

Under the Radar

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Under the Radar

by [PrinceSircastic](#)

Summary

A seemingly average man turns up dead without warning in a quiet suburban street. There's no obvious motive until Wallander and the team discover that Peter Holmstrom has uncovered a dirty little secret in the company he works for - and it's enough for someone to want him silenced. It all seems pretty straightforward, especially when a colleague is uncovered as being suspicious, but the case gets out of hand when it's revealed that Magnus Martinsson is involved with their number one suspect.

Part 1

They found him sprawled upon a bench, throat slashed from ear to ear, his face contorted into a grimace of pain and surprise. Kurt Wallander stood a few paces away, studying the scene as crime scene photographers snapped away with their cameras. The man was dressed in a suit – probably expensive – his tie loosened from his neck as if pulled on. Blood had stained his white shirt a dark red.

"Victim is one Peter Holmstrom." Magnus Martinsson stepped up beside Kurt, putting away his phone as his eyes fell upon the man on the bench. "Nothing too special in the way of employment – just a regular businessman. No criminal record, no sticky fingers. Just your... average Joe."

"He wasn't an average Joe to somebody." Kurt murmured, turning away from the sight. "Somebody killed him, and for a reason."

"Wallet's in his pocket, still wearing his watch. Robbery is definitely not the motive." Nyberg commented as he crouched beside the body, inspecting the wound across his neck. "Looks like one clean slash: left to right, which – judging from the angle and how the wound is deeper at the left side – puts the killer behind him, with the weapon in his right hand."

"His? You're sure this was done by a man?" Kurt questioned.

"A woman has the power to do something like this, yes, but Holmstrom is a good six-four and would have to be taken somewhat by surprise, with some force needed to hold him still in order to strike. Instinct tells me this was a crime committed by another man."

"Okay. Martinsson, get some more details on Holmstrom – find out where he worked, where he lived, next of kin. We need to dig deep, see if there are any reasons why someone would want him dead." Magnus gave a nod and turned, striding back to the car with his phone back in his hand in the blink of an eye. "Nyberg, if you can get me any more specifics on the attack – what type of weapon we're looking at, that sort of thing, that'd be great. Contact me if there's anything of note, anything out of the ordinary." He glanced around the quiet, suburban street and sighed. "No witnesses. Street full of houses and no one saw or heard a thing." It baffled him, sometimes. No one had even noticed someone's life being taken from the world, and it happened right on their doorstep.

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"Alright, anything on Holmstrom?" Hoglund looked up from her computer as Kurt strode into the room, and she gestured at the stack of papers sitting on his desk.

"Martinsson dropped them off a few minutes ago. He's chasing down the next of kin right now. Want me to call him?" Her hand strayed towards the phone, but Kurt held up a hand and shook his head.

"No, no. That's okay." He flipped through the file Magnus had left – his home address was listed, as well as his place of work and the next of kin. As Magnus had stated at the scene, there was no criminal record, no sign of trouble in his past. All in all, he lived a quiet life. Kurt took a seat and read up on the victim, wanting to know every little detail, trying to find some sort of link that might be a clue to why someone thought it necessary to open his throat. Something about the attack felt off to him – it wasn't just random, a case of being in the wrong place and the wrong time. This was deliberate.

When Magnus strode into the room, shrugging out of his long coat, Kurt raised his eyes to the young man's face. He had the same weary look in his eyes as he'd seen in the mirror so many times before. Telling the next of kin that their relative, or friend, was dead... it was always difficult.

"Wife didn't give me much else to work with." He sighed, running a hand through his curly hair. "Couldn't think of anyone who'd want him dead. Apparently he had no enemies to speak of, generally well-liked, happy with his job..."

"So we're no closer to finding out who might have killed him?"

"Perhaps not, but... the wife seemed edgy when I mentioned his work." Magnus frowned, perching on the edge of his desk, arms crossed over his chest. "I gave it a little push and she mentioned something about Holmstrom working later hours than usual. Started about a week ago."

"Could be nothing." Hoglund sat back in her chair, glancing between Kurt and Magnus in turn.

