BEB: Persistence of Memory

Alex Cabot's knuckles were white from gripping the head board as Olivia took her from behind. Every thrust of Olivia's hips jerked Alex forward, causing her to grimace, not in pain, but from the force.

It wasn't often that they had sex this way, and that's what it was; sex. They weren't making love or fucking, they were having sex. Pure, functional, soul purging sex. It was usually during a particularly difficult case, one involving a child. Prior to the last year, Alex could count on one hand the number of times they'd had sex this way. In the last year, the number of times Olivia had come to her needing this, equaled all the times in the last seven years.

Alex knew Olivia would never admit it, but she sensed the job was beginning to wear on the detective. She had tried to suggest a transfer, even temporarily, out of SVU. Olivia had shut her down before she even got all the words out.

And so it was, that for the third time in three months, Olivia had come home looking haunted. Elliot had given Alex a head's up. She'd sent Kennedy and Sydney to spend the night with Jenny and Serena. She knew the case they were working on, and that another set of victims had been found. Elliot told her the mother was an early 40's blonde with a seven year old sandy haired little boy.

She met Olivia at the door and tried to hug her. Olivia looked right through her and headed up the stairs. Alex followed, finding a nude Olivia standing at the foot of the bed.

Turning around she said, "I need…."

Alex nodded and went into the bathroom to strip. She came out and crawled on the bed, grasping the headboard. She gasped as Olivia probed her opening. She moved on to Alex's clit and rubbed until moisture covered her fingers. She covered the length of the dildo with lube and thrust into Alex.

When they did this, sometimes Alex had an orgasm and sometimes she didn't. Olivia was grunting and grasped Alex's waist. Digging her fingers in, she thrust harder into the blonde. Alex could feel the tightening in her belly and knew release was imminent. She felt drops of wetness hit her back and knew that if she looked back, she'd find Olivia's face tear stained.

The detective reached around and flicked her wife's clit, sending her to completion. She pulled out and went about removing the harness. Alex flopped onto the bed and gathered Olivia to her. She held the brunette as she continued to cry.

"Thank you Alex."

“Shh. It’s ok baby. It’s ok.”

“She was blonde Alex. She was your age and the little boy could have been Kennedy. It’s…it’s just too close.”

Alex held her until she calmed down and kissed her forehead.

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“Alex?”

“Mhhh?”

“Alex, baby, wake-up.”

“Wha-?”

“Alex, I need you…”

Hearing Olivia’s tone, the ADA bolted upright and flipped the light on.

“What’s wrong?”

Olivia grinned. “I was going to say I needed you to wake up. I need to talk to you.”

“Ok.”

“Alex…I’m going undercover.” She braced herself for Alex’s response.

“On what case?” When Olivia said nothing, Alex launched into a tirade. “Oh no Olivia! Not this case! You said this case was too close. Baby, you can’t do this!”

“It’s because this case is so close to home that I have to go undercover! I can’t handle another scene like the one today. That poor mother. He kept her in that room and taunted her, drugged her. She was able to tell us that she hallucinated the things he described to her. Things he was doing to her son. And when he brought her out of the drugged state, she thought she had survived.”

Alex waited for Olivia to finish and when she didn’t, she finished for her. “He did those things to her son.” Olivia nodded and began to cry again. “Liv, baby, I don’t want you to do this. This past year, it’s been hard on you.”

“This is my job Alex. My job.”

Sighing, she lay back down in the bed and motioned for Olivia to join her. Switching off the light, she asked, “How long?”

“Until he’s caught.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow night. Cragen gave me tomorrow off. I want to spend it with Kennedy and Sydney and you. Can you do that?”

“I think I can.”

Olivia kissed her and rubbed Alex’s thigh. Alex deepened the kiss and they ended up making love; slowly, lovingly.

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Alex watched Olivia laugh at Kennedy and Sydney as they tried to climb the Jungle Gym in Central Park. Kennedy was trying to help Sydney, but both kept tumbling into the sand below.

They had spent the morning watching videos and practicing Kennedy’s kicks. Olivia also played tea party with Sydney and even allowed the little girl to apply her play make-up on her face. They had lunch at Kennedy and Sydney’s favorite restaurant and went for ice cream at Mr. Softee’s.

They had made their way to the park for some fun and had planned on returning home to have an early dinner and to talk to Kennedy. Olivia wanted to explain to the little boy why she wouldn’t be around.

As they gathered up their belongings and headed for home. Lost in the fun, Olivia and Alex didn’t notice the man who was following them.

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After dinner and saying good-bye, Olivia met up with the squad back at the station.

“You’ve got a protective detail on Alex and the kids, right?”

Cragen sighed. “Yes Olivia. This sicko isn’t going to get near them.”

“Good. Well, let’s roll.”

2 Hours Later

Olivia had been sitting in the bar that all the women had been abducted from for the last two hours with nothing out of the ordinary happening. She'd talked non-stop to anyone who'd listen about Kennedy and Sydney, hoping to draw the perp out. She excused herself to go to the bathroom, leaving her drink unattended.

As soon as she disappeared around the corner, the bar tender glanced around, and not finding anyone watching, he slipped a liquid substance into her drink. Fin, who'd been sitting in the far corner all night, alerted Elliot and Munch who were waiting outside in the van.

They had decided beforehand that if anyone made a move on Olivia, they would wait until she was actually abducted. She was wearing a tracking device in her shoe so the theory was that she could be rescued before anything could happen.

Olivia returned from the bathroom and sipped from her drink. The bar tender resumed their conversation as it neared time to close the bar. Cragen pulled Fin out of the bar so it wouldn't look suspicious. The bartender wasn't stupid and knew who the SVU detectives were. And he knew he was caught, but he wasn't going to go down without inflicting some pain on the lovely detective.

Olivia began feeling very woozy and knew she'd been drugged. She was the one who had proposed allowing herself to be taken hostage. Best case scenario, she would be back with her family by lunch the next day. Worst case scenario, it would be by dinner time.

The light in the bar began to fade as Olivia felt her head grow heavy. She was vaguely aware of being lifted and carried out of the bar. She could hear a door open and her body being lowered onto the floor of some type of automobile.

In a short amount of time, she could feel the auto moving. She allowed herself to relax knowing that the squad was tracking her. The bartender changed vehicles and headed toward the warehouse district. Olivia was semiconscious, going with the flow. This time they were in a car, and Olivia felt cold.

8 Hours Later

The first thought to hit her was that her head was killing her. The second was that she was not in the same clothing she had worn to the bar. Squinting against the bright light, she found that her hands were tied to her sides.

"Hello?"

The door jerked open and Olivia recognized the bartender from the night before.

“Detective Benson, do nice of you to join me.”

Olivia’s face registered her surprise that he knew who she was. “Don’t be surprised. I’ve been following you since the third ‘victim.’ You have quite a nice family; the blonde is to die for and that darling little boy…oh my, my!”

“Where are my clothes?”

His smile was evil. “In the van I dumped last night. Couldn’t take a chance you had a tracking device hidden on you.”

Olivia squelched the panic she felt growing and tried to focus. “So now what?”

Again he smiled an evil smile. Walking toward her, he pulled a syringe out and plunged it into her arm.

“Oww! What was that?”

“A little something to help you visualize all the things I am going to do to your son.”

Olivia’s blood ran cold. If he was going to torture her with visions of Kennedy, then he must have a plan to get to Kennedy.

“Don’t you dare! Don’t you touch one hair on his head!”

He laughed. “Detective, let me tell you what I am going to do to your son. Listen carefully.”

For the next two hours, he told Olivia explicitly what he was going to do to Kennedy. Where and how and how much pain the boy would be in. How she would be forced to watch and listen. Olivia tried to block out what he was saying, tried to drown out his voice and the images he was putting in her mind. She wasn’t sure if it was the drug or her fear for Kennedy, but nothing was working. She saw exactly what he described.

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Meanwhile…

“What do you mean you lost her? And why in Hell would you agree to this harebrained idea? Allowing her to be taken?”

“Alex, please, calm down. We’ll find her. I promise.”

Don Cragen knew when to back off and he was pretty sure that Alex Cabot wouldn't think twice about serving him his balls if anything happened to Olivia.

"Don…she's…she's not been in the best of shape; mentally. This last year has been harder than normal. I'm just afraid for her."

"I know Alex. Elliot, Munch and Fin are on it. They will find her. I promise."

"Mommy?" Both adults looked in the direction of Kennedy.

"What sweetie?"

"Is Mom-O ok?"

Alex tried to smile at her son. "She's just working Kennedy. How would you and Sydney like to spend the day at Aunt Jenny's?" It was rare that he called her mommy these days. He had informed his mother's that big boys didn't say mommy. She knew he was scared and sensed that all was not right with his beloved "Mom-O."

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Acting on a tip that an old CI of Fin's had given them, Elliot, Fin and Munch surrounded an old warehouse and called for back-up. The plan was to storm the building and rescue Olivia. As soon as SWAT arrived, they put their plan into action.

The bar tender, who said his name was Lucas, was planting some dangerous images in Olivia's head as the SWAT team came through the door. Olivia stood up and head-butted Lucas. She went toppling over as he pushed her to the ground, slamming her head into the concrete floor. Screaming that he was not going to go back to jail, Lucas pulled a gun and fired at the officers. They opened fire on him, and he was dead before he hit the ground.

Elliot rushed to Olivia's side and found her unconscious.

"I need a bus!"

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NYU Medical

Alex, Elliot, Cragen, Munch and Fin all paced in the waiting area. Had the circumstances not been so dire, it would have been funny. Olivia had been knocked out for the last hour and the doctor's were unsure of what Lucas had injected her with.

A CT scan had shown a concussion, but no other damage.

Just as they were about to make another turn around the waiting room, the doctor approached Alex.

“Mrs. Cabot-Benson?”

“Yes? How is she?”

“She’s awake. Alert. Complaining of a headache and wants to know when she can go home.”

Alex sighed in relief. “That’s Olivia. May I see her?”

“Follow me. I’d like to keep her overnight and then she should follow-up with her regular doctor in a few days.” Alex nodded.

Olivia looked up as they entered the exam room. “Alex? Hi.” Olivia was looking around Alex. “Where’s Elliot?”

Caught off guard, Alex said, “Uh, he’s in the waiting room.”

“Oh. Ok. So, I musta messed up big time if you’re here to see me.”

“Olivia?”

“Come on Counselor, I can handle it. I don’t think ADA visits to the ER are commonplace, so I musta really screwed up whatever this case was.” She tried to smile at Alex, who looked horrified.

Alex called for the nurse and lay her left hand on Olivia’s forearm. Olivia took note of the wedding band on the ADA’s finger and held it up for inspection.

“Alex? When did you get married? Surely I haven’t been out that long!”

“You don’t remember?”

“Should I? I mean, was I a bridesmaid or something?”

Alex looked at the nurse who was already paging the doctor.

“Uh, Liv, we, that is, you and me, we, we’re married.”

Olivia laughed and then held her head. “Alex, try not to make me laugh! It hurts!”

“Olivia, we got married in Boston seven years ago.” Alex shot a glance at the doctor who had re-appeared in the exam room.

“Alex, that doesn’t make any sense. Why would we get married? I’m not gay and I’m pretty sure you aren’t either!”

She watched as Alex paled before her and tears sprang to the younger woman’s eyes. She watched, helplessly, as Alex ran from the room.

The doctor called after her. “Mrs. Cabot-Benson!” He took off after Alex.

To no one in particular, Olivia whispered, “I’m gay?”

“Mrs. Cabot-Benson!”

Alex had made it back to the ER waiting room and

Cragen, and the squad crowded around her.

“Dr….” Looking down at his name tag, she

finished, “Dr. Hudson? Why-why can’t she remember?”

Elliot pushed his way to the front of the group.

“What do you mean _‘remember?’ What’s wrong? Alex?”

Alex had tears streaming down her face as she

looked at the group. “She doesn’t remember that

we’re married or that…that…she’s g-gay!”

Stunned silence met her announcement.

“Mrs. Cabot-Benson, this is unusual but not

un-heard of. Come, we need to talk.” He took Alex

by the elbow and led her to a chair.

Alex looked up at Elliot and asked, “Elliot,

would you go stay with her? She…she was asking for you.”

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Elliot found her staring off in space. “Liv?”

“El! Hey. I’m glad to see you.”

Unsure of what to say, he nodded and pulled a

chair over to her bed. They sat in uncomfortable silence for a few minutes.

“So..”

“So..”

They grinned as they both tried to speak at the same time.

“Me and Alex, huh?”

“Yeah. Seven years.”

“When did I…turn gay?” She shook her head as she

said that. It didn’t feel right.

Uncomfortable, Elliot looked everywhere but at Olivia.

“Liv…maybe you should talk to Alex about this?”

“Why would I talk to Alex?” At his look she

continued, “Oh. Yeah. Because we’re…married. When

did we…how did we….?” Becoming frustrated, Olivia

shook her head, which caused a pain to shoot through her head.

“You ok?”

She slowly nodded.

“Where do we live?”

“Loft in Tribeca.”

“Tribeca? Sounds like I married well. At least we don’t have any kids! The upside to lesbian sex.”

Noticing the look of constipation that covered Elliot’s face, she sputtered, “No. No. Alex Cabot would under no circumstances have a baby!”

Realizing her words, she gasped. “Oh God! That must mean I spawned it! How could you let me do that El? How?”

Realizing he was in over his head, Elliot buzzed for the nurse. While they waited, he tried to explain. “No Liv, you didn’t carry them.” Her horrified look made him flinch. “Two. You guys have two kids. A boy named Kennedy and a little girl named Sydney. She’s yours.”

“What?”

“Alex carried her but it was your egg.”

Elliot was rescued from further explanation by the nurse arriving.

“Ms. Benson, the doctor ordered a sedative for you in the event you became agitated.” She injected something into the IV and turned toward

Elliot. “Dr. Hudson would like to see you.”

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Elliot found Alex and the doctor waiting for him.

He filled them in on his conversation with Olivia

and cringed at the hurt and confused look that etched itself into Alex’s face.

1 Hour later

“So, as you can see, there is no physical reason

for the amnesia. This is probably just a

temporary condition due to the emotional trauma

Detective Benson has suffered. It’s possible she

will wake up in the morning and completely

remember everything. In the mean time, let’s try

not to overwhelm her with too much info.”

Turning back to Alex, he clasped her hand. “Alex,

try not to become discouraged. This is probably

just temporary. You said your mother can take the

children for a couple of days, right?” Alex

nodded. “We should be able to release her in the

morning. When you get her home, give her space. Do you have a spare bedroom?”

“No. Well, we have the nursery and Kennedy’s

room. We just moved downstairs. She could sleep

in Kennedy’s bed I suppose.” The doctor nodded.

“She should sleep all night. I suggest you go

home and get a good night’s sleep. Make whatever arrangements you need to.”

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Alex had called her mother from the hospital and by the time she made it home, the elder Cabot was there and had picked up the kids from Jenny and Serena’s.

“Mommy!” Kennedy ran into his mother’s arms and hugged her. She kissed his head and held onto him for a bit longer than was necessary. She saw her mother approaching with Sydney and released Kennedy to take the little girl.

“Kennedy, why don’t you go upstairs and get a DVD for you and Sydney to watch?”

Alex managed a small smile at her mother’s suggestion and waited until the little boy was out of the room before speaking. “It’s not good Mom.”

“You said she has a head injury? Is it life threatening?”

Alex shook her head and sat down on the couch. Sydney was asleep in her arms and she held her daughter tightly as she spoke. “It’s just a concussion. However, she…she doesn’t remember me.”

“Amnesia? Oh honey! Her memory will come back. It’s probably just temporary, from her concussion and all.”

Alex loved her mother’s eternal optimistic attitude. “No Mom, she doesn’t remember me! I mean, she remembers me, but not the me that’s connected to her! Not us. And even worse Mom, she doesn’t remember that…that…she’s gay!”

“Oh Alex. Peanut, I’m sorry. What does the doctor say?”

“He thinks it’s caused by the psychological trauma she suffered while on this last case. He is ‘confident’ that it is temporary and with some rest and therapy, her memory will return. Until then, he suggests not pushing her, letting her come to me whenever she wants to talk or ask questions and then answering them.” Adjusting Sydney, she continued, “He’s the one who suggested that you take the kids for a couple of days. He thinks it would be too much for her to take in all at once.”

“Alright. Don’t worry about a thing. I’ve already packed a week’s worth of clothing for them and I’ve cleared my schedule. Call me if you need anything, otherwise, I’ll have the kids call tomorrow afternoon.” She thought for a minute. “Alex, what do you want me to tell Kennedy?”

“Just that his Mom-O bumped her head and needs some time to get better.”

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After a restless night, Alex arrived at the hospital to take Olivia home. She found the brunette sitting up in bed, picking at her breakfast.

“Not to your liking Olivia?”

Olivia shook her head and pushed the tray aside. Not knowing what else to say, she looked every where but at Alex.

“Uhm, I brought you a change of clothing.” She held up the duffle bag.

Olivia smiled at that and carefully moved to the edge of the bed. Sure that her legs would work, she took the bag from Alex and looked at her expectantly.

“What?”

Olivia motioned with her hand in the general direction of the hospital gown. Realizing what the detective was trying to communicate, Alex blushed and turned around. Holding the back of her gown, Olivia made her way to the bathroom and shut the door.

Olivia emerged in her jeans and t-shirt to find Alex looking out the window.

“Uh, Alex?” The blonde turned to face her and gave a small smile. “I can go. The doctor, he came by already and checked me out. I have my discharge papers.”

“What about…?” She was gesturing and Olivia nodded at her.

“He wants me to give it a couple of days before deciding anything. He suggested therapy. I told him we had an FBI issued psychiatrist in the department. I’m supposed to see a neurologist if I’m not back to normal in a week.”

Alex took the papers and glanced through them. Satisfied, she hit the call switch and asked the nurse to bring a wheelchair. At Olivia’s scowl, she shrugged.

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The ride home was uncomfortably quiet. Both women were relieved when Alex stopped by the drug store to fill Olivia’s pain prescription.

As Alex pulled away from the curb, Olivia finally asked the question that had most been on her mind.

“Elliot says we have children? A boy named Kennedy and a girl named Sydney?”

Alex was so shocked by the question; she almost hit a pedestrian in the crosswalk.

After waving off the cursing New Yorker, she turned to look at Olivia. “Sorry. I didn’t know he’d told you, but yes, we have two children.” She waited to see if Olivia would ask more.

“He said the girl, Sydney? He said she was actually mine but that you carried her?”

Alex silently cursed Elliot Stabler. “That’s correct.”

Olivia looked like she wanted to ask more, but held her questions.

As they neared the building, Alex became nervous. She wasn’t sure how Olivia would react.

“This is our building? Wow. When Elliot said we lived in Tribeca, I never dreamed we lived in a building like this. I guess you do come from a boat load of money, huh?”

Alex flinched at her lover’s words. “We got the loft at a steal. The original developer went belly up, leaving the prices in the building at fire sale level. My mother gave us the down payment as a…wedding gift. My salary pays the mortgage and maintenance fees and we live on your salary.”

Alex thought she might need to call Elliot and see just what all he had told Olivia. Before she could finish processing the thought, they were pulling into their designated parking spot.

Olivia felt badly for what she’d said to Alex and tried to apologize. “I’m sorry Alex. I didn’t mean to sound…bitchy.”

Alex waved her off. “It’s ok Liv. You don’t remember.” She shrugged.

They rode up the elevator in silence and Alex worried about Olivia’s reaction to their home. She hesitated as she went to open the door. Taking a deep breath, she pushed the door open and stepped aside, allowing Olivia to enter first.

“Wow. Beats the Hell out of my apartment.”

“Actually Liv, you haven’t lived in that apartment for almost nine years. We had a place together before this place.”

“Oh.” As Olivia took that in, Alex watched her for any sign of memory. “So we shacked up for two years, huh?”

Alex smiled at Olivia’s terminology. “More or less.”

When Alex didn’t elaborate, Olivia replied, “Why do I get the feeling there’s more to that story than you’re saying?”

“Olivia, the doctor said not to overwhelm you, so let’s save that discussion for another day, ok?” Not giving her wife time to answer, Alex made her way into the kitchen for a glass of water. When she returned with the water and a pain pill for Olivia, she found the other woman looking at their family photographs.

Picking up the one of Alex and Kennedy taken while Alex was pregnant with Sydney, Olivia turned to Alex. “So…this is Kennedy? And I’m guessing that’s Sydney in your belly?” Alex nodded. “You look…radiant. Really pretty Alex.”

“Thank you. That was your Mother’s Day gift three years ago.” Olivia looked uncertain at the mention of Mother’s Day and continued down the line of photographs.

She picked up their most recent photo, the one taken at Christmas, and traced the outline of Sydney’s face. “She looks like me.” Moving over Kennedy’s face, she managed a small smile. “He looks just like you, except for the sandy hair.”

“Yes, and yes. Now, you’ve stalled long enough. Take your medicine.”

She started to protest that she was not stalling, but Alex just raised the eye brow at her.

“Glad to see marriage apparently hasn’t dampened my hatred of taking medicine.” She grudgingly downed the pills. “Now I’ll fall asleep!” Realizing she didn’t know where to sleep, she panicked.

Seeing her distress, Alex, picked up the duffle bag and motioned for Olivia to follow her.

“Don’t worry Olivia, I don’t expect you to share our bed. I made up Kennedy’s room for you. It’s got a twin bed, but if you think you’d be more comfortable in our bed, I can take his room.”

Feeling more like a guest than a wife, Olivia shook her head, which caused pain to ripple through her skull. Alex began to reach for her, but backed off as Olivia clutched her head.

“I’m ok. There’s no need for you to give up your…our, room.” Alex nodded and led her up the stairs to Kennedy’s room.

Olivia took in the Colts décor and turned to Alex. “He likes the Colts?” Alex nodded. “Why?”

“It’s a long story and you need to rest. I’ll wake you in time for dinner.”

“You cook? Without burning down the house?” At Alex’s perturbed look Olivia backed off. “Sorry. I remember your testimony in that case about setting fire to your stove.” She shrugged.

“I’ve come a long way Olivia.”

As Alex turned to leave, Olivia asked her, “Hey, where are the…kids?”

“At my mother’s for the week. Depending on how long this lasts, I’m unsure of what to tell them.”

Olivia nodded and settled into the twin bed. She felt like a fish out of water. Taking a minute to be honest with herself, she knew she’d always been attracted to Alex, but she hadn’t been involved with a woman in years. And to know she had not only Alex Cabot but two children? She had a family? It seemed impossible. She had never allowed her mind to wonder into sex with Cabot territory. And she’d certainly never considered having children, let alone with a woman who had a reputation for being down right frosty. Or a woman period!

She had a lot of questions and no answers. Growing groggy from the medicine, she gave in and drifted off to sleep.

Olivia rolled over and opened her eyes to unfamiliar surroundings. Her eyes darted about the room until they landed on a picture of…her. Only, she didn’t recognize the picture; she was wearing a Mr. Softee t-shirt, Colts baseball cap, and holding a sign that was obviously written by a child that read: I Love You Mom-O!

She rubbed her eyes and struggled to sit up in the twin bed. She made her way into the bathroom and found a pair of boys boxer-briefs on the floor with Scooby-Doo on them. After she finished, she made her way down the hall and looked into the other room, finding a very girly room. There was a round baby bed with a pink canopy, light pink walls and lots of dolls. The only thing that looked out of place was a photo of the little girl wearing a blue dress with Colts logos all over it. Olivia picked up the picture and wrinkled her nose.

Making her way down the stairs, she found what she soon realized was the bedroom she shared with Alex. She shook her head at the thought and stood in the doorway afraid of entering the room. She was so lost in thought she didn’t hear Alex and was startled when the blonde touched her elbow.

“You can go in Liv. It’s your room too.”

Olivia gave a slight shake of her head and turned away from the room.

“Dinner ready yet? I’m kinda hungry.”

Alex nodded and motioned for her to follow. They ate in the kitchen, neither woman speaking much. Alex smiled to herself as she watched Olivia inhale the vegetable soup and homemade bread.

Realizing she was being watched, Olivia became self-conscious. She slowed her eating and finally stopped altogether.

“Uh, Alex?” Getting the blonde’s attention, she continued, “In the little boy’s room…”

“Kennedy.”

“Yeah, Kennedy. In his room, there’s a picture of me wearing a Mr. Softee t-shirt and Colts hat. I don’t recognize the photo.” She intentionally left out the part about the sign and whatever “Mom-O” meant.

Alex scratched her head, trying to figure out the best way to proceed with Olivia. She opted for telling her as little as possible.

“Mr. Softee is our favorite place to get ice cream and Kennedy got you the hat for Christmas last year.” Following Olivia’s lead, she didn’t bring up the sign either. “That’s the picture Kennedy always puts out when you are working undercover.”

“I was working undercover?”

Realizing her mistake, Alex nodded and quickly changed the subject.

“If you’re done, would you like to look through some of our photo albums?”

“Uh, ok.”

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Olivia moved away from Alex when she tried to sit next to her on the couch with the photo album. Alex took it in stride and sat patiently, waiting to answer any questions Olivia might have.

Olivia flipped through the album, remembering some of the photos from crime scenes and squad get together’s. One picture that caught her attention was from when Alex was fairly new to the

unit. Her hair was short and Olivia pegged the time frame of the picture around the Elias Barrera case.

They were at Elliott's for a B-B-Q. Someone had captured a picture of Elliott's kids, but you could see several members of the squad as well. Olivia was standing next to Brian Cassidy. He still had that moon eyed look over her, and Olivia was laughing. At the edge of the shot was Alex, a smile on her face, but a sad look in her eyes.

Olivia finally turned the page. The next few pages contained pictures of her and Alex. They were laughing in some, smiling for the camera in others, and even a few from crime scenes and press conferences.

She noticed Alex turn away. Looking at the picture more closely, she realized it was taken outside of Bellevue, and was most definitely not a press conference. Alex looked tired and beaten and fragile. Olivia was attempting to guide her through the photographers and news crews.

"Alex?"

Alex was making a show of fluffing the throw pillow. "Yeah?"

"What case was this?"

Sighing, Alex answered, "Cheryl Avery."

"The transgender case?"

Surprised, Alex looked at Olivia. "You remember?"

"Yeah. She was gang raped at Rikers. You tried to get her to plead out and she wouldn't." Olivia looked back at the picture. "She didn't qualify for women's prison."

"Do you remember anything else?"

Olivia thought for a moment. "No. Should I?"

Alex shrugged. She left Olivia on the couch as she went to clean the kitchen. A short time later she found Olivia dozing on the couch and shook her awake.

"Liv? You need to go upstairs and go to bed. I'll be up in a bit to make sure you've taken your meds."

Olivia frowned but decided arguing wasn't worth it.

She was half asleep by the time Alex made it upstairs to check on her, wearing lounge pants and a tank top. As she watched the blonde walk away, she took in the sway of her hips and decided either she wasn't wearing panties or it was a tiny thong. She caught the faintest trace of perfume trailing Alex and inhaled deeply before drifting back off to sleep.

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Alex left her in the care of Elliott the next day as she went to run some errands. They had been watching ESPN on the "big ass TV" Alex had informed Olivia was hers.

"So, how are things going?" Olivia shrugged. "How's Alex?"

"I guess she's ok. Why?"

He shrugged, "I was just curious. It's gotta be tough watching somebody you love struggle to remember them and the life you had together."

"You know Elliott, I'm the one who doesn't remember this so-called life! How about a little sympathy for me? I wake up to find out that not only am I gay, but I'm married, to Alex Cabot none-the-less, and have two children. One of which is mine!"

"Liv, you love her. And you are crazy about those kids. Your kids."

She mumbled, "They don't feel like my kids."

"What?"

"I said, they don't feel like my kids, Alex doesn't feel like my..wife and this most definitely does not feel like my life!"

"But it is your life! You've been happier these last seven years than I ever remember seeing you. Alex has been good for you and you can't tell me you don't find her attractive, no matter what year your brain is living in!"

Olivia blushed. "Ok, so she's hot, but that doesn't make her the perfect mate for me! And I just can't see how she has that maternal instinct! I like kids, I'm good with them, but I can't see me having them!" She grew quiet. "I've done things Elliott. Things in my past I am not proud of."

Elliott sighed. "You mean having an abortion?"

She jerked her head around. "How do you know about that?"

"You told me."

“When the Hell did I tell you about that, and does Alex know?”

“Alex knew before I did.” He shrugged.

“No way. There is no way I’d tell her before I told my best friend!”

“Liv…I haven’t been your best friend for quite sometime.”

She jabbed at the off button on the remote and tossed it on the coffee table. “How long? How long have you not been my best friend? When did this grand love affair with Alex start?”

Rubbing his face he sighed. “Best I can figure, close to eight years. Ten if you count the two years she was away. And as for when your love affair started, you’ll have to ask Alex that. You guys got closer after the Cheryl Avery case” He looked at her. “You remember that case, right?” Not waiting for her answer, he continued, “after that case, you guys became inseparable.”

“What do you mean those two years she was away? Where’d she go?”

Elliott was saved from further questioning by the return of Alex. He beat a hasty retreat out of the loft, not sparing a look back. Alex watched him go and looked back to find Olivia standing in front of the window.
“Liv?”

“Why were you gone for two years? If we are so in love, why would you leave me for two years? Was it something political? Did you serve a couple of years in the Attorney General’s office?”

Alex silently cursed Elliott Stabler and made a mental note to never leave Olivia alone with him again.

“I didn’t have any choice in leaving you Liv.”

“We all have a choice Alex!”

Alex left Olivia in the living room and went into their bedroom. She returned carrying a photo album. She held it out to Olivia and went back into the bedroom. She shut the door behind her and Olivia settled into the couch. She flipped open the album and was surprised to find Alex’s face on the cover of the Ledger looking back at her.

She read through all of the clippings about the Velez case, Alex’s “death,” and subsequent return from the dead and the interviews Alex gave upon her return. She finished reading and re-reading everything after a couple of hours and realized Alex hadn’t come out of the bedroom in all that time.

She knocked and waited for Alex to answer. “Alex?”

“Come in.”

Olivia sheepishly entered the room and placed the album on the bureau.

“I guess you didn’t have a choice. I’m…I’m sorry Alex. I didn’t know.”

Alex looked up from the book she was reading. “It’s ok Liv. This must be really hard for you; waking up to a wife and family. Finding out you’ve been living an openly gay lifestyle.”

She managed a half smile. “Just a little.”

“Don’t forget, you have a doctor’s appointment in the morning. I’ll take you.”

“I can drive myself. I know you have court.”

Alex shook her head. “Do you have any idea where the doctor’s office is located? And you aren’t cleared yet to drive. As for court, I’ve taken the rest of the week off.”

“I can take a cab or have Elliott take me. I’ve never known you to take time off from work and certainly not for something like this.”

Alex Cabot thought that the last person she wanted to spend any time with Olivia was Elliott. God only knew what he might tell her and Alex wasn’t sure the brunette could handle it.

“I’m not as stringent as I once was where work is concerned. And I want to know what the doctor has to say. And Olivia, you may not remember it, but we are married, we do love each other and I hold your medical power of attorney.”

Olivia nodded. “Good night Alex.”

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2 Days later

Olivia was restless sitting at home and was frustrated that she still couldn’t remember anything of her life with Alex. The doctor had found no medical reason for amnesia and suggested she see a psychiatrist. Huang had made time to see her and diagnosed her as suffering from hysterical amnesia.

From what she was able to gather, the case she'd been undercover on was particularly gruesome. Huang, Cragen and Alex all agreed that she should not read the case file yet. She reluctantly agreed to see Huang for some counseling sessions.

Adding to her frustration, she felt as though Alex were hovering. She had attempted to look at some more of the photo albums, hoping to jog her memory, but Alex always managed to divert her from looking through them. The cop in her was becoming suspicious, while the civilian in her tried to rationalize Huang's logic that she not delve too deeply, too quickly.

She feigned sleep so Alex would run errands and as soon as she heard the door shut, she made a beeline for the albums. She noticed several were missing, but did find one labeled "wedding."

The first thing she noticed was the invitation. It had a faint lavender scent to it. She traced the raised lettering and took note of the date. She smiled as she came across what had to be her "bachelorette" party. It was her, Fin, Elliott and Munch hoisting mugs of beer for the camera.

There were several photos of Alex and Olivia had to admit she was simply stunning. And she looked a bit heavier than Olivia had ever seen her. She thought the extra weight looked good on the blonde. She was not surprised to find herself in a formal women's suit. There were photos of her and Alex kissing, and Olivia felt a tiny sliver of something at the sight.

She got cold chills when she came upon the photo of Alex, herself and a baby, obviously taken during the ceremony. More photos made it obvious that the child was Alex's. Olivia would know those blue eyes anywhere.

It finally registered with Olivia that Kennedy had been born before they were married. Doing the math, she realized there was no way Kennedy could be seven if he was born before they got married on the date according to the invitation.

Her question was short lived as the next page contained a write-up about their wedding in the Boston Blade. According to the article, they were married 9 months after the date they were supposed to have gotten married. Olivia wondered why the time lag. Her question would have to wait however, as she heard the key in the lock. Hurriedly, she shoved the album back on the shelf and stretched out on the couch, where she acted as if she'd just awoken.

Alex brushed the hair off of her forehead and planted a kiss at her temple.

"Hey baby."

"Uh, hi Alex." She shifted into a sitting position.

“Sleep well?” Olivia nodded. “Good. Uhm, Liv, my mother called. Kennedy’s spiked a fever and I really think he should come home. Are you ok with that? I’ll try to prepare him for your memory loss, but he may ask a lot of questions.”

Olivia didn’t hesitate. The kid was sick and needed his mother. “It’s ok Alex. I know what it’s like to be a sick kid and not have your mother around.”

Alex gave her a sad smile and went to call her mother and make arrangements for the kids to come home. She informed Olivia that Kennedy and Sydney would arrive by early evening. Mrs. Cabot was going to bring them into the city and would handle talking to Kennedy about his Mom-O.

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By the time they arrived, Sydney was sound asleep, as was Kennedy. The driver had helped bring the children upstairs, and put Kennedy to bed in his bedroom.

After an awkward good-bye with Mrs. Cabot, they checked in first on Sydney.

Olivia stared at the little girl in awe. “She looks like my mother.” Alex nodded. “But where does she get that curly hair?”

Not wanting to get into that particular discussion, Alex brushed it off and asked, “How does it feel to look at your only known blood relative?”

All Olivia could do is shrug. “I hadn’t thought of that. Wow.”

Alex tried to take her hand, but Olivia pulled it back. Alex opted for motioning Olivia to follow her. They checked in on Kennedy, who was snuggled up with his Pooh bear, and wearing his colts PJ’s.

“I’ll be right back Liv. I want to give him some Tylenol and water. Do you mind watching him for me?”

“Mom-O?” The sound that came from the little boy was feeble and Olivia had to bend down to hear him.

“She’s coming back…Kennedy. She’s just gone to get you something to make you feel better, ok?”

“No, Mom-O.”

“She’s coming buddy, I promise.” Olivia was petrified that he’d start crying and she didn’t want to upset him.

“No! Mom-O, make it better.”

Olivia thought she heard Alex on the steps and hoped she hurried up.

“Kennedy, I need for you to take this, ok? It’ll help you feel better, I promise.”

He sat up and took the pill and drank some water. He looked at Olivia with hurt in his eyes. Hugging his mother, he said, “I love you Mommy.”

Feeling like an intruder, Olivia left the room, only to realize she now had nowhere to sleep.

She followed Alex down the steps and stopped in the doorway of the bedroom.

“Uhm, Alex, can I get a blanket and pillow?”

“Why?”

“For the couch. I…don’t have anywhere to sleep.”
“You are not sleeping on the couch. And neither am I. You can sleep in here with me. It’s big enough for the both of us.” Smiling at Olivia, she added, “And I promise not to take advantage of you.”

Olivia swallowed hard and went to get ready for bed. She changed into her PJ’s and slid beneath the covers, on the side opposite where Alex had been the night before. She was as far over as possible and totally unprepared for the site of Alex Cabot in sleepwear.

The blonde was wearing bikini cut panties and tank top. She could see the outline of her breasts and noted that they seemed to be incredibly firm. To make matters worse, Alex had her hair in a ponytail, face freshly scrubbed and glasses perched on her nose. It was exactly the way Olivia had often wanted to see the ADA; fresh faced and looking like a human.

“Is that what you’re wearing to bed?” She couldn’t help the way her voice cracked.

“Yes. Why?”

