people in the building.

Alex pulled the pillow over her head harder but could still hear the irritating noise coming from somewhere in the apartment, she moved so that one ear was pressed to Olivia's chest and clamped her hand over the other one. "What is that noise?" She mumbled and jabbed Olivia in her stomach. "Go kill it or something!"

"I don't wanna get up and I'm kinda getting into the primal beat." She grunted and yelped after being poked and pinched. "At least I'm not the only one who's not a morning person." She wiggled out from under Alex, grabbed a t-shirt and shorts from her dresser and hopped around

trying to get the shorts on. The entire way to the door, she yelled enough insults that the steel door should have been melted. Unlocking the door, she flung it open and growled. "Do you ever sleep?" She walked towards the kitchen without waiting for an answer and started to make coffee. "What happened that you're here at the crack of dawn waking me up by beating the Hell outta my door?"

Elliot took one look at his partners, evil black eyes, sheet wrinkled face, hair that stood out at a hundred different directions and shirt on backwards and knew that he was as close to Satan as he ever wanted to be. "Our mysterious stalker left a note on your desk sometime after we all left last night." He waited for her to face him before continuing. "It said that he knew Alex was with you and that you would both pay, but if he shows up with you still looking like this, he'll drop over."

"Fuck you Elly, I should plant my foot up your ass, Monique you want some coffee?"

"See that Elliot, be a dick and you get dick." She slapped him on his shoulder and took a seat at the small kitchen table, when she caught movement from her right; she looked over and almost fell from her chair.

Elliot looked to Alex and bit back the remark that was on the tip of his tongue. "Morning Alex..."

"How would you like me to stick that night stick up your ass?" She took the stick from his hand and tapped him on the chest.

Monique grinned at her. "You'll have to wait until he gets Liv's foot removed." She looked at the blonde ADA and held back her laughter, her eyes were still bruised but they had nothing on the marks on her neck and upper chest. And the way her hair was beyond bed head almost had her screaming; wind tunnel on high was the picture that would stick with her every time she saw Alex. She gave Olivia a nod when she placed coffee in front of her and stuck her tongue out at Elliot when he had to get his own. What made her smile was when Olivia handed Alex a glass of OJ and pulled a chair out for her.

"So the freak walks right into the bull pen, puts a note on my desk and no one notices, where the Hell was everyone?" She started to pace behind Alex and came to a jerking halt when Alex grabbed the back of her shirt.

"Liv drink your coffee and calm down, you're ranting and I'm not even awake yet." She looked down at the robe she wore and sighed with relief. "For a minute I couldn't remember if I put anything on."

"Oohh believe me I would have let you know if you came waltzing out here naked." Elliot said and winced from the kick to his shin. "Maybe I should just tell you about that note huh?" He looked from Olivia to Alex and leaned in closer, when he recognized the marks on her neck and chest, he looked to Olivia with his mouth hanging open. "The note right, the other shift were all out checking a double homicide involving two prostitutes with their johns so the bull pen was empty." He shrugged his shoulders and looked from Olivia to Alex and then to Monique who

had an 'I told you so' expression. "The boss says for you guys to come in today and go over all past cases where someone showed any interest in Alex other than what's considered normal," he waved a hand at them. "You know what he wants and we've come up empty on the rape victims, the ones that are still in this area have solid alibis."

"I think we need to check a different angle," Monique pulled a paper from her pocket and handed it to Olivia. "That's my notes on what we found out."

Alex rubbed her face and ran her fingers half way through her hair before they got caught in tangles. "What about the men, can they be watched and if someone goes after one of them you guys swoop in and help kick his ass?"

"Liv's got you corrupted already," Elliot gasped. "It took her a whole month to get me corrupted and that was with the rubber hose beatings twice a week."

"Don't go dragging me in on your sex fetish, how soon does Cragen want us in?" She placed one hand on her lover's shoulder and ran her thumb across the nape of her neck.

"When ever you get there as long as it's not tomorrow," he said and got up from the table. "We're outta here." He headed to the door and waited until Monique joined him before pulling it open. As soon as they were in the hallway, he ran a hand across his mouth and shook his head. "They're a grumpy couple in the morning and those hickeys?"

"Would you and Kathy be happy if they started pounding on your door at six in the morning?"

"Well no, and if I put hickeys on my wife like that, I'd be sleeping at the station in the crib." He looked to Monique on the way down the stairs. "I'm still having trouble thinking of Alex being a lesbian and why did Liv keep telling me she was straight?"

Monique snickered, pushed the door open and walked out to where their sedan was parked. "Ever think that maybe she did that because she wasn't sure and wanted to protect Alex no matter what her preferences?"

"Ok I can accept that, learn something new every day."

"So does it bother you that Elly and Monique know about us?" Olivia asked from where she had her face against her lover's neck.

Alex brought one hand up and ran her fingers through Olivia's hair before turning her head and placing a soft kiss to her lips. "Nope, I'm just glad that I don't have to hide like before, it gets tiresome to play the straight game." She stood up and pulled Olivia into a tight hug. "Guess we should shower and head on into work huh?"

"Or we could go in as is and scare ten years of everyone's lives, ya know we're gonna catch a lot

of flack?"

"I can handle anything they throw at me," she groaned when a hand snaked inside her robe and caressed the side of her breast. "Think Don will be pissed if we show up in say two hours?"

"Just one question, why only two hours, is your stamina wearing out and why was Elliot looking at me a weird, what'd you do ta me?"

"I think he was looking at you because of what you did to me." She started walking Olivia backwards to the bedroom and didn't stop until they fell onto the bed. "I seem to be the only one marked, so that means I have a lot to catch up on."

Olivia couldn't get the stupid grin off her face, they were late getting into work and her water bill would be astronomical but she didn't care. They would both be walking a little stiff as well for the next few days, well she would be, Alex was like Gumby woman and said it was from doing Yoga a few times a week. She looked up from the file she was reading and just watched as her lover worked on a brief she needed for court the next morning.

"Dirty thoughts I hope."

"Where you're concerned, always," she dropped the file on the pile that she had already read and stretched her arms over her head. "I've gone over all the files and I still ain't found squat, could your stalker be some kind of geek ya pissed off before you came to SVU?"

"I did have a few white collar crime cases but that was years ago, I can't see them doing anything like this though. It's gotta be someone in this building or the courthouse, someone who has computer access...Liv what about the computer guys?"

Liv sat up on the small couch and blinked her eyes, she hadn't even thought of the computer crimes people. "How often do you use that department, I mean we use them when ever we confiscate a persons computer but other than that?"

"I can't remember the last time, besides all I do is get you guys the warrant for the computer and then it's in your hands. I don't even know any of the people in computer crimes, what about wandering down there and seeing if anyone pays undue attention to me?"

"Alex you're putting yourself out there as bait, I can't let you do that."

Alex got up from her desk, stood in front of her and crossed her arms over her chest. "Listen here Liv; I'm not going to let this creep turn me into a victim. I saw how the Dean lived in total terror and there's no way I'm living like that, so if I have to be bait to get this asshole then that's what I'll do."

"Ally please just let me go down there and check them out; I know what the guy's description is,

if he's down there then I'll haul his ass up to the bull pen."

"And then what, I can only identify him by voice, it's not enough?"

Olivia rubbed her face and sighed in defeat. "Let me go down and talk to the computer cop that helps me and Elliot out all the time, I trust him and maybe he can tell me how the hospital record thing was done and if any of their computers were involved in it?"

"OK but if you strike out down there then I'm going back to business as usual, I can't do my job for the SVU and I refuse to be locked up."

Olivia nodded, stood up and held out her arms to her lover, as much as she hated the idea of Alex going back to her normal schedule, she knew it would be pointless to argue with her. "I'll be back after I'm done down there, you have your Glocks?"

"Yes I have them and I'll even wear one of them to make you happy, but if you hear of a shooting in the court room, I'm not guilty by reason of they pissed me off." She stepped into Olivia arms and rested her chin on her shoulder. "I'll be OK, what can happen in a court room full of people?" She kissed her lover's neck and inhaled the scent of her cologne. "I gotta go; I've got a hearing in half an hour."

"Be careful he could be anywhere and call me when you're done and I'll come get you."

"Liv calm down, I've been dealing with this for months now." She gave her a deep lingering kiss and then pulled back to pull her shoulder harness on; collect her brief case and Olivia's leather coat. "I'm armed and more than happy to put an end to the fucker's reign of terror." She gave her a quick kiss before leaving her office. Olivia stood for a few moments thinking of what just happened, she no longer had control over what went on around her lover and panic was raising its little head. She grabbed the files she needed from the couch and headed out of the office to go to the computer crimes area.

Munch tossed his empty coffee cup into the trash and then turned around to scan the street outside of the building they had been watching. They had two possible hits that they hadn't been able to contact by phone so now they were waiting for them to get home so they could warn them. Fin blew on his cold hands and hunched his shoulders against the cold wind. "If this guy is one of those workaholics that never comes home, I'm gonna kick your bony ass and then Stablers."

"Like this was all my idea, I was ready to settle on a Hallmark card, ya know sent by snail mail so that it would take a few weeks to go two blocks and by then we either have the bad guy or another body in the morgues cooler."

"If I didn't think we'd be selling hot dogs on a corner after Cragen canned our asses, I'd go get the damn card myself." He jumped up and down and cussed from the sharp pain shooting up from

his bad knee. "This fucking sucks, where is this dumb fucker?"

"I think that's the dumb fucker walking up to the door now." He slapped Fin in his arm, pulled his badge and approached the man. "Mr. Adam Matheson, I'm Detective Munch and this is Detective Tutuola, we're from the SVU, we'd like a minute of your time."

The man turned and looked at them through thick glasses; he wiped wispy hair from his forehead and squinted. "Did you say SVU, why do the sex police want me?"

"God I hate when they call us the sex police." Fin mumbled and waved for the man to go inside his door. "Come on my nuts are somewhere in my chest looking for heat."

"Let's just say that we're doing our civic duty to warn certain members of the public that they may be in harms way." Munch would rather throw the man down the steps than warn him but he had to do his job. They stepped into the man's apartment and shivered with the temperature difference, the first thing Munch noticed was the emptiness. All that was in the room they were standing in was a recliner, a TV and a small TV tray with a remote on it.

"Now tell me why you're here...nothings happened to my sister has it?" He looked between the two detectives and then to where his answering machine sat, the total number of messages was 0. "Please tell me what's going on; if it's my sister then I have to go."

"It's not your sister; we're here to warn you of a potential threat against your life." Munch pulled his black leather gloves off and slapped them in the palm of his hand. "Remember college in 96, the trouble that was going around, well it's back with a vengeance and a number of your male classmates are now deceased and missing the family jewels."

"But I wasn't involved in what happened to those girls..."

"Ohhh no, then why was your name included in the police reports, and your Frat house was the first one to be torn apart?"

"I was in the Frat house but I didn't rape anyone, I wasn't even there."

Fin snorted at him. "Likely story, they all tell us the same thing, come on Munch we told him let's get outta here."

"Always in such a big hurry, Mr. Matheson, no matter what you did or did not do back then we had to warn you." He pulled his gloves back on and turned to Fin. "Come on let's go home I'm cold and sick of running around this damn city." Matheson waited until they were gone before grabbing the phone and placing a call, he twitched and looked out the window for anyone watching him. When he heard it picked up on the other end, he whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Just what did you stir up this time; the cops were here warning me that someone wants me dead?"

"Don't worry about it, no ones coming after you. It was just a small problem that needed taken care of." The person on the other end said and then hung up.

Olivia tried to digest and understand every thing the computer tech was telling her but it would be easier to train her to fix the Space shuttles thrusters, she knew how to turn a PC on and type. He was getting into all kinds of stuff that made her head spin and her ears bleed, she had no idea what back doors were in the computer world or the other things he was saying. "Detective Benson to put it simply, he hacked in to the hospitals mainframe and altered the records, you should be thankful that he didn't change the meds to something that could have killed you guys."

"Can you tell where all of this was done, you know the PC that was used to screw with us?"

He smiled all the way to his brown eyes. "He's good but I'm better," he typed a few lines and hit enter, a few seconds later a list came up. "Good news, well kinda, it was all done in this building. It was done on ADA Cabot's office computer."

"She was with me so that means the son of a bitch went back to her office." She stood up straight and looked around the room; no one fit the description of the man seen in the security video. "Is everyone that works here in here now?"

"Yeah, there's only three of us techs period. Olivia it's none of us, we would never have left a trail behind. This person learned how to hack by spending a lot of time on-line and chances are they got lucky making it into the hospitals system."

"OK can you put a security system type thing on Cabot's PC, you know if someone other than her uses it a flag goes up or something?"

"Have her change her password and I'll monitor her PC from here, now I won't be able to see what she sees but I'll know when it's being used and if her password has been bypassed. Have her call me before she leaves for the day and I'll set up my system to monitor."

Olivia ran her hand through her hair and pushed it back from her face. "I don't know if this is possible, is there a way to put a camera inside the monitor?"

"I can put a pinhole camera in the cover of the monitor; it'll be activated with movement."

"Do it and if you need a signature to get it done then I'll sign." She left the large room and headed back up to the bull pen to see if anything had come in on the case every one was working. She jogged up the stairs and automatically stopped on the floor where Alex's office was, she walked down the hall and stopped when she saw her assistant coming out of her office. "Is Ms. Cabot back from court yet?"

"I haven't seen her since she left earlier, she may still be there." The woman said and walked

away from Olivia like she hadn't even spoken at all to her. As Olivia looked into the office, she noticed a single rose lying across a note. She moved around her desk and read the scrawled letters.

You didn't listen to me now you'll pay!

Olivia felt terror reach up and squeeze her heart, she used her cell phone and called Elliot's desk. "Hey can you come to Alex's office, she's got another note and rose here...I gotta go find her?"

"Wait, what do ya mean ya gotta find her, you're supposed to be guarding her?"

"She's supposed to be in court and I had to check in at computer crimes...you have to remember who I'm dealing with here."

"Yeah the one who wears the pants in the family, we'll be there in a minute, go get Alex and cuff her if you have to."

Olivia hung up and ran from the office, she charged out the door and waved down a cab to take her to the court house.

Alex stormed into her apartment and threw her briefcase on the couch along with her coat and shoulder harness, next came her pumps as they flew through the air. "Fucking assholes!" She cursed and stripped out of her suit before she reached her bedroom. "How the fuck would I see their God damn files, I'm not a fucking fly on the wall!?" She used her blouse as a whip and beat the foot of her bed with it and then threw it across the room. "I hate them with every fiber of...they blow!" She grabbed a pair of running shorts, a hooded sweat shirt and socks from her drawer before going into the bathroom to change. She still couldn't believe that she had been slammed in court; all she had been asking for was the maximum of ten year sentence on a sodomy one charge. The man was a repeat offender and had to be brought back from Maine to be tried for the charges after he ran. The Defense attorney Barrows argued that the sentence was extreme and that the case should be dropped all together because his case files had been stolen by the ADA, they were brought before the judge and Alex received the reaming of her life. Judge Bates threatened to bring Alex before the bar and wanted to know how she was able to get a hold of the other attorney's case files. She argued that she hadn't seen them and how it was that he thought she had them in the first place. He handed the judge a signed affidavit from his secretary that she had seen Alex leaving his office with an arm full of files, when asked to stop, she ran from the building and disappeared in a cab. The judge gave Alex a look that should have fried her on the spot; he ordered a fifteen minute recess and pulled both attorneys into his chambers. When all was said and done, the trial was dismissed, Alex was on report and the judge was going to investigate her allegations that it was her stalker or his accomplice who broke into the other attorney's office. He said he would be talking to both her boss and Captain Cragen to see if she was in fact being stalked and if so then she was to stay out of the court room until the problem was solved. She stormed from the court house, caught a cab home and was going to run her frustrations off in the park. She knew as soon as her lover caught up with her that she would be

wishing she were in another country.

Grabbing her keys and cell phone, she slipped them in the pouch of her sweatshirt and left her apartment. As soon as she cleared the downstairs door, she set off at a fast pace across the street and into Central Park west.