"Or it could be something big. I was granted access to his home office, managed to crack into his files pretty quickly – useless safety system." Magnus gave a roll of his eyes, as if ashamed that such a thing existed. "He didn't keep much on the home computer, but there were some encrypted files containing what appear to be delivery logs for the warehouse of the building. I checked with the company and the last delivery for the day comes in at 4:15pm, and then the warehouse is locked up until the morning." He lifted another file – print-outs of the logs. "These deliveries are all down as happening after 11pm, and they're not the standard company logs. They're handwritten – Holmstrom made scans of them. Clearly something was off about them."

"You think he was digging into something that he wasn't supposed to know about?" Kurt stood slowly, and Magnus raised one eyebrow in acknowledgment. "That's a good motive for murder."

"I want to check out his files at the office. Could be there's something more there."

"You'll need a warrant for that. If this company is dealing dirty under the radar, they're not going to let you play around with their toys without good reason." Kurt shook his head. "We need to find more before we can think about digging deeper."

"I'll take another look at the scans, see if I can crack the code they use." He took out one of the scans and handed it to Kurt. "I ran the names, but they're all fake. I figured as much, but I

knew you'd want me to check either way, so I just skipped the lecture and went through it all first. What I'm interested in is the code they've used to note down the deliveries and what they contain. If I can crack that, we might have an idea of what Holmstrom uncovered, and why he might have been killed for it."

"Good work, Magnus." Kurt gave him an appreciative nod. "Get on that, and I'll head down to the morgue, see if we have any details on the weapon used." Magnus gave him a slight smile and a point of one finger as he turned and slid easily into his chair, opening the file to spread the scans out over the desk, his notebook already to hand.

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"Got anything for me, Nyberg?" Kurt watched the forensics expert move around the body, taking samples from the wound, cleaning out under the fingernails, and taking more photos. He looked up, setting his camera down.

"Weapon used is a knife, serrated edge, about seven inches in length. Nothing particularly special about it, won't be easy to trace if that's what you were hoping for."

"No, that would have been too easy." Kurt sighed. "Anything else of note?"

"Bruising around the jaw suggests he was grabbed tightly, head possibly yanked back to give better access to the neck. No other marks – happened too quickly for him to fight back." Nyberg shrugged. "Guy must have been strong, though. Strong, or angry. For a single-stroke wound to cleave down to the bone like this... this wasn't a random attack. This was definitely personal, and most likely planned ahead of time."

"The attacker knew where Holmstrom would be and when, and knew the best way to take him down. Could point to a colleague." Kurt nodded. "Thanks, Nyberg." With this new information in mind, he turned and left.

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When he returned, Magnus was bent over his desk, studying the scans intently with little scribbles in his notebook. Kurt chose not to bother him, and he sat behind his own desk and looked up the company Holmstrom worked for. He needed to go in and have a few words with some colleagues. He was just jotting down the address when Magnus let out a pleased cry of 'Yes!'

"Cracked the code?" Magnus looked up, a little happy grin on his face.

"Not quite, but I think I know what Holmstrom uncovered." He stood up, held out the scan he'd been studying. "I checked the database for acronyms and abbreviations, and turns out this particular set of letters are the name of a shipping company. I did a little digging and they've had problems in the past with illegal smuggling of drugs and firearms."

"You think these deliveries are the same thing?"

"Late at night, kept off the record, with the use of a code and false names? Oh yeah. There's something pretty illegal about this whole deal. My guess is Holmstrom found out, intended to do something with the information, and someone wanted him silenced."

"Nice job, Magnus. Get back to cracking that code, try and find out what they were carting around. I'll head into the office and talk to the colleagues – chances are one of them is the killer." He glanced over at Hoglund. "It'd go quicker with two." She nodded and rose, grabbing her jacket from the back of her hand. "Give me a call if you find anything, Magnus." Already focused on the scans once more, Magnus only waved a hand at them in response.

Kurt adjusted the collar of his jacket as they headed for the door, finally feeling like they were getting somewhere with the motive. Now all they had to do was find the killer, though it was never as easy as it sounded.

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Three hours later, Kurt and Anne-Britt left the office, having interviewed every possible colleague of Peter Holmstrom. Most of them didn't strike any interest in either of them, but there were a handful who seemed edgy – and more to the point, one woman in particular had expressed concerns about a number of her colleagues.

"So, Sanna Mikaelson..." Hoglund began, glancing at Kurt.