“Well, don’t you think it’s a bit…revealing to wear to bed with someone who hardly knows you?”

“Considering I usually sleep in the nude during this time of the year, I’d say no. However, if it makes you uncomfortable, I’ll put on a pair of boxers.”

After taking care of her sleeping attire, She settled against the headboard and began to read. Olivia studied her profile for a few minutes and then remembered something she wanted to ask.

“Hey Alex? Why does he call you Mom-O?”

“What?”

“Kennedy. He was asking for ‘Mom-O’ while you were getting the Tylenol. Why does he call you that?”

Alex closed her book and turned to face Olivia. “He doesn’t. He calls you Mom-O.”

“Me? Why does he call me Mom-O?”

Alex shut the book and slid down in the bed. Laying on her side she faced Olivia. She considered how she wanted to handle this question. And any others Olivia might ask. Huang had been clear about how much Olivia should be told.

“After he was born, we tried to figure out what he was going to call both of us. I thought he would just call both of us mommy and then mom, but you had other ideas.”

“Me?”

“Yes, you! You wanted both of us to have our own name that he could call us. You granted me the privilege of being called mommy. You said since I carried him and went into…” Alex caught herself before she could say ‘coma’ and smiled at Olivia.

“Went into what?”

Thinking fast she said, “Into labor without an epidural. Anyway it became quite the running joke. Even the guys got into it. You were everything from ‘Detective Mommy,’ to ‘Pistol Packing Mama,’ to ‘The other Mommy’ and even ‘2’ as in ‘Mommy number 2.’”

“And? How did I become ‘Mom-O?’”

“You kept calling yourself ‘Mommy O’ and when he started talking, his first actual word was ‘Mom-Ohh.’ It just sort of stuck and that’s what you’ve been ever since.”

“His first word was about me? Not you?”

Alex reached over and pushed a strand of hair out of Olivia’s eyes. “Liv…you and Kennedy bonded pretty early on. For the longest time, he wouldn’t breast feed unless you were there.”

Olivia couldn't help the quick glance she took at Alex's breast. Swallowing hard she managed to get out, "Really? How come?"

"I had a hard pregnancy with Kennedy, and I had…a bit of a recovery period. During that time, you were his primary care giver."

Olivia caught the dark shadow that passed over Alex's face, but before she could pursue it, Alex plowed ahead with the story.

"I was very frustrated that I couldn't get him to feed for the longest time unless you were there. You were so patient with me and him. You took very good care of us."

"I did?" Alex nodded. "What kind of things do we do?"

"You guys practice field goal kicking just about every night, you belong to the remote control airplane club at Central Park, you're his room mother this year." She almost laughed at the expression on Olivia's face at that one. "And he really wants to join the Boy Scouts, but so far you refuse to let him. With good reason I might add." Seeing her wife's confusion, she clarified, "Their anti-gay policy? You had a heated discussion with the state director of the scouts where you quite angrily stated that gays weren't welcome, but serial killers were."

"Serial killers?"

"Oh, that's right, you don't remember. BTK? They finally caught him. Boy Scout troop leader."

"That figures. Hey Alex, can I see Kennedy and Sydney's baby books? I mean, if they have one. "

"If they have one? Kennedy's on volume three and Sydney's on one and a half. You actually got into scrap booking for a while. You even made Clarence one." Alex leaned in and kissed Olivia on the forehead. "Now, you need to go to sleep and rest."

"Clarence? Who's Clarence?"

"The dog." Alex moved toward Olivia, who abruptly turned her back to the blonde. Alex didn't pursue her wife, but she did sleep as close to her as she could without actually touching her.

As she was about to fall off to sleep, Olivia murmured "Scrap booking? A dog? What next, Betty Crocker?"

Alex laughed. "Did I forget to mention that you breast fed Sydney?"

Olivia pulled the pillow over her head and tried to block out thoughts of breastfeeding and especially thoughts of Alex breastfeeding.

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Olivia awoke the next morning and after quickly glancing around the room, she relaxed and began to stretch. She had just finished yawning when the bathroom door opened, revealing Alex in a clingy satin robe.

“Good morning.”

“Uh, good morning. Alex.” She couldn’t stop herself from staring at the outline of the blonde’s nipples against the blue satin.

“How’d you sleep last night?”

“Fine.” She watched as Alex entered and then returned from the walk-in closet. When Alex began to undo the sash of her robe, Olivia gasped. “Alex!”

“What?”

“What are you doing? You can’t change in front of me!” As she finished her words she bolted from the bed and hurried to the bathroom. Slamming the door behind her, she took several deep breaths and began to strip. She turned the water in the shower on as hot as she could get it.

Maybe I am gay. I certainly seem to have a reaction to Alex. Maybe it’s just Alex? I went gay for Alex? Maybe I’m bi-sexual?

The more she tried to think about it, the more her head hurt. She finally gave up and turned the water off. As she dried off, she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She remembered what Alex had said about her breastfeeding Sydney.

Cupping her breast, she stared at her body and for the first time she noted the differences in the way she remembered it and the way it was now. She tried to visualize breastfeeding a baby. Saying “I do” to Alex, or anybody really, and she tried to picture herself in this life.

Giving up, she reached for what she assumed was her toothbrush figuring she would never have a pink toothbrush, especially if the other color choice was red. As she was brushing her teeth, out of the corner of her eye, she spotted something shiny.

Rinsing, she wiped her mouth and picked up a round band. She studied it under the light and recognized that it was platinum. She could just make out the OB+ACB engraved on the inside.

She carefully placed it back on the ring holder next to the sink and wrapped a towel tightly around her.

She opened the door and found Alex dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt and in bare feet.

“Good shower?”

Olivia nodded. She motioned toward the walk-in closet and Alex nodded. Sensing Olivia’s discomfort, Alex left the bedroom and went to check on Kennedy and Sydney.

Kennedy was feverish and she gave him more medicine which she knew would knock him out, and Sydney seemed to have caught the same cold. She gave her some medicine as well and made her way back downstairs to the bedroom.

She found Olivia sitting on the edge of the bed holding her wedding band.

“I suppose this is my…band?” Alex nodded. “It’s nice. Real nice.”

“You picked it out.” Olivia nodded. She took Olivia’s finger and slipped the ring onto it.

Olivia pulled away and removed the ring. “I’m sorry Alex, but I don’t feel comfortable wearing this.” Alex nodded and took the ring.

Placing it on the bed side table she smiled at Olivia. “It’ll be right here when you’re ready.”

“Thanks.”

“Hey Liv? Do you mind to stay here with the kids while I go pick Clarence up from the vet’s?”

Olivia panicked. “What? No!”

“Liv, they’re both sick and asleep. They’ll be out for at least another hour or two and I need to get Clarence before they close at two. Today’s their half day.”

“I can go get him! Just tell me where and I’ll go get him and then I may swing by the station if that’s ok?”

Alex hesitated. Olivia had not been out by herself since the accident. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Just write down the address and off I go.” Alex scribbled down the address and handed it to Olivia. Without looking back, Olivia hightailed it out of the loft. She was on the street before she realized she didn’t have her cell phone and she didn’t know the number to the loft or Alex’s cell number. Her day got even better as she realized, after hailing a cab and getting in, that she

had no money. Swearing, she gave the cabbie the address for the 1-6, hoping to catch one of the guys and borrow some money.

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After an argument with the cabbie who swore she was trying to stiff him, Olivia finally convinced him to wait on her to come back down with the money after agreeing to take care of a handful of his parking tickets.

After getting Elliot to spot her the cab fare, she convinced him to take her to the vet's office.

"Thanks for bailing me out El. And for taking me to the vet's office."

Elliot glanced over at Olivia and smiled. "No problem Liv. Wanna call Alex and let her know what's going on?"

"Why? She knows I'm picking up the dog."

"Liv, you really might want to call her." He held his phone out. "She's speed dial number three."

She yanked the phone from his hand and punched in number 3. She told Alex what was going on and disconnected the call. Handing the phone back to Elliot she snapped, "Happy?"

Half an hour later they were leaving the vet's office.

Olivia sat in the passenger seat with a very rowdy Clarence on her lap. She kept trying to keep the dog from licking her face.

"Damn flea bag." Clarence whined at the comment and jumped into the back seat.

"Liv! You love that dog. What's your problem?"

"Apparently I love a lot of things! Unfortunately, I don't remember any of them! And why the fuck is Alex number three on your speed dial?"

"Because you're number two?"

"Elliot! You're number one on mine."

"No, I'm not. I'm number five."

"Five?" She thought for a minute. "Ok, I suppose Alex is number one, but why aren't you number two?"

“Alex, Kennedy’s school, Sydney’s day care, Meredith Cabot and then me. Your priorities have changed Olivia.”

“Yeah, I know, I have a family now.”

“Yeah, you do. One that you love and adore.”

“I don’t remember them Elliot! I don’t remember this so called fairytale life I supposedly had with Alex! Hell, I’m not even sure I’m gay!”

“Liv!”

“Pull over Elliot.”

“What?”

“Pull over. I want to get out.”

“And do what?”

“I need to get away. I’ve been cooped up in that damn loft for three days and I just need to get away.”

Elliot pulled over to the curb and before he came to a complete stop Olivia jumped out of the car and took off down the street.

Elliot swore and pulled back into traffic. Hitting number 3, he placed the call to Alex.
Fifteen minutes later, he deposited Clarence at the loft and told Alex what had happened. He bore the brunt of an Alex tirade before escaping to the safety of his sedan.

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Olivia walked sixteen blocks before finding herself in front of Chauncey’s. She went inside and found several faces she recognized. She sat down at the bar before realizing she only had the change from the money Elliot gave her for the cab. She had enough for exactly one beer. On tap. She swore.

“What’sa matter Benson, short of cash?”

She turned and found Brian Cassidy smiling at her.

“Just a little Brian.”

“What the heck happened to all of that Cabot money you married into?”

“Fuck you Cassidy.”

He motioned for the bartender to bring a pitcher of beer. It was just after five and the afternoon shift was filtering in.

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10:00 pm

Alex sat rocking a very sick and cranky Sydney as she watched a feverish and sweaty Kennedy sleep on the couch. She was worried about Olivia and had called all of the guys who had gone to look for her around 9:00pm.

Without her cell, Olivia was unreachable. Alex had already called all of the hospitals, afraid something else might have happened to Olivia. She was both relieved and frightened that Olivia wasn’t in any ER in the city.

She groaned as Kennedy started coughing again and Clarence began barking, which woke Sydney who started crying.

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Midnight

Olivia and Brian had left the bar and gone to a dingy little pizza place where they ate and consumed several more pitchers of beer. Both were more than just a little drunk.

“Hey Olivia, why don’t you come back to my place since you don’t got a car and I’m too drunk to drive?”

Olivia rubbed her head, trying to remember something she thought was probably pretty important. When nothing came to her mind, she agreed. They stumbled the two blocks to Cassidy’s apartment. As he tried to get the keys into the lock, Olivia grabbed him and kissed him.

“What r’ you doin’?”

“Fuck me.” And the door flew open.

Olivia yanked him inside the apartment and repeated, “Fuck me. You know you’ve wanted to again ever since the last time.” He couldn’t argue with that.

They eventually fell on Brian's bed, with him on top of Olivia. She tore at his shirt and he pushed hers up and off. He took a cotton clad nipple into his mouth and began to suck. Olivia could feel his erection pressing into her thigh. She tugged on his head and urged him to look at her.

"Fuck me Brian."

Cassidy stood up and began removing his clothes, while Olivia slid her pants off. When he was down to his boxers he climbed back on the bed and settled between her legs. He resumed kissing her.

"Not so rough."

"Huh?"

"Your face, it's rough. It hurts."

"You liked my stubble the last time we did this."

Ignoring him, she began pushing down on his shoulders. "Fuck me."

"That's what I'm trying to do." He took her hand and guided it down to his erection.

"Go down on me." She yanked her hand back and gave him another push downward.

"I don't…I don't do that." He was looking rather disgusted at Olivia, who was blissfully unaware.

"Not even for me?"

He hesitated before moving down south. She still had her underwear on and he considered keeping the fabric barrier in place. She spread her legs and waited. He started on her inner thigh and she yelped.

"Wha'?"

"Your face scraped me!"

"Sorry." He did the same thing again.

"Ow! Brian, just hurry up and fuck me!"

He stood and removed his boxers. He settled back in on top of Olivia who began pushing at him.

“What?”

“I want you to fuck me.”

“That’s what I’m trying to do!” Again he grabbed her hand and placed it on his erection. He covered her mouth with his and began to kiss her.

As he plopped his tongue into her mouth, she tasted him for the first time. He tasted bitter, metallic like and his breath had an unfamiliar smell. She began moving her head away from him. His smell was very potent and assaulted her nostrils. Suddenly, everything seemed very wrong to her.

“Just hurry up and fuck me with your mouth Brian.”

He took her thighs in his hands and pushed her legs further apart. Holding his breath, he moved the crotch of her panties aside and moved inward. Just as his chin scraped across her inner thigh, somebody started pounding on the door.

“Cassidy! Open up!”

He ignored the pounding and moved back in, again scraping Olivia’s sensitive skin.

“Stop!” She pushed against him and moved away. “This isn’t right.”

“Cassidy! Open the fucking door or I’ll break it down!”

The voice sounded familiar to Olivia, and as she struggled to put her pants on, she was vaguely aware of Cassidy making his way to the door.

“Elliot? What do you want?”

Elliot pushed passed Cassidy and made his way toward Olivia. Fin brought up the rear and started yelling at Brian.

“What the fuck you think you doin’?”

“We were just talkin’.”

Fin looked between Elliot and Olivia and Cassidy. He glanced down and saw the younger man’s fading erection.

“Was you gonna talk with Liv under ya or on top of ya? You know she’s married! And she’s not herself. She’s been havin’ some memory problems.”

Olivia was frantically trying to cover her breasts and not having much luck. Elliot ignored her bare breasts and scooped up her bra. He helped her put it on and then her shirt. Olivia was blushing violently.

“No need to be embarrassed Liv, I’ve seen your breasts before.”

“When?”

He helped her finish getting dressed and muttered, “I’ll tell you when you’re sober.”

Fin stayed behind to threaten Cassidy with his life if he ever told anybody about what had or almost had, happened that night.

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Elliot disconnected the cell call and looked over at Olivia.

“Listen to me, you never ever to tell Alex about what happened back there, do you understand?”

“Nothin’ happened El. It…it didn’t feel right.” Elliot scowled at her. “El, El pull over. I think I’m gonna be sick.”

He pulled over to the curb and swore.

“Not in the car!”

She threw the door open just as she threw up all over the curb. He watched her until she dry heaved and then helped her back into the car. He handed her some napkins. When she finally got her mouth cleaned off, he handed her the remnants of a bottle of water. She used it to rinse her mouth out and then collapsed back into the car.

As they neared the loft, he glanced over at her and found her staring out the window.

“You ok?”

“Yeah.”

“I told Alex we found you in a bar. Got it?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll help you get upstairs.”

“I’m gay.”

Elliot hit the steering wheel. “Ya think?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“What convinced you? That piece of shit Cassidy and his teeny-weeny dick?”

“No.”

“Well I’m glad you got that straightened out. You seen Huang yet?”

“No. He said to give it five days and then we’d talk.”

Elliot nodded as he pulled into a parking space at the loft.

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Alex yanked the door open and pushed passed Elliot. Seeing Olivia, she pulled her into a hug and let out a long, deep breath. She thanked Elliot and then closed the door.

“I’m sorry Alex.”

“It’s ok. Go on to bed.”

“Are you…coming to bed?”

“Both of the kids are now sick. I’m going to lay down with Kennedy. Make sure he’s ok.”

Olivia nodded and stumbled into the bedroom.

Alex climbed the steps and checked on Sydney. Finding her asleep, she made her way into Kennedy’s room.

“Mom-O?”

“No baby. Mom-O’s…sick.”

“Oh. But Mom-O always stays with me when I’m sick.”
She kissed his sweaty forehead. “I know baby, but she’s not able. Will I do?”

He sniffled. “I guess so.”

Several hours later, Alex awoke to a series of sounds and made her way downstairs. She found Olivia throwing up in their bathroom.

“Oh Liv.” She got a wash cloth and helped her wife get cleaned up.

“I’m sorry Alex. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s ok Liv.”

She helped her back to the bed and got the trash can from the bathroom and placed it next to the bed.
She tucked Olivia in and kissed her on the forehead. She turned to leave when Olivia stopped her.

“Thank you.”

Alex smiled and left the bedroom, only to hear Sydney crying. Sighing, she trudged back up the steps to see what was wrong with the little girl.

Olivia awoke with the head ache of all head aches the next morning. She quickly realized her head ache was actually a hang-over and groaned. She tried to get out of bed, but a wave of nausea made her reconsider and she lay back down. It was only then she realized she was in bed alone.

“Alex?” Her voice was weak and her tongue felt thick. Getting no response, she managed to get upright and after her stomach settled, she slowly made her way upstairs. She found Alex asleep in the rocking chair in Sydney’s room.

“Alex?”

Groaning, the blonde managed to pry her eyes open. She faintly smiled at Olivia before muttering a good morning. Rubbing her neck, she sat up straight and looked in the direction of the crib. Seeing that Sydney was, thankfully, asleep, she turned back to Olivia.

“How are you feeling?”

“I’m never drinking again.”

Alex smiled. “You’ve said that before.” She missed the alarmed look that crossed her lovers face. “I’m going to see if I can get the kids into see the pediatrician today. Both of them were up most of the night.” She looked at Olivia, seemingly waiting for some kind of response.

“Ok. Uh, I don’t feel so well myself, so I think I’m going to go back to bed, ok?”

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An hour or so later, Olivia heard Alex talking to Kennedy and a baby crying. She assumed it was Sydney, but made no effort to find out. Turning onto her side she played possum when Alex quietly entered the room. Thinking Olivia was still asleep, she sat the note down on the night stand, and kissed Olivia’s temple.
Hearing the loft door slide shut, Olivia rolled back over and read the note.

Liv,
I made you some toast and there is juice in the fridge. I also put some Tylenol out for you.
Love,
Alex

Feeling like a heel, she sighed and pulled herself from the bed.

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After a shower and eating the toast, she’d just settled in to watch some TV when there was a knock on the door. She found the crabby face of Elliot waiting for her. Not waiting to be invited in, he pushed past her and took a seat on the couch.

“How ya feeling this morning Liv?” He said it a bit louder than necessary and seemed to take pleasure in the grimace on Olivia’s face.

“I’ve felt better. What do you want?”

“Where’s Alex?”

“She took those kids to see the doctor. Both of them are sick.”

“Those kids? You mean your son and daughter, Kennedy and Sydney?”

“Don’t start on me El.”

“You didn’t say anything about Cassidy, did you?”

She blushed and turned away from him. “No.” Taking a deep breath she continued, “At least now I know I really am gay.”

“At least where Cassidy is concerned.” He smiled at her.

She laughed and they settled in to a comfortable silence, watching TV. Elliot with his bottle of water and Olivia with her feet propped on the coffee table.

“Hey Elliot, when did I…come out?”

“Huh?” He was frantically trying to decide how and even if he should answer the question. The last thing he needed was yet another ass chewing from Alex.

“You know, tell ya I was gay? Boinking Alex?” Looking panicked, she added, “It was Alex I told you about, right? I mean, I didn’t have another relationship with a woman that I told you about, right?”

Seeing a chance to buy some time and make his partner think, he countered with, “Why? Does it bother you that you may have had a relationship significant enough to tell me about with a woman who wasn’t Alex?” He let her chew on that while he tried to figure out if he should tell her the truth or lie.

She started to deny his theory, but stopped when she realized that on some level it did matter to her, and not because of Elliot. She some how felt disloyal to Alex in just thinking she might have had a worthy relationship prior to her.

“So?”

“So what?”

“Elliot! When did I…come out?”

“Well, Liv, it wasn’t so much as you came out of the closet to me as I stumbled…into the closet.” He took a swig of water. “Uh, see, it happened like this….”

XXXXXXXXXXX

8 years ago

“Alex, he’s a great guy. A stock broker.” He looked at her hopefully.

“Elliot, I appreciate that you are thinking of my social life, but really, I’m just not ready to start dating so soon after my return from the dead.”

He watched as she hurried out of the squad room, pausing briefly to say something to Olivia who was just returning from some errand.

“What’s wrong Elliot, you look like you just lost your best friend and I know that’s not so because that’s me.” She hit him on the arm as she made her way to her desk.

“I don’t get it. She’s been back for a month and after being dead and holed up in small town America for the last two years, you’d think she’d want to dive right back into life! That’s the third time she’s turned me down on meeting Kathy’s cousin. He’s a stock broker with Goldman Sachs for crissakes!”

Olivia stilled her movements and unconsciously played with the collar of her turtleneck, which hid a rather large hickey that the aforementioned Alex Cabot had given her the night before.

“And when is she going to get her own apartment and quit sleeping on your couch?”

Regaining her composure, she replied, “Elliot, give her some time. Not everybody is in as much of a hurry as you are to breed! As for her living arrangements, don’t you think maybe she wants to be around people she knows since she’s lived a solitary life the last two years?” Especially if said person can make her come just by touching her?

“Yeah, I know, but still; he’s a great guy, good looking, successful, rich. You know, perfect for somebody like Cabot.”

His comment about “somebody like Cabot” made her bristle, but she let it slide. She made a mental note to talk to Alex about coming clean with Elliot and the guys about their relationship. Their reunion had been blissful and perfect in her eyes and it was time to tell the boys. They had reaffirmed their love and commitment for each other and had started making plans for the future. Plans that Olivia hoped included a ceremony.

“Liv? O-Livia?”

“What?”

“I’ve been calling your name for the last five minutes. Where did you go?”

“Oh, sorry. Just thinking.”

“You holdin’ out on me Liv? You been ‘just thinking’ a lot lately. Come to think of it, you’ve been leaving on time, coming in on time instead of at the crack of dawn, and humming for the last few weeks. Something you want to tell me?”

“Nope. Let’s go to lunch.”

XXXXXXXXXXX

Elliot watched as Olivia left right at 5:00 pm and shook his head. Something was going on with his partner and he just didn’t know what. He dove back in on his paperwork until time to meet Kathy’s cousin for drinks and to see about his 401k.

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“Man, I mean, she’s perfect for you Edward. She’s beautiful, driven, smart and ambitious. I just don’t know why she keeps putting me off where you’re concerned.”

Edward took a sip of his martini and watched his cousin-in-law. “You said she’s been through a lot Elliot. Maybe she just wants to get settled and enjoy being back before getting into a relationship.” He shrugged.

“Maybe. So, tell me how I’m doing with my 401k.”

3 drinks later

Both men where a little less than sober when Elliot came up with his brilliant idea to take Edward to Olivia’s to meet Alex. He rationalized that if Alex wouldn’t come to Edward, Edward would just have to go to Alex. It was with this idea that both men stumbled out and caught a cab to Olivia’s apartment.

Looking back, Elliot should have just left well enough alone. But then, that wasn’t his style.

As they approached Olivia’s door, both men tried to compose themselves. Edward handed Elliot a breath mint and they paused to do a breath check. As they neared the door, Elliot shushed Edward who was prattling on about something.

“What?”

“Shhh. I think I hear groaning.”

“Huh?”

“Olivia and Alex might be in danger. Maybe some lone member of Valez cartel came after Alex.”

Edward watched as Elliot prepared his gun for easy withdrawal and listened at the door, while taking out his keys. He thought he heard Liv moaning Alex’s name and immediately tried the door knob. Finding the door locked, he slipped his key in and turned to door knob.

Busting in, with Edward on his heels, he saw a sight that confused, angered and aroused him all at the same time. His partner, Det. Olivia Benson was spread eagle on her coffee table, nude and apparently tied down with Assistant District Attorney Alexandra Cabot between her legs, tongue deep inside his partner.

Alex, who had glanced in the direction of Elliot when she heard the door open, but had not removed her tongue from Olivia's folds, quickly pulled back and scrambled to cover her lover's body with her own.

"Alex! Don't stop baby."

Alex clamped her hand down on Olivia's mouth, causing the brunette to open her eyes.

"Elliot! What are you doing and who the hell is that with you?"

Olivia turned her head and looking horrified at her partner she shrieked. "Elliot, get the fuck out of my apartment!"

"What the hell are you two doing?"

Alex put her hand back over Olivia's mouth and very calmly said, "Elliot, if you and your friend will please leave and give us half an hour before you come back, alone, we'll talk to you then."

He started to protest, but she gave him "the look." "Ok."

XXXXXXXXXX

"Guess we know why she didn't want to go out with me, huh?"

Elliot, bewildered by what he'd seen just mumbled an agreement.

As they entered a bar right around the corner from Olivia's apartment, Edward continued, "Man, that was hot though!"

"Watch it, she's my best friend and partner." Ordering a double he downed it in one swig. "In a million years, I'd never have guessed Liv was a lesbian." Shaking his head, he added, "Or Cabot."

"Oh well, so much for my luck." He paid their tab and got up to leave, slapping Elliot on the shoulder. Turning back to his cousin-in-law, he asked, "How do you think she keeps those glasses on?"

Elliot waved him away and growled, “Go!” Looking at his watch, he finished his second drink and headed in the direction of Olivia’s apartment.

This time he wisely knocked and wasn’t surprised when a fully clothed Alex answered the door.

“Come in Elliot, Liv will be right out. I made coffee.” She motioned him into the living room and went to retrieve the coffee. He noticed that the coffee table had returned to the way he was used to seeing it. Magazines, a couple of books and without his partner splayed across it in the nude. He did however take a seat in the chair furthest away from the coffee table. Alex sat down and handed him his cup of coffee. They sat awkwardly for a few minutes until Olivia entered the room and sat down next to Alex.

“Elliot…”

“Olivia…”

Elliot held up his hand to silence Olivia. “I’m sorry I busted in on you Liv, but I thought I heard you groaning and my first instinct was that some stray member of Valez’s cartel had come back to get Alex. My only thought was for your safety.” Glancing at Alex he added, “And yours.”

Olivia seemed to lose her edge at his admission and nodded. “Thanks El, I appreciate that.”

“So do I Elliot.”

“Well, I won’t try to fix you up with anymore men Alex,” he looked between the two women, “unless this is just a fling or experiment?” He almost looked hopeful.

The two women smiled at each other and Alex took Olivia’s hand in hers. “No, it’s not a fling or experiment.” Olivia nodded in agreement.

“How long?”

Olivia took a deep breath, knowing her next statement might upset the apple cart. “Since the Cheryl Avery case.”

Now he was pissed. It was one thing to think this had all happened since Alex’s return, but another to think his partner had been lying to him for two and a half years.

“Cheryl Avery? You been carrying a torch for her for the last two plus years and you never once told me? Thanks for trusting me Liv!”

“Elliot, it’s not like that. We just started hanging out after that case and slowly we grew closer until we realized it was more than friendship. We affirmed that two weeks before the Valez case.

There wasn't really time to tell anybody." She shrugged. "After she was gone, it was just too damn painful to talk about."

Elliot's mind was flipping through his mental calendar. "That weekend trip you took?" Alex blushed and Olivia nodded.

"Ok." He nodded as if sorting everything out in his own mind. "Who else knows?"

They looked at each other before Olivia replied, "Just you. We discussed earlier tonight that we were ready to tell you and the guys. After our conversation today, I didn't want to keep hiding this from you. You're my best friend."

He looked at Alex. "You love her?"

"More than anything."

He nodded. And you love her?"

"Yes."

"Ok. Well, I uhm, need to get home to Kathy and the kids. Is it ok if I tell her?"

Olivia smiled. "I'd like that. I want the whole world to know. In fact, we may just put it on the jumbo tron in Times Square!"
They all laughed, releasing the tension each had been holding since Elliot came busting in on them. They showed him to the door.

"I really am sorry I busted in and with Kathy's cousin in tow. By the way, he thought it was hot and wanted to know how Alex was able to keep her glasses on while…"

Olivia shoved him out the door.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

Olivia looked at the coffee table and pulled her legs to her chest. Elliot, who hadn't looked at her the entire time he was telling the story, finished his water and finally glanced at her.

"So ya see, I kinda found out in an unusual way."

Olivia felt her face flaming and couldn't meet his eyes.

"Is that what you meant when you said you'd seen my breasts before?" It was the only thing she felt remotely safe discussing with Elliot.

“The first time.”

Now she was looking at him, only she was chalk white. “The first time? How many times have you seen my breasts?”

“Counting last night, 3. The other time was when I accidentally walked in on you nursing Sydney in the crib. It was something about colic and Alex eating something spicy.”

“You can leave now.” He grinned at her. “Seriously Elliot, my head’s hurting and I just can’t look at you right now.”

She walked him to the door and said, “And I don’t shriek Stabler.”

XXXXXXXXXXXX

Alex struggled to get the stroller and a cranky Kennedy through the

door of the loft. She called out for Olivia, and sighed when she got

no response. Kennedy helped her get Sydney upstairs and then got back

into his pj's and went to bed without being told.

"Thank you for helping me Kennedy. You are a big boy."

"I don't mind mommy. Sydney is just a little kid."

Alex smiled at his comment. Ruffling his hair she kissed his forehead.

"Do you think Mom-O will feel up to reading me a story tonight? And where do you think she is?"

"I don't know sweetie, but I'll ask her when she comes back from wherever she is."

After giving him his medicine, Alex went back downstairs and contemplated calling Olivia's cell phone to see where her wife might be. Deciding to give her an hour before calling, she settled in on the couch with some case files.

A short time later Olivia came through the door carrying a paper bag and humming. She went into the kitchen and when she came out, she was carrying a bottle of beer. She was startled to see Alex sitting on the couch watching her.

"Alex…I didn't realize you were back." She sat down in the chair next to the couch. Taking a swig of beer she asked, "So…how'd the doctor's thing go?"

"They have strep throat." Olivia nodded and took another drink. "You went out." It was a statement not a question.

"Yeah. Elliot stopped by and after we finished talking, I wanted a beer. We didn't have any so I went to the store."

She noticed Alex was looking at her beer with annoyance. "What?"

Alex shook her head. "Nothing." She put her files away. "How was the visit with Elliot?"

Olivia blushed. "Uh, it was good." Olivia looked at the coffee table. "Hey Alex, uh, how long have we had this coffee table?"
"We got this when we moved in together. The other one…broke." Alex had a flash of memory and smiled. When it dawned on her why Olivia might be asking, she felt her face turn blood red. "He didn't…tell me he didn't!"

"Sorry. I wanted to know how I came out to him." She shrugged and avoided looking at Alex.

"I'm going to kill him!"

"You? He's my partner!"

Alex got up and made her way to the kitchen, trying to put some distance between her and Olivia. The phone rang and she gladly answered it. Olivia could hear her on the phone and curious, she made her way into the kitchen.

"That was the pharmacy. The prescriptions are ready to be picked up." Alex was looking at Olivia and biting her bottom lip. "Would you mind watching the kids while I go get the medicine?"

"Uh, how about I go get the medicine and you can stay here. One of them may want you or something."

Alex scribbled the address for Olivia and watched her leave the loft. As soon as the door shut, she picked up the phone and dialed Elliot Stabler.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

“Olivia!”

The brunette turned in the direction of the voice and stared at an unfamiliar face.

“Yes?”

“We’re so glad to see you again! Aria and I saw on TV that you helped catch that pedophile and that you were hurt. Are you ok?”

“Uh, yeah. Just a little bump on the head.” Obviously these people knew her, but Olivia found it a little disconcerting to have no idea who they were.

“Olivia! Thank goodness you are ok!”

She turned in time to see an older, dark complexioned woman coming toward her with arms outstretched. Before Olivia could stop her, the older woman grabbed her in a bear hug.

“Frank, you go get the prescriptions for the little ones while I have a minute with Olivia.”
He obediently replied, “Yes Maria.”

The older woman ushered Olivia down the aisle of the store. Reaching the back register she leaned in and whispered, “Will you be needing any more K-Y Tingling Mint today?”

Olivia felt her face flame and she sputtered, “Uh, n-no.”

Oblivious to the detective’s embarrassment, Maria prattled on, “I wish my Frank and I were still as active as you and Alex are. Of course we’ve got about 30 years on the two of you, but I doubt you’ll be less amour us as the time passes. You two are so in love.” She kissed Olivia on the cheek. “And I am so grateful nothing bad happened to you on that last case.”

Olivia nodded weakly and looked around for “Frank” so she could get the medicine and get out of there.

“Here ya go Olivia. I put a safety sucker in for Sydney and a Blow-pop and Bat-Man comic book for Kennedy. I hope they get to feeling better soon! Tell Alex we said hi and to stop by and see us.”

“Ok. Uhm, how much do I owe you?”

Frank waved her away. “I’ll put it on your monthly bill.”

XXXXXXXXXXX

She found Alex in the kitchen with Kennedy when she got back to the loft. They were scooping out ice cream and Kennedy ran to greet her.

“Mom-O!” His little voice came out raspy as he hugged Olivia around the knees.

Olivia looked to Alex for help as she tried to get into the kitchen.

“Kennedy, let Mom-O get into the kitchen.”

Olivia gave the bag to Alex and finally spoke to Kennedy.

“Hey little guy. How are you feeling?”

Kennedy scowled at Olivia and backed away from her.

“Not little guy, Co-Counsel!”

“Wha..”

Before she could finish, Kennedy had grabbed his bowl of ice cream and run up the steps to his room.

“What’s wrong with him and who the hell is co-counsel?”

Alex finished with the medicine and let out a long breath.

“When I was pregnant with him, you nick named him Co-Counsel. You still call him that, especially when he’s sick or hurting.”

Olivia nodded, but said nothing. She remembered Maria’s comments and tried to figure out how she wanted to approach Alex.

“What Liv?”

“What do you mean what?”

“I know you and I know you are trying to figure out how to ask me something. So, spill it.”

“Alex, I don’t know how much I may have changed these last 10 years, but I’m pretty sure I’m still a very private person.”

“And?”

“Well, would you mind not sharing details of our, uhm, sex life with the corner drug store?” At Alex’s bewildered look she continued, “Maria, at the drug store, asked me if we needed any more K-Y Tingling Mint lube! And then she went on to say something about how ‘active’ we are. I know I don’t talk about my sex life, especially not to some woman at the drug store!”

“Oh really? Well Detective Benson, follow me.”

Olivia followed Alex into their, her, bedroom stopping short of the walk-in closet.

“In here Olivia.”

Olivia walked into the closet and watched as Alex rummaged around behind some boxes, finally pulling another small box out. She held it out for Olivia and when the brunette didn’t take it, she shook it.

She opened the box and dropped it like it was hot when she realized what it contained.

“What is that?”

“That, my dear friend, is YOUR dildo. And these,” she held up two bottles of lube, “are your lube. And this is your harness.” She crossed her arms and waited for Olivia to do something.

“But I’ve never….well, I had never used one of those.” She hated to admit it, but the thought of Alex splayed beneath her was more than enough to make her throat dry.

Alex pushed past Olivia and muttered, “Well you have now!”

Olivia quickly shoved everything back in the box and left the closet. She found Alex sitting on the bed.

“And Olivia, I do not go around talking about our sex life. And we use the K-Y Tingling Mint for body massages, especially after you practice football with Kennedy!”

“Football practice?” Olivia shook her head. “Then how did Maria know?”

“Liv, we’ve been going to that pharmacy since we moved in here. Maria and Frank have babysat for us on more than one occasion. And we’re very…affectionate with each other.”

Olivia scowled. “We PDA?”

“Yeah, we PDA.”

“Just how open are we?”

Alex moved closer to Olivia and placed her hand on top of the detectives. “We don’t hide it but we don’t broadcast it. We hold hands in public, we kiss,” she grinned at Olivia’s pained expression. “Sorry Liv, but our first kiss was in the middle of Times Square and we got a round of applause when we broke for air.”

“Maybe there’s something to Munch’s alien abduction theory after all.” Olivia removed Alex’s hand from her own.

She meant it as a joke, but it hurt Alex, who managed to hide the pain from Olivia.

“Liv, when do you go see Huang?”

“Tomorrow morning. I’m actually looking forward to it. I want to get back to my normal self ASAP.”

Alex gave her a small smile and went back into the kitchen.

Olivia went to bed early that night and left Alex to sit with Sydney and Kennedy by herself. Alex ended up falling asleep in the rocking chair by Sydney’s baby bed. She awoke the next morning when Sydney began to fuss and cry. Making her way downstairs, she found the house empty. Olivia’s keys were gone, but she found no note. Glancing at the clock, she realized the detective was probably on her way to see George.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

“Good morning Olivia. How are you?”