Olivia slammed her hand into the court room door and cursed under her breath; she had checked every court room and still hadn't found Alex. When she got back to Police Plaza she would kill her lover's assistant. She had called her to find out what court room Alex was supposed to be in and what judge was presiding over the case, the woman gave her the wrong information and made her look like an ass. Now 30 minutes later she still hadn't found her lover and her nerves were on their way out. She called Elliot's cell phone to ask him if he had heard from Alex and got a negative on that. She called her lover's cell phone and got her voice mail, three phone calls later she was standing in front of the court house ready to car jack someone. Finally a taxi pulled up to the curb, she jumped in and gave the driver Alex's address. What normally took fifteen to twenty minutes was pushing it along with Olivia's patience. She tossed some bills to the driver, jumped from the cab and started running down the sidewalk and then into the park, it would be longer but the way traffic was, it would be quicker.

Alex was still running at a good clip on her way back towards her apartment, she had no idea how far she had run but sweat was running down her face and neck to soak into her sweat shirt. She rounded a part in the path and dodged a slower runner and then had to slow when she came to a few kids that were just taking up space. She ran off into the grass to get around them and then went down another path that would take her back to her apartment, she could just make out her building when she saw a hooded figure running right at her, she veered off to the side and froze when a pistol came up to point at her chest. She raised her hands and started walking backwards thinking that maybe if she turned and ran she could dodge a bullet. She stumbled, righted herself and then saw her lover sprinting towards her and the armed person, she opened her mouth to yell and felt a sting in her chest. She looked down and saw red blossom and start to run down her cream colored sweatshirt, before she could look up, three more blossoms erupted. She grabbed her chest and looked up just as Olivia slammed into the person and took them to the ground in a loud grunt. She patted her chest and then noticed that there were no holes or extreme pain except for a stinging. "ALEX!" Olivia yelled from where she was sitting on the downed person and then looked up.

"I'm OK, its paint." She walked over to where Olivia was trying to cuff the person and picked up the pistol used to shoot her, she looked at it and cursed. "Little fucker, I should ram this up your ass and pull the trigger!" She wanted to pull her foot back and kick the shit outta of him but knew her lover would throw a fit over the extra paperwork and she herself didn't need any more trouble.

"Stop moving or I'll break your arms!" Olivia grunted and finally got the cuffs on; she looked up

and saw Alex looking down at her. "Are you sure you're OK, I...damn it Ally..."

"You can yell at me later, right now I think we need to call for a car and get this smuck to the bull pen." She stepped back when Olivia got to her feet and dropped her foot in the center of the person's back.

"Ohhh you can bet your ass I'm gonna yell at you," she pulled her cell phone free and hit speed dial to Elliot's desk, when she got no answer, she called Cragen. She winced when he yelled at her for letting Alex escape her protection and then hung up. "I take it all back, dads gonna kill us both and I don't wanna die being mad at you."

"How sweet, no wonder the boss wants you dead, fucking gay cop and ADA." Her prisoner said from where his face was pressed in the grass and cried out when she put more pressure on his back.

"Shut the fuck up you'll have plenty of time to talk once I get your ass in to the station."

"This is like never ending isn't it," Fin said and pointed to the punk in the interrogation room. "This is what three assholes so far that've tried to get to Alex?"

"Ohhh he got me alright," Alex said and pointed to her chest. "Little bastard got me four times to be exact, good thing it was just a paintball gun." She nodded her head to the punk in the room. "Has he said anything helpful like who in the Hell sent him after me?"

Cragen shook his head at her. "Nothing yet, he's just been spouting off at the mouth calling us all fucking pigs, he's so original." They all watched as Olivia and Jeffries walked into the room and stood looking down at him, Cragen figured that since he had a problem with women, who better to send in to question him.

"What a piece of work you are," Monique remarked and dropped down on the edge of the table. "Dressed like a bad ass gang member complete with colors, you know that there aren't any gangs where you were?"

"What ya think we just hang out in one part of town, get real bitch?"

Monique laughed and then slammed her hand down on the table in front of him. "Listen you shit head, next time watch a damn documentary, your colors are fake so stop the gang bang shit and tell me who sent you after ADA Cabot."

"I ain't telling ya shit, go fuck yourself bitch! He flipped her off, pulled his hood over his eyes and sat slouched down in the chair. As soon as he was settled, she kicked the chair backwards and watched him struggle to get on his feet. "Call me a bitch again and I'll put a bullet between

your eyes!"

"Fuck you I want my lawyer!"

"Too late asshole," Olivia said and dragged him to his feet. "You waived your rights, now who sent you after the ADA?"

"Send her in and I'll tell ya, after all it's her ass that's gonna end up in a ditch somewhere."

Olivia looked to the one way mirror and back to Monique. "It's just gotta be the blonde thing," she went to the door and looked to Cragen. "What do ya want us to do?"

"It's up to you Alex; you wanna talk to the asshole?"

"Maybe we can put an end to all of this shit and I can go back to a somewhat normal life." She walked past Olivia and into the room, she held the punks eyes and stood next to Monique. "Who sent you after me, if you tell me I'll put in a good word with the DA?"

"All I'm gonna tell you is the message I was supposed to pass along. Next time it'll be a real gun and you won't be so lucky."

"Sorry that just won't do," She narrowed her eyes and looked over the tops of her glasses. "Who sent you?"

He jumped up and punched her in the jaw hard enough that she fell sideways into Monique, the whole time yelling at the tops of his lungs that she was a dead woman. The next instant he was picked up and slammed into the wall, Olivia rammed her knee into his crotch and bounced his head off the wall again before Elliot and Monique could pull her off him. He fell to the floor and lay gasping for breath and clutching his crotch. Elliot carried Olivia out of the room and put her down in the corner so that he could keep her from charging back into the room. The expression on her face sent shivers up his spine; he had never seen her react like she just did and wondered if she didn't need some time off. When he felt a hand touch his arm, he stepped back and let Alex take his place. What he saw amazed him, with one touch from Alex, his partner was calmed and sliding down the wall to sit on the floor. "What were you doing in there?" Alex asked in a deep whisper. "What if he presses charges against you for police brutality?"

"I don't care," Olivia replied and touched the bruise forming on her lovers jaw. "He attacked you twice and..."

Cragen came from the interrogation room and pointed at the women. "Benson you're off this case, Alex get her home and don't either one of you step outside unless your buildings on fire! And I'm gonna have a word with Liz, she shouldn't of had you in here today. I hate having a judge call me and get his nose in my cases; Bates is an asshole of the first order." He turned to leave and then turned back to Alex. "You knew that you weren't supposed to go anywhere without Olivia, what were you thinking?"

"I wasn't, I was pissed and if Bates called you then you know why I was pissed, this asshole is fucking up my life and career. If I can't prove that I didn't steal those damn files then I'll be waiting tables at some bar after my jail sentence is up." She stood up and reached down for Olivia's hand. "We're going home but somebody better find out whose after me or I'm gonna go postal and just start shooting." She grabbed Olivia's hand and pulled her from the room with everyone watching.

"What is up with your partner, she busted that perps gonads quick?" Fin asked. "But ya know I don't know whose more dangerous, her or her girl Alex, she sure can take a punch." He walked away shaking his head.

"They're both scary as far as I'm concerned," Elliot said to no one in particular. "Let's get that asshole in the tombs, Monique wanna do the deed of dragging his ass outta there while I grab his file?"

"It'd be my pleasure; he may just have to crawl all the way."

Olivia checked a sedan out for their ride home, she figured that if anyone needed the car they could come and get it. There was no way that they were taking a taxi and opening themselves up as targets after all that had happened in a few short hours. She was about to get into the car when Alex took the keys from her hand and pushed her in. "I'm driving, with the way you were in the interrogation room; you may just loose it and run people over just for the Hell of it." She crawled into the car and caught obsidian eyes glaring at her. "You're not about to beat me to it, I wanna take out as many assholes as I can before I go to jail for something I didn't do." She slammed the car door and started the car. "As far as I'm concerned today, there are no innocent people!" She made good time on their way to her apartment, she used both the flashing strobe lights and siren to get through the traffic jams and snarled and growled the entire way. It was so out of character for the cool ADA that her lover kept an eye on her until they parked on the street right in front of her building.

"You drive worse than Elliot," she got out of the sedan and heard the locks click after Alex hit the button on the door. "We need ta talk Ally," she waited for her lover to round the car and join her on the sidewalk. "And I wanna know why your assistant sent me on a wild goose chase?" She followed Alex into her building and then to her apartment, she noticed a large garbage can across from her door and from the heavy scent of flowers, she knew what it was for. "Looks like the asshole is still at it, anymore flowers at your office?"

"No idea," she unlocked her door, stepped inside and heard all the locks go home after Olivia closed the door. "I'm fucked Liv, the judge wants me barred and this asshole wants me dead." A lump formed in her throat, tears filled her pale eyes and started to trail down across her cheeks, she never cried but wanted to just fall down and weep. She pulled her sweatshirt off, tossed it on the floor and dropped onto her couch. As soon as Olivia wrapped her arms around her and pulled her tight against her body, the damn broke and sobs tore at her chest. Olivia just held her and felt her own tears trail down her face to drip into her lover's hair. She felt her lover's pain as if it were

her own, she had to find out who was doing all of this even if it meant going against Cragen's orders. They both woke a few hours later, cramped and stiff from the way they had fallen asleep on the couch. Alex shivered when Olivia moved her arm and cold air touched her bare back, moving closer to her lover, she pushed them down further into the cushions. "What time is it?" She tried to look at Olivia's large silver watch and blinked her bloodshot eyes a few times to focus. "I can't read it and it doesn't really matter because I know it's late and I'm starving." She groaned and rolled off onto the floor and then pulled herself up to stand hunched over. "This will be a day you never forget, your dirty, sweaty girlfriend crying all over you and turning you into a cripple by smashing you into the couch cushions."

Olivia stretched out on the couch and gave her a crooked grin before winking. "I happen to like you all sweaty, you OK?" She got off the couch and pulled Alex into her arms. "You know I'm gonna get the son of a bitch whose doing all of this, if I have to haul everyone in the building in, I'll do it."

"Liv right now I'm not worried about that," She nipped at the tender skin beneath her lover's ear. "I know you'll get whoever's doing this, right now I want a shower and food." She placed a lingering kiss to Olivia's lips and then left her to head to her shower. "Would you order us something while I take a shower, my refrigerators a barren place?"

"Any preference, ya know Chinese, Tai, or Italian?"

"Your choice," she yelled from the bathroom and then hung out the door. "Look in the end drawer there; I've got all the menus for take-out food." A corner of her mouth curled up when Olivia's eyes wandered down to her breasts and stayed there. "Now I know your weakness, it's really not my legs is it?"

"You're my weakness, every single inch of you." She blinked and shook her head. "If we weren't ordering food, I'd join you in the shower and prove it to ya." She ran the tip of her tongue over her upper lip and wiggled her right eyebrow. "But afterwards there's not a deal you could make me that would keep me from licking every inch of your body." She smiled at the quick blush that raced up her lover's chest to color her cheeks.

"I'm gonna take my shower...you...God" she shook her head, waved a hand and went back into the bathroom and turned the shower to a cooler temperature.

Olivia pulled a menu from the drawer and placed an order for them, she knew that the person probably thought that she was ordering for the NY Mets but she hadn't eaten anything all day and Alex was always hungry. Checking her watch, she walked towards the bedroom while pulling off her gun, badge and then her shirt. She ran her fingers across her hip and winced from pain, her holster had left a nice sized crease in her skin and a small bruise. Stripping down to just her underwear, she searched through her lover's closet until she found a man's old button down shirt. Thinking twice, she slipped her underwear off and went through the connecting bathroom door. She would have to control herself and hoped that her will was strong when faced with a wet and soapy Alex. Climbing into the shower behind her lover, she pressed against her back and felt her will circle the drain. "We've got maybe 45 minutes to play before our foods here." She said in a

deep purr and ran her hands down the front of her lover's body to linger on her stomach and then delve deeper when Alex pushed her hands lower.

"45 minutes is more than enough time, you have this power over me that with just one look, I'm wet." She moaned when long fingers slipped between her folds and teased her center. "Two minutes...three tops..." she wrapped one arm behind her and tangled her fingers in Olivia's hair. "I've fantasized about this all day." She turned in Olivia's arms. Slipped her thigh between hers and brought them together in a deep consuming kiss that had them both falling sideways against the shower wall. Hands roamed across wet skin, hips thrust and ground slowly against flexing thighs. Olivia moaned when the flesh at the side of her neck was pulled between even teeth and then sucked hard. The slight pain went straight to her center and made her thrust harder; she gripped her lover's shoulders and shook when her climax overtook her. Alex felt hot juices pour out over her thigh she moaned and sucked harder when, Olivia's bucking against her took her closer to the edge. She pulled back a bit and looked at her lover's flushed face and parted lips, when her eyes opened and showed blazing red orbs, she knew it would be a long and very satisfying night. When Olivia sunk to her knees and buried her face between her thighs, she gasped and tried to keep from falling. She placed one leg over her lover's shoulder and thrust forward when her warm wet tongue plunged deep inside and then pulled out to lavish attention on her throbbing clit. Blindly reaching out to the wall, she braced herself as wave upon wave crashed over her. When she opened her eyes again, they were cuddled in the corner of the shower with warm water washing over them. "What you do to me." She whispered and brought their foreheads together. "I love you Olivia." She looked into her eyes and saw her future. "Let's take this to our bed, I'm feeling a little water logged."

"I love you too and not only water logged but my ass is cold." She tilted her head to the side and listened; someone was pounding on the apartment's door. "Shit that must be our supper." They crawled from the shower and slipped and slid all the way to the bedroom, Olivia grabbed up the shirt she had gotten earlier and pulled it on. She headed to the front door and clutched the shirt closed before opening it. As she pulled it open, she yelled to Alex. "Baby get my wallet from my pants pocket!" When she turned her eyes to the person standing in the doorway, she felt her heart stop and all the air in her lungs gush out. "Liz...shit," she looked to the side and saw the delivery boy with their supper and held up a finger. "Just a minute," she felt Alex come up behind her and fall into her back from sheer shock.

"Liz what are you doing here?" Alex said in a forced breath and waved her boss in. "We were Uhhmm..." she pulled her robe closed tighter and handed Olivia her wallet. "Damn."

"This is quite a surprise Alex," she turned with a raised eyebrow and a smirk. "I never expected to see a half naked Detective Benson answer your door." She dropped her briefcase onto the couch, pulled her calf length coat off and watched Olivia carry the bags of food to the kitchen and then disappear into what she assumed was the bedroom. "Sorry to interrupt your dinner but I came over to see what the Hell is going on with Judge Bates, he called me today and threatened to drag me in front of the disciplinary board for your high jinx?" She watched as Alex tried to finger comb her wet hair and act normally. "Will you stop already, you're acting like a teenager that's been caught by her parents."

"Good then I'm right on target," She moved to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of Scotch from the cabinet. "Can I offer you a drink; I've got Scotch, Vodka and red wine?"

"Scotch, I like the color, it seems richer some how." At that moment, Olivia came from the bedroom in a pair of Alex's shorts and brushing her hair. "At least now I don't have to worry about you not being safe from who ever." She took the offered glass and waved a hand at Olivia. "Don't let me stop you, go on and get your supper." She held back a chuckle when Alex dragged Olivia into the kitchen; she rolled her eyes when she heard whispering. "Ohhh for God sakes Alex I don't care about your love life, its work that concerns me."

Alex dropped her head in relief; she thought that this was the end for her and her career. Squeezing her lover's hand, she leaned in for a quick kiss and went back out with two plates of food in her hand. "Have some supper, we have plenty and I know you haven't eaten yet today." She took a seat on the love seat, placed her dish on the coffee table and took the glass of Pepsi that Olivia brought out to her. "So now I know that Bates called both you and Cragen, what did he say?"

Liz chewed the sweet and sour pork that filled her mouth and swallowed before speaking. "First, why in the Hell were you in the office, I told you not to come back until everything was solved?"

Alex pulled her briefcase across to her, opened the side pouch and pulled a hand written letter out. "You left this on my desk." She handed it to her boss and then sat back with her plate on her lap.

Alex,

We're jammed up; I need you to take the Sandborn case in the morning.

Liz

"Well this is interesting," she waved the paper and placed it on the table. "It's real close to my handwriting but I didn't write it," she pointed to the center of the page. "There's no water seal on it either, so who ever wrote it doesn't know about my personal letter head."

