"Sometimes..." she paused, searching for the right words. "Sometimes, I feel guilty. Playing around with power like we do." A/O oneshot

This/these vignette(s) wouldn't leave my brain, so I'm posting it because this nugget needs to get out of my head. It can be read on its own, or in collaboration with any other A/O story I've ever written. Pretty vague universe

"Does it ever bother you?"

"What?" Olivia murmured sleepily, the word almost swallowed by a long yawn. Resting her head on her lover's naked chest, she listened to Alex's heartbeat and pressed a soft kiss to the side of a nearby breast.

"This." Alex tried to gesture at their position, but realized that her hands were still tied to the headboard. "Honey..."

"Oh." Olivia blinked to clear her vision and reluctantly shifted off of Alex, removing her fingers from inside of the attorney and reaching for the chords that bound her. "Sorry." For a moment, Alex shifted her hips upwards, not liking how empty she felt without Olivia inside of her, but she knew it was necessary. As soon as one of her wrists was free, she reached for Olivia's hand and guided it back between her legs, undoing the other side herself. "Bossy..." Olivia said, fighting another yawn.

Even though her girlfriend was obviously tired and speaking in monosyllables, Alex could not dismiss the voice in the back of her head. "Do you think it's our jobs that make us like this?"

Olivia's head settled back against her chest, but her chin was tilted up this time so that she could look into Alex's eyes. "Make us want to be with other women? Or just each other?"
"Not that. You know..." Alex blushed.

Olivia realized that this was no small thing.

"Oh... oh!" Finally recognizing the cause of the worried expression on Alex's face, Olivia used her free arm to pull her lover close, kissing her neck. "That's a pretty complicated question for three in the morning." Now that she could sense Alex's stirring emotions, Olivia felt wide-awake. Her concern for Alex suppressed any irritation at the abrupt end to their afterglow.

"I just... feel like I'm using you," Alex admitted cautiously, glancing up at the ceiling instead of down into Olivia's loving, familiar face.

Olivia snorted. "Using me? Were you not there for the three orgasms I just had?"

Sometimes, explaining things to her stubborn detective was almost impossible. Shifting away from Olivia's comforting weight, she rubbed at her wrists self-consciously even though they were not really sore. "Sometimes..." she paused, searching for the right words. "Sometimes, I feel guilty. Playing around with power like we do. I work with victims of rape, violence, and sexual abuse every day, and then I come home and make my girlfriend – my sweet, wonderful girlfriend who would never harm a hair on my head – dominate or submit to me. And I wonder if it makes a mockery of everything we try to accomplish..."

"What? Alex, sweetie, no..." Olivia instantly pulled Alex back into her arms, holding her close and waiting for her stiff muscles to relax. "First of all, you don't make me do anything..."

"Olivia, what case did you investigate last Tuesday?"

The detective frowned, trying to remember. "Something near SoHo. Serial rapist broke into the vic's apartment, tied her up and raped her in her own bed. Then he snuck out the window. Luckily, he was an idiot and we recovered DNA."

"And tonight?"

"That's different, Alex, and you know it."

"Not so different."

Earlier that evening, strong, powerful arms had swept the attorney up as soon as she entered the apartment. Before she could even set down her briefcase, Alex was pinned against the wall while Olivia's lips slanted over hers in a hard, needful kiss. There had been no words between them, just raw, unrestrained sexuality as Olivia forced her into the bedroom, tied her to the headboard, and had her over and over again until both of them were completely spent.

"Night and day different."

"What about when I blindfolded you and--"

"Alex--"

"--what about when I ask you to hurt me? I worry... I worry that asking you is hurtful..." Olivia could hear the tears breaking in Alex's voice, and her heart ached to comfort her lover in any way possible. She waited for the rest, deciding to confront it all at once, but pressed a reassuring kiss to the back of Alex's silky blonde head. "And what about when I – I... I put you in a position not so different from..."

"My mother's?"
Alex had been going to say, "from the people you help at work," but Olivia had seen right inside of her and pointed out the truth that she was still frightened to admit. "How can you love me, how can you stay with me, when I ask you to do things that remind you of all the ugliness that you have to carry with you every day?"

Olivia chose her words carefully. "Because... because you remind me that sex isn't just a weapon of hate. It's beautiful. It's an expression of love and trust. Even like this." She nuzzled a particularly violent mark on Alex's throat that was quickly fading from bright red to deep purple. "Alex, sweetheart..." The lawyer's breath hitched at the sound of her name. "How long have you felt like this?"

Instead of answering Olivia's question directly, Alex took her time. "When I was a young teenager, a little after puberty, I started having dreams." She swallowed, ignoring the fact that her throat was dry and sore. "My friends daydreamed about tall, dark, handsome strangers. So did I, but my handsome stranger was a woman. That would have been enough to make me feel guilty all by itself, but... sometimes she would force me. Sometimes I would even force her. I tried to shut it off, make it go away—"

Olivia had wanted to know when Alex started feeling guilty about her desires, not when they had started, but her lover's confession answered her question all the same. "But you couldn't."

"I thought I was a freak. I was so scared when I first joined SVU... scared I would see myself in the victims or the perps."

"Sweetie, you're not like them."

"How do you know? They get off on the exact same thing I do... Control. Giving it up or taking it. Either way, I'm a mess."

Olivia began drawing hearts on Alex's bare stomach. Even though she was tempted to pull away and felt unworthy of the reassuring touches, Alex let Olivia continue. "Would you still enjoy it if you thought I hated it?"