“Remarkably well considering I have no use for the mental health field and wouldn’t be here talking to you if I had my memory back. No offense.”

“None taken. Olivia, before we begin, you should know that we have had sessions before.”

“I know. Just mandatory stuff after a bad case or killing someone.”

“Yes, there have been those. But there have been others as well. Personal sessions.”

“What? Who the hell am I? No offense George, but you’re not the first person I’d go to with a problem.”

George smiled at her and she suddenly felt very vulnerable.

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“Olivia, why don’t we start with you telling me the last things you remember from your life?”

She shifted in her seat. “Why don’t we start with you telling me why we’ve had sessions of a ‘personal’ nature in the past?”

“Liv, let’s just try this my way first, ok?”

“Fine. The last actual case I remember is Cheryl Avery. I remember being at Bellevue with Alex when she was wheeled in. Alex was upset and blaming herself. We went for a drink. That’s it. Flash forward 10 years and I’m gay, I’m ‘married’ to her, we have two kids, a dog and loft in Tribeca, which I could never afford on my own, and I don’t even recognize who I am.”

George smiled at her. “Were you attracted to Alex during the Cheryl Avery case?”

Without hesitation she answered, “Yes.”

“Do you remember when you first knew you were attracted to her?”

Olivia blushed and ducked her head. George waited for her to answer.

“Well you’ve seen her! Why wouldn’t somebody be attracted to her right away?”

“That’s not an answer.”

“Ok fine! The moment I first saw her I wanted her. Even if she was bossy, pushy and her hair was all wrong.”

George flipped through his notes and took a moment to read something he’d scribbled down years before.

“Do you recall when you first realized you were in love with her?”

“NO! I don’t want to talk about Alex. I want to figure out how I can get my memory back.”

Again George smiled and Olivia found it terribly irritating.

“I don’t find this funny George. Apparently I’ve morphed into a shell of my former self. Do you have any clue what it feels like to look in the mirror and not recognize this person I’ve supposedly become? I can’t believe I’m this person. Married, kids, a dog, a home, a neighborhood pharmacy where they know me by name and a Colts fan.”

“And why can’t you believe this is your life Liv? What about the things you’ve just said are so implausible?”

Olivia shook her head. “I don’t know George. I…look, what can we do about my memory?”

Realizing Olivia had already said more than she would have 10 years ago in a first session, he closed her file and discussed the medical options available to her and then explained what he thought was going on.

“We can do some more MRI’s and a PET scan, but I think it’s a case of hysterical amnesia. The last case you were working on was particularly gruesome. You’ve had a rough year in SVU and I think something inside you just snapped. The good news is that once your brain decides it can process what happened to you on this last case, your memory will come back.”

“How…”

“There is no time table Olivia.”

“Great.”

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

1 Week Later

Olivia slammed down the phone and swore.

“What Liv?”

“The damn MRI didn’t show anything. I find it hard to believe that my caseload has been so awful that I wouldn’t recall my supposed life!”

Alex had gotten used to Olivia’s frustrated outbursts in the last two weeks and tried to placate her lover.

“Just give it time Olivia.”

Grabbing a beer out of the fridge she barked, “Easy for you to say! I can’t go back to work until I remember and that kills me! This job is all I have!” She caught the hurt in Alex’s eyes and despite her sympathy for Alex, she replied, “Don’t look at me like that. I don’t remember this life we have Alex so for me the most important thing I do remember is my job. It’s nothing personal, but playing house isn’t high on my list of priorities right now.”

Alex pushed her hurt and anger down, opting instead to offer comfort to Olivia. She pulled the woman into a hug and tried to hold her. Olivia relaxed into the embrace for only a moment before pulling back.

“I uhm, I think I’m going out for a walk.” In reality, being that close to Alex’s body had stirred something inside her. Something purely carnal. Alex had the faint smell of lilacs and it somehow felt right laying her head on the blondes shoulder. The sensations may have felt “right” to her but, but that rightness confused her.

For her part, Alex was trying to squelch her own frustrations. She turned as she heard Kennedy come rumbling down the stairs.

“Mom! It’s the third Thursday of the month!” He was dressed in his Colts jersey.

Alex swore under her breath. “That’s right it is. I almost forgot.” Seeing his face falter she hurried to explain, “How about I take you to this months meeting?”

“But Mom-o always takes me!”

“Sweetie, Mom-O is not herself these days. That nasty bump on the head is still causing her problems. Let me go call Aunt Serena and see if Sydney can stay with them while we go, ok?”

Disappointed, he nodded.

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Olivia arrived back at the loft and found the note telling her Alex had taken Kennedy to the monthly NYC-Colts Fan Club meeting and that Sydney was with Serena and Jenny. Olivia tried to think of whom Serena and Jenny might be. She only knew of one Serena besides her dead mother and that was Serena Southerlyn.

Deciding that could wait, she went in search of the elusive baby books for Kennedy and Sydney. Alex had kept putting her off whenever Olivia had asked to see them. She noted that the books had gone missing shortly after she had gotten home from the hospital.

Her first place to look was in the closet from the night before. After digging through some boxes, she found what she was looking for. Sitting in the floor of the closet, she started with Kennedy’s book.

Along with the ultrasound, there was a photo of Olivia, Alex and what she assumed was Kennedy in a hospital bed, asleep. There was the donor profile, birth announcement and a copy of his birth certificate. She expected to find the line for father blank, but instead she found the name Wil-Henry Crawford. On the next page there was another copy of his birth certificate,

without a name for the father. Confused, she looked at the date of issue and found the named father one newer than the other one.

She thought back to the two different wedding dates she'd found in their wedding album and how the second date was almost exactly 9 months after the first date. She made a mental note and continued looking through the book.

She had to admit they did look like a happy family. There was a photo of Alex and Kennedy as a baby in a bathtub full of bubbles. Alex was looking at Kennedy who was looking at bubbles on his fingers.

The next photo was of Olivia and Kennedy in what looked like a church. She was further shocked to find a bunch of photos of Kennedy being christened. According to the date and info written on the page, Kennedy had been christened a week before they were "married."

However, nothing could prepare her for the next series of pictures. They were of Kennedy and some man. A very tall, good looking man with dark hair and skin. There were several photos from various stages of Kennedy's life. The first were of him as an infant, then as a two year old with a fire truck, at a Yankees game and the most recent one appeared to be from the previous Christmas. Kennedy and the same man were at the skating rink at Rockefeller. Then there were pictures of Alex, Kennedy and this man and then of Olivia, Kennedy and Alex.

In a fit of anger, Olivia slammed the book shut. The sight of Alex and that man who was obviously Kennedy's father, made her feel out of sorts. She couldn't identify what the feeling was and decided to take a look through Sydney's baby book as well.

It started out much the same as Kennedy's. There was the ultrasound photo, the hospital pictures and then there were photos of Serena Southerlyn and a short red head holding Sydney at what looked like a first birthday party. Olivia looked closer as she realized Serena looked pregnant in the photo. She idly wondered when the ADA had gotten married.

That question was quickly answered in another photo of the birthday party in which Serena and the red head were none to chastely kissing in the background.

"Did everybody go gay in the last decade?" Shaking her head, she continued looking through the book.

She had to admit the little girl looked like her and her grandmother. A photo that Olivia was quite taken with showed Sydney sitting in the kitchen floor with what looked like jelly on her face and Clarence the dog licking it off. The little girl was smiling and you could just see Alex, hand to head in the background.

Olivia had to smile at the picture and at what was Alex's obvious displeasure.

All good feelings came crashing down as she turned the page and saw a photo of the same man from Kennedy's book holding a bundled up Sydney at the ice rink. There were also pictures of Alex, Sydney and Olivia and then Olivia, Sydney and the man.

Angrily, she shoved the book back into the box. As she did so, a ring fell out of the box. Picking it up, she saw that it was a man's crest ring with the initial "C" on it. Swearing, she tossed it back into the box.

She had just gotten herself another beer and settled into the couch when Alex, Kennedy and Sydney arrived home.

"Mom-O! Me and mom went to the fan club meeting tonight!"

"You did? How was that?" She had no clue what he was talking about, but thought she should at least act interested.

"Mommy needs to watch more football."

"No, mommy doesn't. Now go get ready for bed."

Kennedy rolled his eyes at Olivia who couldn't help but laugh.

"Will you be able to take me next month?"
Caught off guard, Olivia stammered, "Uh, yeah, sure."

Delighted, Kennedy ran up the stairs.

"I'm going to get Sydney ready for bed. Unless you want to do it?" Alex was looking at her hopefully.

"No, that's ok." Olivia suddenly remembered the man in the pictures and the changed wedding dates and birth certificate. She wasn't going to blame the kids for whatever Alex had done, she'd grown up with that stigma, but she did hold Alex accountable. And she was irrationally angry with Alex, a woman who in her stunted memory, was at best something she lusted for and at worst a co-worker. Even as she had the thought, she knew it wasn't entirely truthful. She had been in love with Alex Cabot for a long time, even with where she was in time. And somehow that made whatever this was, hurt all the more.

When Alex returned from putting the kids to bed, she found Olivia already in bed, ostensibly asleep. As she climbed into bed, she thought back over their brief contact earlier in the day.

They hadn't been together in almost three weeks and Alex was feeling quite needy. She'd tried to engage Olivia in something sexual twice before with no luck. She did however take comfort in that Olivia had allowed her to sleep closer and closer each night. Feeling bold, she spooned her wife from behind and planted a kiss on the nape of her neck.

Olivia pulled away and mumbled about having a bad headache and could Alex please give her some room.

Reluctantly, Alex complied.

For the next four days, Olivia was aloof with Alex and by association the kids. Though she did manage to take Kennedy for a Mr. Softee ice cream one night. Other than that, she'd spent the last few days brooding.

It was Friday night and Alex had arranged for Kennedy and Sydney to stay with her mother for the weekend. She hoped some alone time with Olivia might ease the detectives anxiety and maybe help her remember something.

She fixed Olivia's favorite meal, changed into a pair of faded jeans and tank top, sans bra. Knowing Olivia liked her in her tortoise shell glasses and with her hair in a pony tail, she did just that.

Olivia arrived home from the firing range in a miserable mood. The squad was working a tough case and she felt guilty for not being able to help. Cragen wouldn't even let her come in and track down tips.
Her mood temporarily brightened at the delicious smell coming from the kitchen, until a scantily clad Alex Cabot emerged carrying two plates.

"Hey Liv, how was the firing range?"

Olivia tried not to let her eyes linger on Alex's breasts. She became angry at the blonde for dressing in a way that made her really, really want the attorney.

"Great. Just great. There's a serial rapist out there and I'm stuck here unable to help catch the bastard."

They sat down and after trying and failing to start a conversation with Olivia, dinner was quiet. After letting Olivia know they would have the entire loft to themselves for the weekend, she cleared the table.

She found Olivia watching TV and tried to cuddle up to her wife. Olivia moved away from her.

"Liv, what's wrong? I get that you're not ready for sex, but can't we at least cuddle?"

“Who the hell is Wil-Henry Crawford and why is he listed as both Kennedy and Sydney’s father on their birth certificates?”

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“You found the baby books.”

“Uh, YEAH! Now, who the hell is he and why are there pictures of him with our children?”

Both Alex and Olivia were standing now. Alex was trying to figure out what exactly she should tell Olivia. Her silence on further enraged Olivia.

“Is he the reason why our wedding was postponed? Almost nine months to the day? What did you do, have a fling and get knocked up? Was all that talk of a sperm donor just a bunch of lies?”

Alex was trying to keep her anger in check, Olivia’s feelings be damned.

“He had nothing to do with our wedding being postponed. I did not, nor would I ever have, an affair on you! He is a donor with the gay sperm bank, which is a known donor registry.”

“Don’t you have to wait until they’re 18 or something?”

Sitting back down Alex answered, “In most clinics yes, but this one is unique in that at 3 months of age you get the name of the donor. I found it ridiculous that a child would have to wait 18 years to get answers to basic questions. And medically it made more sense.”

Olivia had calmed down a bit. “And the birth certificates?”

Alex again rubbed her forehead. “You didn’t want him going through life with a blank or unknown on his birth certificate. You said you had first hand knowledge of what that felt like and didn’t want YOUR son and daughter to go through that.”

“Oh.” She sat down in the chair opposite of Alex.

“So…does he have any legal rights?”

Alex shook her head. “You adopted them both. Even though it was your egg with Sydney, legal parentage is determined by who gives birth.”

“And the pictures? Obviously Kennedy knows him. What’s their relationship like?”

"Kennedy knows that Wil-Henry is his biological father, but that we are his parents. He treats him like he does the guys; like an uncle. He's met his paternal grandmother, but I'm his mother and you are his Mom-O."

"And I'm ok with that?"

"You were a little threatened by the idea at first, but you got over it. I think it helped that Crawford is law enforcement."

Olivia went into the kitchen and returned with another beer. This time she caught Alex's disapproving look and raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

"Nothing. Do you want to watch a movie?"

"Sure."

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Alex was having a very naughty dream about Olivia and reached for her wife. Still asleep, she began kissing Olivia, who responded until she felt Alex's fingers on her breast. Coming fully awake she rolled out of bed. Startled, Alex woke up and seeing Olivia's flushed face, she quickly got out of bed.

"Oh my God. I'm sorry Olivia. I was having a dream and I guess…"
"It's ok Alex. No harm no foul."

Alex got back into bed, on her side and motioned for Olivia to join her. "Come back to bed, it's far to early to get up."

"I think I might go get into Kennedy's bed."

"Liv I'm sorry. It won't happen again. It's just that we've always been physical, at least since my return, and we haven't been together in almost a month. I just, I miss you."

The truth was, Alex's sleep induced groping had stirred up emotions and desires in Olivia she wasn't ready to deal with. She hadn't processed yet why she couldn't just have a roll with Alex. The woman was her wife, or as close as they could get. The blonde was crazy about her for reasons that remained unknown to Olivia, so what could it hurt to give and get a little pleasure? Her moral compass reared its ugly head and she squashed the notion of having sex with Alex.

She sat down on the edge of the bed. “I’m sorry Alex, but to me you are just a co-worker. That’s the way I remember you.” She shrugged, knowing that wasn’t the total truth.

Alex felt her eyes tear up. She nodded and turned on her side, facing away from Olivia. “Would you at least sleep down here? I promise I won’t pounce on you again.”

Olivia eased back into bed and turned on her side, away from Alex. Both women stayed awake and Olivia inwardly cursed herself when she realized Alex was crying. She wanted to comfort the woman, but opted to feign sleep instead.

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Alex had made breakfast for her and went to shower while Olivia ate. They were walking on egg shells around each other for the next couple of hours. Alex hadn’t said two words to Olivia and it was about to drive her nuts.

“So…we have the entire weekend to ourselves?”

Alex nodded and went back to reading her magazine. Actually she was just staring at her magazine, but that was a minor detail.

“What do you want to do?”

“Olivia you don’t have to pretend. I know I’m the last person you want to spend time with, so why don’t you just go do whatever you would have done 11 years ago?”

“11 years ago I would have gone to visit a victim on the weekends, see how they were doing. Or I’d have volunteered to work. 11 years ago I didn’t have much of a social life.”
She watched Alex for a minute and then asked, “What about you? What would you have been doing 11 years ago?”

She considered the question. “Probably searching Lexis-Nexis for some legal loop hole for the SVU squad.” She smiled at Olivia. “I didn’t have much of a life either.”

“What about Trevor?”

Alex wrinkled her nose. “What about him?”

“Hello! Red dress, dinner with him looking at you like you were the special!”

“You remember that?”

“Like it was yesterday. Well I suppose for me it was yesterday.”

Alex laughed. “No, there was never anything between Trevor and I. It was a free meal, a chance to dress up and go out. He got stopped cold at the front door to my building.”

For some reason that made Olivia feel better.

“Hey Alex? Do you have any videos of us, as a-a family I could watch? And any other photo albums I could look through? It might jog my memory.”

Surprised, but pleased by Olivia’s request, Alex went into the bedroom and returned with a large photo album.

She was encouraged as Olivia scooted over to make room for her on the couch. She sat down close, but not to close to Olivia and watched as she started looking through the album.

“When was this taken?”

Alex glanced at the photo.

“That was my welcome home party from witness protection.”

“You look happy.”

“Fourth best day of my life.”

Olivia didn’t dare ask what the first three were; she was fairly certain she knew.

“So, how’d you make your re-entrance? I mean, I read the news clipping about the shake-up in Valez organization and his men turning on him and his bullet riddled body floating in the Hudson, but how’d that lead back to you coming home?”
Alex smiled. “I was living in God awful Tullahoma, Tennessee after a stint in Wisconsin working as an insurance adjuster when Agent Hammond, my contact in WP came knocking.”

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8 Years earlier

Alex hurried to the door, agitated that whoever was on the other side was repeatedly ringing the buzzer.

“Hold on, I’m coming!” As she always did, she looked out the window and her blood ran cold at the sight of Agent Hammond. She threw the door open. “What’s going on?”

“Miss Johnson, may I come in?”

She wanted to roll her eyes at his continual use of her “name,” Sara Johnson even when it was just the two of them. She waved him in.

She was insistent. “What?”

“Don’t get your hopes up Miss Johnson, but we believe there is about to be a shake-up in the Valez organization. It seems Caesar pissed off several of his own men and they are staging a coup of sorts.”

“Does that mean I can go home?” Back to Olivia, if she is available and wants me?

Hammond looked thoughtful before he answered. “Yes, you may have the opportunity to return to your former life if you so choose.”

If she chose? Tullahoma, TN or Wisconsin over New York City and Olivia? Was he serious?

“Yes, I will want my life back. All of it. How soon can that happen?”

“Within days if this goes down as planned. Until then, I’m here for the duration.” At her look he added, “Just a precaution.”

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4:00 A.M.

“Hammond.”

Alex had heard the agent’s cell phone and tore down the steps of her apartment waiting to see what had happened. Hammond was squeezing the phone and looking at Alex.
“OK. Yes. She what? Who informed her? Oh Hell. Fine. OK. Call me back ASAP.”

He hung-up the phone and swore. “I ought to kill your girlfriend!”

“What are you talking….”

“Oh please. I wasn’t born yesterday and I’m not blind. It sure as hell wasn’t Det. Stabler you were bound and determined to see that night before we left. Besides, even through the tears you two were practically undressing each other with your eyes.” He watched her color ever so slightly. “And the fact that you’ve been celibate the entire time you’ve been in the program speaks volumes. Usually finding a warm body is the first thing all newbies do. Helps ease the pain I guess. But not you.”

Alex cleared her throat and tried to maintain her dignity.

“Then you can understand why I want to get back to New York ASAP. Now, what did that call mean and why would you want to kill Olivia?”

“Seems New York’s finest showed up at the carnage tonight. A Det. Tutuola had gotten a tip from a former drug informant that something was going down. The entire SVU squad was there when they drug Valez’s body out of the river.” At Alex’s gasp he added, “Oh yeah, he’s dead, you can go home. Anyway, it seems one Det. Benson insisted on riding with the body to the morgue.”

Alex smiled. “I’m surprised she didn’t drive the coroner’s car!”

“No Alex, she rode WITH the body. In the back and insisted on a Dr. Warner drive the car to the morgue. Once she got there she sat guard while Warner did the autopsy and ran a DNA test to confirm it was Valez.”

Alex felt tears prick her eyes. “She still loves me.” It was a simple statement.

“How does riding to the morgue with a dead body equate love?”

Annoyed she said, “Would you ride with a dead body and stay for the autopsy for someone you weren’t in love with? She wanted to make sure it really was Valez and that I’d be safe.”

Hammond rolled his eyes at her moon eyed expression. “I’m a flowers and chocolates kind of guy myself.”

“When can I go home?”

“Within a week’s time I think. I’m waiting to hear back. I had the preliminary paperwork prepped ahead of time.”

Alex threw her arms around Hammond’s neck and hugged him.

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3 Days later

Agent Hammond had underestimated just how big a pain in the ass Alex Cabot could be. She was relentless about calling her mother and Olivia as soon as possible. She finally wore him down so that he called her mother and broke the news and told her Alex would be calling in another day. They wanted to make sure the new bosses of Valez’s old organization had no beef with Alex. He assured her mother it was just precautionary.

He was more than ready when the request came from Det. Benson that she be allowed to bring Alex home. He hadn't told Alex yet as he was unsure of exactly when the brunette would arrive and he didn't need Alex to pester him more.

He didn't think Alex had slept at all during the last 72 hours. She had immediately started packing what few things she wanted to take with her and had gotten online looking up old haunts in New York. As well as SVU cases.

He was glad when he heard the buzzer, knowing it could only be one person.

"Det. Benson, thank God. She's in the shower and doesn't know you are coming. As soon as she gets out, I'll happily sign her over to you. You can leave in the morning if you like or you can stay here for a few days. Just make sure she sets up an appointment with one of the counselors for her post WP counseling." He handed her the folder containing Alex's paperwork and gathered his things to leave.

"Aren't you staying?"

"No. I know when I'm intruding. Call me when you know when you're leaving. I'm booked at a hotel through tomorrow night. After this I need a vacation."

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Olivia looked around the apartment and found it to be very Spartan, utilitarian. She felt sad that Alex had had to live like this. She was so lost in thought that she didn't hear Alex approach her.

"Liv?"

She turned at the familiar voice and allowed a tear to fall. Alex ran to her and they embraced, holding, hugging and kissing each other for a long time.

"It's really you!"

"Yes Alex, it's really me."

"I love you Olivia."

"I love you Alex."

"I wanted to call you but Hammond wouldn't let me. I haven't spoken to my mother either." She looked around. "Where is Hammond anyway?"

Olivia smiled. “At a hotel. He said something about needing a vacation and you being a pain in the ass.” They laughed.

“Did he say when we could leave?”

“As early as tomorrow morning, if you want?”

“If I want? Look around Liv. Does it look like I have anything here I want to stay for?”

“Ok. I’ll go call Hammond and let him know. I have all of your paperwork and he says you have to see the counselor for post WP counseling. Then I think we should call your mother.”

“Ok.”

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“Mom? Mom it’s me!”

“Alex? Alex how many children do I have?”

“Oh mom! It’s so good to hear your voice! I was afraid…I was…” The tears that had threatened to fall ever since Hammond showed up on her doorstep came freely now.

“Oh Alex! Peanut,it’s ok. Shhhh. I love you baby girl.”

Getting her tears under control, Alex sniffled, “I love you too mom.”

“When will you be home?”

“We’ll be home tomorrow.”

“We? Is that nice Det. Benson with you?”

Realizing her slip, Alex stammered, “Uh, y-yes. She came to escort me home.”
“Alex, she’s a very nice girl. And she loves you very much. I want you to be happy. You’ve lost too much time as it is. You have my blessing for whatever life you lead. Call me when you get in.”

“Thank you mom.” She hung-up.

Olivia had overheard the last bit of conversation.

“What Alex?”

The blonde grabbed her and kissed her again. “How much contact did you have with my mother while I’ve been in WP?”

Olivia shrugged. “I helped her clean out your apartment, called her on her birthday, your birthday and other holidays, why?”

Alex kissed her again. “Thank you for loving me that much.” Kiss. “She knows we’re in love and she’s ok with it.”

Olivia smiled. “I’m glad. Listen, I had Hammond book us on the earliest flight possible. We fly out of Nashville at 6:30 am.”

Alex nodded. “Good.” She couldn’t help the yawn that escaped her.

Olivia ran her thumb over the circles under Alex’s eyes. “When was the last time you slept?”

Alex shrugged. “The night before Hammond arrived. I mean, I’ve cat napped but that’s about it. I do believe I’m ready for bed though.” Her smile was suggestive.

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Olivia left the bathroom and set the alarm on her cell phone for the entirely too early time of 4:30am. Alex was already in bed, looking sleepy in sexy all rolled up into one.

As soon as Olivia got into bed, Alex wrapped herself around the brunette. Holding on, she began to cry.

“What’s wrong sweetie?”

“I was so afraid I’d never get to do this again! Just hold you and sleep next to you.”

“Shhh. I’m here and we have the rest of our lives Alex.”

“Liv?”

“Yeah?”

“You know I want you, right? I mean sexually?”

“I thought maybe you did, but it’s nice to hear it anyway. Just know that the feeling is mutual.”

“Good. I really want to make love to you but I’m exhausted.”

“Me too sweetie, me too. Besides, I think our reunion deserves something extra special. I don’t want to rush it.” She kissed Alex’s forehead and after a few minutes she realized the blonde was asleep.

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Olivia looked at Alex.

“That’s it? We didn’t,” she was waving her hands, “you know?”

“Make love that night? No. That came later. A few days later actually, to both our displeasures. We stayed at a hotel while the Marshal’s debugged your apartment, the squad room, your car and my mother’s house. She shared the suite with us and you were paranoid about making love anywhere near my mother. The next two nights were spent at my mother’s house seeing relatives and old friends. It wasn’t until the fourth night, the night of my welcome home party, that we made love.”

She smiled. “Seeing how that went, it’s probably a good thing we didn’t do that while my mother was around!”

Olivia turned bright red and tried to hide her face.

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Tentatively Alex placed her hand on Olivia’s back.

“It’s ok Liv. I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable.”

Looking away and fanning her face she squeaked out, “Can we get out of here for a bit? I think I’ve had all the memory jogging of the carnal kind I can handle for right now.”

Alex sat the album on the coffee table and went to get her shoes.

“Any place you want to go?”

“How about we just walk around the neighborhood? I might see something that triggers something.”
Alex resisted the urge to grab Olivia’s hand as they walked down the street. She was unsure of what to point out or not point out to Olivia so she opted to just let her partner walk and look and ask questions.

To Olivia, the entire neighborhood might as well have been a foreign land. Besides the pharmacy, she saw nothing that was even vaguely familiar. She could feel her frustration grow and started to become agitated. Sensing Olivia's distress, Alex gently took her elbow and guided her out of the path of walkers.

"Would you like to get something to eat?"

Grateful for the help Olivia nodded. "Any of these restaurants ones we frequent?"

Alex looked around. "A couple. We can catch a cab to another neighborhood if you want?"

"I'd like that. I just don't think I can handle seeing people who know me and that I don't know."

They ended up in Little Italy at an Italian restaurant.

Alex tried to keep the conversation light and asked Olivia, aside from waking up gay, what the biggest shock was for her.

"Hmmm. Well, all this family stuff aside, I'd have to say seeing that Bush was still president. Are Americans really that dumb?"

Alex laughed and shrugged.

"And finding out that the Sopranos is off the air. I missed the finale!"

"Trust me Liv, it wasn't that great. You can probably still catch the ending on YouTube."

"On what?"

Realizing that Olivia was totally in the dark about a lot of things, Alex spent the rest of dinner and coffee catching her up.

They entered the loft with Olivia in disbelief that the Red Sox had won a World Series.

"It's criminal Alex! What next, the Cubs?"

Alex laughed as did Olivia. They were standing close and without thinking, Alex leaned in to kiss Olivia. Their lips touched ever so briefly before Olivia pulled back.

"No Alex. We can't."
"Why not?"

“Because Alex, right now it would just be me fucking you, nothing more. You’d just be a warm body and I may not remember our life together, but I do know that I have always respected you.”

“I’m fine with that Olivia! Really! Just fucking is A-OK by me at this point!” The blonde moved closer to Olivia hoping to punctuate her point.

“Alex…” It was a warning and finally the attorney relented.

“I’m sorry I tried to kiss you Liv, but it just seemed like old times.”

“Yeah, but it’s not.”

They slept in the same bed that night, but neither woman could claim a good night’s sleep. Alex had a throbbing between her legs she hadn’t felt in years and Olivia was going over everything mentally to see if she might remember some little something.

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Normally they would have spent a Sunday morning alone in bed reading the paper, making love and doing the crossword puzzle together. This was not a normal Sunday morning. Olivia had, against Alex’s protests, taken a jog that morning. While Olivia was gone, Alex seriously considered lubing up the dildo and getting some relief. She opted instead for a shower. A tepid shower.

After an awkward lunch Olivia couldn’t take it any more.

“Alex I’m sorry you’re…needy, but I won’t use you. I won’t.”

Alex sighed. “It’s ok Liv.” Before she thought she blurted out, “It’s not like this is the longest we’ve ever gone.”

Surprised Olivia said, “It’s not? When, why?”

Cursing herself she bit her lower lip. She waved her hand to dismiss the comment.

Olivia realized the other woman wasn’t going to say anything else so she picked up the photo album and began looking through it. Alex sat down next to her and answered questions about each photo.

“Gee Alex, you look pregnant in this one.”

Alex turned from the photo and mumbled, “I was.”

“With which one? Kennedy or Sydney?”

Still not looking at Olivia she closed her eyes and forced the word ‘neither’ from her mouth.

“Well you had to be pregnant with one of them unless you’ve been pregnant more than twice!”

When Alex didn’t respond Olivia took a good look at the photo. Based on what Alex was wearing it was in between the times when Alex should have been pregnant with either of the kids.

“Miscarriage?” Alex nodded. “Oh wow. I’m sorry.”

Alex swiped at her eyes. “It was a girl. The ultrasound picture is with the one of your other child.”

Olivia felt the hairs stand on the back of her neck. She moved ever so slightly away from Alex.

Afraid she’d said too much, Alex tried to think of something to say or do.

“Did I do anything to cause it?”

“What? No, of course not.”

“So I didn’t hit you or anything?”

“Never!”

In disbelief she asked, “Are you sure? I’ve never physically hurt you or caused you harm?”

Alex flashed back to the day she was inseminated with what turned out to be Kennedy. The slight hesitation was all it took for Olivia to reach the wrong conclusion.

“What did I do Alex?”

Alex sighed. “It’s not like that Olivia. You have never hurt me physically!”

“Physically? So I’ve hurt you emotionally?”

“Olivia, every couple hurts each other at some point in their relationship! Yes, you’ve hurt me emotionally, but I’ve hurt you as well!”

Olivia scoffed. “I seriously doubt you’ve ever hurt me! Emotionally or otherwise.”
“After the…miscarriage I shut you out! I said things that hurt you.”

“Really? What, what kinds of things?”

Alex took a moment to collect her thoughts. “Liv, that was a very, very bad time for us. I was so hurt, devastated. We both were really. I didn’t want you to touch me, I shut you out, picked fights with you, the whole works. You started working later and later and then staying at the station.”

“What happened, how’d we get passed it?”

Alex gave a mirthless laugh. “We had a fight. A big one. You came home, found me pretty much drunk and became enraged.” Olivia raised an eyebrow. “I was supposed to be taking care of Kennedy and I was drunk.” Olivia’s eyes flashed with anger. “I know Liv, I know. After your childhood and all.”

“Well obviously I forgave you. So I guess that was our longest time between couplings and our worst fight?” She couldn’t help but prod Alex. She couldn’t imagine the uptight attorney drunk. Especially not while caring for a child. It was very un-Alex like.

Alex did not want to get into the entire separation issue so she gave a non-committal grunt to Olivia and tried to divert her with a question about the abortion.

“Liv, did you hear what I said about the ultrasound?”

“Yeah, I did and I don’t want to talk about it. Ok?”

Alex nodded. “Ok, but just so you know, I love you unconditionally. That’s what I told you when you told me originally.”

“Was I drunk when I told you?”

Alex smiled. “No, you weren’t drunk.” She waited to see if Olivia tried to push it further and was thankful when she didn’t.

“How about we put this album away and grab some dinner?”

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Alex’s mother called while they were eating take-out and asked if Kennedy and Sydney could stay another night. Meredith Cabot planned on taking them to the zoo the next day. Alex agreed since their summer vacation had been altered because of Olivia’s health.

They slept better that night than the one before. Olivia rode in with Alex, who was returning to work part-time, because she had an appointment with Huang.

“Good morning Olivia. How are you?”

“Peachy. And you?”

He gave her an indulgent smile. “Good. How was the weekend?”

She shrugged. “I looked through some photo albums with Alex, walked around our neighborhood.” She shrugged again. “I didn’t remember anything.”

George looked down at his notes. “Hmmm.” He looked back up at her and grinned. “How did looking through the albums make you feel? Even though you didn’t recognize anything, did you at least connect on some level with that life?”

“No. I mean, I see myself in the pictures and I look happy and surprisingly Alex looks happy.”

“But?”

“I don’t know. I mean, I have a hard time believing that she would choose me. She may be a lesbian, but there is a difference in upscale lesbians and, well….me.”

“What do you mean by that? Why do you believe you aren’t good enough for her?”

She stood up and began to start pacing. “That’s a little…well, ok, maybe that’s the truth. I don’t know.” She sat back down. “George, I’ve…done things. Things that somebody like Alex would never have done. Couldn’t do. No matter what she says.”

George studied for a long moment before he spoke. “What types of things?”

“Bad things. Unforgivable things.” She had tears in her eyes.

“The abortion?”

Olivia’s head snapped up. “How do you know about that?”

“You told me in a prior session.”

She swore. “Damn! Did I just run around telling everybody? Elliot, Alex, you! Elliot says I told Alex before I told him!”

“Actually Olivia, you told me before you told Alex.”

“WHAT?” She was back up and pacing. And ranting. “OK, now I know I’m in a different world. I’m sorry George but you and I are hardly buddies! I want to know right now why I would tell you that? In what context would I be seeing you that would require me to share that with you?” George licked his lips. “I’m not sure….”

“Don’t screw with me George! Not on this! I have a right to know why I had “personal” sessions with you!” She was angrily slicing the air with her quote marks.

“Ok, but I want to bring Alex in for that session.” She started to protest but the firm set of his jaw told her that wasn’t going to change anything. “I’ll call and set up a time and let you know. I assume your schedule is fairly open?”

She nodded and left his office.

George picked up the phone and dialed Alex.

“It’s George. She’s demanding to know what she saw me fore the last time and I think she should be told.” He listened to Alex before continuing, “Alex I told her I wanted you in that session. I have some free time tomorrow afternoon. Ok, good-bye.”

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After finishing with Huang, Olivia made her way down to the squad room hoping to see the guys. She found the bull pen empty except for Cragen.

“Olivia. How are you?”

She shrugged and took a seat in his office. “I’m good. Just finished up with Huang. I have another session with him tomorrow. He’s asked that Alex attend. Kinda mysterious.” If Cragen were surprised, he didn’t show it, which made Olivia think he just might know something.

She shifted in her seat. “You wouldn’t happen to have any idea what this mystery sessions about would you?”

“No.” He had a pretty good idea, but he wasn’t jumping into that frying pan. “How are Alex and the kids?”

“Kennedy and Sydney are with her mother. Alex is ok I guess.”

Cragen leaned forward. “She loves you Liv. And you love her.”

“So I hear.” She stood. “I’m gonna check on my desk, make sure Munch hasn’t taken anything.” She looked at her watch. “I’m meeting Alex in an hour. She’s only back part-time.”

She found her desk as she imagined she'd left it with the exception of a photo of a very pregnant Alex and Kennedy and then one of them as a family and one of the kids sitting prominently on her desk.

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"Huang."

"George it's Alex. I assume Olivia's gone?"

"Yes."

"George, I don't want her to find out about Marcus Pinniford tomorrow. I think it'll be more than she can handle."

"I agree. I think we should be as honest as possible, but stick to why she was sent to see me in the first place. Nothing more."

Hearing the knock on her door, she hung-up and watched as Olivia entered. She watched her partners face scan the room and land on the framed artwork Kennedy had drawn in Kindergarten. It was of them as a family.

She took a seat in front of Alex's desk. "Are you ready to go?"

"Just about. Let me finish this memo and then we can go. I spoke to my mother and she's going to keep the kids tonight and tomorrow night. She has a bunch of stuff planned for them to do. Is there anything you want to do this afternoon?"

Olivia shook her head. "I'm kinda tired. Would it be ok if we just went back to the loft? I'd like to take a nap."

"Ok."

When they arrived home, Alex handed the mail to Olivia as she unlocked the door.

Olivia chuckled when she came across the People magazine.
Holding it up she said, "Really Alex, People?" She read the headline: "Baby Daddy's Who Dump Their Girlfriends While They Are Pregnant." "I didn't know you read such highbrow stuff Cabot."

Alex grinned. "I don't; you do." At Olivia's scowl she pointed to the address label. "You've had a subscription for quite a while. You call it your 'dirty little secret.'"

“Oh.” She looked at the cover which had photos of Tom Brady, Eddie Murphy and Billy Crudup. “What assholes! Who leaves their girlfriend when she’s pregnant? That is just SO wrong!”