Alex let her head fall back with a groan; she turned her head to look at her lover. "I was set up again, what's next for this asshole to do to me?" She continued to look at Olivia and play with the dark hair that brushed her collar.

"Hopefully I'll have a suspect nailed and in the interrogation room, I had the computer tech guy put a tiny camera in your monitor. Hopefully he swapped it out today and no one's the wiser."

Liz chuckled and shook her head in amazement; this was a side of Alex that she knew she would have never seen if not for coming over unannounced. Her ADA was in fact human and not as prickly as she thought she was, she looked to the couple and smiled. She couldn't think of anyone other than Olivia who was an equal to Alex. "OK so what else have you found out about this stalker and how are they managing to pull so much shit without anyone catching them?"

Olivia took a drink of her Pepsi and set it on the table before answering. "I think that whoever it is doing all of this, is hiring these skel's to do the dirty work and then when the time is right, they swoop in at the end." She gave her lover's thigh a light squeeze before looking back to Liz. "And when that happens I'm gonna take the asshole down, I'm tired of the games and I know Alex is as well. Now I have all the time in the world to look into this and lurk in the shadows."

Alex looked to her boss and shrugged her shoulders. "Cragen ordered us both back here and not to leave unless the building was on fire but everyone knows that it won't last, only if they chain us to a wall in the tombs." She looked to her lover and let one corner of her lip raise and wickedness show in her eyes. "I know a few judges that would be ecstatic with the idea of me locked up."

Liz snickered and nodded her head, she knew of a dozen people right off the top of her head that would love to see her ADA locked up. The worst part was that they weren't criminals but other attorneys, cops and a few expert witnesses. "From now on unless I tell you right to your face, you are not to believe anything in note form with my signature on it that is until after this shithead is caught." She finished her supper and got up to carry her plate into the kitchen; she rinsed it and placed it in the sink before going back into the living room. "Thank you for dinner and the Scotch; if I need you I will call you. Do not under any circumstance make yourself a target or I will personally put you in the tombs." She grabbed her brief case, her coat and let herself out of the apartment. Alex put her plate on the table along with Olivia's and pulled her up from the love seat, after locking all the locks on the door and placing the steel bar in it's holder, she started towards the bedroom.

"We have some unfinished business in the bedroom," She untied her robe and let it drop to the floor on her way to the bedroom, she heard a low moan and then a hand run down to caress her ass. "So it's my ass you're always checking out?"

"Ohhh yeah especially when you wear those grey slacks and that jacket that doesn't come down over your hips, but then you know all of this because you always catch me."

"And that's exactly why I make sure I stand right in front of you." She pushed Olivia back on the bed, flipped the light off and crawled on top of her. "We are not answering the phone, the door or anything else until noon."

OK people what've ya got?" Cragen asked and dropped down on the edge of Munch's desk and watched Monique wave a paper at him.

"Late shift caught someone wandering around one of our possible victims place last night, she's down in the tombs and you'll never guess who it is?" She waited and knew that her partners were ready to strangle her. "John's girlfriend the wino."

Fin chuckled and looked to his partner. "You're kidding right, damn Munch you must have made

quite the impression on her."

Munch snorted and waved a hand at them. "It must have been my expertise with mixing MD 20/20 and Boones Farm, so why'd they haul her in?"

"Says here that she refused to leave the area and she flashed 'em." Monique handed the paper to Cragen and leaned against the edge of her desk. "From what the uniforms described, if it'd been me, I woulda copped her ass." She saw the raised brow look her captain gave her. "She was giving them a striptease and they said that the stench that came off her made their eyes burn and their noses run. It was so bad that they called for a wagon because they didn't want her in the back seat of their cruiser."

"Is she still down in the tombs?"

"Yeah until she gets arraigned this morning, you wanna put a hold on it?"

Cragen nodded his head at her. "Go down there and bring her up here for questioning, it's a little strange that she was at this guy's building." He pointed a finger at everyone else. "What else we got?"

Stabler leaned back in his chair and rubbed his hands together. "Everything else comes up blank, we've checked all the rape crisis places and gone by Cabot's notes but nothing panned out. I'm thinking that maybe the victims were paid to remain silent and all records were shredded, so I was thinking about getting a hold of the college funds records for the years we think this happened?"

"We'll have to get a warrant for all that," he rubbed his bald head and sighed, as much as he hated to do it he was going to call Alex in. "Get a hold of Benson; have her bring Alex in for the warrants and tell her I need her dressed as an ADA." He saw the looks between his detectives and shook his head. "Her in blue jeans and a sweatshirt ain't gonna do it for this. And there's only one other ADA I trust besides Alex and that's Abbie Carmichael, unfortunately she doesn't work for us anymore. Get on it and let me know if ya get anything." He went back to his office and picked up the phone to return Liz's call, he had been checking on other things when she had called and he was curious as to what his two trouble makers had done this time. "Liz its Don, what can I do for you?"

"For starters find out who in the Hell is stalking my ADA and then find out who is forging letters from me."

"I'm working on the first thing but the second I had no idea about, explain to me about this forging of your name." He listened as she explained about the note that was left for Alex the day she was attacked in the park and the two other notes she just happened to find in Alex's filing cabinet. She remembered the instances where she had chewed on her ass royally for pulling a stupid stunt and blew Alex off when she swore up and down that she had told her to get the warrants and run rampant all over another ADA's cases. She almost fired her for accusing her of being a senile mean spirited bitch; she had bit her tongue and ordered Alex from her office

before they both did something regrettable. "OK I'll see what I can do and just so you know I'm having her and Benson come in to question a suspect and issue some warrants."

"When they get in, have Alex come by my office, I have some files I need her to look at."

"OK it's as good as done." He hung up the phone and rubbed his face, the stalker business was making so many twists and turns that he had no idea where in the Hell it was going. What really concerned him was the threat on Alex's life, neither woman had come right out and said it but he had a good idea that it was because of their relationship. He rubbed his eyes and got up from his desk, he needed to move around or go nuts waiting for something else to happen.

Olivia limped up the stairs behind her lover and couldn't help but watch her ass move beneath her grey slacks and grin like an idiot. She almost ran into her when she stopped and looked over her shoulder. "Stop it." She started back up the stairs and looked over her shoulder again. "Just stop it." Alex knew damn well that her lover was thinking of the bite marks she had left on her ass and that she was gritting her teeth with each step she took. She had woken that morning to her lover licking and nipping her back and almost shredded her sheets when she worked her way lower. What they had done in the hours before being called into work was nothing compared to the night before, she could honestly say that they were kinky. Olivia had found out just how adept she was with restraining someone when she found herself handcuffed to the headboard.

"Ya know even with wearing my coat on I can still see everything."

"That's because you're a few steps lower and I mean that in all departments, I never knew you were so..."

"Perverted," she winked and limped faster up the stairs so that they were side by side. "I'm only that way with you and I wasn't the one reading the Miranda or using handcuffs, I only used ice cubes."

Alex stopped, turned to look at her lover and she gave the small smile that was reserved for when she was about to slam someone on the stand. "And if I'm ever asked about that by anyone, I will say it was all your idea, now let's go see Liz first and then I'll get the warrants for Elliot." She gave Olivia a wink before brushing fingertips with her and then moving down the hallway towards her boss's office. "We're just freaks and I'll show you how freaky I can get...later." She whispered in a hoarse whisper and saw sparks of arousal flash in her lover's eyes.

Cragen stood looking through the one way at the wino, he hardly recognized her from the last time they had her in the room. She had to be really bad if they cleaned her up down in the tombs, usually they left the same way they came in. What surprised him was that she was a lot younger than thought at first. With the dirt and grime gone and clean clothes, she looked to be in her early 20's. With the squeak of the outer door he turned to see Olivia and Alex. "Good of you to join us

this lousy day," he pointed to where Munch was leaning against the wall staring the wino down. "They brought her in last night; she was lurking around one of the men that we're trying to protect."

"And she did what, brandish a knife and admitted to the other crimes?" Alex asked and dropped her briefcase to the floor, after her meeting with Liz, she just wanted to go home and cuddle in bed with her lover not play 20 questions with a drunk.

"She refused to leave and stripped for the uniforms, they brought her in because she was being a nuisance. What we wanna know is why she was there; it's quite a walk from where she witnessed the other crime to where she was last night. She was in Staten Island, that's just too much of a coincidence."

Alex looked through at the woman and then to Cragen. "And you want me to do what?"

"Nothing for her, we need a warrant to get the college financial records; Stabler seems to think that they paid off the rape victims."

Alex narrowed her eyes and shook her head. "You would have to have the financial records of the victims as well as the college; we need something to compare them to." She raised her hand and pointed to Cragen. "That's not guaranteeing that anything will show up or that a judge would sign off on the warrant to begin with. What about this wino here, if she was booked then that means they have her prints, run her and see if anything comes up." She saw the grin and sparkles in her lover's eyes and knew that she was thinking the same thing.

"If she hauled her ass all the way to Staten Island then she's got to be involved somehow." Olivia said, left the room and headed out to her desk to make the call downstairs to the booking sergeant.

Cragen took in the dark stripes below the ADA's eyes and the slouching shoulders. "You look warn out Alex, what in the world have you been doing?"

"Worrying," she lied, there was no way she was going to tell him that she only had a few hours of sleep because of the sexual Olympics she and Olivia had. "Look at all the shit that's been falling on me and it's only getting worse, I promised myself that I wouldn't become a victim in all of this and that's exactly what I'm becoming. I can't even go for a run in the park without someone trying to shoot me," she pulled the top of her white blouse to the side and showed him the bruises from the paintballs. "Those things hurt like a bitch and now I'm carrying to protect myself from this invisible chicken shit asshole who wants me dead." She pulled back her coat to show both Glocks in shoulder holsters.

"You do have a permit for those and a carrying concealed weapon license," he saw her roll her eyes and then flipped her badge case over to show her permit. "Just checking, be careful Alex I don't want anything happening to you." He looked her right in the eye and tried to convey his feelings. "I know that no one would be able to stop Olivia from killing if you got hurt, I know how important you are to her, she showed that yesterday." He grinned when her color grew

deeper. "By the way, the punk took the deal Liz handed to him; he won't be out until he's ready to collect social security."

"But he was only going to be charged for assaulting an officer of the court, what did she do?" She was curious as to what her boss had pulled over on the punk and his attorney.

"After slamming the door so hard that the walls shook, she started making up charges before she was even into the room. His lawyer's head was spinning so fast with her words that he threw his hands in the air for her to stop. The punk had priors of assault and battery and a few other misdemeanors but she threw a premeditated something or another on the table with special circumstances of malicious assault, attempted murder and I can't remember what else."

Alex shook her head and grinned. "Who was the kid's idiot lawyer, and attempted murder?"

"Never saw the guy before but he was shaking so bad that I thought he was gonna pass out, your boss is a scary woman when pissed off, she told me that the attempted murder was what would have happened if it had been her out there, she would have dropped from a heart attack."

"Believe me, I was close, if not for Liv who knows what else would have happened to me." He saw the sparkle in her eye and knew how deep her relationship with his detective was.

Olivia came up the stairs with the rap sheet and other printouts from the booking room; she shook her head in anger. They hadn't even bothered to run her through the computer because she was a witness to a crime and a homeless person. She walked into the bull pen and waved the paper at Elliot. "Take a look at this and tell me what you see." She dropped down on the edge of his desk and watched his eyes browse over the pages.

"Katrina Perkins, she's been arrested a couple times for picketing abortion clinics...picketing experimental labs that use animals...chained herself to a bulldozer, that's radical. Ohhh Hell Liv, she works at a rape clinic on the campus grounds, which means..."

"That she knows about what happened in 96 because she found the files in her office," she slapped hands with him and went back to where her lover and Cragen were still talking. "I think we've got our killer," she stepped right beside Alex and discreetly tangled their fingers. "For the second time around."

"Son of a bitch!" Cragen growled, waved at Elliot and left the women standing alone.

Alex looked around before bringing Olivia's hand up to place a kiss on her palm. "So what do you guys need from me?"

"I know what I need but I think Elliot and the other's are gonna want a search warrant for Perkin's apartment and her office at the rape clinic." She leaned into Alex's side and breathed in her spicy perfume.

"I thought you were one of the primaries on this one?"

"Was, is the operative word, remember I'm only your body guard." She winked and ran her tongue over her upper lip. "How have I been doing in that area?"

"You won't hear any complaints from me, now I think I have a warrant to get ready so that means you have to come with me."

"And watch your ass the entire way," she looked around them and leaned forward for a soft lingering kiss. "I just hope we can bust your stalker and get back to somewhat normal lives, not like I'm not enjoying this one but I wanna be able to take you out and not worry about someone jumping us."

"Yeah that kinda blows, I hate getting jumped." She ran her foot up the inside of Olivia's leg and watched her eyes catch fire. "If you're up for it we can have a romantic night out tonight?" She bumped hips with her lover and whispered in her ear. "I was thinking of having it on my tiny ass little balcony, my huge ass BBQ, some Nathan's hot dogs and Mac and Cheese?"

"Ohhh so you're gonna cook for me tonight, no take out and ain't kinda cold for a BBQ?"

"My stove hates me ever since it caught on fire, now it only lets me heat water for tea, besides, hot dogs taste so much better off the grill." She slipped past Olivia and walked slowly to the door that would take them to the bull pen. "We'll have to stop at the market on the way home and pick up the stuff we need and I want some good beer and that's your job."

Olivia walked beside her and gave her a quick grin. "Ohhh I get to buy the beer, you want that snobby micro beer or real beer like Sam Adams?"

"I said you get to pick the beer," she smacked her in the leg with her leather briefcase. "Any kind of beer except that nasty ass Schlitz Natural Ice, Milwaukee's Best or Rolling Rock." She saw Olivia's brow wrinkle and a look of pure disgust come over her face.

"And just when did you fall down in the gutter and drink that stuff, that has got to be three of the vilest beers you can get, I always thought of you as the micro beer type?"

"When you're in school and all you've got is a few bucks for beer, that's what you get stuck with and if you ever tell anyone, I'll tell the bull pen you have little L's and R's on the toes of your socks."

"I don't have letters on my socks..."

"But they don't know that now do they?" Alex gave her a wicked smirk and raised one dark eyebrow.

"My God you're evil and I thought you went to boarding school?"

"I did, so you can imagine what we went through to get beer and stealing the wine from the church was forgotten after we tasted it. I think turpentine would have been healthier than the shit they used for communion."

"So the janitor got you guy's beer and charged ya to do it huh, I woulda done it for say..." she leaned in so that her breath was ruffling the hair at her lover's ear. "Your panties." She reached into her coat pocket and cursed under her breath. "Ya took 'em back, that's not fair."

"You're just mad because I took away your fantasy prop, remind me to stop by my office and get the rest of my clothes, I'm running low and going commando is...gross and very uncomfortable."

Munch and Fin walked into the apartment of Katrina Perkins, what first caught their attention were the piles of picket signs in the corner and then the posters covering the walls. It looked more like an office for political activism than someplace where someone slept. "Would ya look at this shit," Fin lifted a page from a stack of papers. "Chemical castration, do you trust the rapist to take his medication blahblahblah?"

Munch looked up from where he was searching a desk drawer. "She's got a point there; if they don't take their meds then they're not castrated. But then if they do take their meds to prove that they are following the rules, all they have to do to reverse it is take testosterone shots."

"Either way the sick fucks are back on the street and to their sick games, they should just cut their nuts off and be done with it; maybe Alex can request it the next time?"

"And make it world war III between her, Jeffries and Benson to see who gets the primal joy of the deed of hacking and slashing the family jewels off?" He shook his head and then gave his partner his trade mark smirk. "We could sell tickets to that." He pulled open another drawer and grinned. "Ohhh just look what we have here," he used two fingers of his gloved hand to lift the knife out of the file folder he had found in the drawer. "I'd say this is filed properly under..." he looked at the tab on the folder. "Scum sucking rapist, catchy phrasing; call Cragen and tell him what we got while I bag and tag."