She had asked herself the same question hundreds of times, but hearing it in Olivia's voice was completely different. "No, Liv. Never."

"Then there's your answer."

Alex sighed. "Logically, I know that we've already given each other consent... But I forget. I know that sometimes you're afraid of being like the man who raped your mother. I see it in your eyes. You think his genes have tainted you."

"Used to think his genes had tainted me," Olivia corrected. "You showed me otherwise. Our relationship has actually been my saving grace."

"So you don't hate me? I'm not forcing you to act like him?"

"Alex, I could never hate you." Granted, the first time Alex had confessed her secret desires, Olivia had been a little skeptical. But the detective also knew that Alex loved her, only her, and would never be able to trust anyone else enough to abandon control. She knew that Alex needed this. It was a deeply rooted part of her psyche, a physical and emotional necessity, and Olivia had gradually come to realize that she needed it just as much as Alex did.

"And your mother? I'm not forcing you to become her?"

"You're not pouring drinks down my throat, so no..."
"Olivia—"

"Alex, you are not turning me into a victim."

The attorney sighed. "I'm not sure which I feel more guilty about."

Her eyes fluttered shut as Olivia continued painting wet, liquid kisses over her shoulder and collarbone. "How 'bout neither one?" she mumbled into Alex's salty skin.

"I'll try, Liv. I promise to try."

... 

"Aaaalex..."

With a very satisfied expression on her face, the blonde attorney glanced up into needful brown eyes and licked her lips. The taste of Olivia Benson was almost... decadent. Something she could never get enough of. "Mmmm. I'm not done with you yet."

It was another power game, another test. How far could she push Olivia? How much could she make her beg? Re-shoring the foundation of love and trust.

Still tied to the chair, Olivia was helpless against the assault of Alex's silky lips and tongue. Her mouth was free to whimper, beg, or plead, but her legs were spread, revealing everything as her lover devoured her.

Somewhere between her second and third orgasm, she entered a state of pleasure so acute it was almost painful. It sent her spinning and spinning in every direction at once, blasting apart into a thousand shattering pieces. She screamed – maybe Alex's name, maybe something wordless and primal...

Alex was her anchor. Grounding her. She reached for her, wanting to stroke the soft, light strands of her hair, wanting to caress the sweep of a pale cheek, but her arms remained immobile and useless at her sides.

Finally, her lover, her goddess, took some form of pity on her and slowed the strokes of her tongue to nothing, knowing that an abrupt stop would be almost painful. French nails left indents above Olivia's knees, cutting into the flesh of her thighs and leaving behind red marks. The detective didn't care. Alex wore marks of her own, marks from other nights that Olivia had left on her, and wore them proudly.

This was a small thing in comparison.

With one last kiss to each of her inner thighs, Alex hummed in the back of her throat and moved upwards to suck at a patch of skin below Olivia's left hipbone. Methodical, focused, dedicated and passionate. Certainly daring. Inventive, definitely. Dimly, Olivia realized that the same characteristics that made Alex good at her job also made her an excellent lover.

Still not fully aware of her surroundings, the detective felt warm hands closing around her wrists, drawing her hands up. Alex's lips brushed across her knuckles ever so gently, a contrast to the frenzied taking of her, the roughness. Before Alex, Olivia had never known the variety that came with just a mouth, but her lover was especially skilled. Alex's lips and teeth and tongue could be demanding, perhaps forceful, as they had been just moments ago – or plaintive, desperate, hungry, as they were when Olivia knelt above her shoulders... even coaxing, gentle, and sweet while Olivia reclined against a pillow, with Alex nestled firmly between her knees.

"Come here, darling..."
The soft, murmuring voice was familiar and comforting to Olivia, and she followed it, allowing Alex to help her to her feet, unashamed of the way she leaned on her shoulder for support. Her legs were like water. "Alex... what--?"

"Bed. You have work tomorrow at seven."

Obediently, Olivia let Alex take her by the hand and lead her to the bedroom. Had they been in the kitchen? She couldn't remember.

Her next clear memory was of collapsing face-first onto the mattress, her nose buried in Alex's pillow. She knew that it was Alex's pillow because it smelled like her strawberry shampoo, and she inhaled deeply, sleepily processing the scent as her nipples hardened in the cold air. She hissed in pain, remembering the bite marks that surrounded them with fondness as well as regret.

"Mmf," she grunted as the door to their bathroom creaked open, letting Alex back into the bedroom. The mattress dipped beside her, and she was aware of the cool bite of mint from Alex's toothpaste as the lawyer brushed a kiss over her cheek. She knew she should get up and brush her teeth, but her legs refused to move and her body would not cooperate.

"You can do it in the morning," Alex said, stroking the chored muscles between Olivia's shoulder blades. She relaxed under the touch.

"Alex? Do you need--" Olivia said, raising her head slightly, trying not to slur her words. "Something for..."

"This?" Alex asked, turning around and gesturing at the fading marks across her backside and upper thighs. They were two days old now, and hardly hurt at all. "No. I'm fine. Sweet of you to offer, though." Alex adored how Olivia always tried to take care of her, even when she was half-asleep and completely confused.

"Alex?"

Sighing indulgently, Alex brushed away a stray lock of hair that had settled over Olivia's eyes. "What, baby?"

Even in her groggy state, Olivia could tell that Alex was deep in thought. "Nothing's bothering you?"

To her surprise and pleasure, her lover only smiled. "You know what?" she said, wrapping an arm around Olivia's waist and settling down to sleep, naked skin against naked skin. "Not a damn thing."

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