Alex’s smile faltered as she managed to shrug and blow off Olivia’s comment.

“Why don’t you go on up and take your nap?”

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Olivia found Alex working on a file after a long nap. She stretched and Alex watched her shirt ride up, revealing the smoothness of Olivia’s stomach. She sighed.

“Hey Alex?”

“Yeah?”

“Can we look through the album some more?”

Alex smiled. “Sure.” She put the file away and sat next to Olivia as the brunette flipped through the album. Finding where they’d left off the night before, she settled back and started looking at photos.

Alex tried not to panic as Olivia came across the photos that had been taken while she was living in the hotel.

“Hey, what’s this picture?”

Alex couldn’t help but smile. “That’s when I took the EPT with Kennedy.”

“You took it yourself?” Alex nodded. “It looks like you’re in a hotel bathroom Alex.”

“What makes you say that?”

“I’ve seen the way your bathroom is decorated Alex and I may not know complex colors, but I’m pretty sure white isn’t on your pallet.” To emphasize her point she looked around the loft. “And that shower curtain? Ick.” She caught Alex’s blush. “What?”

“I…I just have a particularly fond memory in that bathtub.”

“Oh.” She looked away from Alex as she tried to get the mental image of a wet Alex Cabot out of her mind. “Hey wait, where was I? How come I didn’t take your picture and why where you in the hotel? Were we on vacation or something?”

Trying to be honest she replied, “You weren’t there when I took the test and I wanted to document the moment. I grabbed the camera and snapped myself in the mirror.”

“Oh, so you were like out of town?” She looked back down at the album and at the other pictures which were obviously taken in a hotel.

“Actually, those were all taken right here in the city.”

“Alex, you go from not looking pregnant at all to looking huge…”

“I was NOT huge!”

“Anyway, it’s obvious you were there for most of your pregnancy. Why?”

Alex opted for a half truth. “The loft had to be finished. Remember I told you it wasn’t done and that’s why we got it so cheaply?”

“Oh. Wow that must have been expensive.” Not wanting to get any more detailed, Alex nodded and gently took the book from Olivia.

“How about we get some dinner?”

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As they were getting ready for bed that night, Olivia was rubbing her neck.

“Everything ok?”

“My neck’s just stiff and it’s causing my head to hurt.”

Alex walked up behind Olivia and began to gently rub her shoulders.

“Alex?”

“It’s a tension headache Liv. You’ve been having a lot of them the past few months. I usually give you a neck rub and it helps.” She left out the part about the mind blowing sex they usually had after the neck rub evolved into a full body naked massage.

Hitting a particularly tight spot, Olivia let out a little moan. Alex clenched her teeth and slightly leaned into Olivia. She wanted to nip her partner’s neck, but refrained. For her part, Olivia could smell lilacs from Alex’s shower gel. As she closed her eyes she was assaulted by visions of Alex

rubbing other areas of her body. She jerked away from the blonde and scurried into bed. Alex sighed realizing it was going to be another long night.

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The ride to Huang's office was eerily quiet. Neither woman wanted to think about the coming session, each for their own reasons. George saw them in and before they got started, Alex took Olivia's hand.

"Liv, I want you, no, I need you to remember one thing; no matter what happens here today, no matter what you may think, I love you and the kids love you and we are a family." Giving her hand a little squeeze she let go.

Huang started out very general to see how much, if any distress what he was saying might pain Olivia. However, being true to her nature and career, Olivia pressed for more and more details until finally Alex told her, in detail about their separation, Kennedy's birth and lastly, her coma. She did not include anything about Marcus Pinniford.

Olivia became visibly agitated until she finally exploded in a fit of rage. She was angry with Alex for forcing a baby on her, she was shameful for allowing Alex to leave her, and pissed at Elliot for not telling her any of this.

She stood up, hands on hips and tried to control the rage she felt. "I can't believe you people! All this bullshit about us being one big happy family? What a bunch of lies! I knew I never wanted kids!" She stormed out of Huang's office.

Alex was succeeding, barely, at not allowing her tears to fall.

"Alex she doesn't mean that." The blonde managed to nod.

Swallowing the lump in her throat she ground out, "I know." In reality, there had always been a tiny part of Alex that feared her noble detective had stayed with her out of some warped sense of responsibility.

Seeing her pain, Huang tried a different approach. "Alex, you must remember, where Olivia is at in time, she hasn't dealt with any of her issues. She doesn't feel as though she deserves you and can't see how anyone like you, her holy grail, could want her."

Saying goodbye, she left his office. She called her mother and asked her to bring the children home. It was time to give Olivia a good kick in the ass.

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That night

Olivia finally came home around 9pm and found Alex waiting for her. She was carrying a six pack and had had a few beers at Chauncey's. She was not, however, drunk. She was pissed.

Alex had planned on being gentle but firm with Olivia and showing the detective just how loved she was. That is not the way it went however.

"Liv…"

"Stop it Alex. I am not in the mood to be lied to again and I'm damn sure not in the mood to play house!"

"Liv, you don't mean that." She smiled at the brunette and tried to hug her.

"I mean it Alex! This is not my life, can't be my life and will never be my life!" She rubbed her forehead and swore. "Look, I've been thinking, it might be better if I moved out. You're not going to want your kids around me."

Alex felt her own anger begin to rise. "NO. When we moved in here you promised me!"

"Well guess what Alex? I don't fucking remember that so-called promise! It could just be another lie! My whole life is a lie!" She turned her back to Alex.

"Our life Olivia is not a lie! Our children are not a lie! Our love is not a lie!"

"Why me?"

"What?"

Turning to face Alex, she repeated, "Why me? What's so special about me that you would choose me?"

Alex took a deep breath and remembering Huang's words she tried to answer Olivia. "Why not you?"
At Olivia's look she tried to articulate her feelings for the other woman.

"You have all the qualities and traits I could ever want in a woman. You are honest, loyal, giving, nurturing, a wonderful mother, wife and lover. You are the mother of my children and faithful to our family."

"I'm not."

“Yes you are! Please believe that!”

“You’re wrong Alex. I’m not faithful!” Getting Alex’s attention, she continued, “That night I got drunk? Elliot and Fin didn’t find me in a bar. They found me, your wonderful, loving, loyal and faithful wife in Brian Cassidy’s bed!” She watched as Alex turned first chalk white and then blood red.

Alex turned away from Olivia, trying to keep her world from falling apart. She didn’t have much of a chance to do that as Kennedy came running down the steps in his pj’s.

“Mommy? What’s wrong?” He looked over at Olivia and frowned. “Mom-O? Why are you guys yelling?”

Seeing the fear and confusion in his eyes was more than Olivia could take. Suddenly repulsed by her actions she yelled at Kennedy.

“I’m not your damn mother, Mom-O or whatever you call it! I don’t know who you are and I’m pretty sure I never wanted to be anybody’s mother!”

Alex forgot all about her hurt as she told Kennedy to go back to bed and that she would be up to see him in a few minutes. Turning her attention to Olivia, she walked over to the door and opened it.

“Get out. I can forgive you for a lot of things Olivia, even fucking Brian Cassidy, but I will not stand-by and watch you hurt MY son. Maybe you should get your own place because until you get your head out of your ass, there is no place for you here.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

Alex shut the door and stomped up the steps to check on Kennedy, determined not to cry in front of him.

Olivia headed back to Chauncey’s bar.

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Alex found Kennedy in his closet, crying. She silently cursed Olivia Benson as she crawled into the closet with her son. He wasted no time crawling onto her lap and she rocked him as he cried.

“Why did she say that mommy? Did I do something wrong?”

“No baby. Mom-O just isn’t herself these days. Her head is still hurt. She loves you baby, she just can’t remember us.”

He sniffled. “Then how can she love us if she doesn’t remember us?”

Having no real answer to that question, Alex rocked him more and replied, “She just does baby. She just does.”

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Olivia was half way through a pitcher of beer when her cell phone rang. “Benson.”

“Where are you?”

“Nice to talk to you too Elliot. I’m…out.”

“What the hell happened with Alex?”

“Did she call you?”

“Yeah. She called and was as pissed as a wet hen. So again, what the hell happened? All she said was to find you and make sure you weren’t out getting into trouble. I offered to take you home if I found you and she said to just take you to the station unless I wanted to baby sit you.”

“I don’t need a fucking babysitter! And by the way, why the hell didn’t you tell me the truth about Alex’s pregnancy? Our break-up and all that other shit?”

Elliot sighed. “Tell me where you are and I’ll come get you. We can talk about it then.”

“No. I don’t want to see you or anybody else. And don’t try to track me down Stabler; I’m turning my cell off and it’s staying off!”

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Looking like death warmed over, Alex opened the door to the loft and ushered her mother in.

“Thanks for coming over Mom. I really need to go in to the office today.”

“Does Olivia have something to do today?” She looked around the loft trying to see signs of the detective.

“I don’t know what Olivia has to do today Mom, I just know I need you to watch the kids.”

Meredith Cabot took in the firm set of her daughter's face and realized there would be no further comments coming. She watched as Alex gathered her things and headed out the door.

She was surprised to find both Kennedy and Sydney asleep in their parent's bedroom. Doing a bit of snooping, she did not find any sign of Olivia. No dirty clothes on the floor and only one damp towel on the towel rack in the bathroom. She also found only one coffee cup in the sink.

She settled in on the couch and waited for her grandkids to wake-up.

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Olivia rolled over and immediately wished she hadn't. She cursed that last shot of whiskey she unwisely downed and tried to get out of bed. She'd checked into a less than charming hotel the night before.

She managed to make it into the shower and found there to be very little hot water.

"Great. Hung-over and tepid water. Great combo."

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Elliot felt a tingle in his spine before he heard the click-clack of heels. Before he could run for cover, Alex Cabot was upon him. Seeing Alex about to tear Elliot a new one, Fin tried to slip out of the squad room.

"Det. Stabler? A word? You too Det. Tutuola."

Both men exchanged glances and grimaced as they followed Alex into the interrogation room. They each flinched as the door slammed shut.

"I appreciate that you both wanted to protect me, but I'm a big girl. If Olivia wants to resume her heterosexual ways and sleep with Brian Cassidy, there is nothing I can do."

"Alex, she didn't sleep with him. She…stopped it before it happened."

"Yeah, Alex, she was still in her underwear when we got there and had her pants pulled half way up."

Alex shook her head. "Maybe they were half way down Fin. Anyway, that's not what matters. I can, with some denial, forget that little episode. Hell, she woke up and doesn't remember her family or that she's gay. What I will not tolerate is hurting Kennedy or Sydney."

Both Elliot and Fin leaned in closer to Alex. Elliot spoke first. "She didn't hit him did she?"

“No it was worse. She told him she didn’t know him or want to be his mother.”

“Liv did that? That’s cold.” Fin shook his head.

“You know she….”

“Doesn’t mean it. Yeah, Elliot, I got that, but I won’t tolerate the way she’s acting any longer. I draw the line at hurting my children. I spent the night consoling Kennedy and reassuring him that his Mom-O does love him. I finally got him out of the closet and put both of them in bed with me.”

Elliot nodded. “So she didn’t come home last night?”

Alex avoided making eye contact with either man as she answered, “No. I basically kicked her out and told her not to come back.”

“Ever?” She nodded at Fin. “Wow. You mean that?”

“I meant it when I said it, but no, I don’t mean it. At the same time, it’s really starting to affect the kids and they need stability, not…this.”

“If she didn’t come home last night and she didn’t stay upstairs, where did she stay?”

Surprised, Alex looked at Elliot. “Are you sure she didn’t stay here last night?”

“Checked first thing this morning. Didn’t see any sign of her so I just figured she decided to go home after our phone conversation.”

He relayed the gist of the phone call and now all three were a little worried as to her whereabouts. She left Fin and Elliot to run a check on her ATM and credit cards while she left a voice mail for Olivia.

Later that Night

Alex snatched the phone before it completed a ring. “Anything?”

Ordinarily Elliot would have teased her, but this was serious so he didn’t. “She’s gone off grid Alex. She’s got her cell turned off, no activity on any of her ATM cards or credit cards. Nothing. No cash withdrawals from a bank either.”

“Damn!” Alex began to pace again. “Fin come up with anything?”

“No. We’ve put feelers out and we’ll see what happens. Just hang tight Alex; we’ll find her.”

After hanging up the phone, Alex turned and found Kennedy watching her. She took his hand and led him into her bedroom. Sydney was already asleep in the bed. Her mother had offered to spend the night, but Alex had declined. However, she did ask her mother to return the next day and to plan on taking the kids the next night.

She cuddled up to Kennedy and her heart broke as he asked, “Mommy, is Mom-O coming back?”

She didn’t have an answer so she didn’t say anything.

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Olivia was stretched out on the bed and had she not been in such misery, she would have laughed at the clichéd red neon sign that was blinking outside her window. She felt like a total bitch and even though she couldn’t remember her life with Alex, she was surprised at how much she missed both the blonde and the kids.

“Face it Benson, you screwed that up.” She picked up the classifieds and started looking at the rental listings again.

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The Next Day

Alex Cabot was exhausted. She’d gotten very little if any sleep the night before. She made her way into the squad room wearing a pair of faded jeans, tennis shoes and an old academy sweatshirt of Olivia’s.

She had called Huang and asked him to meet her there. Alex, George and the SVU squad met to discuss Olivia. George basically told them that Olivia was dealing with it in her own way and that until she wanted to be found, there was nothing they could do.

Elliot drove Alex home that evening to try and get some rest while Fin had a tip he wanted to track down.

Alex curled up on the couch and immediately fell asleep.

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Fin entered the bar and through the haze of cigarette smoke he was able to make out the form of Olivia Benson sitting in a corner booth nursing a drink and looking at a newspaper.

It took her a few minutes to realize someone was standing over her, but when she saw Fin she snapped, “Go away.”

“Un-huh.” He was shaking his head.

“Fine, I’ll leave.” She started to get up but his arm on her shoulder stopped her. “Fin….” The voice was a warning. She tried to get up again and again he stopped her. “What is this?”

“This is where I kick your ass.”

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He slid into the booth across from her and waved off the waitress when she came to take his drink order. He took in Olivia’s appearance and smirked.

“What?”

“Ya look like shit Benson. And it serves you right.”

“Flattery will get you no where. Now, if that’s all you have to say…”

“Sit down! You gonna listen and you gonna listen real good to me. Whatever time zone you’re in right now, it’s gotta be pretty crappy. Am I right?”

She reluctantly nodded. “It doesn’t feel too good.”

“Here’s what you’re gonna do; you going home tonight and you gonna hope Alex is feeling generous and let’s you stay.” At her face he
added, “Don’t worry. Rumor has it she’s ‘bout as miserable as you.” He grabbed the newspaper and wadded it up. "And ya won't be needing these."

“She kicked me out!”

“Yeah and you needed it. That don’t mean she’s ready to break-up housekeeping with ya. You had a fight. Though I gotta say if you don’t stop acting like this, that crazy belief you have that you don’t deserve her is gonna come true. By the way, what the hell provoked you to tell her about Cassidy?”

Olivia blushed and ducked her head. “She had a right to know.”

“Why’s that?”

Not sure of what to say, she shrugged. Fin continued to look at her as though he was waiting for her to clue in. She again tried to figure out why she had felt the need to tell Alex. Did she want to hurt her? No, that wasn't it. Was there any real value to telling Alex? No, not really. Did she feel guilty? No…yes. After this realization, several things fell into place quickly.

"I feel guilty for almost doing that." Fin nodded. "And I feel guilty because I…I love her. And I, we, have a family."

"Bingo." He almost laughed at the look that crossed Olivia's face. "Liv, I know you don't remember this, but you once told me you fell for
her the minute you saw her and fell in-love with her shortly there after."

"On what occasion would I have to discuss my love life with you?"

Fin smiled and waved the waitress over. It was going to be a long story and he needed something to drink.

"Alex told you about the separation, right?" She
nodded. "She tell you I was her pregnancy partner while you were in dumb-dumbland?" Olivia scowled. "Hey, you were acting pretty stupid back then. Kinda like now. Somebody had to step up and it sure wasn't gonna be you."

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An hour later and she was bidding Fin good-bye and heading home to talk to Alex. She debated on whether she should knock or just let herself into the loft. She swallowed her fear and slid her key into the lock. The loft was silent and dark except for a small lamp on the computer desk.

She caught sight of Alex's form on the couch and just watched her for a few minutes. The rise and fall of Alex's chest calmed her and taking a deep breath, she made her way over to the couch and sat down on the edge of the coffee table.

"Alex?" Getting no response she tried again, a bit louder, "Alex?" She watched as the blonde began to stir. Leaning in she said "Alex" one more time. She leaned in a little closer and noted the tear tracks on Alex's face.

Alex opened her eyes and seeing Olivia, she grabbed the brunette and pulled her into a hug.

"Olivia…thank God you're ok! I was so worried. Please, just let me hold you for a few seconds…let me pretend that everything is ok and we're a family again." She had her face buried in Olivia's neck and handfuls of Olivia's shirt.

“Shhh. It’s ok Alex. I’m here.” She began to rub Alex’s back. She inhaled deeply and for the first time since waking up in the hospital, she felt calm. At home.

“I don’t want you to leave. Please don’t leave!”

“I’m sorry Alex. I’m so sorry. I’ve been an ass. I…I didn’t mean to hurt you or Kennedy. This is just all so new to me. I never dreamed I’d have a family one day even though that’s all I’ve ever wanted.” She pulled back so Alex could see her face. “And you…” she wiped at Alex’s tears, “I’ve loved you for as long as I can remember.” Realizing what she’d said both women laughed.

Without hesitation, Olivia captured Alex’s lips. The kiss quickly became frantic. Alex groaned as Olivia pulled away.

“Liv…!” Alex whined.

“Shh. I want this as much as you do, but I need to tell you something first.” She waited until Alex regained her composure before speaking.
“Sweetie I know how bad this has been for you and you’ve had the patience of Job, but I’m going to make this up to you and to Kennedy and Sydney. I promise. Can you forgive me?”

“Yes. We have things to work out, but yes.”

Olivia swallowed hard and looked away. “Cassidy?” When Alex didn’t say anything she glanced in her direction and found the blonde watching her. “I…I didn’t go through with it. And not because Elliot and Fin showed up either.”

“Oh?”
“No. I think on some level I knew. I knew I was gay and in love with you. It didn’t feel right.” She felt tears stinging her eyes. “He…he wasn’t you Alex.”

Alex launched herself into Olivia’s arms and kissed her soundly. As she tried to remove Olivia’s shirt the brunette stopped her.

“Not here. The bedroom.” Feeling rather frisky and invincible, Olivia scooped Alex up and carried her into their bedroom. She lay Alex on the bed and went to shut the door. “Do we lock it when we do this?”

Alex laughed. “When we ‘do this’ yes we lock the door, but the kiddies are at my mother’s.”

Olivia hesitated before turning back around and Alex was immediately on alert.

“Liv?”

Olivia nervously laughed. “Alex…I…this…” She was blushing and suddenly Alex knew what she meant.

Getting off the bed, she walked over to her lover. She began unbuttoning her own shirt and slipped it off of her shoulders as Olivia watched, transfixed. Next she slid her slacks off and was standing before Olivia in just her intimates.

She started unbuttoning Olivia’s shirt and pushed the garment from her shoulders. Olivia stood perfectly still as Alex lowered the zipper of her jeans. Alex waited for Olivia to nod permission before pushing the jeans down. She helped Olivia step out of the pants and stood back up.

Both women were clad in only their intimates. “Go ahead Liv. It’s ok.”

Olivia was surprised that her hand was trembling as she reached around to unfasten Alex’s bra. She sucked in a ragged breath at the site of Alex’s coral tipped breasts. She ran the pad of her thumb across one nipple and watched as it hardened. Alex pulled her in for a kiss and unfastened her bra at the same time.

Soon they were standing skin to skin and Olivia’s breath was ragged. Alex took her hand and led her back to the bed. Olivia watched as Alex lay down and offered herself to the detective.

Silently Olivia eased onto the bed and covered Alex’s body with her own. They started with long, slow kisses and tender hands touching and arousing each other.

“Wonderland.”

“What?” Alex pulled away from Olivia.

“Wonderland. Your body, it’s like a wonderland.” She noticed Alex had tears in her eyes.
“What?” Alex shook her head and pulled her back down for another kiss.
They continued kissing and became less gentle and more demanding. Olivia began working her way down Alex’s body and stopped just before touching Alex with her tongue. She inhaled and knew this was right. This was where she belonged, had always belonged. What started as a gentle exploration quickly became hungry and needy.

When Olivia finished, Alex was certain no part of her body had been left untouched. Olivia had shown a hunger that hadn’t been present in their lovemaking before. She held Alex close and whispered words of love and promises of forever. She was reluctant to let go of Alex, but a single finger sliding between her folds changed her mind.

The blonde gave as good as she had been given, lavishing attention to every inch of Olivia’s body. Olivia was on sensory overload as she watched Alex loving her with her mouth and felt

slender yet strong hands touching her body. Her orgasm started at the base of her spine and tore through her body with an almost violent force.

Now it was she who lay in Alex's embrace. For the first time in her life, that she could remember, she felt loved and safe and secure.

They lay quietly for what seemed like a long while before either had the energy to speak.

"Hey Alex?"

"Hmmm?"

"Can we do that again?"

The blonde laughed before answering, "We damn well better!"

Olivia looked at her and with a shy smile she asked, "That good?"

"Baby, that was the best love we've ever made."

Surprised, Olivia asked, "Really?" Alex nodded. "Even better than the real first time?"

"That was pretty special, but this, this was different."

Olivia considered what had just been said and remembered something she wanted to ask Alex about.

"Hey Alex, why did you tear up when I said your body was like a wonderland?"

Alex stroked Olivia's cheek. "You said that to me our first time."

"I did? Wow." She laid drawing circles on her lover's stomach. "Alex?"

"Yes?"

"Tell me about it; our first time."

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Alex scooted down in the bed so that she was facing Olivia. Smiling, she took her lover's hand and kissed it.

“Our first time. Wow. Before I tell you that, I think you need a bit of background because our love affair was not the norm.”

Olivia laughed. “No, I suppose most people don’t wait around for three years to declare their undying love!”

“Well, that’s a bit of it, but I’m talking about our courting.” She almost laughed at Olivia’s confused expression. “Ok, I’ll start from the beginning.”

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Bellevue Hospital

“This is my fault.”

Olivia took Alex by the arm and gently turned her so she could see her face.

“Alex this is not your fault. Cheryl chose to go to trial even after you talked to her.”

Alex was visibly shaking as she allowed Olivia to lead her out of the hospital. Olivia cursed as reporters and news crews descended upon them. She put a protective arm around Alex and tried to shield her from the questions being shouted at her. She finally got them to the car and sped away from the hospital.

“I don’t want to go home.”

“Uh, ok. How about a good stiff drink?” Alex nodded. “Any bar in particular you want to stop at?”

“Could we…I mean, would it be ok if we…we went back to your place?”

Olivia did a mental inventory of her apartment and realizing it was clean enough, she nodded.

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“Counselor, I have a nice white wine, a cheap white wine, and a bottle of tequila. Pick your poison.” Assuming she knew what Alex would drink, she grabbed the bottle of expensive white wine.

“Tequila.”

Olivia stopped short and raising an eyebrow, she replaced the wine and reached for the amber liquor. She poured Alex a modest amount and watched, horrified as the blonde downed it like a professional shot drinker.

Alex held her glass up and waved it at Olivia. The blonde watched as the brunette poured her another. When Olivia tried to stop pouring Alex grabbed the bottle and filled the glass almost to the top.

“Alex…”

“Shush! I don’t want to feel a thing Olivia. I caused what happened to Cheryl. Me!” She was pointing to herself and shaking her head. She downed the glass in two drinks this time and was reaching for the bottle when Olivia snatched it away from her.

“Alex, at least slow down, ok?”

“Fine.” She looked at Olivia. “Aren’t you drinking?”

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3 Hours Later

A very tipsy Olivia was trying to help an extremely plastered Alex Cabot to the bedroom. They had spent the last few hours drinking and talking. Well, not really talking so much as just drinking and babbling.

After helping the ADA get ready for bed, Olivia got ready and grabbed her pillow.

“Lib..where yous goin’?”

“Couch.”

Alex reached out with her hand and grabbed for Olivia. “Please…don’t leave me.”

Olivia looked at a very vulnerable and fragile looking Alex Cabot. Muttering under her breath she climbed under the covers. Alex wrapped herself around Olivia and began to cry.

“Hey now, what’s wrong?”

“I didn’t mean for her to get hurt. And it’s just going to keep happening to her and it’s all my fault!”

“Shh. Alex sweetie, it’s not your fault. It’s not.” She held Alex while the blonde purged herself with gut wrenching sobs.

When she finally calmed down, Olivia helped her blow her nose and dry her tears.

“Better?”

Alex nodded and laid her head on Olivia’s shoulder. “Thank you for takin’ care of me Lib…Liv.”

Olivia smiled at her. “Anytime Alex. Anytime.”

Olivia got them settled back down and as Alex threw her leg over Olivia’s the brunette quipped, “Just don’t pee on my leg.”

The Next Morning

“Oh God…please don’t ever let me drink like that again!”

Olivia came out of the bathroom and handed Alex two aspirin and a glass of water.

“You may not remember this, but I tried to slow you down.”

“I didn’t pee on you did I?”

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Alex laughed at the memory while Olivia looked mortified.

“That is what started our great love affair?”

“More or less.”

Olivia waited for Alex to continue. “Well?”

“Well what?”

“So how long after that did it take us to do the nasty?”

“Three months, 4 days and a few hours.”

“What? You made me wait that long?”

Alex moved her naked body against Olivia. Sure she had her lovers attention, she replied, “No, more like we both sort of agreed to wait. Or should I say you suggested we take it very, very slow?”

“I didn’t have a previous head injury did I?”

Alex grew quiet and turning serious she said, “No. We’d both been burned in the past and I think we were both scared. We had so much riding on this; what if it didn’t work out? Would we still be able to work together? That type of thing.” She looked down. “And I think we both knew this was it and we didn’t want to screw it up.”

Olivia gasped as Alex slid a finger between the detectives slick folds.

“Please tell me we at least made out?” She had begun to thrust against Alex’s insistent finger.

“Eventually.” Alex leaned in to kiss Olivia who abruptly pulled back.

“What the hell does that mean? Eventually?”

“Liv….” Alex whined in her lover’s ear.

“Tell me.”

“Fine.”

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Alex handed Olivia her cup of coffee and settled in next to the brunette on the couch.

“Thanks for taking me to dinner Alex. I haven’t had Italian that good in quite a while.”

“Thanks for going with me. It’s been nice to have you around these last few weeks. Even if you did drag me to a Yankees game, the zoo and a poetry reading!”

Olivia turned her head toward Alex and was rewarded by a full blown Cabot smile. Alex swept an errant lock of hair from Olivia’s forehead.

“I enjoy spending time with you too Alex. Even that damn pilates class had it’s good points.” Like seeing Alex in spandex.

The room grew quiet as they simply sat and looked at each other. Alex was the first to speak.

“Olivia?”

“Hmmm?”

Alex brought her hand up to Olivia’s face and whispered, “When are you going to kiss me?”

Olivia jerked away from Alex. “What?” Scrambling off the couch she looked like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car. “I…I…I have to go!”

Alex sighed as Olivia hurried out of the apartment, leaving the door open behind her.

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“I bailed? You ask me to kiss you and I bailed?”

Alex nodded. “More or less. Now, I think we have a lot of love making to catch up on.” She rolled Olivia beneath her and started kissing her once again.

“Don’t leave me hanging! When did I finally kiss you? When did we make love?”

Alex placed a finger to Olivia’s lips.

“Shh. I need some help remembering. I think another session can jog my memory.” She captured her wife’s lips. “Maybe yours as well.”

Olivia’s back arched as Alex slid two fingers into her.

Soon, all thoughts left both women’s minds.

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“I bailed? You ask me to kiss you and I bailed?”

Alex nodded. “More or less. Now, I think we have a lot of love making to catch up on.” She rolled Olivia beneath her and started kissing her once again.

“Don’t leave me hanging! When did I finally kiss you? When did we make love?”

Alex placed a finger to Olivia’s lips.

“Shh. I need some help remembering. I think another session can jog my memory.” She captured her wife’s lips. “Maybe yours as well.”

Olivia’s back arched as Alex slid two fingers into her.

Soon, all thoughts left both women's minds.

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Alex rolled over felt beside her, finding only empty space. Afraid the night before had been a terrible joke of a dream she sat up. If her sore muscles were any indication, she hadn't been dreaming. Getting out of bed she made her way to the bathroom. After she finished, she brushed her teeth and went looking for her wife.

Finding no sign or note from Olivia, she began to worry the other woman had had second thoughts and left. She was just about to go get dressed and start making calls when the door to the loft slid open.

"Hey! You're up." Olivia was carrying a bag and crossed the threshold and gave Alex a deep kiss. Pulling back she continued, "I went and got breakfast; bagels, cream cheese and gourmet coffee."

Relief washed over Alex's face and Olivia stopped talking as she caught unshed tears in the blonde's eyes.

"Alex?" Olivia sat the bag down and made her way to her. "What's wrong?"

Alex shook her head and tried to turn away from her wife. "It's…silly. I woke up and you weren't there. I…I just…well, I was afraid you'd left. That maybe you regretted last night."

Olivia pulled the blonde to her. "Oh Alex. I'm sorry." She kissed her forehead. "God I've really been a screw-up these last few weeks, haven't I?" She kissed her on the lips and caressed her cheek. "Go back to bed and I'll bring you breakfast, ok?"

Doing as she was told, she waited on Olivia to bring her a bagel. Olivia brought a tray in and stripped down to her underwear. Finding her boxers and a tee-shirt, she joined Alex in having breakfast.

"I'm not going anywhere Alex. I promise." She looked down. "Unless there comes a time when you want me to."

Alex tilted her head up and smiled at her. "Not on your life. We'll get through this." She used her thumb to swipe a bit of cream cheese from Olivia's lip.

Olivia opened her mouth and sucked the digit into her mouth. Pulling back she said, "So…that first kiss. I want details."

Alex sighed. “Fine. You were a Princess Charming.”

XXXXXXXXXX

Alex sat at her desk going over a motion she had to argue later that day. Her mood was less than happy. She’d never had anyone run out on her when she’d asked for a kiss. Actually, she’d never had to ask for a kiss.

Had she been wrong about Olivia? Had she misread all the signs? The detective was protective by nature so maybe she had just been worried about Alex these last few months. She cringed at the possible ramifications her actions might have.

Her self loathing was cut short by a knock on her door. “Come in.” She was surprised when a delivery man carrying a rather large vase of orange roses pushed through her door.

“Alexandra Cabot?”

“Yes?”

“These are for you.”

She reached for her purse to give him a tip and he waved her off. “Taken care of.”

She opened the card and smiled. “A- Sorry I bolted.. Dinner tonight at 7?”

Picking up the phone she dialed the detective’s number.

“Benson.”

“Lovely flowers detective.”

“They’re orange.”

“Yes, I know.”

“So…”

“Yes Olivia, I know what they mean. Desire.”

“And enthusiasm.”

She smiled. “Pick me up at my apartment. I want to change.”

XXXXXXXX

Dinner was awkward as both women struggled to find conversation. The night didn't get any better as they walked down the street toward Olivia's car. The ride uptown to Alex's apartment was quiet with both women not meeting the others eyes.

"Are you coming up?"

"Uh, do you want me to?" Alex nodded. "Ok."

Alex made coffee while Olivia sat on the couch like a child waiting to see the principal. As they sat drinking their coffee and not looking at each other.

"How sad are we?"

Olivia looked at Alex. "What?"

"How sad are we? We've spent the last month going and doing things with each other, talking well into the morning several times, having lunch and the what not. Now we can't even go on a real date and manage to talk about the weather!" She laughed.

Olivia joined her in laughter and soon they were sitting next to each other on the couch.

Olivia turned to face Alex and watched as the blonde mirrored her posture.

"Sorry I bailed on you last night. I…it just, it never occurred to me that you might be inclined that way."

Alex sat her mug down. "Inclined that way? Hmmm. Not sure I'd put it that way."

"Oh. You've never been with a woman before?"

Alex laughed again. "Yes detective, I've been with a woman before. I just meant that I don't consider myself one way or the other. I've dated both sexes. And you are, 'inclined that way?'"

Olivia blushed faintly at her goof. "I'm in the same boat as you, though I've never had a long term relationship with a woman." Thinking about it she went on, "Actually I don't think any of my relationships count as long term. Male or female!"

Alex laughed with her. "Honestly my last girlfriend was in law school. I haven't really dated much since graduating." At Olivia's skeptical look she defended herself. "I haven't! I'm too busy keeping certain detectives out of trouble!"

Olivia scowled. “What about Trevor?”

“What about him?”

“Oh please, you were wearing a fuck me dress if ever there was one that night we found you with him!”

“We’d been to see a play a mutual friend was in and he insisted on a late dinner. Trust me, he did not get an invitation up to my apartment let alone my bed!”

Both sat in silence absorbing what had just been said between them.

Olivia took Alex’s hand and kissed her knuckles. “Ms. Cabot, I really, really like you and I really, really want to make a go of this and wondered if you did to?”

Alex linked their fingers. “I don’t do casual Olivia. I want a real relationship. Not just sex, but a real relationship with someone who is looking to be committed and wants to build a future with me.”

Olivia smiled. “We’re on the same page.” She looked directly into Alex’s eyes. “I’ve been hurt a lot in the past and I’ve screwed up a lot. Is it ok if we go slow?”

“I think that’s wise.”

Olivia stood up and reached for her jacket. At Alex’s confused look she clarified, “Alex, I want you. I’ve wanted you for a very long time and if I want to stick to my ‘take it slow’ mantra, I need to leave. Now.”

Alex stood and wrapped her arms around Olivia’s waist. Looking Olivia in the eyes, she leaned in. Olivia turned her head at the last minute and the kiss landed on her cheek. She gave Olivia a small smile and nodded in understanding.

Alex walked her t the door and leaned against it with her back. She smiled before heading to bed.

On the other side of the door, Olivia touched her cheek where Alex had kissed her and made her way down the hall.

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Alex leaned back against the headboard and sighed.

“Well?”

“Hmmm?”

“Alex! You can’t just stop there! Tell me when I kissed you, on the mouth, with tongue!”

Alex pulled her down and kissed her, hard. “You mean like that?” Olivia nodded.

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Alex glanced at the clock and realized Olivia probably wouldn’t make it by that night. The squad had been tracking a rapist that was escalating and no one had gotten any sleep the last two days. While she understood Olivia’s need to go slowly, she thought things were moving at the speed of grandma on a cold winter’s morning. It had been 16 days since their first real date and so far all she had gotten was a few pecks on the cheek and one lingering kiss on her forehead.

She smiled as she sniffed the tiger lily that had found it’s way to her desk at work. She was getting used to finding little things here and there that Olivia would leave for her. Sometimes it would be a note or flower and other times it was candy or a cup of gourmet coffee.

She made her way to her bedroom and went to bed. She was awakened by the ringing of her phone the next morning.

“Cabot.”

“Albex, its Lib.”

“Liv? Why do you sound so funny?”

“We caudt da rapist.”

“That’s great but why do you sound that way?”

“I dink I have a cold.”

“Do you need anything? Are you in the hospital?”

“Naw. I’m goin’ homeb but I don’ dink I can make it tonight. I don’ wan’ you to get sick.”

Alex sighed again. She was beginning to think they would never kiss. Getting up, she made a list of cold supplies that she wanted to take over to Olivia’s.

5 Days later

“Really Alex, I’m feeling much better and I want to get out of this apartment. I’m goin’ stir crazy!”

“Ok. You haven’t had a temperature in over 24 hours. Any idea where you want to go?”

“Times Square.”

“Times Square? That’s a bit far for a walk.”

“Let’s take a cab and then walk around in the Square.”

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Olivia grabbed Alex’s hand as they neared the Jumbo Tron.

“Hey Alex, look up on the screen.”

The blonde looked up and seeing only a commercial for some grilling show on the Food Network she turned back to Olivia.

Olivia reached up and pulled her head to her and claimed her lips. Alex opened her mouth and was rewarded with the taste and feel of Olivia’s tongue. Alex Slipped her arms under Olivia’s jacket and pulled their bodies closer together. Olivia shifted so that she had better access to Alex’s mouth. Finally out of air, they reluctantly broke apart.

They both began to blush as the crowd that had gathered around them clapped and let out cat calls.