Cragen stepped from his office, looked around and then saw Jeffries coming from the coffee room; he waved at her and pointed to the interrogation room. "Find your partner, Benson and Cabot; we've got the possible murder weapon and a whole bunch of other shit from the suspect's apartment. See if you can get a confession outta her while the labs testing the knife for blood and what ever else they need." He turned and started back to his office when he saw Alex and Olivia coming back into the bull pen, what he didn't expect were the trash bags and suit bags in their hands. "Please tell me that you're not moving into the crib?"

"What...no, these are the clothes I had in my office." Alex felt her face heating up. "I never got

the chance to take them home with all that's been going on and..." She stopped when he ducked his head and raised a hand at her.

"I don't need to know, you two check with Monique, we have the possible murder weapon from Perkins apartment."

Alex dropped her bags near her lover's desk and looked to where she knew the Perkins woman was behind the interrogation room door, she found it hard to believe that they may have solved a case on strictly luck. She wondered if the women hadn't planned this all along to see how long she could play with the detectives before getting caught. She pushed her glasses up on top of her head and pinched the bridge of her nose. "I want her Mirandized again; I don't want anything to go wrong where we lose her." She pulled her hand away and looked from Cragen to her lover.

Olivia found it a little spooky that she could change from her lover to ADA Alex Cabot in the blink of an eye, even her mannerisms changed. Her back straightened, jaw flexed and her eyes grew to a lighter shade of blue. "OK then lets see what we can do here." She slipped her glasses back down and walked with the click of her heels towards the interrogation room. Knocking twice on the door, she opened it and walked in ahead of Olivia. She looked to Monique and then took a seat across from Perkins. "Would one of you read Miss. Perkins her rights?" She looked around for her brief case and remembered laying it on her lover's desk. "Shit..." she whispered and was part way up from her chair when Olivia touched her shoulder and placed her brief case on the table for her. "Thanks...Detective Benson," she pulled out a pad of paper, laid it on the table and then waited for Olivia to read Perkins her rights. She wasn't surprised to hear her wave them and spout off about the rights of the rape victims. Alex just gazed at her and let the corners of her lips arch a bit, crossing her legs; she continued to watch her until she shut up. "Are you quite done now, I have other things to do today besides listen to whiny little piss ants make excuses for their irrational behavior." She placed one hand on the table and leaned towards the woman. "You know that what you did is just as bad as the original crime, you almost got away without paying, just like they did and if you would have come to us with the information you had, we could have put those men away for what they did."

Perkins rolled her brown eyes and snorted. "Get real; the statute of limitations was up on that crime. You know damn well that it would have been covered up again, those assholes with all the money always get away Scott free. Throw a few checks here; throw some there and bingo, no more problem." She leaned in and looked directly into pale blue eyes. "What would your lover do if it was you that got raped and tossed to the side?"

A slight flicker came to pale blue eyes and then left, Alex leaned back in her chair and felt Olivia's fingers brush her back. "This isn't about me; this is about you and what you did."

"What slicing their dicks off," she let out a burst of laughter that was deep and humorless. "They deserved more but I just didn't have the time." She leaned back in her chair and looked to each of the three women for the first time before smiling wickedly. "How special, I get Charlie's Angels. Are all the men afraid to come in here now that they know who I am?"

"They're busy off doing something else," Olivia said from where she stood behind Alex. "So why

did you take justice into your own hands and why wait all this time to go after those men?"

"Ohhh please you know why I did it and no one has answered my question yet, what would you do if your lover there was raped and no one was brought to justice?" She watched Olivia's expression change and knew she had her off balance. "You would do the same thing I did; you're not much different than I am." She laughed and slapped the table when Olivia left the room. "Touched a raw nerve there, she's too sensitive you need a tougher girlfriend."

Monique looked to Alex and then to Perkins. "Shut the fuck up, go ahead Alex I'll watch this sick bitch." She tossed a note pad and pen at her. "Write your statement down." She crossed her arms over her chest and kept an eye on her as Alex left the room to go after her lover.

Alex met Cragen in the doorway and waved a hand at the door. "I'm going for the Murder in the first with the death penalty on that one, no deals or anything; did you see Liv?"

"Check the bathroom; she was headed in that direction. I'll have them put Perkins back in the tombs and get the ball moving with everything else."

Olivia slammed her hand into the wall ignoring the stinging of her palm, next came the toe of her foot until tears flowed down her cheeks, she then wiped at them with the back of her hand. When she heard the hinges of the door squeak, she took a deep breath and was about to turn around when two arms wrapped around her from behind. She stiffened at first and then relaxed when Alex whispered in her ear. "It's alright I'm here." She held her and rested her chin on her shoulder.

"She's right I'm not much different than her...I could be violent, I have been." she turned to face her lover. "If it's hereditary then I'm fucked." She whispered hoarsely and tried to pull out of her lover's arms. "Please Ally let me go...I have to go." She pulled free and ran from the bathroom leaving a confused and hurt Alex watching the door swing closed.

"Damn it!" She ran her hands through her hair and left the bathroom to look for her lover. She looked around the bull pen and saw Jeffries coming back in and walked quickly over to her. "Did you see Liv...she...fuck!" She pulled her glasses off and stuck them in her pocket before going over to where her stuff was by her lover's desk. Grabbing a black duffle bag, she pulled her cell phone out and dialed Olivia's cell phone number. She let it ring for a dozen times before she hung up the phone.

"Alex what happened in there?" Monique asked and placed a hand on her shoulder. "I've seen her mad before but the haunted look in her eyes is new, what did she say?"

"She had to go...that's what she said, I have to go." She placed her hands on her hips and looked to the floor. "Where...where would she go?"

"Wait right here, don't go anywhere without me." She said and then ran to Cragen's office to tell

him where she was going and with whom; she knew he would throw a fit if she just took off. When she came back out, she found Alex slumped in Olivia's chair with her head in her hands. She placed a hand on the ADA's shoulder and leaned down next to her ear. "I'm not sure where to look but I'll take you to her place first." She waited for Alex to get up and then helped her with all the bags. "When we find her you gotta let me kick her ass at least once."

"It was something Perkins said but I don't know why it affected her this way, son of a bitch." She mumbled under her breath. "If she's not home would you drive me around, she may be walking off steam somewhere."

"Sure, we'll keep looking until either she calls you or we find her." She lifted more of the bags from where they sat on the floor and waited for Alex to do the same before they left the bull pen on their mission.

Olivia handed the cab driver some bills and climbed from the back seat, she had no idea why she was here except that it held pieces to her mother's past. Looking around at the garbage filled alley ways, buildings stained from pollution and other things she would rather not think about and stray dogs and cats searching through trash for food. Stuffing her hands deep into her coat pockets, she dropped her head and took the walk that her mother had 40 some years before. She had walked this route numerous times before and tried to imagine what her mother had gone through the night she had been brutally attacked and raped. She still hadn't found any answers as to why the attack happened and now was a time that she wished the buildings would speak to her. She wanted to know if the rage that ran through the man who fathered her ran in her veins as well. She had read everything she could seeking the answers but they were illusive or just not there at all. She knew that certain behaviors had been linked to hereditary or by up bringing, but she wanted to know if she would turn violent one day. She stopped in a dark alley way and looked towards the spot that she knew to be the place where her mother was raped and she herself conceived.

Checking for traffic, she crossed the street and took the last few steps to the same spot. She looked around and felt the chill of the air and the one in her soul wrap around her. "Am I different then him or the same," she asked the darkness and shivered. "I see violence everyday; I wade through it and feel it seep into my pores, I have the power to kill at my fingertips." She brought her hands up to her face and pressed her fingers over her eyes, rubbing them, she tried to blot out Perkins expressions and her manic laugh. "I can't take the chance, I can't hurt Alex." She slumped down against the wall and felt the coldness of the stone steal into her bones. She had no idea how long she sat there but her body ached and, considering the bad area she was in, she wondered if she would be able to catch a cab at all. Getting up from where she had been crouching, she looked up and down the street, the flashing beer and liquor signs of a liquor store grabbed her attention and pulled her closer. "I'm an adult, I'm allowed to by the stuff." She said and breathed hot air into her chilled hands.

Monique helped Alex with her bags and looked around as they went into Olivia's bedroom, after dropping the bags on her unmade bed; she snorted and pointed to the trail of clothes leading to the bathroom. "I never took her as someone who would do that; ya know leave her clothes on the floor."

"Well you're not wrong there, those are my clothes." She gave her a small grin. "But she tossed 'em there." She rifled through one of her lover's drawers and pulled out an old NYPD sweat shirt and then grabbed a pair of her own faded Levis from a bag. "I'm gonna change and then we can go."

Monique shook her head and went back out to where the kitchen was; she pulled open the refrigerator, grabbed a Coke and then sat down at the table. She was still having a time with Olivia and Alex being more than friends but knew that the two women defiantly belonged together. What had her worried was that Olivia was out wondering around somewhere, she wasn't worried about her safety, it was hypothermia. The temperatures had been dropping all day and with it getting dark in another hour and a half, she prayed that they found her in a bar somewhere instead of out in the cold.

"OK I'm ready," Alex said as she hopped into the kitchen pulling on a pair of Olivia's Bates patrol boots. "She must never wear these ones, they're covered in dust." She pulled the zipper up the side and fastened the Velcro strap across the front.

"You two are just... I don't know." Monique shook her head and brushed her braids back over her shoulders. "I guess it's easier to share clothes with your lover when you're the same sex, me wearing some guys underwear would be... unlikely."

Alex gave her a full smile that had Monique pulling in a deep ragged breath from shock. "But this is like a one way thing here; Liv would never be caught in one of my suits or my pumps for that matter. This way I get ta be butch without all the shopping that would be involved." She went to the closet and pulled out her lover's leather trench coat and a pair of leather gloves she found on the top shelf. "I only know of that one bar where we have drinks every once in a while and that little hole in the wall Chinese restaurant she likes to eat at, so where we going to look first?"

"Actually, I don't think she'll be at either one of those places; where do you go when you need some alone time?"

"Usually I just close my office door and sulk for an hour or so," she looked at the floor and then up at Monique. "I have no idea where she would go; we've never had this kind of problem that I would know where she'd go."

"Then we'll just start scanning the streets and I'll make some calls to patrol cars, every cop knows your woman, if she's been seen, they'll tell me."

"So you're saying that we have no private life what's so ever if a cop sees us?"

"That's right Hip Hop, ya know the guys at the bar call you B Felony, they say they'd risk life in jail to get your booty."

"You've seen me there?"

"Ohhh Hell yes, I almost fell over when I saw you. I was up with Fin one night and he dropped a light on you, you caused a Hell of a lot of chubs that night." Alex felt her jaw drop and closed it after they had left Olivia's apartment. "Ya know, you surprise me the more I hang around you and don't worry about the lock picks you used on her door, I'll never tell."

Olivia had walked more blocks this night than she had since being a beat cop, her feet were cold and wet, her pant legs were frozen but the rest of her was hot. She dropped down onto a bench at a bus stop, pulled her bottle out and took a long drink. She had bought two bottles while in the liquor store but hadn't touched the second one...yet. She knew that she was being followed ever since she left the liquor store and knew that the homeless drunk had to be desperate to follow her so far, she was giving him a chance to catch up just so she could scare the shit out of him. She was tired of her puppy and wanted him to run off and play in traffic somewhere or crawl back under his rock. She screwed the cap back on her bottle, placed it between her feet and slipped a hand inside her coat. As the bum came within a few feet, she drew her weapon and badge and pointed them at him. "Take a hike or I'll put some holes in ya!" She slurred and blinked her eyes a few times to focus. "I ain't kidding there, now move it along!"

"Come on baby gimme some lovin," he purred and pushed his floppy hat back to show his arched black brows and twinkling brown eyes. "If you won't, I'm sure Alex will." Fin said and dropped down beside her. "You know you walk entirely too much for a detective and you're buying me breakfast when you get back to work."

"Why am I doin that?"

"Because I've tossed a dozen would be suitors in dumpsters since Munch dropped me off that's why." He looked out across the street and down a few blocks to see one of their sedans coming towards them. "Do yourself a favor and talk to your girl; she's been going nuts since you took off today." He squeezed her shoulder and lumbered off across the street to where Munch had pulled up behind Jeffries and Alex.

"I can't even go fer a walk without body guards." She took a drink from her bottle and then watched as her lover got out of the car and walked towards her. "You spyin on me to or did ya just get them ta do it?"

Alex stood in front of her and looked into her flushed face and saw the pain in her eyes.

"Actually, they called and told us where you were, I've been worried about you. We need to talk but first we need to get you home, you're half frozen." She reached out for the bottle and rolled the paper bag down to read the label. "One thing I have to say about you is you pick expensive Vodka to get drunk on, Grey Goose is like 30 bucks a bottle."

"And well worth it now gimme my bottle and go home." She braced one hand on the bench and reached out with the other to where Alex was holding the bottle out of her reach.

"Nope, you're coming home with me and I've got three cops that will be more than happy to help me get you there." She blew out a deep breathe and dropped her head. "Listen Liv, I don't know what's going on in your head but I love you and I wanna know what's wrong, please come home with me."

"That's right you don't know what's going on but if you hang with me, you might just see the beast and then whatcha gonna do?" She looked up with narrowed eyes and waved a hand at her. "Go on counselor go home."

Alex turned and looked to the two sedans sitting behind her and saw the doors opening up to let the detectives out. She knew it was probably not a good idea but Olivia was beyond reasoning with and she had no other choice. "You are a hard headed ass," she tucked the bottle in an inside pocket of her trench coat, grabbed Olivia's service revolver and badge from the bench and held out a hand. "Come on Liv before they carry you to the car."

"Why ya doing this...I wasn't botherin no one." She stood up and took her lover's hand. "Send the Gestapo after me," she waved a finger at Munch and gave him the German salute. "Man in black and the black man, some pair." She wobbled and fell against Alex before they got to the car. "Ya know you're mean and peoples have called ya a bitch before?"

"I know about all the names I've been called," she pushed her lover into the back seat and watched as her eyes rolled up in her head as she passed out. "I'm sure they'll call me a few more before I'm dead and buried." She got into the back seat and pulled Olivia up to lean against her.

Alex was glad that it was dark out and that her lover lived in a quiet part of town, because Fin ended up carrying her up to her apartment and then to her bed. He shook his head at all the bags and suit bags scattered around her bedroom, he recognized them from the bull pen and gave Alex a raised brow. "So ya movin in or what?"

"No, Monique brought me here earlier to see if Liv was here, I left everything here until I can get it home."

"Might as well just fill her closet, the way you two bounce back and forth between apartments."

Alex gave him a confused look. "And how is it that you know this, are you guys following us?"

"Nope, it's the way you guys are dressed when ya come in, one day Liv's wearing silk shirts, the next," he waved a hand at Alex in the NYPD sweat shirt and patrol boots. "You're wearing her clothes and looking like a cop, ya even wear Glocks, how many ADA's do that?" He punctuated the last with a jab of his index finger. "Now let me get outta here before Munch goes ballistic, I

gotta get him some Geritol stress tabs or something." After he left, Alex locked the door and then undressed before taking care of Olivia. She was surprised to find another bottle of liquor inside a pocket in Olivia's coat; she put the bottle of Jack Daniels on the dresser and then went to undressing her lover. Once she had her naked, a bloodshot brown eye rolled open and looked at her.

"Ya take advantage of me yet?" She asked in a gruff voice and rolled to her side. "Ya know ya got a nice ass," she tried to lift her hand and touch Alex as she stepped closer but found it impossible. "Ya paralyzed me."

"Nope, that's called intoxication, just go to sleep Liv." She pulled the blankets over her and placed an extra one on top before going into the bathroom for a hot shower. She hoped that the hot water would ease the tight muscles in her neck and back, when stressed, she always felt like a whiplash victim. Turning the water on, she waited until it was hot and then climbed in to let it beat on her neck and back. At the sound of the shower door sliding on its rail, she dropped her head and waited for her lover's touch.

"I'm cold," she mumbled against Alex's back and hugged her tight. "Share the love baby, lemme at the water."

Alex chuckled and turned so that the water pounded on Olivia's back, she had to admit that she was funny when wasted. "You sound like Fin and just how drunk are you?"

"He's a good teacher and I'm sobering up some, where's my bottle?"

"Ohhh no, you're not getting anymore tonight. When we're done in here we're going to bed."