"She was definitely edgy about talking to us, as if she was somehow scared of being overheard. I'm thinking she knew what Holmstrom uncovered, and she's worried about what will happen." Kurt nodded, and checked his watch. "Magnus will have probably gone home by now, so I'll run the names she gave us, and we'll make a move in the morning."

"You think one of those names is the name of our killer?"

"I'm almost certain of it."

He stayed later than the rest of his team – he'd been right in assuming Magnus would have clocked off by the time they returned to the station: his desk was empty, the scans cleared away and the file nowhere to be seen, which Kurt assumed meant he had taken the work home with him, a very typical Magnus thing to do when it came to something like this – and ran the names Sanna had given them. None of them came up immediately with any previous crimes or sentences, but he kept digging anyway.

It wasn't until he realised he was falling asleep at his desk that he decided he should call it a night, and head home before Linda called him to order him home. Letting the search run in the background, he switched off the monitor and pulled on his coat. The rest could be dealt with in the morning.

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He was in early, as usual, and he was surprised to see Hoglund already at her desk, tapping away at her keyboard. He went straight to his desk after murmuring a quick 'good morning',

and switched on the monitor. Immediately his eyes were drawn to his search on Holmstrom's colleagues – and one name in particular.

"Hoglund, get me everything you can on one Jensen Hakansson." He commanded quickly, studying the facts on his screen. "He's got a previous sentence for assault, measures in at around six-four, same as Holmstrom, and appears to be of the right build to subdue him with ease. He's also been suspected of illegal handling of drugs in the past, though he was never charged for it as there was no evidence to warrant an arrest."

"Sounds like our man." She agreed, clicking away on her computer. "Found something interesting regarding Hakansson." He walked around to her desk, and leant over her shoulder to see what was on her screen. "I ran the building's security tapes, and look who we have loitering by the warehouse late at night last week." Kurt nodded as he recognised the slightly grainy black and white image of Jensen's face. "There's nothing on any of the tapes between 11pm and midnight – wiped clean, most likely, or replaced with a false loop of footage to avoid suspicion. He hasn't shown up again in any of the more recent tapes, however."

"If he was there last week, he could have easily been there again. I've got his address – I'd say it was time we went and had a word with Jensen." He grabbed his coat again, and picked up his phone. "I'll call Magnus, tell him to meet us there." When Magnus didn't pick up, he left a message.

The drive to Jensen's apartment went by in a flash, and then Kurt was leading the way into the apartment block, tracking down the correct door. He gave Hoglund a nod as he knocked on the door.

"Jensen Hakansson? Police. Open the door!" There was no response, and no obvious sign of anyone coming to the door, and so he knocked again. "Open the door, Mr Hakansson!" When there was still no response, Hoglund gave him a nod and he tried the handle – to his surprise, it opened with ease. "Not locked." He murmured, and his hand went immediately to his gun. Hoglund followed his example, and together they inched into the apartment. "Jensen...?"

He motioned towards the back of the apartment, and they moved in silence, heading for the partially-open door at the end of the hall. He counted down to three, and then he nudged open the door and stepped into the room, gun raised, Hoglund stepping up beside him.

"Wait..." Kurt murmured, lowering his gun. His eyes were focused on the double-bed against the far wall, and the figure lying sprawled in it. The sheets were loosely tangled around his waist, but for all their worth it was obvious there was nothing else covering his body – and there was no mistaking that head of curly blond-brown hair.

The man stirred, obviously roused by the loud noises of their entrance to the room, and he struggled to sit up as he opened his eyes, freezing when he realised he wasn't alone. Blue eyes widened in something akin to horror, and his hands quickly grasped at the sheets, pulling them further over his naked body. Kurt stared at him for a long moment, trying to believe what he was seeing.

"Magnus?!"

Part 2

There was a tense silence in the room for several long minutes. Kurt and Hoglund holstered their weapons, but their eyes never left Magnus' face. Magnus himself had sat up properly, clutching the sheets to himself and avoiding eye contact, willing himself not to blush even though he damn well knew he wanted to. He glanced sideways towards the empty half of the bed, one hand moving to touch the mattress, the sheets still faintly warm from the body that had lay there all night.