Resting her forehead on Olivia’s she whispered, “I thought you were never going to do that.”

Olivia shrugged. “After all the build up I thought it better be special.”

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“Musta been some kiss!”

Alex stretched against Olivia. “Oh it was detective. It was.”

“And our first time? Will you tell me about that now?”

Alex had her hand under the waistband of Olivia’s boxers, tickling her skin.

“Ughhh. Oh Alex…” She gasped as her wife rubbed against her clit. “I suppose you could always tell me later.”

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Alex was awakened by the feeling of two fingers “walking” up the inside of her thighs. Sighing she spread her legs and let out a low moan.

“Oh God, Liv, again?” She opened her eyes to find Olivia looking down at her with a smile on her face. Actually, smirk would have been more accurate. Arching her hips she whimpered as Olivia pulled her fingers away. “Liv?”

“Now that you’ve awakened and I have your attention, I want details Counselor.”

Lost in the fog of desire, Alex managed to mumble, “Huh?”

“Our first time?” She plucked her wife’s nipple before continuing, “Right before that last ‘memory jogging session,’ I asked you to tell me about our first time. After seducing me, you promptly fell asleep and now I want answers!”

“I did not seduce you! I was simply making up for lost time.” She pulled away from Olivia and sat up against the head board, covering her breast with the sheet.

Afraid she’d said something wrong, Olivia reached for Alex.

“Don’t touch me!” Realizing how that sounded she clarified, “If you ever want to hear how we first made love, you’re going to have to stop touching me! I’m like a plant that can’t get enough water when it comes to you and your touch!”

Olivia withdrew her hand and settled on her side facing Alex, waiting to hear the story.

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Two heads, one blonde the other brunette, were bobbing back and forth as the owner of each tried to become one with the other. Hands were all over each other, clothes were askew and one long, creamy white leg had made it’s way around the brunettes waist and was trying to pull the other woman closer to her.

“Alex, stop. Stop!”

Both women were panting as they rested their foreheads against each other.

“I should go.”

“NO!”

“Alex…we’ve been over this. I want to wait, I want it to be special!”

Alex clenched her jaw and composed herself before speaking. “Baby, I know you do, but this is the fourth night this week alone that we’ve sat here necking like teenagers, and I need more.”

“Alex…”

Alex placed a finger over Olivia’s lips. “Shhh. Hear me out. I want you to stay with me tonight, sleep in my bed.” Seeing Olivia was about to protest she rushed on. “Liv, baby, I want you to the point that it’s painful for me, but I trust you and I’m happy to let you set the pace. I’ll follow your lead on this, but you have to give me something, please!”

Olivia grinned at Alex. “You want me that bad?”

“God yes! I’ve tried everything; cold showers, watching PBS, I even tried to…you know, and I couldn’t!”

Olivia laughed. “’You know’?” At Alex’s look she promptly shut her mouth and stood up. Holding out her hand, she whispered, “Lead the way Counselor. Lead the way.”

Alex took the bathroom first and as she came out, she handed Olivia a brand new toothbrush. At the detectives raised eyebrow she admitted, “I’ve been hoping this night would come, so I bought a few things for you to have here.” Suddenly unsure, she found her feet interesting. “I hope that’s ok?”

Olivia tilted her chin up and kissed her soundly. “I think it’s one of the nicest things anyone has ever done for me. Thank you.”

Alex smiled and said, “You also have a pair of boxers and a t-shirt in the bathroom closet.”

She slid into bed on her side and waited for Olivia to join her. A bit unsure of herself, Olivia eased into the bed and attempted to stay on her side.

“It’s ok if you want to cuddle up to me.” Alex was on her side and waiting to see if Olivia would take her up on the offer. She didn’t have to wait long as she felt an arm slide around her waist and pull her close.

“Alex, I hope I don’t screw this up.” Feeling the other woman trying to turn over she held her firm. “Don’t face me or all my will power will be gone.”

Alex giggled. “Detective Benson, you seem to have forgotten that it takes two and just having you here right now, with me, is enough.” Alex laced their fingers together and brought them to her lips. “Our relationship chastity is safe with me.”

Olivia groaned, realizing it was going to be a very long night.

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“Are you sure I didn’t have a previous head injury? Mental block? Death wish?”

Alex looked at her and smirked. “No, you did not have any type of injury that would have precluded us making wild monkey love, just a Princess Charming complex.” Reaching up, she pushed her wife’s bangs out of her eyes. “And in the end, even though it was hard as Hell, I’m glad you made us wait.”

“Really?”

“Ok, for the most part I was glad. Of course, neither of us could have known that two short weeks after we did engage in wild monkey love I would be shot, presumed dead and whisked away to witness protection.”

“Oh. Yeah, I guess that was the downside to waiting.”

“Which is why we’ve been pretty much like rabbits ever since.” She was looking pointedly at Olivia.

“Not until you tell me about it!”

Alex sighed. “Fine. Probably just as well; I’m a little sore.”

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Alex stretched as she watched Olivia clip her gun onto her belt. It was the first time in the three weeks since they’d been having sleep-over’s that a call had pulled Olivia out in the middle of the night.

“See something you like Counselor?”

Alex nodded. “Of course, I’d like to see even more of it detective. Any idea when that might happen?”
Olivia walked over to the bed and sat on the edge. “Soon, I think.” She kissed the blonde’s forehead. “You have the key I gave you last night, right?” Alex nodded. “Good. I’ll call you as soon as I can.”

With a smile on her face, Alex rolled over and drifted back to sleep.

3 Days Later

Alex sighed in frustration as she trudged into work following another sleepless night. The SVU squad had been tracking a child abduction and working non-stop. Alex had been on stand-by for any warrant they might need, and secretly because she felt for the first time, fear, for Olivia's safety. And she had grown used to having a certain solid, yet soft in all the right places body next to her at night. She smiled at the realization that having Olivia sleep next to her had become a necessity.

Her day passed by slowly as she was not in court and caught herself checking the clock every five minutes. As soon as five o'clock rolled around, she bolted for home, hoping that tonight would be the night she'd get to see Olivia again.

She gave up and turned in around midnight only to be awakened a few hours later by a body wrapping itself around her.

"Liv?"

"Were you expecting anybody else?"

"No. I just wasn't sure I'd see you tonight." When she got no response, she turned to face Olivia. Even in the darkness she could see the other woman was crying. "That bad?" Olivia nodded against her.

"Six years old Alex. She was six years old and the things he did to her! We were too late. We're always too late!"

Alex pulled the woman more firmly to her and held her as she cried, All she could offer was a string of "shh's" and "it'll be ok's."

Olivia rolled over the next morning and found an empty bed. Not completely sure of where she was, she sat up and tried to get her bearings. Satisfied that she was at Alex's she, fell back against the pillows.

"Alex?"

A blonde head popped into the doorway and smiled at her.

"Ready for some coffee?" At the nod she returned with a cup fixed the way the brunette liked it. She gave her a few minutes to get the caffeine in her system before she spoke.

“How are you today?”

“I’m ok.”

“Yeah?” Olivia nodded. “Ok. Are you going in today?”

Olivia nodded. “I don’t have to be in until a bit later. Is it ok if I catch a few more here?”

“Of course. I was surprised you came here last night instead of going home.”

Olivia blushed. “This feels more like home than my apartment does.” She kissed Alex’s knuckles. “Can we have dinner tonight? I need to talk to you about something.” At Alex’s alarmed look she quickly added, “It’s ok, it’s a good thing.”
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That Night
ThrowDown Grill

Olivia arrived after Alex and brought her a bouquet of flowers.

Puzzled, Alex looked at Olivia. “Liv?”

Shrugging she answered, “I missed you.”

Alex kept waiting for Olivia to bring up whatever it was she wanted to talk about, but midway through dinner, she hadn’t mentioned anything out of the ordinary.

“Liv? You wanted to talk to me about something?”

Suddenly nervous, Olivia stammered, “Uh yeah. So, I have to work this weekend, but I’m off next weekend. Not even on call, and I was thinking maybe we could, you know, like go away? Together?”

Alex graced her with a full-blown smile. “Ok. I’d like that.”

Olivia leaned in closer and tried to clarify, “Uh, Alex, I mean for us to…you know. Do it.”

Alex Cabot threw her head back and let out a full belly laugh. “Yes Detective Benson, I gathered that.”

Olivia scowled. “Well you sure don’t seem excited! ‘Ok. I’d like that.’ What kind of response is that?”

Again Alex laughed before leaning in and motioning for Olivia to come closer. “Olivia, I assure you that if you were to dip a finger into my underwear, you’d find me soaking wet at the thought of your mouth on me and my mouth wrapped around your hard little clit. However, we are in a public place and if I weren’t wearing a panty liner, you’d have to walk directly behind me on our way out.”

Olivia swallowed hard before sitting back in her seat. “OhKaaaaay.” She cringed at the way her voice squeaked. “So, uh yeah, we’re goin’ out of town together.”

Alex nodded. “Do you have a destination in mind or are we winging it?”

“Boston. We’re going to Boston via Amtrak. We’ve got a room at Jurys Boston Hotel. It used to be a police station back in the day! We can shop at Copley Place and see Boston Commons! And the swan boats. I want to ride in the swan boats!” She noticed Alex’s indulgent smile. “Is that ok?”

“I think it sounds wonderful!” She glanced around before speaking. “Former jail, huh? Any chance you might bring your handcuffs?”

Olivia nearly choked on her water. “What?”

For the third time that night Alex roared with laughter. “Relax baby. I’m actually pretty tame sexually, but I’m hopeful you can help me change that?”

Olivia didn’t regain the ability to form complete sentences until they were in the cab on the way back to Alex’s. Olivia opted to stay at her place that night after a particularly heated make out session that almost went too far.

Olivia and Alex both decided it was going to be a long week and a half.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

For both Alex and Olivia the days were passing by far to slowly, however their marathon make-out sessions had lessened in intensity. They both figured it was because they knew relief was coming soon.

Olivia was grateful that they had caught a new case the weekend she was working and she’d been left with little time to think about getting naked with Alex. Well, almost little time.

Alex was in no better shape than Olivia, but had managed to bury herself in motions, depositions and PBS documentaries. She was having some success, but had started marking the days on her calendar.

Both women had however made trips to a Victoria's Secret store looking for something special to wear.

Alex finally decided on a cornflower blue baby doll with matching short silk robe. Olivia went with a black cotton cami and boy short set.

By mutual agreement, they had decided not to tell anyone where they were going. Elliot and the guys had given Olivia a hard time about actually taking vacation and tried to guess were she was going, to no avail.
She was amused that never once did they suggest she was actually going away with someone.

Alex had marked herself as off for the weekend and simply gave anyone who asked why, 'the look.' Sometimes having the reputation as a bitch was a good thing.

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The Night Before Boston

Olivia arrived at Alex's with takeout in one hand and her rolling bag in the other. They ate in front of the TV while watching CourtTV. Olivia laughed as Alex let lose with her opinion on Nancy Grace. She did make the mistake of saying she thought Catherine Crier was hot. That earned her an elbow to the stomach.

Later, as they lay on the couch cuddled up, Alex pulled Olivia's arm more tightly around her. "Hey Liv?"

"Yeah sweetie?"

"I love you."

Olivia pulled Alex even closer and kissed her neck. "I love you too."

"I just wanted to say that to you before we do it. You know, so it doesn't come out in the heat of the moment. I don't ever want you to doubt my feelings for you. Ever."

Olivia pulled at her until she turned over and they were facing each other. "And I don't ever want you to doubt I love you." She kissed the blonde. "Now, let's go to bed. The sooner we sleep the sooner tomorrow comes and we can get to Boston and as you say, 'do it.'"

Like children waiting for Santa Claus, both women were awake and ready to go early the next morning. Olivia drove them to Penn Station. They chose seats on the upper deck and settled in

for the short ride to Boston. Olivia was seated next to the window and Alex laid her head on the brunette's shoulder.

Soon both women had drifted off to sleep. Alex awoke before Olivia as they pulled into Back Bay station in Boston. She nudged Olivia and soon they were standing on the platform, luggage in hand. Olivia suggested flagging down a cab, but Alex suggested walking since she wasn't in her suicide heels.

It was a short walk to Jurys and since check-in wasn't for another couple of hours, they grabbed lunch at a diner around the corner. Afterwards Olivia insisted they go to the Public gardens to catch a Swan Boat ride. Alex had to admit the boats were majestic and seeing Olivia so carefree was well worth riding around in a boat that had a large swan tacked onto the back of it.
After the ride, which they found out was on the last day they were available for the season, they made their way to the post card museum, also found in the Public Garden's. Neither woman was particularly impressed with the museum, but both realized they were trying to kill time until they could check-in.

Alex suggested they check out Copley Place Mall. She assured Olivia retail therapy was a completely appropriate way to kill time. Two hours later and they were finally back at the hotel and checking in.

After unpacking and taking in the room, Alex smiled at Olivia. "This is really nice Liv." The brunette nodded.

"So, I was thinking we could go have dinner, if you're hungry, and then come back and…" she shrugged.

Alex nodded and went into the bathroom. "I'm just going to freshen up a bit. Where do you want to go eat?"

Olivia smiled. "Well, we could stick around close. You know, save cab fare and all that. So I thought we could eat here in the hotel?" Alex, who was brushing her teeth, stuck her head out and nodded.

Olivia waited for her to disappear back into the bathroom and quickly called the front desk. After making sure everything was arranged, she joined Alex in the bathroom to do her own freshening up.

XXXXXXXXXXXXX
Dinner

They sat in relative silence, looking everywhere but at each other. As they sat sipping their after dinner coffee, Alex finally broke what had become an awkward silence.

“Liv…I know we haven’t really talked about it, but I want you to know I’m…clean. I’m clean. I get tested regularly.” She watched as Olivia looked at her seemingly confused, and then with understanding.

“Uh, yeah, me too. I had my yearly physical a month ago and I came up clean for everything.” Olivia began playing with her glass and looking back up at Alex she stated, “I wasn’t aware that you were active enough…or I guess just active period, to warrant regular testing.” She tried to keep the hurt out of her voice, failing miserably.

“Liv…”

“No, no Alex. It’s ok. I mean, it’s not like we’re virgins or anything. I just assumed you were as much of a nun as me.” She shrugged.

Alex smiled at her. “Olivia…Olivia, look at me.” Getting the detective’s attention she clasped the other woman’s hand. “I have been as nun-ish as you. My blood type is A- and I donate quarterly.”

Olivia exhaled. “Thank God! For a minute I had visions of you and Trevor!”

Alex shot an icy glare across the table at Olivia. “I already told you about that night!”

Olivia blushed. “I know. I’m just jealous of you!” Alex arched an eye brow at her. “So…A-huh?”
Alex finally smiled and nodded. “Counselor, I bet that’s the only time you ever got an “A-!”

“Ha, ha. I’m glad you take my admission of celibacy and safe sex so seriously.”

Now it was Olivia who leaned in and took the other woman’s hand. “Seriously Alex, I’m glad you brought all of this up. I had planned on bringing it up before we ‘did it.’” At the skeptical look on Alex’s face she continued, “Alright, so I was going to bring it up on the elevator ride back up to the room. Sue me. Anyway, I did pack dental dams and finger sheaths, if you want to use them.”

Cocking her head, the blonde asked, “Detective Benson, do you plan on cheating on me?”

“NO!”

“Very well then. I don’t see the need to use them as we are both recently tested and clean and neither one of us are the cheating kind.” Not missing a beat, she waved the waiter over and asked that the bill be charged to their room.

Standing she held out her hand. “Shall we? We’ve waited for a very long time, and I want you. Now.”

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Olivia opened the door and allowed Alex to go in first. The blonde stopped short at the sight before her and turned to face Olivia. “Liv, it’s beautiful.” The room was bathed in candlelight and there were four dozen orange roses scattered throughout the suite and a bottle of champagne chilling and strawberries.

Olivia shut the door and smiled. “You like?” Alex nodded as she plucked one of the roses out of it’s vase.

“They’re orange.” She smiled at Olivia and raised her eye brow. “Desire and enthusiasm.”

Both women simply stared at the other, neither moving forward, both suddenly shy.

“So…here we are.”

Alex smiled. “Yep. Here we are.”

“Would you like a glass of champagne?”

“Yes. I think I’m going to change into a little something I bought for the occasion.”

Olivia watched her go into the bathroom and hurried to change into her own special outfit. She then poured two flutes of champagne for herself and Alex.

Alex took one last look at herself in the mirror, and satisfied with what she saw, she exited the bathroom.

Again both women simply stared at each other, pleasantly surprised at what the other was wearing. Olivia managed to hand Alex her glass and took a sip of her own. They were standing in the middle of the room.

“That’s a great color for you Alex.”

“You too Liv.” She motioned to the love seat in the suite. “Shall we?”

They each sat holding their flutes, not really looking at each other. Olivia ate a strawberry and licked the juice from her fingers. At Alex’s gasp, she offered the blonde a piece of the fruit. The blonde nodded and accepted Olivia’s offer, wrapping her lips around the other woman’s finger.

Olivia took both glasses and sat them on the coffee table. Both women reached for each other and bumped heads as they tried to kiss. Trying again, they bumped noses.

“Ow!”

“Ow!”

Both women grabbed their noses and finally laughed at their inability to even kiss. Olivia reached for Alex and pulled the other woman to her, taking her lips in a less than arousing kiss. Alex pulled Olivia down on top of her and kissed her would be lover again. The love seat was shorter than either woman realized and Olivia bumped her head on the arm of the sofa. Olivia ended up on the floor holding her head and Alex was trying to make sure she was alright.

“I’m fine Alex, but maybe we should move this over to the bed.”

The bed was turned down and Alex stretched out on the bed, holding her hand out to Olivia. The brunette joined her and this time they were successful in their kissing. Olivia’s hands caressed Alex through the satin of her baby doll nightie. Alex had her hands up in under Olivia’s tank top and was kneading the muscles of her back. She began thrusting her hips trying to make contact with Olivia’s center. Olivia nipped at Alex’s nipple through the satin and eased her hand down into the matching panties of her partner.

Alex hissed at the contact. “Liv…”

Olivia was delighted at the wetness she found and eased Alex out of the panties. Glancing down between them, she could see the wetness on Alex’s thighs and she grinned.

“You want me.”
“Oh yes detective.” She eased her hands down into Olivia’s boxers and ran her hands over the smoothness of the detectives round globes. As she tried to move her hand to Olivia’s front, the brunette stiffened slightly. “Liv?”

“Sorry. I wasn’t expecting that.” She pressed her lower body more firmly against the younger woman and eased the baby doll up until two coral tips were visible. “Beautiful.” She dipped her head and took the nipple into her mouth.

“Unh..Oh God, Liv.” She held the brown head to her chest firmly and gasped as Olivia’s tongue drove her crazy. Needing more contact with her lover, she pushed her hands back into the boxers and before Olivia could protest, she was raking her nails through coarse hair expecting to find the same wetness she felt. Instead, she found her almost lover was dry. Mojave desert dry. Olivia stiffened and her head shot up to look at Alex. “Liv?” The brunette scrambled to get off of Alex. She rolled onto her side with her back to the blonde. Bewildered, Alex tried to get her to turn over.

“Olivia? You’re not…wet. Is something wrong? Did I do something wrong?”

“Don’t Alex.” Embarrassment colored her voice and she flinched when Alex touched her.

Alex rose up on her knees and tried to look at Olivia’s face. She was nearly toppled over when Olivia bolted from the bed and scurried into the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind her.

Alex spent the next several minutes trying to figure out what had happened and after putting her panties back on, she knocked on the bathroom door.

“Liv? Can I come in?”

A tiny voice replied, “Will it do any good if I say no?”

Despite her concern, Alex smiled.

“Not really.”

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She waited until she heard the click of the lock and then she opened the door to find Olivia slumped against the tub.

“Baby?” She settled in beside Olivia and was relieved when the older woman leaned into her and not away. “Is something wrong?”

Olivia buried her head in her hands. She considered telling Alex the truth; she had never allowed a woman to pleasure her. Instead she opted for a half truth. “I…I sometimes have trouble getting, you know…wet. It’s embarrassing. It eventually comes, it just takes time sometimes. But it’s not because I don’t want you. I’m just nervous about this.”

“About us?”

“No, not us. Well, not really. I mean, I’m nervous like I would be about any relationship, but I really want this to be special. I’ve kind of built it up and now I’m afraid it won’t live up to the hype. That you’ll be disappointed.”

“Oh baby. I will not be disappointed, even if we don’t make love this weekend.” At Olivia’s doubtful look she added, “Ok, so that would suck and not in a good way, but we have all the time in the world. I’m not going anywhere. I love you. Actually, I’m IN love with you.” She kissed Olivia’s head. “Is there anything I can do? Is there anything that might help you along?”

Olivia kissed her and replied, “You already have. What’s say we get out of the bathroom and back to the bedroom?”

They eased back into bed and Alex turned the TV on.

“Alex?”

“Shh. You’re putting too much pressure on yourself. Just relax and let it happen.” She flipped through channels until she settled on ‘Fargo.’”

“Alex?”

“Hush. I love this movie, especially Frances McDermond.” She glanced at Olivia. “I have a thing for women in cop uniforms.”

“Do you now? Even pregnant ones?”

Alex’s response was to kiss Olivia. She had meant for it to be a quick, chaste kiss, but the good detective had other ideas.

Olivia flipped them so that Alex was beneath her and soon both women were naked. On Alex’s next venture to Olivia’s center, she found a wealth of wetness.

Olivia smiled at her and began to explore Alex from head to toe and all parts in between. She discovered that Alex’s stomach was an erogenous zone and spent a lot of time coaxing sighs and whimpers out of her lover before moving further south.

After leaving no part of the younger woman’s folds untouched, she eased a finger into Alex and took her clit between her lips and applied just the right amount of pressure to bring the ADA’s hips up off the bed.

“Oh…fuck. That…feels…so…good.” She could feel Olivia smiling against her and that increased her pleasure.

Olivia slipped another finger into Alex and increased the tempo with which she pumped in and out of her. Alex bent her knees and lifted her hips up as far as she could and still be in contact with Olivia. The detective swiped her pinky across Alex’s other opening and the blonde bolted upright, grabbing Olivia by the ears. They collapsed back onto the bed, Alex clinging to Olivia as her body slowly came down from her climax.

Her recovery was surprisingly quick and before Olivia knew what was happening, she was underneath the blonde.

“My God your gorgeous. This body…wow!” Olivia blushed at the compliment. Alex straddled her lover and Olivia reached out to touch her breasts. Alex slapped her hand away. “Oh no Benson. My turn and after all the damn PBS I’ve watched, I intend on enjoying this.”

As with all things Alexandra Cabot did, she was deliberate and methodical in her approach. She left no part of Olivia Benson untouched or unexplored. She lavished the other woman’s folds with attention before spreading her juices across her clit and down to her puckered opening. She easily slid two and then three fingers into her lover and hummed on her clit. Olivia was thrusting, moaning, calling out to God and begging for Alex to make her come. On a hunch, Alex plopped the tip of her thumb into Olivia’s ass and watched as the brunette was undone.
Seeing tears streaming down her face, she pulled the woman to her and held her as the intensity of the moment began to subside.

“Shh. It’s ok, I’ve got you. I’m here baby. I’ve got you.”

“Oh God…I’ve never…I’ve never let loose like that Alex! I’ve never been so…uninhibited.” A blush colored her body as she realized, “Oh God, the things I said. That I asked for!”

Alex kissed her. “It’s ok Liv. This is love.”

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A few hours later Alex awoke after she heard Olivia moving around the suite. Before she could get up to go investigate, the other woman entered the bedroom carrying a tray with the champagne, strawberries and what appeared to be dark chocolate on it.

“You’re awake!”

Putting the tray on the bed, Olivia began removing her sleepwear again. Settling on the bed naked, she fed Alex a strawberry and watched as the younger woman sucked the juice from her finger.

With a lazy smile, Olivia poured each of them a glass of champagne, and offered up a toast.

“To you, the best thing to ever happen to me. To me for finally having the good sense to choose wisely, and to ‘us’ for finally making wild monkey love!”

Alex drank to the toast and then pulled Olivia to her for a searing kiss.

“Detective Benson, I’m ready if you are to make some more ‘wild monkey love.’”

Taking both glasses and the tray, she moved everything to the floor. Going over to the closet, she found what she was looking for and tossed it on the bed for Alex to see.

“Liv!” Alex squealed. Laughing, she held up the fur lined handcuffs.

“You said Counselor…”

Alex lay spread eagle on the bed and said, “Shut up and cuff me officer! And then fuck me!”

“Miss Cabot, such language and to an officer of the law!”

Alex dipped her fingers between her legs and when she held them up, they were glistening with her wetness. Olivia licked her lips and complied with the ADA’s request to be taken into custody.

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“Wow.”

“Yeah. We didn’t leave the hotel room for the rest of the weekend.” She smiled as she remembered their time in Boston. “We’d both done some research and I think we pretty much did every position possible for lesbians.”

“Such as?”

Alex began counting off on her fingers, “ You wanted to try the Yin-Yang, reverse oral, and you took me from behind while I was pressed against a window in the room. Naked of course. I wanted to try tribbing, pile driver, kneeling oral and a few others.”

“Wow.”

Alex dryly responded, “You’ve said that already.”

Olivia looked over at Alex. “Tell me about it! I want details. It sounds…hot!”

Alex laughed. “How about instead of telling you, I show you?” She laughed again at the gleam in Olivia’s eyes.

“Ok.” She reached for Alex who smacked her hand away. “What?”

Alex pointed in the direction of the clock. “My mother’s bringing the kids back in an hour and a half. This will have to wait.” She saw the flicker of fear in Olivia’s eyes. “Liv?”

“Oh Alex, I’ve really screwed up with Kennedy, haven’t I? I’ve hurt him.” When Alex said nothing, she frowned. “How do I fix this?”

“I think you start with spending time with him. You guys have a very close bond and I know that it’s been hard on him not getting his one on one time with you.”

“Ok. I can do that. What about Sydney?”

Alex shrugged. “The same thing I think.”

“Alex…I know this is going to sound weird coming from me, but I think we should consult George on this and step up my sessions.” Kissing her wife she added, “I want my family and life back.”

Alex smiled and kissed her. “Let’s go shower before my mother gets here and finds us in bed!”

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Meredith Cabot immediately noticed the change in her daughter as she was ushered into the loft by Alex. The blonde had her hair pulled back in a ponytail, face freshly scrubbed and her feet were bare. Meredith also noted that while she still had dark bags under her eyes, her daughter was completely relaxed.

“Hey Kennedy!” Alex picked the little boy up and hugged him. Putting him down she took Sydney from her mother’s arms and kissed her as well. Settling the little girl on her hip, she bent down and rubbed Clarence behind the ears.

“Mom! Grandma got me a new game for my Wii! Can I go play it? Please?”

Alex looked at her mother and then back at her son. “Yes, but first you need to unpack Clarence and take Sydney with you.” He nodded and took his sister’s hand. Alex watched them scamper up the steps and turned back to her mother. “A new game for his Wii? Mother!”

The elder Cabot simply shrugged. “I think that after everything that’s happened this summer, he deserves a little spoiling. Speaking of which, you look like a different person than the one I saw two nights ago. Has something changed?”

Before Alex could answer, the door to the loft slid open and Olivia walked in carrying a bag of groceries and a bouquet of flowers. Busy going through the bag looking for something, she didn’t notice that they weren’t alone.

“Hey Alex, wanna see if we can get a quickie in before your mom brings the kids back? That session in the shower only left me wanting more.” Finally looking up from the grocery bag, she caught Alex’s mortified look.

As her wife turned several shades of red, Olivia heard a voice from behind her chime in. “Well, it seems you girls have reached an understanding since the last time I was here.”

Olivia nearly dropped the bag of groceries she was holding as she began to blush herself. “M-Mrs. Cabot…Uh-I, I mean…”

Meredith Cabot laughed and took the bag from Olivia. “I’ll take this before you drop it. And Olivia?” She waited until the blushing brunette looked at her. “Since you seem to be intimately reacquainted with my daughter, don’t you think it’s time you started calling me Meredith again?” She patted the detective on the hand as she made her way to the kitchen.

“Oh God Alex! Oh God! I’m so sorry! Jesus H. Christ!”

Alex couldn’t help but laugh at her wife. “This is not funny!”

Alex pulled the other woman to her and kissed her. “Liv, I hate to tell you this, but my mother has actually walked in on us before.”

“What?” Olivia’s voice squeaked. “When?”

“Halloween, four years ago. We took Kennedy to my mom’s to trick-or-treat and I had the grand idea to “do it” in the hall closet.” Alex paused for a moment as she remembered the thrill of having sex while her mother was busy handing out candy mere feet away from them. “You’d done me and nicely I might add. I was returning the favor when my mother threw open the door after hearing “squeaking” noises coming from the closet.”

“Oh God! Your mother saw me naked?”

Meredith Cabot caught the last of Olivia’s comment. “Yes Olivia, I’ve seen you with a purple Barney suit around your ankles and my dear daughter between your legs.” She patted Olivia on the hand again and said, “Relax. You had on a white t-shirt.”

“Barney suit?”

Meredith kissed her daughter on the cheek and left a mortified Olivia standing with her mouth agape.

“Call me if you need me to take the children so you two may continue to get reacquainted.”

Alex wrapped her arms around Olivia and kissed her cheek. “It’s ok sweetheart. I know you don’t remember this, but my mother confided in me right before we got married that her second lover was a woman.”

Olivia let out a squeal and covered her ears with her hands. “Nonononono!”

Hearing his mother’s squeal and fearing something might be wrong, Kennedy came running down the steps,

“Mommy! What’s wrong with her? Is she ok?”

“She’s ok Kennedy, Mommy just scared her.” Glancing at Olivia, she nudged Kennedy towards his other mother. Olivia had stopped whaling and sat looking at Kennedy with fear in her eyes.

Tentatively she reached for Kennedy. “Hey buddy. Whatcha been doing?”

The little boy took a step back from his mother and looked at Alex for guidance.

“It’s ok Kennedy. She loves you.”

“No she doesn’t! She can’t even remember us Mommy! She doesn’t even remember my nickname!” The little boy flew up the steps and they heard his bedroom door slam shut.

“He’s just upset Liv. This has been hard for him to understand.”

“Should I go after him?”

Alex shook her head. “Why don’t you go check on Sydney. He’s usually good at getting her into the playpen, but who knows?”

Olivia nodded and followed Alex up the steps, going into Sydney’s room as Alex made her way into Kennedy’s room.

Alex found him under the bed and waited for him to crawl out from under the bed. Her heart broke when she saw tear tracks on his cheeks.

“Kennedy?”

“I don’t like her mommy! Make her go away and bring back Mom-O!”

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Olivia found the little girl in her playpen. Seeing her mother she lifted her arms and said, “Up! Up ‘Mo.”

“Do you want me to pick you up Sydney?” She lifted the little girl up and was surprised when she snuggled into her and plopped her thumb into her mouth.

Running her hand through the little girl’s curls, she settled into the rocking chair. Brown eyes bore into brown eyes as mother and daughter regarded each other. Olivia traced Sydney’s cheek and forehead with her thumb. She also noted the girls long eyelashes and full lips.

“You are going to be a looker when you grow up, yes you are!”

Olivia pondered what she’d just said and thought back on her own troubled youth. She remembered her first sexual encounter with a man far too old for her. Clutching Sydney tighter she shuddered.

“You aren’t dating until you’re forty.”

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“Baby, Mom-O is here. She’s not gone anywhere; she just bumped her head and her memory is fuzzy.”

The little boy stood up and put his hands on his hips. “No! She’s not my Mom-O! My Mom-O wouldn’t say stuff like that to me! I think the bad guys got her and replaced her with a pod person!”

Alex tried not to laugh at what her son was saying and made a note to call her mother and remind her Kennedy wasn’t allowed to watch the Sci-Fi channel.

“Kennedy, Mom-O didn’t mean what she said. She was just angry because she can’t remember. People say mean things sometimes when they are sad or mad, but it’s not the way they really feel.”

He stomped his foot. “That’s not true!” For good measure he threw his stuffed Pooh across the room. The bear landed on Clarence who’d been cowering in the corner of the room.

“Oliver Kennedy Cabot-Benson! That is unacceptable behavior!”

Hearing his full name told the little boy he’d gone too far and he immediately looked contrite.

“I’m sorry Mommy. I’m just mad.” Seeing that his mother wasn’t giving in he added, “Like Mom-O?”

Alex stood up and unplugged his Wii from his TV. “Kennedy, you could have hurt Clarence or somebody else by throwing things. That is not an acceptable way to deal with anger. You will not play with your Wii for a week and you are to sit here and think about what you have done for the next hour. I’ll come get you when times up and then we will discuss why you are angry.”

She shooed Clarence out of the room and shut the door behind her. Fuming, she made her way down to Sydney’s room. All anger left her as she found her wife and daughter asleep in the rocker. Gently, she pulled Sydney’s thumb out of her mouth and put the little girl down for her nap.

“Alex?”

The blonde leaned over and kissed her wife.

“Mmmm. That’s nice.” Looking around she asked, “Where’s Kennedy?”

“Your son is in trouble.”

“My son? What did he do?”

Alex motioned for her to follow and made her way downstairs to the couch. She filled Olivia in and they discussed how best to handle the situation. A call to Huang had yielded some advice and both Alex and Olivia were talking through exactly what they were going to say. They also set up an appointment to see Huang the next day.

Alex went in to see him first.

“Kennedy?” She tilted his chin up and inwardly cringed at the new tear tracks on his cheeks. Alex sat next to him on his bed and pulled him to her. “Sweetie, we need to talk, ok?”

“I’m sorry Mommy! I didn’t mean to hurt Clarence or you or even…her.”

“Co-Counsel, look at me and listen to me.” As her own blue eyes stared back at her she started talking. “Kennedy, do you remember when you were little, before we had Sydney?” He nodded. “Do you remember when mommy’s tummy bump went away and Mom-O spent a lot of time at the station?”

“Yeah. You was real sad.”

“Were. The correct word is ‘were.’ But yes, that’s the time I’m talking about. Do you remember the night Mommy and Mom-O had an argument and you and mommy slept in our old bedroom?”

“Yeah, I yelled at Mom-O for makin’ you cry.”

“Yes, you did. Do you remember anything else?”

Kennedy’s face scrunched up as he tried to remember that night. “Yeah, I told Mom-O I didn’t like her anymore.” He sniffled.

“Yes you did and did you mean it?”

He shook his head. “No, I love her! She said I was jus’ angry and that was ok cause people get mad and say bad stuff sometimes but it doesn’t mean they don’t love the person anymore.”

She kissed his head. “Well, do you think it might be possible that when mom-o said those things to you she might have just been mad and didn’t mean them?”

Kennedy looked surprised and then nodded his head as he processed what Alex had told him.

He scampered off the bed and went in search of Olivia. He stopped short of jumping in her lap. Looking very serious he took Olivia’s hand.

“I’m sorry for what I said Mom-O. I was jus’ angry. I jus’ want you to remember me and my nickname and play football with me and take me to the Colts fan club meeting and do all the things we used to do.” He looked down at his Keds. “But most of all I want you to love me again.”

Olivia pulled Kennedy to her and hugged hard. “Kennedy I do love you! I do! Please don’t ever think I don’t.”

“But how can you love me if you don’ remember me Mom-O?”

Olivia swiped at her own tears and took his face in her hands. “Because in here,” she placed her hand on her heart, “I know that I love your mommy more than anything on earth and that means I love you and Sydney the same way because you came from your mommy. You and your sister are proof that me and mommy love each other a whole bunch. It takes a lot to make a baby Kennedy.”

He nodded. “I remember! It takes an egg and a liquid inside the mommy!” Kennedy was proud he’d remembered what mom-o had taught him before Sydney was born.

Olivia looked confused but before she could question Kennedy, Alex, who’d been watching from the stairs, came to the rescue.

“Kennedy, it’s time to get washed up for dinner. Go wake your sister up and then come downstairs. I’m ordering pizza for dinner.”
“Yeah! Pizza!” Stopping, he patted Olivia on the cheeks. Don’t worry Mom-O, I’ll help you remember!” As he ran by Alex he stopped and asked her, “Does this mean I’m not grounded anymore?”

“No, but instead of a week, it’s only three days.”

His spirit dampened a bit he took the rest of the steps slowly.

Alex wiped at her wife’s tears before kissing her gently on the lips. “I heard what you said.”

“It’s the truth Alex. I swear.” Alex nodded. “What was all that about liquid and mommy’s and eggs?”