Olivia turned her around so that she was able to rest her head on her chest and wrap her arms around her waist; she closed her eyes tight and prayed for the room to stop spinning. "Shouldn't have drank that stuff, why'd you come looking for me?"

"Because, what did you expect me to do, let you wander around out in the cold over something a sick bitch said?"

"But she's right," she pulled from her lover's arms and got out of the shower. "I'm like her and there's nothing I can do about it." She walked dripping water all the way to the kitchen and searched the refrigerator for something to drink, grabbing a bottle of water; she opened it and drank half before putting it back. "I could flip out, slap ya around and then rape ya just like dear old dad!" She searched through her cabinets and pulled out a bag of sea salt and vinegar chips. "So whatcha say ta that Ally?"

Alex stopped in front of her took the chips from her hand and handed her a robe and a towel. "I say you better start at the beginning and tell me what this is all about, I'm not a mind reader." She got the bottle of water from the refrigerator, handed it and three aspirins to her lover. "Now take those, they'll help with your hang over in the morning." She went to the cabinets, pulled out some cans and then what she could find that was still edible from the refrigerator. In a few

minutes, she had food cooking on the stove and Olivia sitting at the table drinking Gatorade. "You are not like her, you hear me?" She gave her a glare and went back to what she was doing. "OK Benson start talking, I want to know what this is all about, start with the slapping me around and raping me." She watched as her lover's head snapped up and dark furious eyes met hers. "You don't scare me so knock it off and start talking." She went over to the stove, grabbed the flipper and smacked Olivia on her upper arm with it.

"Why'd you hit me?" She rubbed her arm even though the small smack didn't even penetrate her robe.

"Ya wanna hit me back?" Alex asked and went back to fixing their late supper.

"No, why would I wanna do that..." she dropped her head to the table and bounced her forehead a few times before looking up at her lover's profile, she knew what she was doing. She ducked her head and raised her shoulder when the flipper came at her again. "Oww that one hurt!"

"Wanna hit me yet, maybe bitch slap me?"

"NO, no matter what you do ta me I won't ever hit...you." The last word fell off in a quiet whisper

She reached out and smacked her harder in her arm a few times and then held eyes with her. "How about now, maybe throw me down rip my robe off?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"I'm trying to show you something that you should never have questioned in the first place, your honor."

"I'm just afraid," she looked down at her twisting hands and back up to her lover. "I know it's stupid but...you don't know me or my past."

Alex filled a plate with the scrambled eggs mixed with tomatoes, green peppers, onions and bacon and placed it in front of her lover. "Eat; it'll help your body burn through the alcohol." She filled her own plate and took the seat across from Olivia and waved her fork at her. "I only know what you've told me and what's in your jacket, so fill me in."

Olivia looked up to her and felt tears fill her eyes, she didn't cry for herself or for her mother, she cried for all the ones who didn't have a voice. The way she brought a voice to the other's was by working the SVU unit and helping what victims she could. She knew that if her mother had chosen an abortion, she wouldn't be here and the victims would be with one less voice in the world. "My mother was attacked and raped one night on her way home from work, a few weeks later, she found out she was pregnant." Alex reached across the table and took her lover's hand; she hadn't any idea that this was what was bothering her. The violence part though rang loud and clear, it's what they dealt with every day but this was closer to home. Olivia wiped at her tears with one hand and looked into clear blue eyes. "Nine months later she had me, see my point, I

was conceived in violence."

"I'm sorry Liv, I had no idea." She pulled her hand up to her lips to place a soft kiss to her palm. "But that has nothing to do with anything, we both know that, you can't stop living because you're afraid of what may or may not happen. No one has shown more strength when it comes to dealing with the violent world we live in than you, if you were going to be a violent person you would have been one way before you turned 40."

She narrowed her eyes and tilted her head to the side. "It doesn't bother you...at all?"

"Your mom being raped, yes it bothers me but that she chose to have you, not at all, if she hadn't, where would I be?" She got up from her chair and moved to stand in front of Olivia. She leaned down and pressed her face into her lover's neck and whispered. "I love you Olivia Benson, all of you." She raised her head and kissed her lips gently. "And just think of all the good you've done in your life, how many people you've touched." She used her fingertips to wipe away her tears before pulling her against for a long tight hug that she prayed pushed away any doubts that lingered. She pulled back and gave her a deep smoldering kiss before releasing her. "Now eat before it gets ice cold and nasty."

George Huang gave Perkins a small smirk and nodded his head at what she said, he was an expert at playing with suspects and this was no different. They all thought that the reason behind their crime was a good and honorable one; in this case, she thought that she had done the world and the past/future victims a favor. George would be the first to admit to having the same thoughts but he as well as the SVU Detectives would never kill a perpetrator unless it was a life and death matter and absolutely the only thing they could do. He leaned back in his chair and watched at Perkins lit another cigarette from the one she was smoking, he found it strange that someone so concerned about saving lives would risk lung cancer from smoking. "You know those are bad for you?"

She took a long drag until the tip glowed a brilliant red and then held the smoke in her lungs to then seep from her nostrils. "Like that makes any difference now," she waved her hand at the mirror. "I know that blonde bitch is going for the death penalty, so I plan on smoking enough that cancer gets me before the injection does." She shrugged her shoulders and closed one eye as the smoke curled upward. "So why are ya wasting your time with me, I'm nothing special?"

"I was just curious about the reason behind the murders, and if you were personally involved somehow, you know like a relative of one of the victims or just a concerned rape counselor?"

"I came across the file in the bottom of an old box when I was cleaning out a supply room, I tried to look into what happened and found out that the Dean and a bunch of other holier than thou assholes paid the victims off if they never mentioned what happened to them." She leaned forward and held George with her intense gaze. "It pissed me off, ya know that those punks got away with all of that and didn't even get as much as a slap on the wrist. So what if their Frat house got split up, they just hung out somewhere else and raped some more women when they

were in the mood. Ya know there were others over the years. And just a few weeks earlier, I found out that they all met at some bar and made plans as to what they were gonna do with the dates they picked up that night." She let a wicked grin come over her face and laughed hysterically. "I broke up their little party every time they got some women, nothing like a woman screaming in the middle of a rich ass bar that she got the clap from one of them."

"If you knew all of this why didn't you tell the police?"

"What and have them do like they always do, what's the conviction rate on rapists, what's the longest time they get in jail?" She held out her hands and waved them. "New York Penal Code 130.35, class B Felony of rape in the first degree, what 5 years if no priors, eight to ten if they do have them?"

"The SVU teams do catch them and then the ADA puts them behind bars, but they need the help of the victims or witnesses to do their job."

"I've seen how they do their job, I've been in the court room when a rapist has been on trial and I've seen them slapped on the wrist and given two years and three of probation. My way is so much more fulfilling and we never have to worry about them raping again."

"That may be true but now you're going to prison for killing those men, when you could have just turned them in with all the information you had on them and done more good. Now that's one less person to help the police against their fight, but it's a mote point now."

"Sure is, but if the police have my office files, they also have information on other rapists." She held out her hand, shook his and then yelled for the guard to take her back to her cell. George just sat staring at the over flowing ashtray and wondering about her beliefs.

"Maybe she can still do some good from where she is?" He got up when the guard called his name and left the interview room with a heavy heart.

Elliot sat at his desk reading over some new files that came in on the late shift; it was the same old thing. The names and faces changed but not the crime, some variations occurred but it still formed a burning mass in his stomach. He looked up and across at his partner's desk and felt a loss, as much as they argued and drove each other nuts, he wouldn't trade her in for anyone. He grinned and shook his head, he wanted to call her cell phone and wake her up just to be mean, it wasn't fair that she got to sleep in while he was at his desk before it got light out. "Have some real coffee," Monique placed a tall cup on his desk and a small white bag. "I got the last of the cheese Danishes, so what've we got this morning?" She leaned against his desk and picked up the file he had been reading. "Geez don't these people have anything better ta do then drug each other and end up dieing at the end of a dog leash?"

"Nope, what ever happened to just regular sex, ya know without the leather, handcuffs and whips?"

"You're asking the wrong person, I have to use my cuffs just to get a date." She shook her head and groaned. "I'm becoming Munch and it's scary as Hell."

"Maybe you should stop going to cop bars, I hear those guys are just plain kinky?" He wiggled his dark bushy brows and laughed when she rolled her eyes.

"OK people what have we got this morning?" Cragen asked on his way out from his office. "Any ideas on Alex's stalker yet, we need to find this person, they've gotten to the point where they're forging the DA's signature on notes and files?"

Monique waved a sheaf of papers in her hand and shrugged her shoulders. "I went over her phone records and the only calls to her house besides family came from this building, namely her own office. I don't know but I've never called my own place for anything so I can't see Alex doing it either."

Cragen nodded and looked to see if anyone else had anything. "OK, Fin, and Munch you guys go see Liz about the notes she has, Elliot, Monique, check with the computer crimes people." He ran a hand over his head to rub the back of his neck. "Olivia had Hernandez put a spy camera in Alex' monitor, see if they got anyone wandering around her office yesterday or last night, if ya get anything let me know." He watched his detectives grab their coats and head out of the bull pen, he hoped that they could get this one solved and put to bed, he needed all of his people back on the job and the ADA was counted as well. He had been getting complaints from other shifts about the sub ADA's they had to deal with in Cabot's absence and he feared a mutiny. "As cold and prickly as Alex is, she's liked and respected more than she knows." He dropped into his chair, leaned back, closed his eyes and wished he was anywhere but in his office.

Elliot looked to all the computer parts scattered on Hernandez' desk and shook his head slowly. The computer he had at home was a mystery to him except for checking his e-mail; the kids used it all the time for their homework and made him feel old. "So tell me that you've got our stalker on tape and all we have to do is go pick the asshole up."

Hernandez chuckled and shook his head. "Sorry Elliot, I wish I had your stalker but all I've got is a geeky little bi-speckled woman that reminds me eerily of my mother. She goes in front of the monitor to put files on Alex's desk and then leaves."

Elliot narrowed his eyes and waved a hand. "Wait a minute, some woman is putting files on her desk, she's not working any cases...lemme see this tape."

"Sure, just come on over here to the monitor and I'll patch you in, I've got it saving to not only her hard drive but to mine as well, you know as a back-up." The three of them stood and waited for him to sign in to the program he had running in the background of Alex's office computer. "Now this only comes on when there's movement," he pointed to the screen when it went from black to show the interior of Alex's office. "In a second you'll see her drop the files and leave,

she's been pretty regular all day, I'd say every few hours she shows up."

"What is she doing in there," Monique said out loud to herself. "Who is that women, I've never seen her before?"

"I think that's Alex's assistant, you know how the DA's office works, they replace people like we change underwear."

"I can print up a screen capture of her and you can ask Alex who she is," Hernandez hit a few keys and went over to a color printer; he came back with the picture of the woman in question and waited. "Should I keep monitoring her office and her PC?"

"Yeah, keep doing what ever Olivia had you doing and we'll let you know when we get the perp." He handed the picture to Monique and left Hernandez and the other police office geeks to their PC's. "Come on Monique lets see what else we can stir up around the ADA's offices, maybe we'll get lucky and the little geeky woman will be wandering around the hallways."

"Come on Elliot, its never that easy."

"That woman scares me more than my own moms," Fin said in a low voice as he and Munch stood in the hallway outside Liz's office. "So what's next besides seeing if the lab can pull prints other than the hundred or so people who've already handled the letters?"

"Ohhh but we have something better than the letters," Munch looked over the tops of his glasses. "We have the files that Alex supposedly stole, unless this person wanted to look like a total fruitcake, I don't think she would have worn gloves when she stole them."

"Now what if we take a picture of Alex, slap her in a six pack and see if this secretary can pick her out, if she can't then maybe the DA will calm down and take care of the judge and that asshole lawyer?"

Munch looked at him for a few seconds before nodding his head, he hadn't even thought of doing a six pack with Alex in it. "OK, we can get her picture from her file and then we'll just toss a few similar ones in it. You can call the Captain and tell him what we're doing, he won't yell at you."

"He yells at me, just not as loud as he does everyone else, plus I don't screw up as much as you guys." He pulled his cell phone free and called the captains office, hopefully he could get them some pictures to put in their six pack.

Olivia stood at one of the long windows in her living room; she placed her forehead against the cold pane and closed her eyes. She had awakened at an ungodly hour and had wandered around her apartment looking for something to get into, normally; she would have gone into work and

went over case files. She was so restless because her conscious was bothering her, she wondered if Alex would even look at her when she got up. She knew that she had to have been an ass at some point in her inebriation, she usually was and she almost always did something stupid. That was how she ended up screwing Brian Cassidy, they had gone out after a tough case was solved, got drunk and ended up in her bed. What really worried her was what Alex really thought about her conception and childhood; most people wondered how her mother had treated her. With having a child born of violence, they wondered how she could even look at her own kid and not remember what happened to her.

"Liv it's something o'clock in the morning, come back to bed." She wrapped her arms around her and rested her head beside hers. "Why are you up anyways?"

"Not really sure," she placed her hands over her lovers and gave them a slight squeeze. "I just woke up and couldn't get back to sleep." She leaned her head against Alex's and took a deep shuddering breath. "Why don't you go back to bed, I'm gonna watch TV or something."

"Liv, stop worrying about nothing and put the little voices to bed. I love you and there's nothing that can change that." She hugged her tight before releasing her and then pulling her back into the bedroom. "If you're good, I may just let you be the top for a change."

"God if anyone knew what a wimp I am, they'd never let me live it down; ya know Elliot thinks I'm a top." She fell back on the bed and yelped when Alex bit her on the shoulder. She then moaned and thrust up into her lover's body when she licked and then bit the sensitive spot beneath her ear. "You can be the top forever...I'll even call ya Mistress Alexandra."

Alex raised her head and looked down at her lover, thinking of what she had just said; she busted up laughing and fell on top of her. "I may just change my answering machine to that, 'this is Mistress Alexandra, pick a penal code and I'll call you back.' whatcha think?"

"I think you'll get all kinds of perverted messages and a good number of 'em will come from Munch." She wrapped her arms around Alex and rolled them to their sides. "Sorry for getting drunk and acting like an asshole."

"Liv, if you hadn't gotten drunk would you have told me what was bothering you? And besides, you didn't act like an asshole."

"Ahhh nope, probably not," she snuggled into Alex's body and took a deep breath. "I can be a giant chicken at times, next time if I won't tell ya something just smack me."

"My choice of weapons?" She chuckled at the wide brown eyes and hugged her tighter. "Don't look so worried, I was thinking of the flipper."

Fin handed the six-pack of pictures to Miss. Davies the secretary who had signed an affidavit to seeing Alex steal client files. "Is the woman you saw leaving your bosses office there?" The

woman looked over each picture carefully and handed it back to him with a shake of her head.

"No, she was...the only word that I can think of to describe her is mousy, she wore those little black square rimmed glasses and her hair looked like it'd been fried a dozen times by bad perms."

"Well look at this picture here, she's wearing glasses."

"Nope that's not her, she was like I said mousy, this woman is no where near mousy."

"Well ADA Cabot will be very thankful you think of her as not mousy," Munch said and handed the secretary a pad of paper and a pen. "I need you make a statement stating that you did not pick ADA Alexandra Cabot out of the photo line-up. How about this woman, is she the one?" He handed her another picture that Elliot had given him and waited.

Her eyes grew wide with the information; she shook her head and stuttered. "But that's who my boss said it was when I gave him her description, he had me make that sworn affidavit so that he could 'nail her to the wall' his words not mine." She swore under her breath and looked to both detectives. "I don't know who that other woman is either and who do I see to straighten this out?"

"You might start with Judge Bates and then go see the District Attorney; I'll let ADA Cabot know that she's off the proverbial cross."

"I'm really sorry about all of this, my boss said it was her and I believed him. Kind of stupid to believe a lawyer but when he's the one who writes out your paycheck what are you supposed to do?"

"We understand, but if I were you, I'd be looking for someone else to work for, your boss hung you out to dry right along with Ms. Cabot. Not only that, his scum sucking client is back on the street because of all this."

Olivia waved her hand in front of her face to clear the smoke and coughed. "Tell me again why I'm doing this," she coughed and turned her back to wipe at her eyes. "It's not even lunch time yet?"