"Martinsson." Kurt spoke, finally breaking the tense silence. "You have got some serious explaining to do." He waited until Magnus lifted his eyes and held his gaze, saw the confusion and worry hidden in those pale blue eyes. "Firstly, what on earth you're doing in the bed of our top suspect."

"Top... top suspect?!" Anger flared up in his eyes now, and he let the sheets fall to his waist as he twisted round to face them. "What are you talking about, Kurt?!"

"Jensen Hakansson was seen loitering around outside the warehouse at around midnight last week, around the time these mysterious deliveries started occurring." Kurt began, and he watched as Magnus frowned.

"Last *week*, Kurt. That has nothing to do with-,"

"He has a previous charge for assault, and was suspected for illegal handling of drugs. His name was given to us by a colleague of Holmstrom's, and she seemed nervous enough at the time to rouse suspicion. Now, where is he?"

"Kurt, he can't have-,"

"Where is he, Magnus?!" Kurt snapped, finally, and Magnus visibly shrank back. Kurt sighed in frustration and turned to the door. "Get dressed, and get out to the car. Five minutes, Magnus." He strode out of the room, Hoglund in tow, and Magnus dropped his head into his hands before running his fingers through his hair.

When he staggered out of the apartment, pulling on his coat as he did so, he spotted Kurt and Hoglund down by the car. With a sigh he closed the front door and jogged down to them, and they both turned and climbed into the car without a word to him. He was resigned to slide into the back seat, feeling more like a criminal than a cop. The ride to the station was tense – no words were spoken, and only a few glances were exchanged between them. Magnus turned his phone over and over in his hand, part of him hoping it would ring, the other part hoping it wouldn't.

He felt like he was being escorted through the station when they arrived – Kurt took the lead, and Hoglund held back until he'd passed her before she followed. The silence followed them, too, right up until the moment they were inside their office, and then Kurt rounded on him.

"So, Magnus. Is there something you feel we need to know?" Magnus strode past him, dragging a hand through his hair again. "Why were you there?"

"It's personal, Kurt." Magnus shot back, whirling around to glare at him. "Okay? It's personal. Whatever you've dug up on Jensen, you... you're just jumping to conclusions!"

"You need to tell us everything, Martinsson." They all turned to the doorway, where Lisa Holgersson stood, arms crossed over her chest. "Because right now things are looking shady, and you're now smack bang in the middle of it all." She stepped further into the room, studied Magnus closely. "Kurt informed me of the situation while they waited for you. You were found in the suspect's apartment, with the suspect missing from the scene. Care to explain?"

Magnus shifted nervously, fiddling with the collar of his coat. He turned away from them, shrugged out of his coat when the room suddenly became stiflingly hot, and draped it over the back of his desk chair. His nervous habit – running his hands through his hair – kicked in again, but he forced his hands to stay at his sides. When he finally turned back to them, there was determination in his eyes.

"You have the wrong man."

"A bold statement." Hoglund commented, but Magnus ignored her, his eyes fixed upon Kurt. If anyone here would listen, it was Kurt.

"Jensen isn't involved in this." He sighed, resisted again the urge to drag a hand through his hair. "The code – the one I was trying to crack yesterday – I think I have a lead on it." He paced slightly, jamming his hands into his pockets. "But believe me, you've got the wrong man."

"Jensen fits the profile for our attacker, Magnus. He's the right build, he worked with Holmstrom, he's had dealings in the past with-,"

"The drug charges were false!" Magnus cut in, raising his voice now. "He was never arrested for them!" His hands came out of his pockets, one of them twisting into his hair. "Don't you think I would have done something about it if I thought... look, it's just not possible for him to be our guy."

"And why is that, Magnus? How can you be so sure he didn't open Holmstrom's throat the night before last?" Kurt demanded.

"Because he has an alibi!" Magnus snapped out without even a second's hesitation. The room fell silent at the weight of Magnus' words, and slowly they all realised the meaning behind them. Anne-Britt was the first to speak.

"Do you mean to say...?" She murmured quietly. Breathing quickly, heart pounding in his chest, Magnus sank into his chair and ran a hand over his face, not looking at any of them.

"I was with him, okay?" He admitted after a moment. "I'm his alibi."

"The whole night?" Kurt questioned, and Magnus turned angry eyes to him in a heartbeat.