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That night Olivia brought both Kennedy and Sydney downstairs to their bed. After they were settled in she played with Sydney’s curls.

“These are from me, aren’t they?” Alex nodded. “My father?” Again Alex nodded.

“Are you ok with that?”

Olivia shrugged. “How was I before?” Before Alex could say anything, Olivia stopped her. “Don’t tell me. It doesn’t matter because she’s mine and I love her regardless.”

Alex smiled. “That’s pretty much what you said right after she was born.”

Olivia smiled. “She’s going to be a knockout when she’s older.” Alex nodded in agreement. Olivia’s smile faltered.

“What baby?”

“Just something I remembered about my own troubled youth earlier. You probably know this, but I became sexually active far too young and with a man far too old for me.”

Alex caressed her cheek. “I know baby.”

“That’s not going to happen with her Alex. I don’t want her to date until she’s forty and we need to find a chastity belt for her!”

“Liv!”

“And maybe we should send her away to a convent for school?”

Alex laughed. “Liv, do you really want to entrust her to some nuns? Think about it.”

Olivia scowled. “Home schooling?”

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George Huang paused inside the door to his office. Sitting in chairs next to each other were Alex Cabot and Olivia Benson. He’d expected them to be closer, but he hadn’t expected the 180 he was apparently witnessing.

The couple sat holding hands, heads close together, immersed in their own little world. E watched as Olivia closed the short distance between them and kissed the blonde and he saw just how vigorously she responded. Not wanting to see how far they might go, he cleared his throat.

The two women pulled apart like teenagers caught having sex. Both women had a faint blush, but Alex was the first to manage words.

“George…sorry about that.”

With an amused smirk he replied, “I take it you two sorted a few things out?”

Olivia cleared her throat. “Yeah, I quit acting like an ass.” Looking at Alex she finished, “And the rest just sort of fell into place.”

“Do you mean you’ve regained your memory?”

“Oh no. I mean, I just know that I’ve loved her for a very long time and I finally quit fighting it.”

“So you haven’t regained any of your memory from the last ten years?”

“No.”

“Actually, that may not be true Liv.” Alex let go of Olivia’s hand and adjusted her glasses. “George, when we were…being intimate, for Olivia it was our first time again.” She could feel herself blush and a glance at Olivia showed a ruddy hue to her lover’s skin.

“And?”

“Well, the uh, the first time we did that, made love, Olivia whispered something to me. Something specific, not general ‘nookie’ talk. And this time she whispered the exact same thing to me.”

“Wonderland?” Alex nodded. Olivia looked at George hopefully. “George?”

The psychiatrist smiled. “I think we can count that as a memory on some level. Anything else?”

Olivia shook her head, but stopped when Alex cleared her throat.

“Yesterday we were in the shower, together, taking a shower…”

“Alex, you don’t have to be nervous discussing this. You and Olivia are well past the age of consent and you do have two children together. Even if they weren’t conceived the traditional way, I think it’s safe to assume you two have been intimate. It’s ok. This is about helping Olivia, nothing else.”

“Ok. We were in the shower and it was just like the first time Olivia touched my belly when I was pregnant with Kennedy.”

“What?”

“What do you mean Alex?”

“The first time she touched my belly was in the shower at the Plaza. I was six months pregnant and she’d shown up wet from the snow. I put her in the shower to warm her up and bathed her. She returned the favor but hadn’t touched my belly. She ended up finally touching my belly, rubbing it and my belly button, holding it and leaning in to kiss me. She did all of this after backing me against the shower stall.”

“Yeah, but you ended up goi…” Olivia looked at George and then Alex. “You know!”

Alex smiled. “Exactly.”

George stifled a smile at Olivia’s discomfort and Alex’s oblivious glee. “Uh-Hmm. I’d say we can count that.” He made a few notes. “Anything else?”

Both women shook their heads.

“Tell me about Kennedy.”

He listened while they explained how Kennedy had become glued to Olivia's hip since he and Olivia had made up. He assured them this was normal and that they should allow Kennedy to feel as though he were helping Olivia as much as possible.

Olivia had started pressing George on when she could take a look at the case file, hoping it might jog her memory. She was agitated that both Alex and George were trying to persuade her not to review the file just yet. She listened while George prattled on about having a plan in case she suddenly remembered everything. Logically she knew they were right; emotionally she just wanted her life back. She was brought back to the present by Alex's voice.

"Is there anything we can do, safely, to help Olivia regain some of her memories?"

George licked his upper lip. "It would seem that Olivia's memories, even on a deep level and not consciously, tend to surface when the two of you are in…intimate situations. I'd say keep that up and see what happens."

Two blushing women left George Huang's office with an appointment to come back in two days.

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As soon as they got home Kennedy was all over Olivia. He made every step she made and talked to her non-stop. Alex finally came to her rescue with news that their pizza had arrived.

After dinner, Alex, Olivia, Kennedy and Sydney all went to the monthly meeting of the NYC-Colts fan club. Olivia was grateful that Alex had gone with them, as it seemed she knew everyone in the club on a first name basis.

After getting back home and taking Clarence out for his final bathroom break, Olivia read both Kennedy and Sydney a bed time story. She smiled at Kennedy who had struggled to stay awake for the entire story, but finally gave up and was now fast asleep.

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She found Alex waiting on her in the bedroom. As she was brushing her teeth, something caught her eye. Rinsing her mouth, she picked the object up and studied it. Closing her fist around it, she took it into the bedroom.

"Hey Alex?"

"What baby?"

Suddenly nervous, Olivia sat on the edge of the bed next to Alex.

“I wanted to know if it was ok to start wearing my wedding ring again. I mean, I know I feel like things are back on track, and I think you do too, but I just wanted to be sure before…”

Alex didn’t give her a chance to finish. She grabbed the brunette and pulled her into a fierce hug that ended with a heated kiss.

Alex broke away and took the ring from Olivia. Taking the other woman’s hand she slipped the band on her left ring finger.

“You’re mine and I’m yours and nothing will ever change that. Not witness protection, Brian Cassidy, or memory loss.” She kissed Olivia again and pulling back she had a wicked smile on her face.
I do believe George encouraged us to be intimate as much as possible.”

Catching on, Olivia added, “And you promised to show rather than tell, all the various ways we made love while in Boston.”

“That I did.”

And they did well into the night.

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Three Weeks Later

Alex, who for the most part had returned to work full time, entered the loft to a wonderful aroma coming from the kitchen. Leaving her briefcase, coat and heels at the door, she made her way to the kitchen and found her wife stirring a pot of sauce.

“Taste this.” Olivia held the wooden spoon to her wife’s lips and smiled as the blonde moaned her approval. “You’re early; dinner will be ready in a few Mrs. Benson.”

“Mrs. Benson?”

Olivia shrugged and surprised her by saying, “You said when we got married that you wanted to be Alex Benson in private, and Alex Cabot at work.”

Alex stilled Olivia’s hands. “Liv?”

Confused, the brunette answered, “Yeah?”

“Baby, that’s a memory.”

“It is? Wow!” Smiling she added, “And we weren’t even making love!”

Alex swatted her and then pulled her into a fierce kiss. “I wouldn’t say that; every time you make sauce and pasta, we end up making wild monkey love. I think you spike it with some herbal aphrodisiac.”

She turned to leave when Olivia grabbed her by the arm. Before she could protest, her Anne Klein pants were in a heap on the floor along with her matching black thong and a certain brunette was taking her on the kitchen table.

As Alex came back to her senses, she found Olivia standing over her, openly admiring her. She felt her clit twitch at the sight. Olivia began to lower herself again, but Alex stopped her.

“Liv! Jenny will be dropping Kennedy and Sydney off any time now!”

Olivia shook her head. “Sleepover at the Southerlyn house so we can properly celebrate. I even sent Clarence.”

Allowing Olivia to help her up, she questioned her. “What are we celebrating?”

“Go clean up and I’ll tell you over dinner.”

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Olivia had lit candles and set the dining room table with their wedding china by the time Alex returned, wearing a pair of yoga pants and t-shirt, sans bra. She blushed as Olivia smirked at her hardened nipples.

Olivia poured them both a glass of wine and served dinner.

“So what are we celebrating?”

“I’m going back to work!”

Alex dropped her fork. “NO!”

“Alex?”

“Liv, you still can’t remember most of the last ten years, how can you possibly get a medical clearance to go back to work?”

“I’m not cleared to be in the field, and I can’t actively investigate any new cases, but I can do cyber crime work. That’s where I’m going to be stationed until I get my memory back.”

Alex breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank God! I was afraid you’d managed to talk Cragen in to letting you come back.”

Alex was secretly thrilled that Olivia would be working a more 9-to-5 job and away from the horrors of SVU. The detective had made great strides in the preceding three weeks, but she still had a long way to go.

After dinner they sat on the couch cuddling and watching a marathon of the old series The Division, on LifeTime.

“Dear God Alex, please tell me we don’t watch this dreck all the time!”

Alex turned in her wife’s arms and scowled at her. “I happen to like my detective show! So what if it’s not high brow TV?”

“I bet you just watch it because of Nancy McKeon! I bet you watched the Facts of Life when you were a kid!”

Alex turned back over. “Damn straight! I wouldn’t have minded being the meat on a Jo/Blair sandwich. Although there is only room enough for one princess in any relationship.”

Olivia laughed until Alex jabbed her in the stomach. “Hey!”

“That’s not funny Liv.”

Olivia bent down to kiss her and was surprised when Alex rolled beneath her and deepened the kiss.

“That’s going to cost you detective.”

“I have a feeling this is one fine I won’t mind paying.”

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Alex was just about to doze off when Olivia gently shook her.

“Hey Alex? Alex.”

“Wha?”

“What you said earlier, about being the meat on a Jo/Blair sandwich? Did you mean that? A three-way I mean?”

Now more awake, Alex opened her eyes. “What? What do you mean a three-way?”

“You know…a three-way. Sex between three people? Have you…you know, ever? Have…have we?”

Alex sat up in bed and turned the light on. “Olivia Marie Benson, what the hell are you talking about? We have never, and will never, engage in a three-way. Ever!”

“Thank God!”

Alex hit her with a pillow. “Olivia, don’t ever bring that subject up again, ok?”

“Uh, ok.” Ignoring the inner voice telling her to just drop it, she pushed ahead. “Why?”

“Why? Why? Because we both believe that what goes on in our bedroom, the squad room, my office, the closet at my mother’s house or anywhere else that we make love, is just for us. Just between us and nobody else! You know how I feel about this!”

“Shhh. Baby, calm down. I’m sorry, but I actually don’t know how you feel about this. I can’t remember, remember?”

Alex wiped at her eyes and sighed. “MY first girlfriend, she dumped me for one of our law professors. It was first girl love and all of that, so it hurt a little more than any of my other break-ups. Lise, that was her name, left me for our constitutional law professor. He, it was a man, and Lise wanted to try a three-way. I was devestated that she’d left me, but furious that she wanted me to give my body to a virtual stranger. To take what we did as an act of love, or at least it was for me, and invite somebody else into our world.” Alex shuddered.

“Hey, I’m sorry. I just, I don’t remember.”

“I know. I’m not hurt by that memory, more like pissed as hell.” At Olivia’s doubtful look she added, “OK, maybe I’m still a little bewildered that somebody could do that to someone they professed to love. I’ve always wondered what I’d do if I saw her again. I mean, I loved her. I really loved her.”

Olivia pulled her close. “I know sweetie. I’ve always wondered what I’d do if I ever saw Marcus again.”
Olivia felt Alex stiffen and misinterpreting it, she whispered, “Nothing to worry about Alex. I love you and only you.”

They lay quietly for a few minutes until Olivia began playing with Alex’s engagement ring.

“Nice ring.”

“Thanks. A very butchy woman gave it to me.”

“Really? Do tell Mrs. Benson.”

“Huh?”

“Tell me how this butchy sex goddess asked you to marry her.”

Alex chuckled. “Bucthy sex goddess? Modest are we?”

“I don’t hear you complaining. Now tell me how I begged you to be my wife.”

“Detective Benson, you most certainly did not have to beg me.” Linking her fingers with Olivia’s, she began.

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“I had been back almost two months, and it was a couple of weeks after Elliot and his cousin-in-law busted in on us. Fin, Munch and Cragen, along with Liz, Arthur and just about everybody else knew we were an item. The rest of the world found out at the Christmas party.”

Olivia laughed. “An item?”

“Do you want to hear this or not?” Satisfied her wife was going to be good, she continued. “Anyway, it was the middle of January and we had planned a weekend trip to Vermont, but a nasty snow storm brought the city to a stand still by Thursday night, so we had to cancel the trip.”

“So I was going to propose in Vermont?” She felt Alex nod and muttered, “Wow, how original. The old go-away-to-get-engaged thing.”

“Liv!”

“I’m just saying that I had hopes I might have been a bit more original.”

“Would you just let me finish? I think you might be pleasantly surprised!”

“Ok, ok!”

“Anyway, we both trudged out to work the next morning, planning on calling it an early day. Court was cancelled, and you said it was unlikely even the dumbest of criminals would be out in

sub-zero weather. You were right, and you made it home before I did, which turned out to be a good thing."

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"Hey El, I'm gonna head on out. Do me a favor and don't call me, ok?"
"Why, you're not gonna try to make it to Vermont are ya?"

"Hell no. We called last night and cancelled our reservations." Although that doesn't mean I'm not going to do what needs to be done.

"So? Why ya booking out of here at 11:30?"

Slipping her jacket on, Olivia just smiled. "El, we can be snowed in, in our apartment just as easily as we can be snowed in, in Vermont. The place won't change the activities…if you know what I mean?"

"So why go anywhere in the first place?"

Both looked up as Fin and Munch came into the squad room squabbling over some conspiracy theory.

"Do you really have to ask?"

He waved her off and watched her hurry out of the station house.

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She hurried into the video store and spotted Claire.

"Hey Claire. Got what I called about?"

The teenager smiled at her and waved the DVD case. Meeting Olivia at the register she rang her up and leaned into the detective's personal space.

"Do I even want to know what you and the Blonde Bomb are going to do with this?"

Olivia smirked and tossed the money at her. "This is a three day rental, right?"

Calling after her, she yelled, "I want details!" Olivia waved in the air and hurried out of the store.

Her next stop was the gourmet market where she picked up three dozen roses, fresh lilies, and various other flowers the shop owner was all to willing to get rid of for a song due to the snow.

She took the paper out of her back pocket and looked at the list of things she still needed. She'd slipped out of bed after Alex had gone to sleep the night
before and found all sorts of information and suggestions for what she was trying to do.

Adding all the snack food she thought they'd need, she made her way to the seafood section, and then to the pasta section before finishing up in the wine section.

Finally making it back to her apartment, she carried everything upstairs and called Alex.
"Hey sweetie. Any idea when you're going to be home?"

"I'm just about to head out. The furnace is broken and we're all about to turn blue. I'm going to make a pit stop on the way home. Mi-Ling had a cancellation, several actually due to the snow, and can get me in for a pedicure and manicure. So I should be home in about two hours, ok?"

"Sounds good. I'm cooking, so it'll be waiting on you when you get here."

Smiling, she started preparing the food and after she got it going she went about setting up the apartment.

Starting in the bathroom, she set the lavender scented bath crystals out, replaced the every day towels with a long forgotten 'good' set, as well as two extra fluffy robes, and placed some of the lilies and candles around the tub.

Her next stop was the bedroom where she changed the sheets from her flannel set to a seldom-used red satin set. Turning the bed down, she scattered rose petals about the bed. She also placed unlit candles throughout the room, and closed the blinds and curtains, casting the room into darkness.

Stopping by the hall closet, she found several blankets, extra pillows and the last of her candles. Gathering everything up, she went to work in the living room. Just as she was finishing the living room, the timer went off and she returned to the kitchen. Turning the stove eye down to warm, she pulled the chocolate and other ingredients out of the bag and prepared dessert.

Surveying her work, she smiled smugly and then jumped when the phone rang.

"Liv? Are you ok?"

Laughing she replied, "Yeah. You just scared me. Where are you?"

"I'm just about to leave the salon and I wanted to know if you needed anything?"

"Just a 'blondie brownie.'"

“Liv!” The blonde hissed through the phone.

“Actually, I might want a ‘blondie ala mode.”

Alex felt her face flame as she recalled a particularly naughty episode she’d allowed Olivia to talk her into at the Christmas party.

“If I get killed trying to speed on ice covered streets, it’s all your fault detective!”

“Hurry home counselor and be safe!”

Hanging up the phone, she hurried into the bedroom and pulled the distinctive blue box from its hiding place, and took it into the living room and hid it once again.

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Alex walked through the door nearly frozen. She’d had to walk the last four blocks to the apartment as the cab she was riding in slid into another car. She’d called Olivia to let her know she’d be walking the last few blocks and to please have something warm waiting for her when she got home. She was hoping the warm something would be Olivia.

“Liv, I’m home!”

The brunette popped out of the kitchen and smiled at her girlfriend. “Poor baby. You must be freezing! Come with me and I’ll make you all nice and warm.”

Alex purred. “I’m sure you can detective.”

She was disappointed when the brunette led her into the bathroom, but pleasantly surprised when she saw the flickering candles and the faint scent of lavender was in the air.

She stood still as Olivia undressed her and then herself. She watched as Olivia entered the water and held her hand out for the blonde.

They settled into the water, and Alex allowed Olivia to pull her back and against her body. She watched as dark hands slid the wash cloth against her cold skin and felt the heat slowly warming her.

“Warming up baby?”

“You could say that.” Alex tried to turn around, but Olivia stopped her. “I could get warmer with your help.”

“Oh, we’ll get warmer alright. But first we need to bathe, then feed you before retiring to our own little Vermont.”

“What?”

“Sweetie, I’m sorry we didn’t get to take our trip, but I hope what I have planned for this weekend will help make up for it.”

“Olivia…it’s freezing outside. I refuse to go back out unless I just have to.”
Olivia grazed her nipples with the wash cloth, eliciting a moan from her. “Good, because I have no intentions in letting you leave this apartment all weekend. Regardless of the weather.”

“I think I like the sound of that. Now, can we proceed before I turn into a prune?”

“Certainly.” She got out of the tub and then helped Alex out. She dried her lover off and then held the robe open for her.

“Where are my pajamas?” With a sudden thought she smiled. “Or are we going straight to bed?”

Olivia laughed. “You have such a one track mind!” Helping Alex slip into the robe she added, “You don’t need PJ’s and no, we aren’t going straight to bed.”

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After getting Alex situated in the living room, she went to the kitchen and returned carrying a tray full of food.

“Seafood linguini, with my special sauce, Caesar salad, red wine and for desert, well that’s a surprise.”

She settled in next to Alex on the floor. Actually she’d spread the pillows and blankets out on the floor and moved the coffee table out of the way. As they settled in, she grabbed the remote and turned the TV on.

At Alex’s frown she leaned in and kissed her while hitting play. Pulling back so Alex could see the TV screen, she smiled at the look on Alex’s face.

The blonde burst out laughing. “Where did you get that?”

“Video store. Claire wants details by the way.”

“I’m sure she does. She has a thing for you in case you didn’t know it.” Alex dug into her food and after several long minutes she started laughing again.

“What?”

“I was just thinking it’s too bad we don’t have any fake marshmallows to roast using our fake fireplace!”

“Who says we don’t?” She leaned in to lick a spot of sauce off the corner of Alex’s mouth. “I did say I wanted my blondie brownie.”

Alex shivered at the thought. “How are you going to melt all that chocolate using a DVD fireplace detective? You’re talented, but not that talented.”

Olivia pushed their plates out of the way and Alex down onto the pallet. Settling between her legs she whispered, “I didn’t hear you complaining about my talents last night counselor.”

Alex sighed and opened her legs wider. “That’s true.” She went to put her arms around Olivia and growled in frustration as the older woman jumped up and ran into the kitchen. “Liiiiiiiiv!”

A few minutes later the brunette returned with all the makings of S’mores; chocolate bars that were lightly heated and slightly melted, marshmallows and graham crackers. She also had an artists paint brush and melted chocolate.

Seeing what awaited her, Alex groaned, “Liv…”

“Microwaves are a beautiful thing Alex. Now eat up so I can have my blondie brownie.”

They fed each other a few S’mores and eventually made it to a state of undress. Testing the chocolate to make sure it had cooled enough; Olivia once again laid Alex back and admired her nude form.

Picking up the paint brush, she dipped it in the chocolate and went about brushing it over Alex’s nipples. Alex gasped and felt the wetness leave her body. Olivia replaced the brush with her mouth and began moving down her lover’s body.

Alex had her hands in Olivia’s hair and protested when the brunette’s mouth left her. She was quickly silenced as she watched Olivia dip the brush back into the chocolate and bring it to her sex.

She shouted Olivia’s name as the coarseness of the brush’s bristles danced against her clit, mixed with the warmth of the chocolate*.

Her desire was only heightened as Olivia's tongue replaced the paint brush. Olivia licked her clean, bringing her to orgasm. Not letting her recover, she easily slid two fingers into the blonde and started all over again.

Her second orgasm was no less intense and left her wanting and needing to taste Olivia. The brunette was no sooner done with her, than Alex had flipped her onto her back and was rubbing her swollen clit against Olivia's, before sliding down between her legs and pleasuring the detective with her tongue.

She crawled back up to Olivia and allowed her lover to gather her into her arms. They lay like that for a little while before either of them spoke.

"Wow. Best damn trip to Vermont I've ever had."

Olivia grinned and kissed the back of Alex's head. "So you like this?"

Alex sighed. "It was perfect Liv. You're amazing."

Olivia swallowed hard and reached behind her back, saying nothing.

"Liv?" Alex tried to turn over but the brunette stopped her.

"This isn't perfect or amazing Alex. Not yet anyway."

Once again Alex tried to turn over and once again Olivia stopped her.

"Liv? Is something…." Alex went silent as Olivia placed the small, Tiffany's blue box in front of her. "Liv?"

She watched as Olivia used her free hand to take the top off the box and pull out the ring box within. She flipped open the box to reveal a one carat emerald cut diamond with topaz baguettes on the side in a white gold setting.

"Alexandra Reed Cabot, will you marry me?"

This time she allowed Alex to face her and accepted the hungry kiss the blonde laid on her lips.

"Yes!" Grabbing the box she squealed, "Put it on me Liv!"

Olivia did and kissed her bride-to-be soundly. "Now it's perfect and amazing. Just like you."

They resumed kissing and touching, returning to a state of need quicker than either thought possible. Alex had rolled Olivia back on top of her and was frantically trying to touch as much of her as possible.

Olivia pulled back. “Baby, as much as I want you, it’s getting a bit cold out here, DVD fireplace not withstanding, and I’d really like to make love to my fiancé for the first time, in an actual bed.”

Alex stood up quickly and in all her naked glory made her way to their bedroom. Olivia followed and waited to see Alex’s reaction to the bedroom.

The blonde turned to face her partner and smiled. “Red satin sheets? Rose petals and candles? A girl could get used to this Detective Benson.”

Olivia wrapped her arms around her and sighed. “I certainly hope so Alex. Now, let’s make love as an engaged couple for the first time, shall we?”

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Much later they lay in a contented heap, holding and stroking each other.

“God Alex, do you have any idea ho much I love you? How happy you’ve made me?”

Alex turned to face her. “If the past couple of hours are any indication, I think I might.” She fingered the necklace hanging around Olivia’s neck. “Liv?”

“Hmmm?”

“I know we don’t talk about my time…away, but I want you to know, I was faithful to you. Always.”

She noticed Olivia’s jaw clench. “You’re good man? The one that held you and whispered your name at night?” She couldn’t help the hurt and bitterness that colored her words.

“That’s all he did Liv; he held me. He knew I was gay and while he never admitted it, I’m pretty sure he was too. There were rumors around the office and he told me he thought he wasn’t being promoted because of it.” She shrugged. “We both needed something from each other and that’s all it was. I needed to be held, he needed to look like he was shagging the hot blonde, end of story.”

Olivia relaxed and let out a little laugh. “Hot blonde?” Getting a playful slap for her comment she kissed Alex. “Sweetie, I decided after that night that it didn’t matter if you were sleeping

with half the world. You were alive and dealing as best you could, and I wasn't going to stop loving you."

Alex was silent for a minute. "But you were hurt when I let you think that I was sleeping with him, weren't you?" At Olivia's nod she continued, "I'm sorry Liv. I didn't want you waiting around on me in the event I never got to come back. I wanted you to be free to love someone else, even if I couldn't."

Olivia chuckled. "I can't love anybody else Alex. I'm yours and only yours. Being with somebody else just wasn't an option."

Alex slyly asked, "But you are thrilled that I wasn't sleeping with him, aren't you?"

"Well…yeah." She pulled Alex closer and stroked her hair in a loving manner.

"Hey Liv, you want kids, right?"

"One day. Why?"

"Because I want a baby and I only want them with you. Maybe even yours."

Olivia, feeling the walls closing in, stalled by adding "Don't you think we should get married first and then talk about babies?"

"I suppose you're right. I really should call my mother and tell her. I just know she's going to want a huge wedding and I'm pretty sure she'd prefer I not walk down the aisle great with child!"

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"DVD fireplace? I suppose that's better than a cabin in the snow in Vermont."

Alex kissed her. "It was the corniest, sappiest and most special thing you've ever done for me." She kissed her wife again. "And we even have our own copy that we bring out on special, goofy occasions."

Olivia kissed her. "Cool." Alex snuggled into her. "That guy, you were talking about when you came back for the Connors trial, weren't you?"

Alex raised her head. "You remember that?"

Realizing her mistake, she decided to come clean. "No. I uh, I may have, sort of, accessed all the files pertaining to your 'death' and return."

Grateful the files pertaining to Marcus Pinniford were sealed; she raised her head and looked at Olivia. “Why?”

“I was hoping it would jog my memory.” Deciding she’d come this far she pushed ahead. “I also tried to look at the case file on the last case I worked, but oddly it was sealed online and apparently the hard copy is locked in Cragen’s desk drawer.”

“Olivia! You know you aren’t supposed to do that! What if you’d triggered something and had some sort of bad flashback?”

Olivia sighed. “I can’t keep hiding from this Alex. I’m ready to look at the file. I am; really!”

Alex contemplated her next words. “Ok. But you have to see George first and we have to do this they way he suggests Liv. Promise?”

“Promise.”

They settled into an uneasy sleep.

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Olivia arrived to work early on Monday morning, eager to be back, even if it was cyber crime and not SVU. She and Alex had spent Saturday with the kids at Coney Island, much to Alex’s horror.

Sunday morning she’d taken Kennedy to Central Park and they’d spent the next couple of hours practicing his kicks and chasing Clarence. Alex had taken Sydney to an early bird sale at Bergdorf’s and Olivia had surprised her wife by mentioning Sydney’s first trip to the famed department store.

She and Alex spent both nights making love, with Olivia wanting to re-introduce the strap-on and Alex skirting the issue. Olivia hadn’t pushed Alex yet on why she was reluctant to use it, but she was curious. Alex had told her they should discuss it at their next session with George, which was after work on Monday.

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“Benson.”

“How’s the new gig?”

Smiling at her wife's voice, Olivia glanced around before answering. "Great! You should see all the girl-on-girl porn sites I have to cruise looking for minors!"

"Really?"

"Oh yeah. I've searched probably 100 sites in the last 2 hours alone Alex. Let me tell you, some of the stuff I've seen, well…."

"That bad? Kiddie porn?"

"Oh no! I meant I've seen some things I wouldn't mind trying with you!"

Alex, sitting alone in her office with the door closed, looked around nervously before replying. "Really? Do tell Detective Benson."

Getting into the game, Olivia shut the door to her new "office" and settled into her chair.

Several minutes later two very flushed women were winding down a spirited conversation, with the promise to visit a certain sex shop in the coming days.

Startled by a knock on her door, Alex quickly ended the call with the promise to meet her wife in George's office later that afternoon.

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"Olivia, Alex. How are things?"

Both women looked at each other and replied, "Great."

Alex took Olivia's hand and told George about some of the memories Olivia had regained since their last session.

"Yeah George! And the last one, we weren't even making love when I remembered it!"

"Liv!" Alex hissed at her wife as she colored slightly.

Not giving her wife time to recover, Olivia barreled on; "Speaking of my memories and making love, I, well, really Alex, have a question for you."

"Liv…." The warning in her tone was clear.

“What? I know you want to! Remember how you had to beg me to use it on you the first time?” Ignoring Alex’s red face she continued, “It drove you crazy that I wouldn’t use it on you, but only wanted you to make love to me with mine right after we got married!”

“Liv…”

“Oh Alex please! What the Hell do you think I could possibly remember by you strapping one on and doing me? Or by me doing you? Even if it is with that silly purple dildo?”

Again Alex tried to stall her wife. “Liv?”

“Don’t ‘Liv’ me! The damn thing is purple, Alex! Could you have picked a more girlie dildo! I feel like I’m fucking you with Barney!” Olivia glanced at George and sort of shrugged an apology at her crude choice of words.

“Liv!”

“I’m sorry Alex, but that damn thing has irked me almost from day one! At least the one I bought for you to use on me is a normal color!”

“Olivia Marie Benson!” Alex yelled at her wife.

Looking between Alex and George, she sputtered to a halt. “What?”

Alex smiled at her and took her hand. “Baby…that’s a memory. A lot of memories actually.”

“It is?”

Alex smiled at her and looked at George. “Those are all things or memories of things that happened right after we were married.” Alex gave Olivia’s hand a squeeze. “Although the dislike of my dildo is news to me.”

“George?”

Huang smiled at the women and scribbled some more notes. “I sense a pattern here Olivia. You have a very physical relationship with Alex and so far most of your recovered memories have come about or pertain to your sexual relationship with Alex. So, going with that assumption, why don’t you ask me what it was you wanted to ask me?”

Olivia looked at Alex, who nodded.

“In case you didn’t get any of that, I want to re-introduce the use of certain sex toys, mainly a strap-on, back into our lovemaking.” She linked her fingers with Alex’s. “Alex has been resistant

and apparently I know how much she has enjoyed that in the past." Olivia shrugged. "I guess I just want to know why?"

"Alex?"

Alex adjusted her glasses and looked at George who nodded. "Liv…I do enjoy that. We enjoy doing that. Using it." She stopped to collect her thoughts. "I'm just concerned because sometimes you come to me needing certain things…sexually, and I'm more than willing and happy to give them to you."

"But?"

Alex let go of Olivia's hand and stood. She started pacing and finally began to speak. "Liv, the last few months before this…they've been hard on you. The SVU cases have been grisly at best and horrific at worst. Three times in as many months you came home needing that one certain thing from me, sexually."

"Wh-what is it? I mean, I don't hurt you or anything, do I? It's not…perverted or anything is it?"

Alex knelt in front of her wife. "No baby. Nothing we do in our bedroom could ever be perverted because it would be done in love. It just involves a dildo, it's just intense and before this year, I could count on one hand the number of times in all our time together that we'd done that. I've just been increasingly worried about you and what your job is taking out of you. I even suggested a transfer, even temporarily, out of SVU. You refused." She slipped back into her seat. "Baby, I'm just afraid that if we use it, it might trigger something from this last case and you won't be able to handle it."

"Oh."
Alex bit her lip and looked between Olivia and George. "Well?"

George cocked his head and licked his upper lip.

"Olivia, do you still want to see the case file you've been trying to access online?"

Alex cut her eyes at Olivia who looked contrite. "Yes. I think I'm ready to see it. I need to see it."

George nodded. "I'll arrange for you to see a redacted version." Forestalling Olivia's protests he continued, "We'll start with that for now and see how you do with the basic information. We need to ease you into this Olivia." He closed her file. "Until then, I'd say to continue doing whatever it is that's bringing your memories back." He grinned. "As for sex toys, just be careful and let Alex set the pace. Of the three of us, she's the only one who knows what goes on in your bedroom. Let her lead on this."

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Olivia grabbed Alex's hand as they walked down the sidewalk.

"Hey Alex? Thank you for letting me do whatever it is I do to you when I need that."

Alex stopped walking and held onto Olivia's hand. As the brunette turned to face her wife, the blonde grabbed her and hugged her. She then leaned in and kissed Olivia passionately.

As they broke apart, passerby's let out a few cat calls, and Olivia had a dopey grin on her face.

Alex glanced at her watch. "You know, we have time to hit a certain sex shop if you want?"

Olivia stepped back in and kissed her again. "I'd rather hurry home and get busy before the kids get there. How about it?"

Alex shook her head. "We either have to take a cab or the subway. With the traffic a cab won't get us there in time and the subway is too public."

Olivia sighed. "Ok. But we're hitting the sex shop tomorrow during lunch, got it?"

"Got it." She turned in the direction of the subway. "We should probably look at some of those sites you found today after the kids go to bed. Just to make sure you didn't miss anything."

"And to get ideas?"

"That too."

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That night at home, Olivia fixed dinner. She served pork chops, mashed potatoes and green peas. Liz Donnelly called Alex right before dinner, and the blonde took the call in the bedroom. While she was gone, Olivia noticed Kennedy had pushed his peas to the side of his plate and had built a 'bunker' around them with some of his mashed potatoes.

"Kennedy?"

Looking at his mother seriously, he pointed to his peas. "I know you don't remember this Mom-O, but I'm allergic to peas."

Alarmed, Olivia jumped up and grabbed his plate. Taking it into the kitchen, she dumped the peas into the trash and fixed him another plate.

“God Co-Counsel, I’m so sorry!”

Big blue eyes looked up at his mother and shrugged. “It’s ok, you just can’t remember.”

Suddenly, she grabbed Sydney’s plate and looked at Kennedy. “Is she allergic to anything I’ve fixed?”

Before he could answer, Alex answered for him. “Sydney doesn’t have any food allergies that we know of. Why are you asking?” She sat back down at the table and frowned as Kennedy refused to look at her.

Olivia motioned in the direction of Kennedy. “Why didn’t you tell me he’s allergic to peas! I could have killed him!”

“He’s what?” Angry blue eyes bore a hole into the seven-year-olds head.

“Can I please be excused?” Kennedy had started to get up from the table when Alex put her hand on his shoulder.

“Oliver Kennedy Cabot-Benson.” Alex’s voice was eerily calm and Olivia had a very bad feeling. “Oliver, look at me.”

Hearing his hated first name, the little boy looked up at his mother. “Yes mommy?”

“Why did you lie to Mom-O?”

“What? Oliver Kennedy Cabot-Benson!” Olivia stood up from the table and threw her napkin down. Taking Kennedy by the arm, she walked him over to the corner of the dining room and stood him in it. Next, she marched up the stairs to his room and went about removing his Wii and his autographed Peyton Manning mini-helmet.

Coming back down the stairs she caught him watching her. “Eyes forward.” She continued on into her and Alex’s bedroom, where she put the game console and helmet on the top shelf of the closet. As she was about to exit the closet, she spied the box that held their sex toys. Taking a quick peak, she made a mental list of new things they needed to buy.

Alex and Sydney watched her as she strode into the kitchen and returned carrying a plate full of peas. Calling Kennedy over, she set it down in front of him and retook her seat.

“Eat.”

Kennedy looked at the plate and then at her. “All of it?”

“I can add more.” Satisfied he wasn’t going to argue with her, she added, “No Wii for a month and you can have your helmet back after the next Colts Fan Club meeting.”

“But I wanted to show off my new helmet!”

Olivia glanced at Alex. “Then you shouldn’t have lied.” Cutting her eyes at Alex she added, “And no sleepover Friday night.”

“Ken’dy in trouble?”

Olivia smiled at her daughter. “Yes, Kennedy is in trouble. He lied to me about something very important and now he must pay the price.”

“Mom!” He looked at Alex for help, but found none. “I didn’t mean any harm! And you know I don’t like peas!”

“Keep it up Kennedy.”

“Mom-O’s right Kennedy; you’re only digging yourself in more.”

Grudgingly he took three big forkful bites of peas and finished them off. Grimacing as he swallowed.

“May I please be excused?”

“Yes.”

Olivia watched as he slowly climbed the steps. Leaning into Alex she whispered, “I wasn’t too hard on him was I?”

Alex laughed. “No.” Dinner all but finished, Alex stood and began clearing the table while Olivia took Sydney up for her bath and bedtime story.

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As Olivia was making the final check of the loft that night, she heard muffled sobs coming from Kennedy’s room. She decided to poke her head in and see what was wrong even though she had a pretty good idea.

“Co-Counsel?”

“W-W-What?”

Her heart breaking, she sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled him to her. He burst into a fresh wave of tears.