"Such a baby, here use this." Alex handed her charcoal fluid and a *Bic* candle lighter. "Just make sure you jump back, I'm not gonna explain why your eyebrows are missing." She slapped her on the ass before going back into the kitchen to get the hot dogs and hamburgers.

"I can't believe I'm doing this, it's like 40 degrees out here and I'm lighting a tiny little BBQ. I've seen Frisbees bigger than this, if Elliot could see this he'd die, him and his manly man gas grill with the side burners to make what ever."

"Are you still whining?"

"Yeah and I'm getting really good at it, so much that I'm irritating myself." She squeezed out the charcoal fluid, leaned back and reached out with one arm to light the smoking briquettes, when it whooshed, she fell back into Alex. "This is fucking insane," she ran fingers across her eyebrows to make sure they were still there. "I got lucky that time."

Alex ran her fingers across Olivia's brows and then down to tip her chin up. "Thank God, you'd look really weird without them." She placed a soft kiss to her lips, handed her the plate with the hot dogs and burgers and then went to the coffee table. "Put those on the table out there and then come have a shot with me."

Olivia rolled her eyes; Alex's table was a milk crate. What the BBQ sat on was another milk crate with a piece of tin on top to shield it from heat. "Who knew that I could get such a classy woman, she has all the makings of a keeper." She went back in to the living room, slid the door closed and raised an eyebrow at the bottle of Monte Alban Mezcal and two shot glasses on the table. "Ally, two shots of that stuff can drop a man Elliot's size."

Alex held out a shot glass, the salt and then balanced a piece of lime on the top of the glass. "Ohhh come on and have a shot with me, Elliot's a light weight, I can do three shots before I fall over in a coma that lasts twelve hours or more."

"Sounds like experience talking there, ever eat the worm?"

"Yeah, my insight from eating that damn thing was to become a lawyer so I could get myself and friends outta jail."

Olivia licked the area of her hand between index finger and thumb, poured salt there and then licked it. Slamming the Mezcal, she then bit into the lime and grimaced. "Damn...three shots...you can do three shots of this stuff?" She closed her eyes and let the heat run through her body.

Alex took her shot and then placed her shot glass on the table. "Yep, but I'm not gonna do that today." She pulled Olivia into her body and hugged her tight. "Cuz we got wieners to grill."

"You know I think I'm a bad influence on you, your speech patterns have gone ta shit."

"Nah, I just know that my ten dollar words don't impress you anymore."

"I have news for ya baby, they never did." She gave her a big grin. "It's actions that impress me and what you did early this morning impressed me for the next century," she pressed her hips into her and groaned deeply into her ear. "I may have to take up yoga, I can't bend like you do and I think I broke a hip." She let go of Alex and dropped down onto the couch. "Remember, I got ten years on you," her grin widened. "I robbed the cradle!"

"You're channeling Munch again and just wait a few minutes and the Mezcal will numb all your pain."

"Like the vodka I drank isn't enough to kill my liver and numb my body, why are we doing shots on a Saturday afternoon anyway?"

"I always do at least one shot on Saturday, it's to celebrate that I survived another week at work and I'm not sitting in jail on the weekend, ya know contempt of court?"

"Yeah I know all to well about you and warming a bench behind bars, you've set a new record, John usually has to pay but you get to do both." She reached up and pulled Alex down onto her lap. "So back to the shot thing, I get it now; you take a shot as a way of saluting the worm, your profession and the fact that you're able to do it because you're not in jail."

"You put a lot of words to my simple little superstition, but yeah that's it." Wrapping her arms around Olivia's neck, she pulled her up to her, looked into her dark eyes and rolled her hips down into her. "Ya ready for wieners?"

"With you doing that ta me, you ask if I'm ready for wieners, that's the last thing that comes to mind."

"Too bad for you 'cuz I'm hungry," she got up from the couch and headed towards her balcony. "And the charcoal is just perfect; wanna cut up the onions and tomatoes for me while I watch our wieners?"

"Ya know you saying wieners is somehow...dirty, I guess it messes with the whole ADA Cabot vision."

Alex leaned in from the balcony and gave her a wink. "You ain't seen nothing yet."

Munch looked to his partner, grinned and walked up the stairs to Alex's building. "Come on Fin its good news for a change."

"Yeah, but it's the weekend and Alex might be busy, we should've called first; ya know to warn her and Olivia?"

"And that's why you're going up to the door first."

"Remind me again why I haven't traded you in on a hot little number like Monique?"

"Because I look better in black than she does," he stopped beside Alex's door and crossed his arms over his chest. "What are ya waiting for?"

"You to change your mind and call this off until Monday," he watched John lower his head so that he was looking over the tops of his glasses and knew it was hopeless. "Alright but if we interrupt something I'm blaming you."

John looked at his watch and snorted. "It's three o'clock in the afternoon; no one has sex at this time of the day."

Alex lay on the living room floor with one leg on the coffee table, her arms out to the side and the empty Dijon honey mustard bottle beside her. She opened one eye to watch her lover limp from the living room and grinned, she would admit to herself only that her lover had more stamina than she did. Not to mention that Olivia had a wicked imagination and she would never look at mustard the same or at least not without a smirk. She also knew that she didn't have to buy hot dog buns ever again; Olivia dipped them in mustard and ate them like little kids do. "You're gonna help me up right?" She asked when Olivia came back in the room after turning the shower on.

"Actually no, I like the view from up here," she let her eyes trail over her lover's body and growled. "But considering you're a funny yellowish color from the remains of mustard, I'll help ya up."

"You're so kind, I'll remember this next time you get a leg cramp." She groaned when Olivia pulled her up from the floor. "And you're the one who squirted mustard all over me."

"And licked it off," she winked and ran a fingertip through the damp blonde hair at her apex. "Next time we'll use hot mustard."

"You're one of a kind Liv, most people would use honey or some kind of love gel or chocolate syrup, you're the queen of condiments."

"You should see what I can do with Reese cups and Hershey bars," she pulled her into the shower and had just soaped up her body when she heard someone knocking on the door. "We just can't get a break, every time we get in the shower..." She moaned and clutched at her lover when she shut her up with a sultry kiss.

"I'll get the door, maybe me covered in just soap will send them screaming from the building."

"Nah ahhh...I'll go, shoot 'em and leave the body for someone else to report." Grabbing Alex's robe from the back of the door, she pulled it on and headed to the door with a scowl plastered firmly in place. "I have a big gun and a badge that makes it legal to shoot and ask questions when I feel like it!"

"Well, our two badges beat your one badge so open up and let us in!" John yelled through the door and gave Fin a smirk.

Olivia opened the door and gave her friends evil glares. "But if I throw in an ADA badge it beats your two badges and have I completely lost my mind?"

"Possibly," John said as he walked into the apartment and looked around at the disarray. "Do I

smell charcoal and grilled hotdogs?"

"In the kitchen, Alex goes nuts when she BBQ's, we could feed the whole bull pen. Lemme get dressed, it'll give ya time to come up with good excuses as to why you're here." She headed back to the bathroom, once inside; she dropped her robe and climbed back into the shower with Alex. "John and Fin are here and we're feeding 'em left overs."

Alex turned and blinked water from her eyes. "What did we do this time...ohhh Hell...where's the vibrator?" She climbed from the shower grabbed the robe that Olivia had dropped and pulled it on. "Please let it be under the couch." She mumbled as she tried to walk from the bathroom with some dignity.

Munch looked out into the living room from where he stood in the kitchen and tilted his head sideways and then back before tapping Fin on the shoulder. "Tell me that's not one of those Jelly dildo vibrators standing up on the coffee table."

"OK I won't, that's a new foot massager by foot med...let's see how she handles this." He whispered after seeing Alex try to sneak out into the living room by way of her bedroom, she scanned the room and felt her face take on a heat that could rival a volcano. Moving quickly to the table, she grabbed up all the items that littered the top and slipped the dildo into her pocket. "Hi guys, did you find everything you needed?"

"Ohhh yeah and then some," John said around a mouthful of hamburger. "Kind of cold out for a BBQ isn't it?"

"It's never too cold for that," she placed the dirty dishes on the counter and pointed to her bedroom. "Lemme go get dressed."

"The echo finally reached us didn't it?" Fin said and grabbed a Coke from the refrigerator. "They're just too funny; I wonder if she knows the dildo's too tall for her pocket?"

"Probably not, we'll send her and Olivia a memo on the difference between proportions."

Olivia watched Alex fall face first into bed and just lay there, pulling a t-shirt on, she dropped down beside her. "Did you find our toy?"

Alex pulled it from her pocket and waved it in the air before dropping her arm. "It was standing up waving at the guys, I know damn well they saw it, how could they not see a neon green jelly dildo in the center of the coffee table!"

"Ooops, guess we're busted on having horrible taste in dildo colors." She snickered and fell over to cuddle up to her lover. "It's not like they all don't know what goes on; remember we're the sex

police."

"But this is really embarrassing Liv, I mean they know about our dildo."

"I'll tell 'em it's mine and to drop it." She got up after placing a kiss on her neck and went out to find the guys still eating. "A lot better than those ones we get from the street vendors huh?" She squeezed past John and started to make a pot of coffee. "So what brings you guys over here besides free food?"

"We got Alex cleared on the file theft thing," Fin handed her a copy of the report that the secretary wrote and went back to eating. "We did a mug shot six pack with your girlfriend's picture in it, she didn't pick her."

"You put one of Alex's security pictures in a six pack?" She laughed and sobered when she saw her walk from the bedroom dressed in a faded NYPD sweatshirt and jeans.

"No we got one from when she was doing titty flashing movies," John smirked and winked at Alex as she stopped in mid step and paled. "Hey Alex, you know you should have gotten some royalty checks from those videos."

"I am so screwed; there goes my chance to be Governor of New York." She slumped down onto a bar stool and dropped her chin down on top of her hands.

"Hey I'd vote for ya," Fin said. "It'd be the first time we had someone in office that wasn't so damn stuffy and holier than thou. And ya look a Hell of a lot better in a skirt than the one we got now." He noticed the looks directed at him and shrugged his shoulders. "I ain't sayin nothin."

"OK, so I'm cleared on stealing those case files, what about the rest of the case, anything new on my stalker?" Both men shook their heads and then John raised a finger.

"We did find out that the woman who took the files was mousy, know any mousy little woman?"

"Besides my assistant no...wait, did you guys check her out?"

Olivia slapped a hand down on the counter and looked to her lover. "She's always there and she has access to you computer, files and anything else in the building."

"But she's been there longer than I have why would she be stalking me?" She asked and then looked around for the cell phone that was ringing. "Someone's phone...where's our phones?"

"I have no idea," she went into the bedroom and grabbed the ringing phone, flipping it open, she listened and stopped dead in her tracks.

"Is she there with you...I told you that I didn't like that and that you would pay?"

"Yeah I'm here and you won't do a damn thing because you're a coward, come and get me

asshole...ohhh wait you can only make threats by leaving notes and calling on the phone. So that means we're safe, I've already taken out all your flunkies." She made her way to the kitchen, grabbed the notepad lying near the phone and wrote down the number that came across the small screen on the cell phone. Fin grabbed his phone, called the bull pen to have Elliot and Monique check to see who the number belonged to.

"You won't get away with this, she's mine and she will always be mine!"

"Keep on dreaming asshole and all those damn roses you keep sending, we toss them in the nearest dumpster, Alex doesn't want them or you." She looked at the note Fin wrote and then to John. "What's the matter is it finally sinking in that she doesn't want anything to do with you, is that why you're so quiet?"

"I'm coming for you Detective Benson!" Then the line went dead.

"OK what was that all about?" Alex asked in a low threatening voice and grabbed the notepad from where it lay. "Wait a minute; the call was made from my boss's phone?"

"That's what Monique said, they were headed there to see if they could catch whoever it was making the call."

"Like that's gonna happen," Alex whispered and looked to her lover. "What did the asshole say before they hung up and was it a woman?"

"Ohhh that they were coming for me and I have no idea what sex the person is they were using one of those electronic voice devices." She laced her fingers with Alex and looked to her friends. "I think this goes way beyond stalking, stalkers want the person to know who they are. This asshole is too secretive and keeps sending flunkies after us."

"Hopefully the camera's picked something up and we've got this picture for Alex to identify, the woman was at her computer." John handed the picture over and waited to see if Alex knew who it was.

"She was at my desk...I've never seen her before and where the Hell was my assistant when this woman was in my office which is supposed to be locked!"

"Fuck where the Hell did she go," Monique looked around them and then to the stairwell doors. "Shit, I bet she took off down the stairs and is wandering around on another floor."

Elliot planted his hands on his hips and looked around with narrowed eyes; chances of catching the woman were slim. "Take your pick, these stairs or the ones at the other end; we meet out front after the outside is taking care of."

"I'll take these and then check the back alleyways, make the loop and meet you out front." She took off at a jog to the stairwell while Elliot took off in the opposite direction to the stairs that came out closer to the front doors of the building. Just down the hallway from Alex's office door was the public bathrooms, a small redheaded woman walked out carrying a large blue book bag with her black wool coat draped over her arm. She stopped in front of one of the office windows and checked her hair before heading to the elevators. She had seen the two detectives searching for her but never paid any attention to her as she slipped into the bathroom, they needed to pay more attention to their surroundings, she had been walking among them for months and they never knew.

"Now to go take care of Detective Benson and ADA Cabot in one shot or should I say two?" She laughed manically and ignored the strange looks she got as she walked from the elevator.

Cragen sat on the edge of Olivia's desk and looked to his four detectives and then down to the toe of his brown shoe, at every turn this stalker was getting the best of them; he was wondering if it wasn't a cop or one of the investigators that the DA used. What he wanted to do about the person and what was lawful were two different things, he wanted to just turn his detectives loose and let them do what ever to nail the stalker but he had to remember that no matter what the person did, they had rights. "OK people, I want two of you to ghost Alex and Olivia," he held up a hand when he heard mumbling. "I know that they'll both throw a shit fit over this, blame me. The other two sit in the security office and watch out for any female going towards Alex's office or Liz's for that matter. Someone goes in that isn't identifiable, grab 'em."

Elliot looked from Monique to John and Fin and shrugged his shoulders, he really didn't want to ghost his partner, he had caught Hell the last time he had her watched. It took weeks before she was civil to him and didn't send fiery glares over the desk tops at him. He had done it because he was afraid for her and because she had ignored the threat to herself. "We can flip for it or we'll take the boring job of watching the monitors?" Monique spoke up and watched Elliot breathe for the first time in a few minutes.

"So we get to watch the nymphomaniacs...I didn't say that." John said and looked over his glasses at Elliot. "You know if they catch us Olivia's gonna hang a foot up both our asses?"

Elliot gave him a wide grin and shook his head. "Better you than me, I got the royal reaming last time remember?"

"Ohhh how could any of us forget, she sat across from you and shot daggers all day long, not to mention pouring Tabasco sauce in your coffee when you weren't looking."

Monique gave them all an evil grin. "I would've done worse, Ipecac is nastier."

"See that," Fin waved a finger at her. "They're worse than any serial killer and just plain evil, they bat their eyelashes to distract us and dump Ipecac in our coffee."

Olivia had both hands stuffed deeply into her coat pockets; she looked to her side and at her lover who was staring back at her with a raised brow. "Will you loosen up Liv; you're acting like we're going to a firing squad." She reached out and yanked one of her lover's hands from her pocket and twined their fingers. "I'm tired of being cooped up and worrying about if that freak is gonna get me," She pulled Liv up against her side and whispered in her ear as they walked. "Besides we have two of New York's finest following us."

"Oohh don't tell me Elliot is playing body guard."

"Nope, we got the other two, ya know the men in black. Has anyone ever told John that he does not blend in with the general population?"

"Yeah and ya know if he dresses in anything other than black it's hard not to just stare at 'em, he looks so different."

Alex looked to her side and smirked; her lover was jittery and kept looking around them like the stalker was going to jump right from the side of a building. "Calm down Liv," she changed her tone of voice and had Liv stopping dead in her tracks to look at her as if she had grown two heads. "Dontcha know ya give yerself a nervous condition, ya know I was hoping we could just take a walk, relax, catch a movie, and be regular people dontcha think?"

"That is just...ya sound like...I have no idea...freaky."

