

Tumblr Prompts: Criminal Minds Suspect Behavior

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Characters:	Mick Rawson , Prophet
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by [wibblywobblymess](#)

Summary

Criminal Minds: Suspect Behavior drabbles from [my Tumblr](#).

Each chapter is a different drabble.

This work will be listed as COMPLETE, but I will add a new chapter when I write a new drabble.

Mick x Reader - "Car Sex Looks So Much Easier In The Movies"



The whole team turned their eyes on Mick, and he stilled, eyes shutting, before he sighed, and ducked his head.

"Sorry," he muttered, pulling out his phone, and moving away a few steps, as he answered. "Rawson."

"I didn't realize until two seconds before you picked up that you are on a case, oh my God, I'm sorry." He laughed a little, glancing over his shoulder.

"It's alright, luv, we're just looking at a crime scene...not a current crime scene, former. What's going on?" You blushed, readjusting the phone against your ear.

"I just wanted to ask how your leg is this morning," you admitted softly. "You really seemed hurt last night when it locked up." Mick huffed, shaking his head, and rubbed his free hand against the back of his head.

"Yeah, it did. You know, car sex looks so much easier in the movies," he told you, voice low enough that the rest of the team couldn't hear him.

"Well, yeah, because it's *scripted* that way. Normal people get muscle cramps, punch the window, and knock heads. And before you ask, my nose is *fine*," you told him, smile in your voice.

"Good," he replied, but before he could continue, Coop called his name, and he turned, waving to show he'd heard. "Hey, luv, I have to get back."

"That's fine. Go on, save the day. We'll make up the car sex when you get back...but...not in the car, okay? Kitchen counter is much safer." Mick had turned, started back towards the team, but paused after a few steps, brow pulled down, face warming beneath his scruff.

"...thank you for that image, Y/N, to take back to *hunting down a serial killer with*." You laughed.

"Go to work, Rawson."

“Yes, ma’am.”

Mick x Reader - "I wish we could stay like this forever."



Mick's arms tightened around you as he shifted, and huffed, breath warm on your neck. It brought a small smile to your face as he snuggled up against you, face buried in your hair.

"Y'r comfy," he mumbled, kissing the back of your head, making you chuckle softly as you struggled to cling to sleep.

"You too," you hummed, wriggling in his grasp as you laced your fingers with his. "I wish we could stay like this forever," you added on a soft breath, as he pressed another kiss into your hair. As he breathed out, ready to agree, the sound of his phone on the nightstand buzzed out, followed by the ringer, and he groaned, thumping his forehead against your head.

"You had to go and jinx it, luv," Mick huffed, kissing your head, before reluctantly rolling onto his back, and grabbing his phone. He snuggled back up against you, as he swiped to answer. "Rawson." Even with it pressed to his ear, you could hear Coop's voice over the line, and you groaned, reaching back to scratch your hand on his hip as you shifted to get up. "Alright, Coop...I'll be there soon."

"I'll make coffee."

"Beautiful," Mick told you, tugging you back onto the bed for a quick kiss before he headed to the bathroom for a quick shower.

Prophet x Reader - "How stupid do you think I am?"



"I'm not kidding. How stupid do you think I am?" he asked, peering at you over the desk, and you finished wiping down the board behind you.

"Considering the fact that you asked me, three times, for that pen in your hand? While it was *in your hand*? Right now, pretty stupid," you answered, teasing, smiling a bit. "Ordinarily? You are smarter than everyone in this building," you added, motioning towards the door. Prophet chuckled a bit, putting the pen down, before tossing an eraser at you.

"I'm not that smart." You sighed, putting the eraser in your hand down, and rounded your desk, patting his face.

"Prophet. You are the *smartest* man I know, okay, seriously. So don't worry about what *anyone else* has to say about you, you are brilliant. So hurry up and finish what you're doing, so we can go," you told him, nudging his arm. Prophet smiled a bit at you, brow quirked, before shaking his head a little, and turned his head back to the file he'd brought with him for you to help him look at.

"Smartest guy you know, hm?"

"Shut up," you chuckled, smiling over at him.

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