“I’m sorry Mom-O! I sh-sh-shouldn’t have lied to you. I just don’t like peas very much.”

“Why did you do it Kennedy?”

He shrugged. “I…I don’ know.”

Olivia nodded. “Ok. You need to think about why you lied and we’ll talk about it in a few days, ok?” He nodded and she handed him a Kleenex so he could blow his nose.

She joined Alex in the living room and curled around her wife.

“You’re sure I wasn’t too hard on him?”

“No Liv. It’s rare that you discipline him, that either one of us has to discipline him, but when we do…”

Now it was Olivia who nodded. They settled into an easy silence watching yet another episode of The Division on Lifetime.

Midway through the episode, Alex giggled.

“What?

“Since you nixed the sleepover, it doesn’t look like we’ll be having wild monkey love on Friday.”

Olivia scowled. “Maybe they could both stay with your mother instead of just Sydney?”

“He has a Wii at Mom’s Liv. Do you really think she’ll hold him to his grounding?”

“Well this sucks.”

“And not in a good way.”

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As they were about to turn in for the evening, Olivia rushed into the bathroom, giddy with excitement, waving papers at Alex.

“Good Lord Olivia, what’s going on?”

“I was checking out some of those sites from earlier today when I had an idea. Why don’t we see if your mother will come spend the night with the kids here and then we can check into a hotel for the night?”

“That….might work.” The thought of spending an entire night with Olivia, completely uninterrupted in a luxury hotel was appealing.

“Good cause I already booked a room at the Plaza.” She flipped to one of the printouts. “Suite actually.”

Alex leaned in to see the reservation and found a couple of pages of sex toys instead. “Liv?”

“Oh. These. Well, since we’re going to the sex shop tomorrow I thought we might want to know what we’re looking for.”

They settled down in the bed, looking at various items and either agreeing to purchase or pass on several items. One item in particular excited them both.

“Do you think that works Liv?”

She shrugged. “Don’t know, but I’m all for anything that’s hands free.”

Alex nodded and pointed to the bondage sheets. “Wonder if those work?”

Olivia looked at Alex and raised an eyebrow. “I know you said we used fur lined handcuffs in Boston, but do we…are we…you know?”

“Light bondage Liv.” Alex thought about what she said. “Actually, what we do probably wouldn’t even be considered bondage by most practitioners. But, we do like to make use of your handcuffs every now and then. Keeps it interesting.” She leaned up and kissed her wife.

Olivia pulled back. “Hey Alex?”

“Hmmm?”

“What about role playing? Do we do that?”

Alex blushed. “Some.” Going for it, she added, “Not as much as I’d like.”

Olivia’s head whipped around. “Huh?”

Alex shrugged. “I have this one fantasy. I’ve never shared it with you or anybody, but I’ve always wanted to do it.”

“Well? What is it?”

Alex shook her head. After some coaxing she finally whispered it to Olivia, who thought it was fairly tame until Alex got to the location part.”

“Okaaaaaaay.” She cleared her throat. “How butch do you want me?”

“You’re willing to do this for me?” Olivia nodded. “Ok then. BUTCH.”

“Ok. I think I’ve got an idea.” She rolled on top of Alex and kissed her. “Do I even want to know how you know about this?”

Alex moved beneath her. “Jenny told me.”

Olivia idly wondered why Jenny would know about this, but decided she’d ask Alex about it tomorrow. Maybe while they were at the sex shop. As Alex slid two fingers into her, she decided she really didn’t care how anybody knew about anything at that particular moment.

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Olivia entered the Pleasure Chest and scanned the store looking for her wife. Standing in front of a wall of dildos stood her wife. She took a moment to study the blonde who was in turn studying their choices and currently had two different ‘toys’ in her hands.

Alex was so intent on what she was doing, she didn’t hear Olivia come up beside her. “That’s an interesting choice.” Alex jumped at the sound of Olivia’s voice.

“Christ Liv! Don’t sneak up on me like that!”

Olivia leaned in and kissed her wife before grabbing a rather large, electric blue double dong out of her hand. “What the Hell is this?” She held it up for both of them to inspect. It was only moderately phallic looking, but had a bulbous head and three large rings down the ‘shaft’ of the dildo. The other side was constructed in much the same way.
“It’s a double dildo dong Liv.”

“I can see that. How the Hell do you use it? Does one person …” She finally settled on air quotes, “mount up and then what, the other person climbs on or what?” Wrapping her hand around its girth she scowled. “This thing is huge.”

Alex opened her mouth, but before she could say anything, Olivia spoke. “I know, you’ve had something much bigger than this come out of you. At least that’s what you said about the Barney stick.” Alex dropped what she was holding and grabbed Olivia, pulling her into a fierce kiss.

“What was that for?”

“You just had a memory of a conversation we had in this very sex shop seven years ago.”

“I did? Wow.” She bent and picked up the items Alex had dropped. As she was rising back up her eyes spotted something under the “latest arrivals” header on the wall.

“Hey, look at this.”

Alex peered over her shoulder at what looked like the letter ‘T’, only part of the top of the ‘T’ had been chipped off.

“Feeldoe?” They both said in unison.

Olivia looked at Alex and smiled. “I’m game if you are.” Alex nodded and they added that to their basket.

Olivia found a black leather harness stitched in white that she quickly snatched up and watched as Alex took an interest in a small anal vibrator. Alex started to put it back, but Olivia’s hand stopped her.

“Does this interest you Alex?”

Suddenly shy, Alex nodded with her eyes downcast.

“Alex?”

The blonde sighed. “Times like this I really, really wish you remembered Liv.” With a wistful smile she continued, “We’ve been…exploring anal play Liv. Nothing too out there. You’ve always enjoyed a thumb or finger on occasion as have I. I…I like to be rimmed and…eaten.” Glancing at Olivia she continued, “And you’ve been wanting to…insert things into me. And have them inserted into you.” She finished with a shrug.

Olivia lifted Alex’s chin so blues would meet brown.
“Times like these I hate that they cleaned up all the strip clubs and glory holes around Times Square because I’m so wet right now…”

Alex graced her with a full fledged Cabot smile. “You don’t think it’s…gross?”

“Not if it’s with you.” Placing the slender anal dildo into the basket, she kissed Alex. “Now, I need to find an appropriate dildo to go with my harness. Since I want to surprise you on Friday, how about we finish shopping on our own and meet up at home tonight?”

After Olivia left the store, Alex continued looking around for her own surprise for Friday night. Finding just what she was looking for, she went to check out.

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Alex was giving Sydney her bath when she heard Olivia and Kennedy and Clarence return from their walk. She smiled as she heard mother and son, freshly made up from the pea incident, talking about kicking technique.

“Ken’dy and Mom-O back?”

“Yes Sydney, Mom-O and Kennedy are back from their walk. As usual, they are talking about football! Silly people!” The little girl giggled as Alex blew bubbles at her.

They were interrupted from further conversation by Clarence who bounded into the bathroom to see what was going on. He was followed by Olivia who kissed both her wife and daughter. Kennedy could be heard in his room getting ready for bed.

“I can finish up here Alex if you have something else you need to do?” She waggled here eyebrows.

Alex slapped at her and laughed. “You have a one track mind.”

She did however leave Sydney in the care of her mother and went to read Kennedy a bedtime story. When she finished, she went to say goodnight to Sydney, who was getting a bedtime story read to her by Olivia.

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Olivia, who thought Sydney would never go to sleep, finally made her way into the bedroom. She began to strip and found Alex in the bathroom, laying out all of their new toys.

“I washed them.”

Olivia laughed. “You are so anal!”
Alex held up the anal dildo and smiled. “You’re going to find out just how anal I am Detective Benson.”

Olivia jumped as Alex ran her fingers through her dark nest of curls. “My God you’re wet!”

Olivia murmured against her lips, “Mmmmhmmmm. Thought I was gonna have to wear a panty liner the rest of the day.”

Alex held up the ‘Feeldoe’ and waved it at Olivia. “Detective?”

They both examined it and Olivia reviewed the ‘how-to’ photos and looked at Alex, who looked at the dildo and then back at her.

“Uh, Alex….”

“Yeah, I don’t know either.”

Olivia grabbed the lube and followed Alex into the bedroom where she watched as her wife stretched out on their bed. Climbing on the bed she knelt next to Alex and began lubing up their latest toy. Standing on her knees she spread them wider.

“Here goes nothing.”

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After a few fumbled attempts at inserting the bulb end into herself, Olivia was beyond frustrated. As the ‘feeldoe’ was about to slip from her hand for the second time, Alex’s hand covered hers.

“Let me.”

Smiling at her wife, she gently pushed Olivia back onto the bed and grabbing their play towel, she cleaned the excess lube from the dildo. Bending her head she nipped at Olivia’s clit and teased her opening. Sure that her wife was still aroused, she reapplied lube to the bulb end and with the help of her fingers, the bulb disappeared into her wife with a ‘plop.’

“Ohhh.” Olivia twisted against the new sensation before closing her eyes and releasing a low, long moan. “Fuck…that’s good.”

“It’s not too much?” Olivia shook her head. “How does it feel? Besides the obvious?”

“Definitely different.” Looking at her wife and seeing the open curiosity on her face brought Olivia back to the task at hand. Carefully sitting up she almost laughed when she noticed how it was standing at attention as she sat on their bed.

Alex leaned in for a kiss and before long they were lying down, Alex on her back and Olivia half on top of her. Easing up on all four, Olivia continued to kiss and tease Alex. Grabbing the bottle

of lube, she covered the new toy and eased two fingers into Alex. Finding her wife wet, still added some lube to her fingers and worked them back into Alex.

“Ready?” Alex nodded as she bit her lower lip. After finding her wife’s opening, she began slipping the dildo slowly into her. “You ok?”

“God yes! Faster please!”

Olivia smiled down at her and picked up the pace, marveling at the feelings she experienced as Alex was experiencing them. For the first time she could remember, which admittedly wasn’t that long, she was able to use both hands to touch and love her wife as their lower bodies moved in unison.

Her hands were everywhere; in Alex’s hair, touching her breasts, holding her closer than ever before and cradling her lover’s face as she felt her own orgasm begin to build and hoping Alex was as close as she was.

“Al…Alex…”

“I know baby, I know. I’m with you…just…a…little…more!”

Olivia began to reach between them when Alex knocked her hand away and arched her back. The movement gave a slight adjustment to Olivia’s end and sent her over the edge as well. Collapsing onto Alex, they lay in a sweaty heap, neither moving to break their connection.

“God!”

“Christ!”

They laughed as they spoke at the same time.

Alex brought her hands to Olivia’s face and pulled her in for an exquisite kiss. They lay connected for a long while until Olivia felt herself going numb and beginning to dry up.

“Hey baby? I hate to do this, but I gotta move.”

Alex gave a little yelp as Olivia pulled out of her and Olivia pulled the dildo from her body with an audible plop and her own little yelp. Making her way to the bathroom, she returned with a warm washcloth and gently cleaned Alex.

Snuggled together in their bed, Alex practically purred. “Damn. I wish they’d invented that thing sooner!”

“I know. It’s the first time we’ve ever climaxed together when we were facing each other! One more thing the breeders no longer have over us!”

Alex chuckled. “Uh Liv, WE are breeders. Don’t you mean no more hetero privilege?”

“Well, you know what I mean.”

Once again Alex gave her a searing kiss.

“What was that for?”

“Yet another memory Detective Benson.”

Olivia was far too worn out to celebrate another mind blowing sex induced memory.

“Sweetie?”

“Mmmhh?”

“Can we end the night on this positive note and play with our other toys tomorrow night?”

Alex stretched against her. “Works for me.”

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Olivia met Elliot for lunch the next day and was a tad sore from their lovemaking the night before. Elliot raised an eyebrow at her as she less than smoothly entered the diner.

“You hurt?”

“Huh?” Realizing what he was talking about she blushed. “Nah. Just a little exercise with Alex.”

“Damn. You too are still going at it like rabbits Liv, and at your age!” His comment earned him a scowl and he threw his hands up in surrender. “I’m just saying that even with a bum memory you are still scoring more than people half your age.”

She laughed at him. “I know I’m getting more than you’re getting with Kathy!” He grumbled. “You know El, there is a method to our madness; all of my recovered memories have happened before, during or after sex.”

“Huang would have a field day with that.”

They shared a laugh.

Spotting a barbershop across the street, she nudged Elliot. “How short was my hair when Alex and I got together?”

He shrugged, “Pretty short, why?”

“Butch short?”
“How should I know? It was short. Man short but still…sexy.” He glanced at her. “Why?”

“Just something I’m working on for Alex.” He looked at her dubiously.

“No doubt.”

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“Olivia? Is something wrong with Alex or the kids?” Serena had met Olivia at the door to her office when her secretary had buzzed her and let her know a Det. Benson was there to see her.

“Oh Serena, I’m sorry. Everything’s fine, I just need some help.”

“Ok. What kind of help?

“Alex has a fantasy or role play or whatever you want to call it and it involves a place you and Jenny apparently know about?” She waited for Serena to clue in and had to prompt her even more. She pulled out a card and handed it to the younger woman. She watched as Serena blushed.

“I’m going to kill my wife!”

“Yeah, well, if Friday night goes the way I’m hoping, I’m going to become Mormon and take another wife; yours!”

Serena scowled at her. “What do you need detective?”

“I need help getting in touch with my inner butch!”

“And what makes you think I’d know anything about that?”

Olivia quickly ticked off on her fingers; “Jenny took your last name as did Sophie, you and I watched the Super Bowl together while our wives talked Martha Stewart, and even though it’s pink, you have a tool set.”

“Olivia…”

“Oh wait, if there is still any doubt, there’s always this.” She handed a photo of the younger woman over to her.

Momentarily pissed at her wife for letting that picture blast out into cyber space, she managed to compose herself. “Olivia…”

“What?”

“How did you know all of that?”

Olivia, stopped dead in her tracks and then smiled. “I guess I remembered it!”

Serena smiled as well. “In that case, I’ll forgive my wife for her big mouth and you for having that photo, and I’ll help you find your inner ‘butch’. Meet me at this address after work.”

“Hey, don’t kill the messenger!” Getting to the door, she turned back around and smirked. “By the way, nice chaps Southerlyn.”

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Olivia smiled as she secured her purchases in the trunk of the car. She wore that smile on the elevator ride all the way up to their loft. She found her wife, Sydney and Clarence in the kitchen. She stopped and listened as mother and daughter talked.

“Mommy cook?”

“Yes Sydney , mommy cooks. Don’t believe what you might hear.”

The little girl was sitting on the counter top and looked over at Alex. “Mommy make fire?”

Not giving Alex a chance to answer, Olivia chimed in. “Yes, mommy made a big fire in her kitchen a long time ago.”

Alex swatted at her with the spatula. She then kissed her wife. “Where have you been?”

Olivia waggled her eyebrows. “Out.” Alex let it slide and called for Kennedy. Olivia scooped Sydney up and carried her into the dining room.

They ate dinner talking about any and everything with the kids. Kennedy looked at first Alex and then Olivia before speaking.

“Football sign-ups are tomorrow.”

Alex looked at Olivia who seemed clueless. “Ok Co-Counsel.”

“But I’m grounded.”

“What’s one got to do with the other?”

Alex decided to intervene. “Liv, he has to actually try out and you’ve told him no extra activities. If sign-ups are tomorrow, try outs will be next week.” She raised an eyebrow at her wife.

“Oh.” She looked to Alex for help.

“Kennedy, Mom-O and I will talk about it and let you know before tomorrow, ok?”

He nodded.

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Kennedy and Sydney were in his room watching Toy Story while Alex and Olivia were downstairs discussing football try outs.

“We agreed when he was just a baby that we would always keep things consistent Liv. We’ve seen too many kids who had parents that caved in time and again.”

Olivia nodded. “I know, but he really seems to enjoy our time together kicking the football around. I hate for one mishap to keep him from doing something he loves.”

“Liv, how many cases have we had where one mishap has changed somebody’s life forever?”

“I know, it’s just that….”

When she didn’t go on Alex prompted her. “What Liv?”

“I know I’m getting bits and pieces of my memory back Alex, but what if it never comes back fully? Everything so far has revolved around our sex life.” She smiled. “I’m not complaining, but I’m pretty sure I don’t have those kinds of memories with Kennedy.” She swallowed hard. “What if I never remember them? Your pregnancies or all their firsts?” She averted her eyes. “Alex, I managed to get access to some of the file that was redacted. I…I know about the other cases. I know that they all involved blonde women and little boys.”

“Liv!” Alex wasn’t sure she wanted to know how her wife had gained access to those files.

“I’m a cop Alex, you knew I’d eventually get to those files.”

Alex sighed. “I know baby, I know.” She rubbed her forehead. “Liv I have to believe you’ll get your memory back.”

“But I may not Alex.”

“Then we’ll deal with it Olivia.”

“Alex…if I don’t get my memory back…can we re-do our vows?”

Alex clasped Olivia’s hand. “Yes baby, we can re-do our vows. Is there anything else you want to re-create?”

“Maybe.”

“Oh? Due tell.”

Olivia shook her head. “Not yet.” She stood up and pulled Alex with her. “Let’s tuck the kiddies in and then get busy being anal.”

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She found Alex in the bathroom stripping down. She watched as her wife turned the shower facet on, put the rubber shower mat in the tub, and motioned for her. Olivia quickly shed her own clothing and joined Alex under the spray of hot water.

Wetting themselves, they embraced and kissed passionately before Alex pulled away. She lathered up the washcloth and began cleaning the brunette. She paid special attention to Olivia’s breasts, kissing them after she was sure they were clean. She left them standing firm and continued down Olivia’s stomach to the juncture between her legs. She ran the wash cloth through her curls and roughly entered Olivia with the tip of the terry cloth.

Not giving Olivia time to recover, she pulled her wife close and bit her neck, sucking until she was satisfied there would be a mark. Taking the cloth, she re-applied soap and let the slightly rough texture caress her wife’s ass. Sliding the material between the cleft in her ass, she pushed and pulled and gently entered her wife’s dark opening, pushing as far in as she could without hurting the detective. Satisfied it was clean enough for her tongue; she pulled Olivia to her and rubbed their clits together.

Olivia felt her legs tremble and whispered, “I need you Alex.”

The blonde smiled and then shook her head. “My turn.” She kissed her wife again. “I want your tongue up my ass.” She handed the wash cloth to Olivia and turned to face the shower wall. She braced herself against the wall and wiggled her ass in Olivia’s face.

The brunette made quick work of cleaning Alex’s body, with the exception of where Alex wanted her most. The blonde growled in frustration as Olivia’s hands left her body.

“Liv!” Alex whined.

“Just hold on counselor. You won’t be disappointed.”

Using her foot, she spread Alex’s legs as she would a perp’s and watched as the water ran down her wife’s back and between the valley of her butt. She carefully spread the cheeks and pushed her engorged clit between them and began sliding up and down, allowing it to make contact with Alex’s dark circle. Both women hissed.

“Fuck Liv!”

Olivia leaned over Alex’s back and got as close to her ear as possible. “You’re such a slut for this, aren’t you?”

“Yesssss!”

She hadn’t been sure how Alex would react to being called a slut, but when the other woman seemed to respond, Olivia pushed it a little further.

“Who’s your daddy Alex? Who fills your little cunt up and makes you moan?”

“Y-You are Liv. You do!”

“Who’s bitch are you Alex? Who do you belong to?”

“Liv’s! Yours!” Alex was twisting, trying to gain more contact and growing even more frustrated.

Seeing Alex’s obvious need, she asked, “What do you want Alex? What do you need?”

“You…please Liv! Please!”

“Please what?”

“Put your tongue up my ass! Fuck me!”

Olivia slid down Alex's body and kneeling behind her she spread her wife's ass cheeks. She started gently at first, unsure just how often or how far or rough she could be with Alex.

After the first tentative probes she grew more confident and bold and soon had her tongue deep inside Alex, twisting and flicking as best she could.

"Oh God Liv!"

Encouraged by her lover's response, she slipped a finger into her other opening, from behind and touched the fleshy spot that sent Alex over the edge. The blonde collapsed into the wall of the shower and moaned as Olivia slipped her tongue out of her.

She didn't protest as Olivia pulled her into a huge and kissed her. She then allowed the older woman to once again clean her and wash her hair. They finished just as the water turned lukewarm.

They dried each other off and Alex allowed her wife to carry her to their bed. Olivia eased in beside Alex and cradled her.

"How are you feeling?"

"Wonderful."

"The dirty talk, it…."

"Was perfect Liv." She kissed her wife. "We do that sometimes. It's not always flowers and hearts and gentleness. We like to get down and dirty every now and again."

Olivia began to twist against Alex's leg and the blonde slipped her finger through her wife's folds, finding them slick.

"Liv, are you ready for some anal action?" She nodded. "Ok baby."

She began by kissing her wife all over and massaging her breasts with both hands and mouth. She spent long moments whispering things to Olivia that made both of them blush. Her hands were never idle as she continued to arouse and tease her wife.

Reaching between her wife's legs, she felt wetness that she spread to Olivia's dark opening. "You ready baby?" Olivia nodded. Alex smiled at her and reached for the special lube they'd picked up at the Pleasure Chest. Coating her index finger she began a gentle exploration of Olivia's anus before slowly working her way inside. When she was to her second knuckle she wiggled her finer and watched as Olivia raised her hips ever so slightly.

Alex held her position until Olivia began to slowly rock against her finger. All the while Alex was kissing her and whispering to her.

“Please Alex…more. Please!”

Alex withdrew her finger and picked up the anal dildo. She covered it with ample lube and settled between Olivia’s legs, resting on her own knees. She re-applied lube to her finger and once again inserted it, moving around inside her wife.

Sliding over to Olivia’s side she put her lips to Olivia’s ear. “You ready baby?” Not waiting on an answer, she replaced her finger with the tip of the dildo. Olivia tensed momentarily, but with the help of Alex’s tongue on her nipple, she relaxed into the sensation of being filled in a new way.

Alex pushed it in further and slowly removed it several times until Olivia was once again arching her back and hips and trying to draw Alex in further and further. She was on sensory overload the pain had given way to pleasure and back again and Alex was keeping her teetering on the brink.

“Oh God Alex….I need….I need….more!”

Alex gave her what she asked for by lowering her mouth to Olivia’s clit while keeping the dildo firmly planted in her ass. She slipped her tongue inside Olivia who bucked against her and moaned.

Alex lifted her head long enough to taunt her wife. “Who’s the slut now Liv? Who owns who now Olivia?” When there was no reply she tweaked her lover’s nipple. “Who’s filling up your cunt now Liv?”

“You are Alex….YOU!” When Alex still had returned to Olivia’s clit, she begged, “Alex… please! PLEASE!”

Alex returned to Olivia’s clit and nipped at her. She finally entered Olivia with her tongue and stayed there until the brunette clenched around her.

“FUCK!”

Alex began to slow her movements and the dildo. She brought Olivia down and gently removed the dildo. She gathered her wife to her and held her for a long while, neither speaking.

“Mhhhhmmmm. God Alex, that was…..intense.”

Alex nuzzled Olivia’s ear and whispered, “You liked that, didn’t you?” She felt Olivia nod. “It’s ok Livvie, I plan on giving you more of it.”

Olivia stiffened and moved away from Alex. “What did you call me?”

“Livvie.”

Alex realized her mistake just as Olivia remembered. “Marcus used to call me that.” Olivia sat up in bed and Alex could see the wheels turning in Olivia’s mind. “Marcus….”

Afraid Olivia was about to wig out, Alex reached for her again. “Liv….”

“Oh God! Alex! He…he…he raped me.” She ran into the bathroom and threw-up.

Alex cursed her stupidity and went after Olivia. She found her slumped next to the toilet and getting a clean wash cloth, she wet it and knelt beside her wife.

“Liv?”

Olivia looked at her with a tear-streaked face. “That’s how I got pregnant. He wrote about it.” Alex gathered her to her and nodded. “He’s in jail…there was another girl, wasn’t there?”

“Yeah Liv there was.” She kissed the top of her head.

Olivia looked up at her. “It caused us some problems, didn’t it?”

“It did.”

“We got through it, right?”

Alex smiled at her and raised her head for a kiss. “Yes baby, we did.”

Olivia wrapped Alex in a hug and returned her kiss. “Ok.”

“Ok?”

“Yeah. I remember the whole rape discovery thing and that scared me.” She swiped at her eyes. “But we worked hard and got through it. I don’t exactly remember specifics, more like feelings, but they are strong, loving feelings.”

She accepted the wash cloth and cleaned at her tears. Standing up she pulled Alex with her and kissed her. “Let’s go to bed.”

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Olivia rolled over the next morning to find Alex looking at her. “Hey sweetie.” Alex leaned in and kissed her.

“Hey yourself.” Alex ran her thumb along Olivia’s lips. “How are you this morning?” Olivia smiled at her and nodded. “Really? No….”

“No Alex, no issues. It happened and I know I dealt with it and that we moved beyond it.” She rose up and pulled Alex to her. “I love you.”

Alex stroked Olivia’s back. “Baby, what are we going to do about Kennedy and football?”

“I’ll take care of it Alex.” The blonde nodded.

“I’m not seeing you until later tonight, right?” Olivia nodded.

They had agreed to each drop their stuff off at the Plaza separately and to get ready away from each other. Part of the build up was what the other would look like at their point of rendezvous as Olivia had started calling it.

“You’re sure about this Alex?” The blonde nodded.

“Liv?”

“Yeah?”

Alex hesitated. “Don’t hold back. Please?”

Olivia felt herself getting wet and pulled Alex to her for a bruising kiss. Just as she was about to lay her wife down and have her again, their bedroom door swung open and Kennedy came running in.

“Mom-O, Mommy! What didja decide about football?” He stopped short when he realized his mommy’s face was red and Mom-O was holding the sheet up around her shoulders.

“Kennedy! You know you’re supposed to knock!”

Looking embarrassed, he came to an abrupt stop and looked at his parents.

“Sorry.” He shifted from foot to foot, eyes darting between parents. “Well?”

“I’ll call and sign you up today, but you will not try out. You’ll have to earn a spot based on being a ‘walk-on.’”

His face fell, but he knew better than to argue. This was the best he was going to get. He turned and ran out of the room content in the knowledge that he at least was going to get to play.

Their morning all but shot, Alex and Olivia showered, separately and got ready for the day ahead, with thoughts to the night ahead.

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At lunch time, each woman had her own set of errands to run to put the finishing touches on their plans for that night.

Olivia couldn't remember who was currently cutting her hair and a call to both Elliot and Serena yielded no answer, and she knew Fin never got a haircut. Not wanting to spoil her surprise, she refused to call Alex. She finally settled on calling Munch, who got her into see his stylist.

"And how does the lady want her hair styled?"

Olivia ran her hand through locks that were now longer than she remembered having had in a long time.

"The lady needs to look like a man tonight, but back to something quasi womanly on Monday. Can you do that?"

The stylist, whose name was LaRue, grinned, picked up his scissors and began cutting. An hour later, a freshly shorn Olivia Benson was making her way back to work. She had to admit, her head felt lighter and with all the product she now had in her bag, she would be able to accomplish what she wanted for Alex.

Alex returned from the beauty supply store and tucked her purchases away in the bottom drawer of her desk. She smiled as she thought of the night ahead and a glance at the clock told her it was going to be a long time until 5 o'clock.

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By agreement, Olivia arrived at the Plaza first and checked them in. She changed into her 'costume' as she'd come to think of it and satisfied with her look, she started working on her hair. After using copious amounts of gel, she cleaned everything up, stored it in her duffle bag and prepared to leave. She scribbled a brief note for Alex and left it along with room key and membership card in an envelope with the concierge.

Realizing she had a couple of hours to kill, she caught a cab to a lesbian bar called Felt. It wasn't until she was half way there that she realized she had no clue how she knew the bar existed.

Settling in at the bar, she was perfectly content to nurse her beer and people watch. She was oblivious to the stares and reaction she was getting until the bar tender sat not one but three drinks in front of her.

“What…?” He jerked his head in three different directions. She swiveled and found one red head, brunette and an obviously bottle blonde smiling at her. She held up her left hand only to remember that they’d both taken their rings off in preparation for the night’s activities. Two of the women seemed to get what she was trying to convey and smiled at her, but moved on.

The bottle blonde took it as a challenge and took the stool next to Olivia. Leaning into her personal space she seemed to be studying Olivia.

“I’ll be damned! It is you!”

Surprised, Olivia looked at her. “What?”

“Olivia, right? Friends call you Liv?” At the hesitant nod the woman plowed ahead. “It’s me, Maxine, Max for short! Don’t you remember me?”

“Actually, I don’t.” Olivia was trying to place the woman who bore a very slight resemblance to Alex. If you were in poor lighting and squinted your eyes just the right way.

“It has been a while.” She thought for a moment. “About seven years I think.” She took Olivia’s left hand. “You and the blonde not get hitched? Or did you and now you’re divorced? Or un-committed?”

“I’m sorry, but how do I know you?”

The blonde’s eyes went from playful to angry. “Oh give it up Liv! It’s not every day a blonde claiming to be with the D.A.’s office storms into a bar with a baby and decks another woman! I’ve been blown off by hotter women than you, so please don’t insult me by pretending not to remember me!”

Olivia watched as the woman stormed off. Glancing back at the bar tender, she downed her beer, left the other three alone and plopped some money down on the bar. Nodding to the bar tender, she quickly exited the bar.

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Alex finished drying her hair and took a moment to look at her new color. Even when she was in witness protection, she’d refused to change hair color. Now looking at the dirty blonde in the mirror, she knew why she’d always resisted. The look, complete with contacts to make her eyes appear hazel, was unremarkable. Which was exactly what she was going for.

Changing into some equally unremarkable clothing she took one last look at herself in the mirror. Pleased with what she saw, she scooped up her membership card. She smiled at the name; Jane Wallace. A perfectly ordinary name for a perfectly ordinary woman.

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Olivia entered the club and scanned the room looking for Alex. She spotted a woman she thought might be her wife sitting at the far end of the bar, looking nervous and unsure of herself. For her part, Alex hadn't needed to look up to know when Olivia had entered the club. She knew her wife was gorgeous and if she'd done even half of what Alex asked, there would be few women who could resist her.

She started trying to make her way over to the woman she was pretty sure was Alex, but was stopped numerous times by women asking for a dance, offering to buy her a drink or just plain offering to have sex with her.

She refused much to the dismay of several women and took a seat at the bar a few stools away from "Jane." She ordered a drink, surveyed the room and struck up a conversation with the bar tender.

"You caused quiet a stir. Haven't seen you around before. What's your name?"

Olivia smiled. "Rothchild, but my friends call me Diesel." That earned her a raised eyebrow from the bartender. She shrugged. "I own a trucking company." The bar tender nodded.

"So, Diesel, what's your poison and pleasure?"

"Scotch neat." She turned and gave the room a casual glance over. "As for pleasure," she glanced at Alex, "that's more my taste for pleasure." The bar keep followed her gaze and raised an eyebrow.

Olivia motioned for her to move closer. "Those plain ones? Best fuck for the buck. They come to these places and nobody ever pays any attention to them. All you gotta do is buy them a drink or two and they'll do anything you want. None of that damn courting shit or games. She's probably not been touched in a year if not longer." Olivia reached into her pocket and pulled out some money.

She once again looked at Alex. "Send her a white wine spritzer and tell her I'll be over to join her."

The bartender did as told and watched as “Jane’s” face lit up as the benefactor of her gift was pointed out to her. She accepted the drink and quickly looked back down. A few minutes later “Diesel” had made her way over and taken the stool next to her.

When “Jane” finally looked up, Olivia almost thought she had been mistaken. The woman before her was plain and about the furtherest thing from Alex Cabot you could imagine. Had there not been an air to her that only Olivia knew, she’d have thought this woman was just an anonymous, unremarkable face in a Manhattan sex club.

“Thank you for my drink. My name is Jane.”

“You’re welcome Jane. I’m Rothchild but my friends call me Diesel.” Had she not been watching Alex closely, she’d have missed the twitch of the eyebrow the name ‘Diesel’ earned her.

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True to her part, Alex was shy and awkward and bashful around “Diesel.” Olivia winked at the bartender as she moved in closer to “Jane” and brushed some hair out of her eyes. Alex colored slightly.

“Thank you.”

“So, Jane, tell me about yourself.”

Looking surprised that anyone would want to know anything about her, ‘Jane’ stammered, “I-I’m a clerk at the local IRS office.” She offered a tiny smile. “Pretty glamorous, huh?”

‘Diesel’ laid her hand on top of Jane’s and rubbed her thumb back and forth. “It’s a job.” Olivia scanned the room. “More than some of these women have.” She moved into Jane’s personal space even more.

“Wh-What are you doing?”

Diesel moved her thumb to Jane’s lips. “Getting a better view.”

Jane tried to turn her head but was stopped by Diesel who leaned in and gave her a brief kiss.

“Let’s dance.”

Jane allowed Diesel to pull her close and stifled a tiny groan as she felt the bulge in her partner’s pants. She noticed several women giving her the look as they made their way around the dance floor.

After several dances, they made their way back to the bar. Diesel motioned the bartender over and refreshed their drinks; Jane excused herself to go find the restroom.

“You two caused a bit of a stir out there.” Diesel nodded. “You really into that?”

Olivia felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up until she remembered this woman had no clue who the dirty blonde really was and how hot she was in every day life. She opted on a shrug.

The bartender started to say something, stopped and then started again. “Look, I know this place is pretty much a meat market and anything goes; Hell, we even allow public sex, but this girl, she’s not made for this scene. She looks like the kind who could easily be hurt.” She looked at Diesel for acknowledgment. Getting none, she continued, “Look, I’m just saying…”

They were interrupted by the return of Jane. “I’m back.” Diesel smiled at her, took her hand and kissed her again. This time she deepened it and moved Jane’s hand to her package. Jane pulled her hand away as if she’d been burned and managed to look shocked.

“Finish your drink.” She held the straw for Jane and made a show of watching her lips. “You have nice lips.” She let the double connotation hang in the air. Jane giggled and Diesel pulled her in for another kiss. This time she let her hand drift to Jane’s waist and ran her finger along her waist band.

Tentatively, Jane tried to ease her hand up in under Diesel’s shirt and was quickly stopped by a hand on her wrist. Diesel shook her head. “Sweetheart, I fuck; I don’t get fucked.”

With an open expression, Jane looked at Diesel. “Ever?”

“Ever.” She kissed the knuckles on Jane’s hand and smiled at her. “Now, speaking of fucking, how about I take you into the bathroom and show you a good time?”

“I-I’ve never had sex in p-public before.” Ducking her head she continued, “Will people… watch?”

It was true; Alex and Olivia had never had sex on display before and suddenly Alex was unsure if she wanted to go through with this.

Sensing her wife’s sudden trepidation, Olivia moved in closer to Alex and gently turned her face up so she could see her eyes.

“A…Jane?” Hearing the love and care in her wife’s voice immediately put her at ease. She nodded her head and allowed Diesel to lead her into the bathroom.

The bathroom wasn't your run of the mill bodily function place. Yes, there were stalls, but there were also chaise lounges, couches and a few 'stalls' that held decidedly non-toilet type of devices.

Alex swallowed hard and mentally prepared herself for what was about to happen.

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Jane glanced around the room nervously and swallowed hard as Diesel maneuvered her over to a section of countertop that was clear. She hoisted the blonde up on the surface and stopped between her legs. Jane tried to wrap her legs around the brunette, but stopped at the shake of Diesel's head.

"Told you baby, I fuck. That means I control the sex. I say what you get and when you get it? Got it?" A bit shocked, Jane managed to nod. "Good. Now, let's get these khaki's down your legs so I can give you what's between my legs, ok?"

Alex watched as Olivia began to unbutton the khaki pants she'd chosen for this. Diesel smiled as she revealed Jane's white cotton panties. Looking around, Diesel noted that they had attracted quite a crowd. Apparently everybody wanted to see what the stud was going to give homely girl. Even those inside who'd been busy when they first walked in had cooled their engines in favor of watching the upcoming show.

Olivia made a show of sliding them down Jane's legs and sniffing the crotch before tossing them next to Jane on the countertop.

Looking over her shoulder, Olivia spoke loud enough for everyone to hear; "Judging by the pussy juice in her crotch, she's more than ready ladies!" The comment was met with catcalls and Jane found herself blushing. Olivia blinked twice in quick succession as she noticed Alex was shaved and something seemed to be peeking out from between her lips. Keeping mum about whatever was attached to her wife's clit, she stepped back just enough for those closest to see. "And she's bald!"