Alex chuckled and bumped shoulders with her. "That's just super, ya think I'm freaky. Imagine having to listen to someone speak like that for years, after a while ya start ta talk just like you're from Brainerd Minnesota."

"I can just picture you in the courtroom talking like that; the judge would lock you up. Who do ya know from Minnesota?"

"College room mate, it took me a while to get used to her speech patterns, she never swore, she would always say 'What's the Christ' instead." She looked to wide brown eyes and grinned. "So ya think putting up with the other detectives is weird, try someone that says 'what's the Christ all the time.'"

"Munch and his conspiracy theories sounds good compared to the other, how about we take 'em to see a chick flick that should drive 'em nuts?"

Alex grinned evilly and shook her head. "I'm thinking much worse, a dyke bar, with lots of leather."

"I think Alex made us." Munch said and stepped to the side to let a huge woman walk between

him and Fin.

"Ohhh you mean that's what she meant when she turned her head, winked and mouthed I see you guys?"

"That would be it, ohhh Hell Fin look where they're taking us."

Fin ran a hand across his mustache and goatee, shook his head at what kind of luck he and his partner were having. "We can deal, you should be used ta women not wanting anything ta do with ya." He slapped him on the shoulder and waited a few minutes before going into the dyke bar. "I'm gonna make Alex pay for this, talk about frustrating."

He and John took a spot in the corner nearest the door and stayed in the darkness, with a flash of their badges; the bartender left them alone with their Cokes and kept the other patrons from bothering them as well. "Leave it up to Alex to drag us to a dyke bar where men were considered the enemy."

"Ohhh come on Munch, that's what all your wives considered you even before ya got divorced." He looked around and watched as the women mingled and spoke in normal tones. "Ya know this is kinda nice, no loud music blasting your ear drums, pushing or pissing contests, maybe they got something here."

"Yeah civilization, the way it should be." He raised his glass for a refill and then spotted Olivia and Alex sitting at a far table watching them. "I think this is their idea of fun, watching us try to hide in a bar full of women."

"OK now who's watching who now?" Olivia asked and took a sip of her beer.

"I think it's funny, not like you guys haven't been in all sorts of places before but for those two to just sit and be uncomfortable as Hell makes my night." She leaned in and looked into dark eyes. "So tell me about all the titty bars you guys have been in?"

Olivia took a longer drink, placed her bottle on the table and looked off into the distance like she was trying to pull a memory forward. "Seen one set of tits seen 'em all...maybe I should just eat my gun now huh?" She wished that someone would come along and start a fight or some other distraction to help get her out of the trouble she had just put herself in. "That didn't come out right, of course you have the best pair of...just shoot me...please?"

The entire time Olivia was stumbling over her words, Alex's smile was growing wider until she blinded her lover with it. It wasn't often that she smiled but when she did it was breath taking and a total shock to those who saw it. She placed her fingertips over her lover's lips to stop her babbling and intertwined their fingers together. "I think this is the first time that I've ever seen you at a loss for words Detective Benson, and in bed doesn't count if that's what you're thinking."

"Well what am I supposed ta say to you when I've put both feet in my mouth?"

Alex leaned in and whispered against her lips. "Don't say a word." She brushed their lips together before tangling her fingers in her lover's hair and deepening the kiss.

"Go back in your apartment this is police business." The female police officer said to an older man who poked his head out into the hallway and went back to work trying to get the locks on Olivia's door opened. She knew that both Olivia and Alex had top of the line locks on their doors but nothing could withstand a crowbar and a set of master keys for every door lock made. It paid to know people in different lines of business and have people owe favors. She heard the final click and pushed the door open with a quiet whoosh. Leaning in with her pistol out in front of her, she stopped and listened for any sounds. When no sounds came to her ears, she put her gun away and made her way to Olivia's bedroom, the first place she started looking were her dresser drawers. "I know you have one, every cop has a couple back up weapons." She searched every drawer being careful to leave it as undisturbed as possible, her next area to search was the bathroom, she knew of people hiding backup weapons in plastic bags in the toilet tank. When she came up empty, she searched the bed, closets and ended up in the living room. "Come on Detective Benson, you're not the type to not have an extra piece, where do you hide it?" She went into the kitchen and pulled open a drawer closest to the door, there she found full clips and a Berretta. "I knew you had one, now to make good use of it." She looked around to make sure that nothing was out of place and then left the same way she came.

"Damn Davies to Hell and back, she would have to quit and leave me to find everything on my own!" Barrows yelled and flung file folders off his secretary's desk in a shower of pages and post-it notes. She hadn't even given him a second to beg and plead before she threw the office keys at him and slammed the glass door hard enough to crack the glass. Now he had court in less than twenty minutes and couldn't find the briefs he needed or the investigation reports, without them he didn't stand a chance of winning the cases. Yanking the bottom drawer of her desk out and dumping it on the floor, he made a bigger mess and added to his problem. His screaming obscenities about women in general was brought to a halt when the door opened and one of New York's finest stepped in to look down at him.

"Are you the counselor who caused the problems for ADA Alexandra Cabot?"

Barrows looked up with narrowed green eyes and nodded his head. "If you mean having her suspended for stealing files then yeah that's me, what's this about, is she having me served?"

The officer pulled the Berretta from behind her back, fired one shot between his eyes and dropped the gun to the floor. "Consider yourself served." She turned and looked around the outer office before stepping into his and looking for the VCR to the security system, after pulling the tape out, she turned and left with it in her hand.

Elliot looked up from where he was watching the empty hallway on the security monitor, Monique had fallen from her chair when her cell phone woke her up, she was now looking at him with wide eyes and her mouth hanging open. "OK we'll be right there...where's Benson now?" She hung up her phone and waved a hand at the door. "We got a big problem; we got us a dead lawyer and Olivia's Berretta at the scene."

"Ooh don't tell me she went and finally did us all a favor, she was supposed to let me watch!" He jogged after Monique and stopped when his cell phone rang. "Stabler...yeah we heard, where are they?"

"Right now they're on the dance floor and I'm not about to describe what they're doin." Fin shoved Munch and waved a finger in front of him. *"Don't you dare, someone will kick your bony ass and then I'll have to rescue you."* He took a deep breathe and waited for Elliot to stop laughing. *"Munch wants his ass kicked by a bar full of lesbians."*

"We're headed over to the scene now, keep Alex and Liv...hell I don't know what you can do where those two are concerned."

"We can handle them; let us know what ya find out."

"OK, gotta go Monique is ready to kick my ass." He hung up his cell and ran for the car as it was creeping away from the curb. "You're worse than Liv; she's left me standing on the sidewalk before."

"As slow as you move I can't figure out why ya don't have moss growing on ya. Now get your ass in here so we can go see what the Hell is going on."

"I'm not slow; I just can't run and talk on the phone at the same time."

"Let's ditch the boys and head on home," Olivia said close to her lover's ear and then slipped her hands down across her hips to her ass. "I just wanna lay on the couch with you, watch some TV and eat ice cream."

"Ya know you're a cheap date, a container of Ben and Jerry's and you're happy." She took Olivia's hand and pulled her towards the back door to the bar. "We'll stop and get ice cream on the way home, there's that little place near my building that stays open all night. We can rent some DVD's there to; maybe get a scary movie or something."

"You don't mind just hanging out at home," she looked at her large silver watch. "It's like seven at night and we're headed home, is that a sign of old age?"

"With our screwed up lives, being able to just lay around and relax with you is the best thing in

the world." When they got outside, Alex pressed Olivia up against the wall and leaned into her body. "How long before the guys know we've snuck away?"

"A few minutes at best why?" She didn't have a chance to say anything when Alex pushed her along the wall and into a dark cubby hole used to store empty soda canisters. "Ohhh Hell Ally we're gonna get caught..." Her head fell back on her shoulders when Alex unbuttoned her Levis and slipped her hand between her thighs. "Ally...you're evil..." Her words were cut off when Alex captured her lips in a consuming kiss and caressed her slick folds, reaching out she wrapped her arms around Alex's neck to steady herself. She couldn't believe what they were doing out in an alleyway with Munch and Fin just inside the building. Their kiss broke and left them gasping for air and then panting when Olivia slipped a hand down the front of her lover's baggy khaki's and into the wetness that gathered between her thighs. Feverishly they thrust against each other until Alex fell against Olivia and grunted out her release against her shoulder. With her climax still pounding between her thighs, she pushed deep inside of Olivia and felt her muscles clamp and then flutter around her fingers. They stood in the darkness holding on to each other while trying to catch their breaths; it started out as a low chuckle and then grew when Olivia thought of what they had just done.

"What's so funny?" Alex asked and fastened her pants back up while Olivia tried to straighten her own clothes.

"I can't believe what we just did," she gave Alex a quick kiss and pulled her against her body. "This moves to the top of my risky places where I've had sex, I thought the church was up there but this."

"Wait a minute; you've had sex in a church?" Alex pulled back and pulled her into the dim light of the bars lights.

"I just gave you my deepest secret," she took her hand and pulled her towards the street where they could catch a cab for home. "It was a very long time ago and it was in the basement where they have the boiler room, damn my legs are still shaking." She stopped and leaned against a street sign.

"You really are kinkier than I am; I thought this was very risky."

"Remember baby I'm older and I led a life the complete opposite of yours, my teenage years were Pink Floyd, AC/DC, Led Zeppelin and Kiss. We got wasted and did all kinds of stupid ass stuff that you would never have thought of." She thought a few seconds and grinned. "Come to think of it, you'd be arrested today for what we did and got away with because it was considered a kids prank."

Alex moved to her side and stood close to absorb some of her body heat and get out of the cold wind that had kicked up. "Like what?"

"Stealing the light bars off police cruisers, one night we stole the city bus shed off Broadway and West 97th. If my mom had ever found out what I was doing she would have locked me up

herself." She waved a hand and moved forward when a yellow cab pulled up to the curb and stopped. They climbed in, gave the address and sat close together in the back seat.

"I bet ya never did anything like flash your tits to a couple thousand drunken college students while riding on a spring break float going down Bourbon Street in New Orleans?"

"Uuummm nope, does yours or my apartment count, 'cuz that's the only place I'm doing any flashing?" She tossed bills to the cab driver and waited for Alex to get out of the cab before following her to the front door of her building and then inside.

"Ohhh fuck dad's gonna kill us if we don't catch up to those two," Fin grumbled and peeled around the corner and up the street where Alex's building was. "I should've known they woulda pulled something like this, damn women."

"Were we supposed to follow them into the bathroom as well; it's not like they're just regular citizens that can't take care of themselves." John said and grabbed onto the dashboard to keep from being tossed through the windshield. "You're driving sucks, it's worse than Monique's!"

"Yeah well we never did get those drivers licenses, didn't need 'em in our neighborhoods." He slapped the NYPD placard on the dashboard and got out of the car. "I hope they came here instead of going to Liv's place, it's bad enough she's gonna flip out when we tell her what happened but to go home and find cops in your crib."

"So instead we get to witness the meltdown with no back-up, just great." Munch mumbled and opened the car door.

"Detective Benson I'm Officer Judas, I'm here to take you into the 15th precinct." The female officer said as she walked towards Alex and Olivia. "You're needed for questioning in regards to the murder of Attorney Barrows."

Olivia blinked and pushed Alex behind her, there was something with the way the officer moved that didn't feel right. "What has that got to do with me and why didn't my Captain call me?"

"I'm not sure, I was told to come over here and bring you in." She slowly moved her hand behind her and pulled out the M-18 air tazer she had and fired it at Olivia. The second the EMD wires hit her, she went rigid and dropped to the floor. Alex back peddled until she hit the wall behind her and then turned to run for the outer door. She got right to the door and felt the coldness of a gun barrel press against the back of her neck. "Move and I'll blow your head clean from your shoulders; now move real slow out the door, any sudden moves and you're history."

"You can't get away with this; there are two cops right outside this door."

"Yes I can, I can kill you and then what ever happens to me doesn't matter, I just want those stupid cops to see that I win in the end no matter what. And the best part is that Detective Benson has to live with the thought that she lost you because she failed at her job and at protecting her lover."

"So you've been stalking me all this time just to kill me and then die yourself, that is completely asinine." Alex said and stood looking out into the park, she hoped that she could either talk her stalker into putting her gun down or at least stall her long enough for Olivia or the other two detectives to come to her rescue. "Why me, I mean there's plenty of other people out there you could have stalked?"

"Yes but there's only one Alexandra Cabot, High Society snob turned Assistant district attorney, you put innocent people in prison and let the real criminals walk around." She jabbed her in the back of her neck harder. "You let the man who raped and killed my sister get away with it, our father was walking around until I killed him and the best part is you people just now caught on to what was going on?"

Alex felt weakness in her knees as the realization hit her. "All the men that have been turning up dead...you're part of that?"

"Of course I am, you got my sister but that's because she wanted the cops to get her, my job was to play with you and keep you off balance."

"I never had any of those men in court, so you wasted a lot of time stalking me to keep me off balance." She slowly turned to face the smaller woman and held her with ice blue eyes. "I'll ask you the same question I asked your sister, why not go to the SVU and tell them about everything? If they had known what your father had done they would have arrested him."

"Ohhh like a corporate big shot with more money than brains would end up behind bars; he paid off so many people to keep the truth hidden that it would take centuries to uncover it. But then you people all know about the money changing hands, it's too late now, my little sister is dead and so is the asshole who abused us sexually for years." She watched Munch and Fin step up behind Alex and grinned. "Your Key Stone Cops showed up, a lot of good it'll do, they shoot me, I shoot you. Or the other way around, either way you're dead counselor." She waved the gun in front of Alex's face and then held it at her forehead.

She watched Olivia step up behind the officer but keep to the side so that she could see her. "Well then get it over with, I don't have all night for this," she let her ADA façade slip into place and saw that her lover had noticed. "Such a pity that I'll be shot by a coward, you couldn't handle this any other way?" Straightening her shoulders and placing her hands behind her back, she dipped her head and took one step to her right. When her lover's eyes darkened, she lunged to the side and hit the ground hard. The sounds of shots firing and then a searing pain across her hip sent her deeper into the pavement. She didn't move until Olivia knelt beside her and then pulled her onto her lap. "What took you so long?"

"I thought I'd flop around on the floor for a few moments, you know take full advantage of a few

hundred volts of electricity running through me." She slid her hand under the Kevlar vest she wore and rubbed a sore spot. "The vest helped but not much and don't you ever play with a nutcase again,"

"You guys OK," Fin asked and held out his handkerchief to Olivia. "Alex ya know ya caught a shot in the ass?"

"I thought so, it burns like a bitch." She dropped her head onto Olivia's shoulder and winched when she applied pressure to the area. "Liz will just love this; I get shot in the one place she's always wanted to kick."

"What about our imposter there?" Olivia asked even though she knew the answer, she wasn't going for a wounding shot; she shot her in the back of the head.

"One word," Munch walked up to them. "Swiss cheese, or is that two words, either way she's harmless now. And what in the Hell were you thinking counselor, I saw that courtroom dip thing?"

Alex chuckled and then groaned when pain shot through her ribcage. "I didn't know that anyone paid that much attention to how I moved in the courtroom besides Liv, it worked so who cares right?"

"Yeah and that's the good news of the night," Fin said and then shrugged his shoulders. "Well maybe not but it's in the way ya look at it, we got a dead attorney and he was shot with Liv's off duty piece." He grinned when Olivia closed her eyes and dropped her head down to rest on her lovers.

Olivia walked down the hallway attaching her badge and holster back on her belt; it had taken IAD a week to clear her of the Barrows shooting. That alone proved that they're incompetent assholes, she had a solid alibi with being in a bar with hundreds of people, two detectives following her and Alex and the cab drive to her lover's building. IAD still had to check with everyone and their damn grandmother to make sure that she couldn't have possibly snuck away and killed the attorney. There may be crime in the police department and it started in IAD, it was a crime that those in charge of weeding the problems out were all brainless. She checked her cell phone and realized that she had grabbed Elliot's instead; she wondered how many phone calls he had received that made no sense to him what's so ever. Even though they had been partners for years, she had different contacts than he did. Turning the corner to the bull pen, she saw her partner raise the phone to his ear and knew that it would not be an easy day for them when his face turned a bright red and his mouth dropped open in shock. "*Wanna have hot steamy phone sex?*" Elliot's mouthed moved but nothing came out until he saw Olivia standing next to him.