Diesel began to unbutton Jane's blouse and stopped as she pulled the front of the shirt open. Jane was wearing nipple clips that had a mini handcuff dangling from each clip. Diesel swallowed hard.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" She flicked one of the clips and watched as Jane hissed. "Seems little miss tidy whitey isn't so vanilla after all." She reached for the clip on Jane's right breast and waited for silent acknowledgement from Alex to remove it, knowing there would be pain.

Alex slowly closed and opened her eyes and Olivia quickly released both clips, drawing a yelp from Alex. She immediately tried to soothe her wife by sliding her tongue over the angry red area. She took the entire nipple into her mouth and was please to see Jane watching her through heavy lidded eyes. She paid attention to both nipples before giving each one a tweak.

Jane was too far gone to care what was being done to her at that moment; the intensity of the sensations running through her was too great and she'd never been more turned on in her life. Diesel unbuckled her belt and slowly lowered her zipper.

"Jane. Jane, look at me." When she had her attention she took her hand and made her feel the length of her tool. "Do you want that Jane?" The dirty blonde nodded. Diesel took her hand again and helped her trace the line of the dildo, coming to rest at it's base. Pressing down on Jane's fingers at it's base, she watched Jane's shock as lube came shooting out of the tip of the dildo. She helped Jane spread the lube all over her tool and then gently pushed the younger woman back against the wall. She pulled her hips forward and flush with the edge of the counter top and perched her legs even with her pussy. Jane was now resting with her forearms behind her and watching to see what Diesel was going to do next.

The spikey haired brunette dropped her pants, revealing a toned ass and thighs. She moved forward and slammed into Jane in one fluid motion. She let out a grunt and began to move inside her. She placed her hands on either side of Jane and leaned in to kiss her, while moving in and out of her.

"Oh…baby…you feel so tight." She kissed her. "Your tiny little pussy hasn't seen much action, has it baby?" When Jane didn't answer, Diesel pulled all the way out, causing Jane to protest. "Told you baby, I control everything. Now, answer my question and you can have some more of the Diesel."

"N-No, not too much. Please…."

"Please what?"

"Please Diesel…" Diesel continued to look at her and quirked an eyebrow. "Please Diesel… please fuck me." Diesel smiled and slammed back into Jane.

"God you're tight! Tell me baby, tell Diesel how many men you've had?"

Jane hesitated and Diesel began to withdraw when Jane shouted, "Three!"

"Women?"

"Th-Three."

Olivia's eyebrow twitched at Alex's admission and made a mental note to ask her later. Alex's breathing became shallow and she could see Alex straining for more contact.

Smirking, she leaned in and whispered into Jane's ear, "You are such a dirty little slut for this, aren't you?" Jane managed to nod. Diesel moved her fingers to Jane's clit and in one swift motion she yanked the clip from her clit. Jane's eyes flew open and she screamed as her orgasm over took her. Diesel looked around at the women who were watching and laughed.

"She's my bitch now." She turned back to Jane and pulled the woman to her. She leaned in and kissed her and helped her to her feet. Jane tried to put her arms around Diesel, who roughly pushed her to her knees. Guiding her head to her tool she stroked the side of Jane's face until she opened her mouth. She slid the dildo into her mouth and harshly whispered, "Taste yourself baby."

Satisfied Jane had licked her clean, she pulled her to her feet and began tucking her tool back into her pants. She handed Jane her clothes and then turned back to their audience as she finished zipping up.

With a cocky smile she nodded and said, "Ladies." Looking over her shoulder at Jane who was almost dressed, she declared, "Charity is a good thing."

She took a step forward when she felt a hand on her shoulder, pulling her back. Before she knew what had happened, Jane had grabbed her and pushed her onto the counter top. She shoved her hand roughly into Diesel's pants. She tugged until she had freed the dildo from Diesel's harness and tossed it to the side.

"Hey!"

"Shut up. You're about to get fucked, do you understand?"

"What the hell…."

Jane covered Diesel's mouth with her own and ripped her shirt open, revealing a breast constrictor. She yanked it down, revealing dark breasts and a butterfly tattoo on Diesel's left breast.

"Well, well. Look what the big bad dyke's hiding underneath her constrictor." Jane looked over her shoulder and laughed. "She has a butterfly tattoo!"

That drew some snickers and Diesel tried to get up, but Jane's hands pushed her back down. "Down bitch." Jane had Diesel's pants pulled down and one leg freed. "How many women have gone down on you?"

“One.” Jane raised an eyebrow. “Maybe two.”

“Make that three.” Jane dipped her head and began to eat out Diesel. In short order she had the bull dyke writhing beneath her tongue and as she roughly added two fingers, she nipped Diesel’s engorged clit. She brought her head up and barked, “Who’s fucking you slut?”
Between moans, she ground out, “Jane is!”

A few more thrusts and Diesel was shouting expletives and twisting her hips. Jane allowed her to come down from her orgasm and as she met her lover’s eyes, she gave a tug on her pub hairs, which brought a new wave of pleasure/pain from Diesel.

“Watch this.” When there was no response, Jane tugged harder. “I said watch this.” Confident she had Diesel’s attention, she quickly undid her pants, dropped her panties and inserted the forgotten dildo into her pussy. She thrust a few times, covering it in her juices.

She brought it to Diesel’s lips and rubbed it against them until the brunette opened her mouth. “Take it.” Feeding it down her throat she cooed, “That’s it. Taste me. Is that good?” All the other woman could do was nod. She removed the dildo with a plop and tucked it into her pocket.

Rather demurely she turned her back to Diesel and smoothed her clothing. Glancing over her shoulder at Diesel she said, “I’ll stand here until you get dressed.”

Diesel hurriedly gathered her clothing and tried to throw it on as quickly as possible. Jane scanned the faces of the women who had watched their encounter and smiled. “Ladies.” She nodded to them and took a step forward. “Come on Rothchild.” AT the looks the name got she laughed. “I heard her tell the bar tender that was her real name.” She glanced back at Diesel who was now as dressed as she could be. “Your pussy is now my pussy, got it?”

“Uh, yes?”

Jane strode through the bar confidently and smirked at the bar tender who nodded at her as they made their way out of the bar, Diesel following three steps behind like a whipped dog.

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They had maintained their roles all the way back to the Plaza, but as soon as they were in their suite, Alex grabbed Olivia and began kissing her and moving them in the direction of the bed. They fell onto the bed and Alex climbed on top of her wife and began to undress her as well as herself.

Olivia, unsure if this was part of the fantasy or not weakly called out, “Jane?”

Alex pulled back, smiled and replied, “No silly! Fantasy’s over, but the night is not.”

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A couple of hours and lovemaking sessions later, Alex pulled Olivia out of bed and into the bathroom with her. She quickly removed her contacts bringing her blue eyes back to life. She looked at her mussed hair and grinned at Olivia in the mirror.

“Let’s take a shower so I can rinse this dye out of my hair.”

Olivia fingered her hair, smiled and nodded. Once in the shower, Olivia washed her wife’s hair twice, trying to make sure she had her blonde back. She did pay extra attention to her lover’s breasts, trying to make sure her nipples were ok. They did forgo another encounter and opted for actually trying to get clean.

By the time Alex finished conditioning and styling her hair, Olivia had ordered room service and had it waiting on her when she emerged from the bathroom, mostly blonde again.

She ran her hands through Olivia’s now flat hair and grinned at her. “Not into spiking your hair…Diesel?” Olivia blushed and shook her head. “By the way baby, I love your hair short!”

Olivia pulled in close for a kiss and smiled. “And I love my blue eyed princess.” She stopped at what she said, thought for a moment and then laughed.

“What?”

“Just thinking about how you hate to be called a bottom. How ‘undignified’ you find it!”

Alex kissed her hard. “You just had a memory baby!” She pulled back and snagged a fry. She snaked her hand into her robe and traced the outline of the butterfly tattoo. “By the way oh studly one, where did you get this?”
“When I took Kennedy to the drug store to get his newest comic books, I saw them. You said you wanted to show that the big bad stud was really a softie.” She shrugged.

Moving to her own chair they ate and talked companionably.

“Hey Alex? The numbers you gave me tonight…were those real?” At her confused look she clarified; “The number of men and…women you’ve been with?”

Alex busied herself with dipping a French fry into her ketchup. “Yes, they were accurate.”

Recognizing the legal speak as her wife's defense mechanism, Olivia covered her wife's hand with her own and whispered, "Alex?"

Frustrated, Alex threw her napkin down, stood and made her way over to the window. Confused, Olivia hurried to join her. She stopped short of holding her wife, opting to mirror her posture standing in front of the window.

"Sweetheart, what's wrong?" Thinking she might have missed something she asked, "Alex, are these answers I should already know? Or what?"

Alex touched Olivia's face and smiled. "No, these aren't things you have the answers to. We've never really discussed our past lovers. Not in any specifics at least." She smiled at Olivia again. "I just don't like thinking about some of my past lovers." She shook her head.

"Did they hurt you?"
Alex smiled at the defensive posture of her wife. "There is pain in all love Liv, you know that." Seeing the look she was getting she sighed. "No, they never physically hurt me." She laughed. "Unless you count Will Landon's taking of my virginity." She once again shook her head. "Now that was just awful! We were both virgins and didn't have a clue as to what we were supposed to do. His entire experience with sex had been watching two dogs rut and he thought that was how you were supposed to do it."

She went over to the couch in the suite and sat down. "That was decidedly painful and I had no desire to repeat the experience for a long time after that. Our encounters were few and far between." She took Olivia's hand. "And that's probably why he dumped me for a cheerleader. He stuck it out through our freshmen year of college, but as soon as summer came, so did he. When we returned for the fall semester, he gave me an ultimatum; lots of sex or get lost." Alex shrugged. "I mourned the fact that the cheerleader was straight more than I mourned him." She smiled at her admission. "Tell me about your first time."

Olivia looked down and a bitter laugh escaped her. "He was 25 and in one of my mother's grad courses she taught. He seemed so sophisticated, worldly! I fell hard and I thought he had too. He seemed to be completely understanding about my refusal to give it up." She looked at Alex and smiled through unshed tears. "Guess he figured me for an old fashioned girl because he proposed to me and I said yes. We had sex that night. While it's not the best lay I've ever had, it wasn't the worst either. After that night everything went downhill from there. We no longer dated, we just fucked. He was no longer this loving, caring man; he was just somebody looking to get their rocks off."

Alex pulled her lover to her and stroked her hair. "What happened?"

"My mom and I had a huge fight after she found us in bed together. He high tailed it out of our apartment, clothes in hand after she threatened to call the police and have him arrested for

statutory rape. We had a nasty, vicious fight." She shook her head. "We said things to each other that no parent or child should ever say. She hit me and I kicked her back." Olivia swallowed hard and continued, "I went to find him, tried to convince him to run away and get married." She shook her head. "That was a mistake. He was nasty to me, called me a bastard child and told me I wasn't worth going to jail for and that I was a lousy lay." She looked at Alex and shrugged.

Alex stood and held her hand out to Olivia. "Come on baby. Let me show you how worthy you are; how loved you are." She kissed her wife, giggled and then said, "And then you can prove to me just how wrong he was about your sexual prowess."

They made slow, gentle love and afterwards they lay content in each other's arms. Alex shifted against her and sighed. She began to trace lazy circles on Olivia's stomach and considered her next words carefully.

"I had my own Brian Cassidy."

"Huh?"

"I slept with a co-worker. A few times actually."

"Who?" Olivia was trying to go through her limited memory, but kept coming up blank. Well, except for Charlie Phillips, who she brought up to Alex.

"Dear God Olivia! He was older than dirt!"

"Was?"

"Yes, he's dead. Anyway, his name is Jim Steel. Nice guy, kinda cocky, about your height." She shrugged, "I remember my first meeting with Cragen. He asked me whom I was sleeping with. I was so mortified that anybody would think I'd slept my way to where I was, I immediately stopped sleeping with him. Not that he could have ever been a benefit to my career. He was lower on the totem pole than me."

"So you never loved him?"

Alex laughed. "Hell no. Attracted to him, yes, but no, not love." She grew quiet again. "After Lise and I broke up, I went into a tail spin. Thank God it was near the end of the semester or I might not have made it past my first year of law school." She shivered slightly. "I went to Europe for six weeks that summer and I met a girl. She was Italian. She helped me get through the worst of it in the best possible way." Alex let her hand work it's way up Olivia's side and around to her breast. She grew quiet.

“What Alex? What is it?” She rolled onto her side and stilled her wife’s hand. She did a quick number count, realizing she had to be Alex’s third woman, that left only one man unaccounted for. “Alex…this third guy, was it Trevor? I remember finding you out on a date with him and even though you said nothing was going on…” She shrugged.

Alex swallowed hard. “What I told you about Trevor and I going to a friend’s play was true. And it’s true that nothing happened between us, not that he didn’t want it to.”

“But?”

“I do have a sexual tie to Trevor…so to speak.” She sighed. “Second year of law school is really different than the first. You pick a specialty and that’s what your classes are geared for. I was doing criminal with the prosecutorial bent and she, Lise, was corporate. We did not have the same classes so I rarely saw her. Our third year of law school, I was completely celibate by this time, I went to a party. Lise was there with some girl, not even the guy she left me for, and it just completely messed with me.” She groaned. “I still can’t believe I did what I did! I found a guy, Trevor’s roommate, who’d been after me all through law school. I attached myself to him and proceeded to get rip roaring drunk. Looking straight at Lise, who was looking mortified by the way, I pulled him into one of the bedrooms and…we did it.”

“Alex, if you were drunk, you couldn’t consent….”

Alex kissed her wife. “God I love you. Only you would try to find a way to excuse my questionable judgment.” She kissed her again. “Liv, I was fully aware of what I was doing and believe me, I paid a price for it. Afterwards he wanted to be all lovey-dovey and I was just too ashamed of my actions. I had wanted to hurt Lise, but in the end I only hurt myself. Jason, the boy, got pissed at me for using him, told Trevor and he used to taunt me about it. I went out with him that night to try and broker peace as well as see a play.”

“Did that work, because I have no problem kicking his ass Alex, none whatsoever!”

Alex laughed. “You’ve already done that detective! After you and Elliot left Trevor commented on how I’d captured the heart of another dyke and why didn’t I give that one more try?”

“He knew?”

Alex giggled. “Apparently before either of us. I dismissed his comment, but he never brought Jason up again.”

“Well, I may have to let him slide on this one.” She pulled Alex into her and kissed her forehead. “Lise really did a number on you, didn’t she?”

Alex nodded. “She was my first love and I never knew something so beautiful could turn so ugly. It was one thing when she dumped me for a man, I mean, I don’t have a penis…”

“Which I’m grateful for!”

Alex swatted her. “But Liv, she found another woman! Why wasn’t I enough for her? That’s all I remember thinking that night and for a very long time afterwards. I know it’s called a break-up and all that, but God…she was so cruel about it. She never would tell me why or even talk about it.”

“And as an attorney you need that, don’t you?” Alex nodded. “Alex?”

“Yes.”

“Tonight’s fantasy, what was it all about? At first I thought it was the old ‘hot-woman-takes-ugly-girl’ scenario, but it’s deeper than that, isn’t it?”

Alex burrowed into her. “Liv, you are the only person to ever make me feel beautiful, wanted and desirable. And I sometimes think people wonder why someone like you would be with me; the dumb blonde, the lipstick lesbian.”

“Alex…”

“No Liv, I’m serious. I know I’m nice to look at, but sometimes I think that’s all their ever seeing. Never me. You are the only person who ever took the time to look deeper. I’ve never been a trophy to you and you have never made me feel ugly. Just beautiful.” She nuzzled her wife’s neck. “And sometimes I get this fear that you’ll up and leave me.”

Olivia had a memory and voiced it. “That’s why this has been so hard on you. You were afraid my actions these last two months were my true feelings? That I never really wanted Kennedy or Sydney or you and that I was just hanging in because of my sense of right and wrong?”

Alex nodded, refusing to look at Olivia. “And sometimes I catch myself wondering why somebody as gorgeous as you would want me.”

“Oh sweetie. I’m the one who wonders why you’d want me. Well, I used to, but I finally grew out of that, for the most part. I’m sorry this amnesia thing has brought all of that back up to the surface.”

“You’re remembering more and more, aren’t you?”

“I…I guess I am.”

“Did you mean what you said that last time we made love? What you whispered?”

“Hmmm. Well, I mean, that would really be up to you, but yes, if my memory doesn’t come back soon, all the way back, I think I’d like to. Yes. If you’re willing?”

Alex stretched out and seemed to be considering the idea.

“Ask me again.”

Olivia rolled on top of her and kissed her. Leaning down to her wife’s ear she whispered, “Have my baby…please.”

Alex looked into her wife’s eyes and smiled. “Yes.” She rocked against her wife. “If you don’t get your memory back within a month, I will have your baby. Again.” She pushed her hand down to Olivia’s sex and began to tease. “Let’s get busy practicing for that baby.”

“Alex we can’t….”

“Hush! It’s a night of fantasy and reality; we can do anything we want tonight.”

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Meredith Cabot sat in the kitchen of her daughter’s loft drinking tea and waiting for her daughter and daughter-in-law to bring up the reason for her visit. After half an hour, she was getting antsy.

“Ok girl’s, tell me why you have invited me for lunch during the week when both of you should be at work.”

Alex glanced at Olivia and seeing her slight nod, she began. “Mom, Olivia and I have made a decision. If she doesn’t have her memory back, completely, within a month, we’re going to try and have another baby.”

Meredith looked between both women and shook her head. “Have you two thought this through? About what it means?” Seeing both women about the protest, she continued, “Girls, I’m merely trying to point out that neither one of you are exactly a spring chicken and with the issues Alex has had in the past,” she shrugged, “well…..”

“Mother! Not that this is any of your business, but when we had Olivia’s eggs harvested with what eventually became Sydney, I also had eggs taken.”

“Calm down dear. I simply care about you both. As long as you are both wanting this, then…” She shrugged.

“Meredith, we appreciate your concern and believe me, I won’t allow Alex to do anything that might jeopardize her health or safety.”

“I know Olivia, I just worry. I’m not terribly religious but I did light a candle every night of her pregnancy with Sydney.”

Olivia nodded, “I know. The miscarriage was devastating for all of us and I don’t want her to go through that again.”

“Hello! Alex is still in the room and there is no need to discuss me like I’m a prized mare!”

Olivia leaned in and kissed her. “But you are a prized mare; you’re my prized mare!” She waggled her eyebrows.

Alex shoved her, kissed her and then grinned. “You do realize you just had yet another memory, right?” Not giving her wife time to answer she turned back to her mother. “Anyway, we’re going to need a bigger place and I want to exercise my right to the brownstone.”

Meredith nodded. “I’ll call your Uncle Bill and have him get started on the paperwork. It was remodeled late last year and has been vacant ever since, so you can move in as soon as you’d like.” She looked at Olivia. “You are ok with all of this? Alex has explained this to you?” Olivia nodded. “That’s why we’ve decided to keep the loft as rental property.” She kissed her wife again. “The little lady thinks that it’ll protect me in case something ever happens between us.” She rolled her eyes.

“And what if you should suddenly get your memory back?”

Alex jumped in. “Mom, the kids are getting older and we both think they need a backyard, no matter how small, to play in. And Clarence could use a small patch to call his own as well.”

She looked at both women and nodded. “And how does my grandson feel about this?” She knew Sydney was too young to have an opinion either way.

“He’s excited at the prospect of having his own place to practice kicking, but we haven’t told him about another possible baby.”

She patted them both on the hands and stood to leave. “Alexandra, I’ll call you later tonight and let you know when you can pick up the keys.”

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That night in bed both women were giddy at the idea of owning a home with a little patch of grass. Kennedy had immediately started asking Olivia to get online and find goal posts that they could erect in the backyard and Sydney had giggled and clapped as they'd looked at swing sets.

"Oh God Alex, we're going to be homeowners!"

Alex kissed her wife and cuddled into her side. "Technically we are already homeowners Liv!"

"Not with a backyard and home repairs we ourselves must make!"

"And just think, we'll have our own backyard where we can lie under the stars and finally make love under the stars!"

Olivia laughed. "And I thought I had a one track mind." She kissed Alex. "Speaking of which…" She rolled Alex beneath her and began a slow exploration of her wife's neck. She reached for the night stand drawer and saw Alex arch an eyebrow at her.

Since their night at the Plaza a week ago, Olivia had become almost obsessed with her 'tool.' Not that Alex was complaining but she had pointed out to Olivia that shaving her pussy was not going to be a common occurrence, especially if it meant having to deal with itchiness. Olivia had confessed that while it was nice to actually see Alex's lips without hair, she much preferred a hidden treasure to something in plain view. Alex had teased her back that this was probably the only time she'd ever prefer searching for evidence.

Once she was harnessed up, she flipped Alex onto her stomach and tried to urge her up on all fours. Alex was momentarily lost in the delicious sensations and didn't realize what was happening until Olivia was telling her to grip the headboard.

"Liv….Liv….stop."

"Wha-?"

"Baby, no. We can't."

Olivia stopped and watched as Alex rolled over. "You're afraid I'll remember." Alex swallowed hard and nodded. Olivia went about undoing the harness and tossed it aside. "Do you really think that's such a bad thing Alex?"

Feeling exposed, the blonde pulled the sheet up around her and thought before she replied, "No, but I don't want you to wig out Liv. Have you thought about how this might affect Kennedy and Sydney? If it's as bad as I think it might be, the things that you are repressing, well…."

Olivia seemed to consider this before agreeing. The mood all but killed, the pulled Alex to her and they cuddled.

“I want to talk to Huang and figure out the best way to go about this. I’m ready to remember, no matter what. Is that ok with you?”

Alex caressed her face and nodded. “I want you to remember too Liv, but I want it to be as painless as possible for you, ok?”

“I’ll call George tomorrow and schedule an appointment.”

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It had been three days since they’d gone to see Huang, and Alex had avoided having sex with Olivia at all costs, much to the detective’s dismay. Deciding this had gone on long enough, Olivia made her way to her wife’s office around lunchtime on the fourth day. She entered without knocking and found her wife sitting with a man.

“Alex, I thought….” She glanced between the two. “Sorry, I guess I should have knocked.”

Alex stood and walked over to Olivia, kissing her on the cheek. “Nonsense. Olivia Benson, this is Jim Steel.” She watched as Olivia’s eyes narrowed and took her wife’s hand. “Jim, this is my wife Olivia Benson.”

He stood and shook her hand. “It’s good to finally meet you. Alex has been talking about you non-stop for the last hour.”

“Jim just stopped by to invite us to his engagement party. He’s finally asked Rossi to marry him.” She almost laughed at the relieved look that crossed Olivia’s face.

Sensing that his presence might be a bit much for the detective, Jim Steel bid them both farewell and gave Alex a quick hug before leaving. He was no sooner out the door than Olivia had grabbed Alex and pulled her into a fierce hug. Before the blonde could react, she went and locked the door and turned back to her wife.

“Put your calls on hold.”

“What?”

Olivgfia picked up the phone and handed it to Alex. “I said, ‘put your calls on hold.’ We have some business to tend to.” For emphasis she pulled Alex flush against her and watched as the blonde registered just what she was wearing underneath her clothing.

Alex ran her hand up the front of Olivia's pants and hissed, "Liv! Are you packin'?"

"Oh yeah. Just for you." She turned Alex so that she was sitting on the edge of the desk, handed her the phone and repeated, "Those calls?"

Alex made a hasty request and tried to unzip Olivia's pants. The brunette shook her head and kissed her wife. "You get that tonight. For now I plan on making use of your bald puddy cat."

"Liv!"

That was Alex Cabot's last coherent thought as her wife sank to her knees and did a thorough inspection of her 'bald puddy cat' before rising back up to meet her wife's flushed face.

Smirking she asked, "So, does this mean you'll let me do what I need to do to get my memory back tonight?"

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After their mid-day tryst Olivia went in search of Elliot and questioned him about her undercover assignment. He was reluctant to tell her much until she called Alex and had the blonde give permission. She also had him call Huang and gain access to the last of the file and spent the rest of the afternoon reading and re-reading the file.

After a quick call to Huang, Alex had made arrangements for Kennedy and Sydney to stay with Jenny and Serena that night. She also had Huang on stand-by for any help that might be necessary. At 5pm she left the office and made a trip to the drug store to pick up the tranquilizer Huang had called in for Olivia. She was surprised when Marias gave her a syringe and bottle and a call to Huang confirmed the correct medicine. He explained that if it were as bad as they thought it might be, a pill would take too long to act. Alex was nervous about trying to use a needle but George had told her that it was the same technique they'd learned for using the epi pen when Kennedy had an allergic reaction to one of his meds as a little boy.

She went home and prepared everything, and waited for Olivia to come home. The plan was to recreate the night as closely as possible. Hearing the key in the door she noted the time. It was just after 9 and Olivia was right on time.

She greeted her wife in the same manner she had that night and followed as Olivia led her up to the bedroom. She watched as Olivia stood at the foot of the bed, seemingly trying to figure out what to do next.

"I stripped." Alex nodded and watched as Olivia began to strip. Taking her cue, she went into the bathroom and returned nude as well and climbed onto the bed. She waited to see if Olivia would

tell her what to do. The brunette motioned for her to take hold of the headboard and then went about preparing Alex, just as she'd done that night.

"Are you ready Alex?"

The blonde looked back at her wife and nodded. She added, "Baby, I love you. No matter what, I love you."

Olivia swallowed hard and nodded. "I love you to sweetheart." With that she entered her wife and began to move in and out of her several times with no memories resurfacing at all. She was starting to panic when Alex, sensing her distress, tried to reassure her.

"Don't be afraid Olivia. It's ok to push. You can do it."

Alex's last statement triggered something inside Olivia and she began to thrust in and out of Alex harder and harder as images began to assault her. She saw Kennedy, saw things being done to him, heard him screaming for her and saw that bastard Lucas sneering at her.

She grabbed Alex's hips tightly, to the point of making the other woman whimper, which only added fuel to the visual fire raging inside Olivia's head. She was thrusting into Alex so hard the other woman was almost hitting the wall in front of her. She was calling for Olivia to stop, but the brunette was so lost in her own head, she just continued to pound into her wife.

As the images Lucas had planted in her mind reached their peak, Olivia pulled out of Alex and started screaming. Gut wrenching sobs and blood curdling screams pierced the stillness of the loft. Ripping the harness off she tore through the loft screaming for Kennedy. Not finding him in his room only heightened her state. Alex had finally moved off the bed and found Olivia trying to get the deadbolt unlocked and the door open.

"Liv! Calm down and come here!"

Wild eyed the brunette wheeled on her wife and screamed, "Where is he? Where is my son? He got him didn't he? Lucas got him and it's all my fault!" She started screaming again and lunged at Alex as she tried to inject her wife.

"You're with him! He injected me too!"

"Liv! Baby, it's me, it's Alex! Kennedy is ok, he's with Jenny and Serena! I promise!"

"You're lying to me! Lucas got him he's doing bad things to him! He's going to kill him and then you!"

"No he's not baby! He's dead! Lucas is dead."

Olivia, now in a full blown sweat shook her head. “No, he’s not dead. He has Kennedy and you aren’t telling me!”

Seeing that Olivia was calmer than a few second’s before, Alex plunged the syringe into her wife’s arm and watched as shock and then anger registered on Olivia’s face.

“You bitch! You are working with him!” She tried to move away from Alex but found her limbs growing heavy. She slumped to the ground and Alex hurried to her side. Making sure it was just the medicine kicking in and nothing more serious, she grabbed the phone and called George who sent an ambulance and agreed to meet them at the hospital.

Alex hurried to dress and to make Olivia as decent as possible before the ambulance arrived. Having gotten a pair of sweats and a t-shirt on her wife before the EMT’s arrived, Alex waited and called Jenny and Serena's house letting them know that they may have to bring Kennedy to NYU Medical Center to see Olivia.

She watched as the EMT’s loaded Olivia onto the gurney and she rode in the back of the ambulance with them, ever mindful of what was being done to her wife.

George and his partner Daniel met them at the ER and Daniel sat with Alex as George examined Olivia. Daniel made all of the necessary calls for Alex and brought her a cup of coffee. Noting the quickly forming bruise on her forearm, he asked her if she needed to be checked out.

“I’m fine.”

He patted her hand and replied, “Just checking.”

Daniel excused himself as Elliot, Munch, Fin and Cragen arrived and sat with Alex. After more than hour of waiting and pacing, George appeared in the waiting room and motioned for Alex.

“What is it? How is she?”

“Alex, we’ve had to restrain her. She’s sedated for now, but it took a lot to get her calmed down. She should sleep through the night, but I want Kennedy here first thing in the morning. She needs to see him and know that he is safe.”

Alex nodded. “Ok. Can I see her now?”

George led her down the hallway to Olivia’s room and the sight broke Alex’s heart. Olivia was asleep with both arms cuffed to the rails of the bed.

“Are those necessary?”

“Just until she wakes up and we access her condition.”

Alex took a seat in the chair next to Olivia’s bed and held her wife’s hand as best she could.

“I’ll see you in the morning George.”

Dismissed, Huang went to speak with the squad.

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Olivia awoke slowly, and immediately noticed she was unable to move her arms. Before she could launch into a full blown panic mode Alex had taken hold of her hand and was stroking it.

“Good morning.”

“Undo my hands! NOW!”

Alex stood and buzzed for the nurse and began trying to undo the cuffs. She also started speaking to Olivia in soothing tones.

“Hang on Liv, the nurse will have to undo these restraints. It’s ok though, you are ok.” She brushed hair off of the brunette’s forehead and placed a kiss at her temple. “Do you want some water?”

“I want these off!”

“I know baby, I know. How are you feeling this morning?”

Tears welled in the other woman’s eyes. “I want Kennedy. I need to see him and Sydney. Please?”

Alex nodded. “I’ll call Jenny and have her bring them down. Do you…remember?”

Olivia nodded and pulled on her restraints again. “Please undo me! He…he had me tied up. Please Alex!” Seeing her distress, Alex began once again working on trying to get Olivia free. She was moved out of the way by a nurse who quickly freed Olivia and began taking her vitals.

Alex took the time to call Jenny and then George who had spent the night at the hospital in the on-call room. She waited outside the door as first the doctor and then George examined her wife. She found Cragen and Munch in the waiting area and was told she’d just missed Elliot and Fin who’d gone back to the station to question a suspect.

They all stood around nervously, waiting for the doctor and George to emerge.

“Mommy!” Alex turned and caught a running Kennedy and saw Jenny carrying Sydney . She smiled at her son and welcomed him into her arms.

“Is Mom-O ok? Aunt Jenny says she’s in here.” Alex glanced at Jenny who had put Sydney down. The little girl was toddling toward her and Alex scooped her up. She motioned for Kennedy to join her on the couch in the waiting room.

“Yes Co-Counsel, Mom-O is ok. She remembers us now baby and she just really wants to see you. Ok?”

The little boy nodded and Alex was busy trying to hold onto Sydney when George called for her. She handed the little girl over to Cragen and told Kennedy to behave.

“George?”

He pulled her away from the others. “She seems to have all of her memory back Alex. Including all the horrible things Lucas did to her and put into her head. She’s adamant about seeing Kennedy.” Alex nodded. “Have you told him what’s going on?” Alex nodded again. “Ok, let’s take him in to see her. I want to leave Sydney out of the mix for right now.”

Alex took her son’s hand and led him into the room to see Olivia. She was sitting up and looked better than when she’d first awoken. Seeing Kennedy, she tried to get out of bed, only to have Alex admonish her.

Sensing his mother’s distress, Kennedy climbed up onto the bed and hugged his mother, who clung to him for dear life. She held him for a very long time and when she finally released him she used her hands to thoroughly check him out.

“Mom-O! I’m ok!”

She pulled back and looked at him and then kissed and hugged him again. She looked at Alex and finally let her tears fall.

“Alex, please bring me Sydney .”

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Three days later

Olivia had been home for two days and was eager to return to the squad. Her memory was completely back and after an intense session with Huang, she’d gotten a handle on her memories and how to deal with them. Or at least that’s what she told everyone.

She had insisted that they install a security system at the brownstone and had even contacted a security company about putting bars on the windows and security doors at their new home. She had tried to insist on a security system for the loft but Alex had pointed out that they would be moving in a few weeks and they had a doorman.

After a rather heated argument, she agreed to return to the cyber crimes unit for a month. She had help in agreeing to the decision because Huang and refused to clear her to carry a gun and Cragen refused to allow her to work on any cases even in a supportive role.

Elliot had agreed to meet her at the brownstone to go over the security improvements she wanted to make and she was bringing lunch.

After getting measurements and checking the sturdiness of each door, they sat down on the floor to eat.

"How the hell did the two of you luck into this place? Were you looking before your entire memory lapse?"

Taking a swig of soda Liv shook her head. "This place has been in the Cabot family for years. After her Uncle Bill's son moved out to LA it sat empty for a couple of years. When it looked like he might be moving back they had it remodeled but he got a role on some cop show." She shrugged. "He's bought a place in the Hollywood Hills so it was vacant."

"An actor? Seems a little beneath the blue blood of the Cabot's." She ducked as a paper wad went flying by his head. "I'm just sayin'…" He smiled at her and continued, "Anyway, what about the loft? I mean, you guys owned that together, right?"

Olivia nodded. "Yep. That's why we're keeping it. Alex is giving me 75% of the loft as protection in the event something should ever happen between us." She rolled her eyes again at the thought.

"You ever go near Cassidy again and that might just be a reality!"

This time she slugged him, none to gently, on the arm. "Don't ever bring him up again! I had a head injury you know!"

"Whatever." He looked at her. "Seriously, is everything ok with Alex now?"

She nodded. "I think so. I mean, she says she doesn't hold that against me but even if she does, I sort of deserve that ya know? I know she knows I would never cheat. Even if things went south between us, we're both committed to our children." She shuddered and at Elliot's look she explained.

“I can’t bare the thought of anything happening to either one of my kids. Alex says I have to start letting them sleep in their own beds again, but it just terrifies me. The things Lucas said he would do to Kennedy….” She shivered.

“Yeah, she may have mentioned that you were a bit obsessed with their safety.” He gave her a look. “GPS tennis shoes? Really Liv!”

“Hey! You’d do the same for your kids if they were this little.” She shrugged, stood up and motioned for him to follow her. “I want to show you the apartment downstairs.”

Elliot looked around and whistled. “Damn Liv! Three story’s upstairs, four bedrooms an office and den and then a two bedroom apartment downstairs? Wow. No wonder the Cabot’s keep it in the family!” He took another look around. “You guys gonna rent this out?”

“That’s kinda what I wanted to talk to you about. We’re gonna furnish this space and Alex will have an office down here so she doesn’t have case files lying around upstairs. The kids are getting bigger and we want to shield them from the ugliness of our jobs as much as possible.” She shrugged and ran her hand over the stair railing. “Does Kathleen still plan on going to design school?”

“Yeah. She just got her letter of acceptance. Why?”

“So she’ll more than likely be doing an internship in the city next summer, right?” He nodded. “Alex and I thought that if it was ok with you, she could stay here, for free, and in exchange she could help us with the kids. And if she needs a place to crash during the school year, if she’s working late on some project, she has a place to stay here in the city.”

Elliot grabbed her and hugged her. “You’re the best non-sister a guy could have!” He thought for a minute before looking at her. “Wait a minute…you’ve been talking to Kathleen!”

She shrugged. “Well yeah. She may have mentioned you were freaking out at the thought of her ‘traipsing around the city in the middle of the night.’” She pulled away from him. “Let’s just say Alex and I thought this was a good compromise for your sanity. And ours.”

“Then let’s get started on security for this place. Can’t have my daughter living in the slums.”

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That night in bed Olivia told Alex about her conversation with Elliot and they laughed at his obvious relief. They also chatted about the brownstone and what changes they needed or wanted to make.

After making love Olivia grew very quiet.

“What Liv?”

She played with Alex’s hair. “Sweetie…about having another baby….”

When she didn’t go on Alex prompted her. “Yes?”

“Sweetie you know I love Kennedy and Sydney, but, well, I’m not…I don’t…Alex, I don’t want another child!”

“Thank God!” Alex breathed a sigh of relief.

“But you said…”

“Liv, I said I’d have another one for you and I would have, and it would have been ok. I’d do just about anything for you, even having another baby. However, I really like our life the way it is right now. Sydney is getting older and is not as dependent as an infant is, and well, I just don’t want to be pregnant again.”

Olivia pulled Alex close to her and whispered, “But you do still want to practice, right Mrs. Benson?”

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