"It's for you." He handed her his cell phone and sat shaking his head and thinking of what kind of sex life his partner had.

"Detective Benson can I help you?" She asked and then groaned when she heard her lover laugh hysterically on the other end. "What did you do to Elliot, he's in shock?"

Alex sobered enough to talk and then laughed more after telling her lover what she had said. *"I know I called your phone, I was just as surprised as he was when I heard no reply for my phone sex offer."*

"I may have to call 911 or his wife," she went around and dropped down into her chair. "So is that what you really wanted or is there something else?"

"What I really want and what I can have are two different things, right now I want nothing more than to be at home. But, I need the ME's reports on my stalker so I can close out my end. And a shoulder massage would do wonders for my attitude, my floor wants me locked up or my desk moved to the bull pen."

"So you can bother us all day instead of them, I can handle that." She searched her desk and then Elliot's for the files and pulled them from his out box. "I got 'em right here, I'll be there in a few minutes as soon as I get Elliot to stop looking at me like I'm nuts." She hung up with Alex and then looked to Elliot. "So you and Kath don't have phone sex?" She grinned and waited for him to say something.

"If we have sex period it's a total shock, with four kids running through the house it's hard to have any quality time if ya know what I mean. So besides phone sex, what did Alex want?"

"She has to close out her reports and needs the ME's report before she can do it, any word on how her stalker was able to hide among us?"

"Yep, Monique was able to trace her activities to of all the damn places, the records archives. She's worked for the city for six years and in those years, she's been able to hack into every rape case file ever investigated."

"Well that just told me how she was able to get so much information on Alex," she took a copy of the report from Elliot and scanned over the pages, when she came to an area for expenses, she snickered and looked at her partner. "The city paid for all those roses that went to Alex?"

"Yeah, she somehow got into the city council funds and charged all those flowers to a certain councilman and a few law firms as well, we turned that part over to the white collar guys. I know they'll be having all kinds of fun looking into why no one noticed the money missing and why there are all kinds of charity checks being deposited in personal accounts."

Olivia felt the burn in her stomach start up again, with another senseless death more bad guys would be brought down. "If they had just stepped forward with what they knew, we could have helped them."

"But somewhere along the line, we failed them and the only way they could see justice done was to take it in their own hands. Sometimes we win and sometimes we get smacked around because

we're blind," Cragen said and handed Olivia her off duty weapon. "We just have to do better in the eyes of the public," he handed Olivia a folder. "Now we can start by getting these over to Alex, this should be the last of the files on the two combined cases." He went back to his office to get the ball rolling on other cases.

"Guess I'll run these over to Alex, ya need anything?" She got up, switched cell phones with Elliot and waited for him to answer.

"Nah, knowing that the honeymoon is still in full swing, I may not see you for hours."

She gave him a smirk and a small wave as she left the bull pen with the files in her hand, she knew he was right but she wasn't about to admit it.

Alex laid her glasses on her desk, leaned back in her chair and rubbed her tired eyes with the heels of her hands. Even with the other ADA's taking over her cases while she was out of the office, she still came back to a full in box and numerous other files that haunted the place. Days before when she returned, her assistant had caught her blowing up the seat cushion that was used by people with hemorrhoids. The bullet shot had healed but it was still tender and her doctor advised the use of the cushion. Now she wished she had never brought it into to work with her, Liz had poked her head in her office just to laugh at her. "Maybe private practice needs to be looked into further...nah, I'd have to deal with scumbags." She let her head drop back and closed her eyes, that left her wide open for her visitor to sneak in and lay a single pink rose in the center of her desk and then drop to her knees beside her desk.

"I don't know about private practice but I can give ya a private performance."

Alex opened one eye and looked down into her lovers mischievous dark eyes and knew that she was completely serious with her offer. "And what would this performance entail and will it get me in deep shit?"

"All you gotta do is sit back and let me take care of you and the only way you'll get in trouble is if you scream." She crawled on her knees until she was in front of Alex; she placed her hands on her knees and pushed her fingers under the edge of her gray skirt. Pushing her lover's shirt higher, she saw the edge of her silk hose and moaned deeply. "Ohhh God, you wore stockings with a garter belt."

Alex let her head fall back again and whispered in a deep voice. "It's the black lacy one that matches everything I'm wearing," she jumped when Olivia took her shoes off and started rubbing her feet. "What are you doing?"

"What I said I was gonna do, give ya a private performance." She ran her thumb up Alex's arch and pressed in to massage a sensitive spot, a wide grin came over her face when Alex whimpered and then slapped a hand over her mouth. "I'm gonna get you one of those foot massagers, ya know the ones that you put your feet on and they vibrate?"

"What do I need one of those for if I have you?"

"For the simple fact that Cragen won't be getting a call from me about one of his detectives being under one of my ADA's desks, that's why she's getting you one."

Olivia looked over her shoulder and up over the top of Alex's desk to see Liz standing in her doorway. "Hi Liz," she got to her feet and backed away from her lover's desk. "I brought those files you needed, guess I'll be heading on back to the bull pen." She started to leave and stopped when Liz waved a hand at her.

"Just to let you know Alex, we have court in the morning," she held up a finger when she saw that she was going to argue. "You're second chair, this is a slam dunk molestation case, we're going for the max on it so relax and read over this file and I'll see you at 0900 in courtroom three." She tossed it on the messy desk and left with a small smirk on her face.

"We were so busted," Alex grunted and let her head fall back on her chair again. "Good thing you were only rubbing my feet."

Olivia walked to the door closed it softly and then locked it before going back over to her lover. "Remember when we talked about day dreams and you sharing your office, now's the time to share." She dropped down onto her knees between her lover's legs and pushed her hands up under her skirt. "Anyone calls or pounds on the door can go to Hell, we're busy." She pulled Alex to the edge of her chair, pushed her shirt up around her waist and ran her fingers down to unfasten her garter straps.

"Liv search a little better, you don't have to unhook everything." When a deep moan came from her lover, she knew that she noticed that she wore crotchless panties.

"You're an evil evil woman but I love you anyway." She dropped her head between her lover's thighs and moaned deeply with what she found. Alex gripped the arms of her chair in a death grip when Olivia's tongue licked between her folds, moving her legs so that they were over her lover's shoulders, she gritted her teeth to keep from making a sound and pressed her feet into the edge of her desk. Her hips thrust upward and rolled with her lover's tempo, she gripped the chair arm with one hand and used the other to cover her mouth. She was rapidly moving towards orgasm and knew that no matter how quiet she was someone might still hear. When two fingers slipped inside her center, pumped in and out and then hit her sensitive spot, she bit down on her hand and let the waves from her climax wash over her. After a few minutes went by and she was able to catch her breath, she looked down into twinkling dark eyes and grinned.

"You know we're getting good at the risky stuff, wanna try my desk tomorrow?" Olivia asked and wiggled a brow when Alex shook her head. "You're no fun," she wiped her chin and stood up to pull her lover in for a deep consuming kiss that had them both moaning and falling into the desk chair. When they parted Olivia rested her forehead against her lovers and mumbled. "Now for the agonizing hours before we get home," she was about to pull away when she felt Alex tug at her belt and then lower the zipper on her pants. "Whatcha doin counselor?"

"Living out a day dream, can't let you be the only one." She pushed Olivia back until she was sitting on the edge of her desk with her pants hanging off one foot.

Cragen came from his office and looked around the bull pen for his detectives, when he saw that Olivia was missing still, he knew damn well Elliot had to know where his partner was. Where's Liv, we've got what the Bronx cops think is Jeremy Perkins. They found his abandoned car at some warehouse over there and found him in the trunk...in pieces."

"She's still with Alex I guess, how come Bronx homicide isn't looking into this one?"

"Because it fits in with what Perkin's told Alex and he's missing his family jewels, we just need their reports and then we can close out everything on this end. So go grab your partner and when you're done, call it a day." He waved to the other detectives and then dropped a file on Monique's desk; he was keeping her in the SVU department to help with all the paperwork generated by the numerous cases. Pointing to Fin and John, he held out a small piece of paper. "We got a rape of an elderly man at the old age home near the hospital, check it out and let me know what ya got." He watched as the place cleared out and headed to the coffee machine for 10w1000 sludge. Some of the cases they worked he found it hard to believe, this rape of an old man was one of them.

Alex looked at her lover from over the tops of her glasses when she came into the living room, a wide grin came to her when she noticed how tired she was. She moved the files from the spot next to her and then patted the couch. "I see you got my message, I didn't want you going to my place and then panicking when you saw I wasn't there."

"I got it right before we left the scene in the Bronx, which was a fucking mess. The Perkins girls hacked and slashed dear old dad beyond repair." She shook her head and then laid it on Alex's shoulder. "No shop talk, what's for supper or are we ordering in?"

"I thought we'd order pizza and then turn in early," she wrapped her arms around Olivia and pulled her into her body. "Are we at the part in a relationship where we can have just one residence?"

"I think we are, it would be easier than running back and forth, the question is which place do we keep?"

"I own my place but I could sell easily if you wanna keep this place or maybe find something else."

Olivia pulled back just enough to look into dark blue eyes; she shook her head and leaned back into Alex. "Nope, this place sucks; we'll keep your place."

"And maybe later on look for a bigger place where I can actually have a real BBQ and lawn chairs?"

"Anything you want baby, I'll go where ever you go no questions asked."

"OK then we're going to the bathroom, I wanna soak in a hot tub and forget that my ass hurts and that Elliot knows we had sex in my office." She laughed when Olivia groaned.

"Another thing I'll never live down, my luck to get the tail of my shirt zipped in my fly."

"We got it undone, I'm just glad Elliot noticed before you went running around on the streets. You have to admit it was pretty funny and then Elliot trying not to laugh at us." She got up from the couch, pulled Olivia up with her and then pulled her all the way to the bathroom. She pushed open the door and breathed deeply of the scents that escaped with the hot air. "I was hoping you got home before the water got warm and the candles burned out, I called Elliot as my back-up plan and had him promise to get you home early." She turned Olivia around and started to undress her. "That's why he dropped you off before going back to the precinct." With her lover's clothes in a pile, she pulled her sweatshirt and shorts off and stepped into the tub. She sat down and sighed when the hot water started to relax her tired muscles, she held out a hand to Olivia and waited for her to sit down and lean back against her. Using the thick bath sponge, she squeezed water out across Olivia's breasts and watched her skin turn pink. "Would I be pushing it if I asked you to wear this?" She dropped the sponge, slipped her silver ring from her finger, untwisted it into two rings and held half out in front of Olivia. "I know it's kinda soon and everything but I...need this...mentally if that makes sense."

Olivia turned her head and looked into terrified blue eyes; she held out her left hand and watched tears flow down her lover's cheeks as the ring slipped down her finger. "You were really afraid that I would say no weren't you?"

"Why wouldn't I be, I'm not the easiest person to live with, I get stalkers and I'm an uppity bitch, etc..."

"I'll take everything you throw at me," she leaned forward, kissed her and tried to put all of her feelings into that one action. "I love you Alex and that includes the ADA Cabot persona as well, you just beat me to the asking part is all." She reached out for her Levis and dragged them over by one pant leg. She searched through the pockets and came across a small blue velvet bag, once she was cleared by IAD; she had run across the street and down a few blocks to a jeweler. It took her a whole five minutes to find what she wanted and then less time to take a serious chunk from her checking account. But after looking at the rings a couple times since she got them, she knew it was worth it. Even more so now since she now knew how much it meant to both of them. "I got these today and I was gonna wait and do a romantic thing," she turned so that she was looking at her lover, pulled her forward and then wrapped her legs around her waist. "I can't think of anything more romantic than sitting in the tub with you and with candles lit all over the room." She dumped the rings out in her hand and then lifted one up to blue eyes, a small smile came across her face when Alex looked to her with tear filled eyes. "It's not the rock of Gibraltar

or anything but sometimes big is just plain gaudy." She slipped the diamond ring onto Alex's finger and then kissed her palm. "I love you Alexandra Cabot."

Alex took the other ring from Olivia's hand, slipped it on her finger and noticed how the rings matched. She pulled her lover to her, pressed their foreheads together and whispered in a soft voice. "Liv, you could have given me a paper clip twisted in a circle and it would have meant the world to me. I love you and I plan on making your life a living Hell to the very end."

Olivia laughed and gave her a tight hug. "What are ya gonna do to me that can last for years on end?"

"Something that could drown one of us if we stay in the tub," she tilted her head and brushed her lips across Olivia's and whispered. "We're gonna eat before we play because you're gonna need the energy."

Elliot and Olivia sat a few rows back in the court room watching Alex walk back and forth before the jury; she was second chair to Liz but was giving the closing remarks on the child molestation case. "Tell me something, does she like practice this stuff before she comes in here?" Elliot asked in a hushed tone.

"Nope, she reads the case file the night before and then comes in here and scares the Hell outta everyone." She tilted her head to the side and looked from her wife's calves all the way to her hips. "I'm the luckiest damn woman in the world." She mumbled and jumped when Elliot grabbed her hand. "What are you doing?"

"I'm not blind Liv and did you really think that you could hide a diamond ring and wedding band on your finger?"

"I wasn't hiding anything; if I wanted to I could have kept my hand in my pocket." She sighed and rolled her eyes when he whistled low and rolled her hand back and forth.

"She put out a chunk of money for this didn't she?"

"Yes I did and it's something I wasn't to sure about but I'm glad I did it, ya know I never thought I'd be with anyone let alone Alex."

"I think of that every time I look at Kathy and our kids, life is precious Liv and I'm glad you two have each other." He looked up to the judge when the gavel pounded and then saw Alex come there way. "You're in deep shit, you missed her closing comments and I'm gonna narc on ya."

"Gee thanks Ell, I'll remember that next time you want me to shop for Kathy's birthday present."

He grinned and looked up as Alex stopped beside them. "Congratulations Alex, it's about time someone tied her up."

"It's the other way around Elliot," Alex winked at him. "She's trying to make an honest lawyer of me by handcuffing me to the head board every night." She looked around them and saw the jury coming back in. "They can't be done already," she looked to Liz who was standing in the door and arched a brow. "She won't be fitting through the door if we get a guilty on this."

"You know that's what's gonna happen and I'd say it was your closing argument that won it."

Alex gave her a smirk. "You mean the one that you two whispered through?" She turned back to her table and waited for the judge to take his seat again.

"I can't believe you missed my closing statements," Alex said and took the spoon from Olivia's hand and dug into the container of ice cream.

"I'm sure it was brilliant as always," Olivia mumbled around a mouthful of ice cream and then swallowed. "Liz is scary, not only does she make kids cry on the stand, she makes men cry like big babies," she pulled Alex back against her chest and buried her face against her neck. "One more skeil of the street, so many more to go before we're all safe."

"Enough shop talk Liv, it's depressing as Hell," she waved the spoon in the air and then stuck it into the container. "Now about all the furniture we're gonna have in here once we move your stuff outta your apartment."

"I'm thinking I'll let you pick what you wanna keep from there and the rest can stay, it's not like I have anything that has sentimental value or what not."

"Oohh nooo, you're helping me with this, I'm not gonna toss away your favorite coffee cup or anything. We'll bring everything here and then go from there, it'll be like that show they have on TV but not as drastic. I Know I have stuff around here that should have been in a dumpster years ago."

"For starters I'm getting rid of something that's been bothering me for a long time," she grabbed the bottom of the old ratty sweat shirt Alex wore, pulled it over her head and tossed it to the floor. "How's that for starters?"

"I think we're headed in the right direction," she got up from the couch, held her hand out and then pulled Olivia to her feet. "And it's a good thing neither one of us is on call tonight because when I'm done you won't be able to lift a finger, the world will have to survive without Detective Benson for one night."

Olivia followed behind and laughed all the way to the bedroom. "Funny, I was thinking the same about your future condition." She closed the bedroom door knowing that if either one of their cell phones rang that they wouldn't hear them, she had already taken care of the ringer on the bedroom phone earlier that night. She would try her hardest to keep the world out for just one

night, after what they had been through in the past weeks; she would gladly suffer at Cragen's hands if an emergency call went unanswered.

The End.

Turning Point

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