"Yes, the whole bloody night!" He growled. "I can give you a step-by-step rundown of the romantic dinner he cooked for me, of the conversation we had, and if you're really that interested I can give you every little detail of the sex we had, too!" There was an awkward silence that followed – Lisa found the carpet interesting rather suddenly, Anne-Britt fiddled with a button on her jacket sleeve, and Kurt looked around ready for the ground to open up and swallow him whole. "Jensen is not our guy."

"We still need to talk to him, Magnus. He still has the assault charge, he worked with the victim, and there's the suspicious activity... and where was he this morning?"

"He told me about the assault charge. He did his time, and it's in his past." He studied Kurt's face, and sighed again. "He goes for a run every morning before work." When Kurt only raised an eyebrow, he rolled his eyes. "Do you want me to call him? I can call him. I can prove to you that he is innocent!" When there was still nothing but silence, Magnus cursed under his breath and pulled out his phone, flipping it open and dialling a number. He kept his eyes on Kurt as he listened to it ring, only averting his gaze when he heard Jensen's familiar voice pick up on the other end.

"Hey, guess I missed you this morning, since you were gone when I got back-,"

"Jensen... listen. I, ah... I need you to come down to the station." Magnus muttered, aware of the three pairs of eyes staring him down. "It's about the case I'm working."

"About Peter? What is it- oh, wait. I think I've figured it out. You think I'm a suspect, huh?" Magnus cringed at the sharp tone of Jensen's voice.

"No, no that's not... look-," he glanced up at Kurt briefly. "I've told the team they've got the wrong guy, that you had an alibi for the night Holmstrom died, but they still need to talk to you. Clear a few things up."

"It's about the charges against me. Alright, I'll come in. Just give me... ten minutes or so."

"Thanks. Look, Jensen, I'm sor-," he broke off mid-word as Jensen hung up. With a frustrated sigh, Magnus snapped his phone shut and dropped it onto the desk, spreading his hands out in a gesture that read 'happy now?' "He's on his way into the station."

"Good." Kurt nodded, turning away to wander to his desk. Lisa found a chair to slide into to wait, and pulled out her own phone, obviously attempting to busy herself. Anne-Britt was the only one who focused on Magnus.

"So... how long has this been going on, Magnus?" She asked in a soft voice. "I mean, I didn't know-,"

"No one was supposed to know. My personal life is exactly that – personal." He snapped, and then sighed. He knew he shouldn't be so angry, but he couldn't help it. The way Jensen had sounded over the phone... "A couple of weeks, maybe three. Look, I know it isn't him. I know you're all probably thinking he still has something to do with it even if he didn't commit the crime itself, but you're wrong. Jensen's not like that."

"Well, we'll see, won't we?" Kurt murmured, infuriating Magnus even further. He chose not to say anything more – his personal life was none of their business, and he just wanted this over and done with.

When Jensen was escorted to their office by two police officers, Magnus rose from his seat and made to approach him, but a warning look from Lisa stopped him in his tracks. Of course. Things had to be professional for now. He stuffed his hands into his pockets and averted his eyes – looking at Jensen would only break him, and he couldn't afford to be taken off this case for being too personally involved. It was a risk enough as it was, and he didn't want to give Lisa or Kurt any reason to remove him from the case.

"Magnus, get back on cracking that code." Kurt ordered. "We'll deal with Mr Hakansson."

"But Kurt-,"

"Now, Magnus." Magnus sank back into his chair, irritation clear in his expression. He unlocked the drawer of his desk and pulled out the files he had been working on the day before – Kurt had been wrong when he'd assumed Magnus had taken them home, it seemed – and spread them out on the desk, furiously arranging them as he snatched up his pencil.

Kurt escorted Jensen into the adjoining room – with Lisa involved, they could question him quietly and outside of procedure, especially considering his connection to a member of the team working the case. If he was honest, Kurt had a feeling they were indeed looking at the wrong man, but he had to make sure before he let Jensen go. He gestured for Jensen to take a seat, and he did – Kurt stopped and stood for a moment, studying him and his body language.

Jensen was tall, as he'd expected from a man reaching six-four, but he seemed even bigger than that. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, with a strong jaw and fierce blue eyes. His hair – blond – probably reached his shoulders, but currently it was pulled back out of his face into a ponytail that nestled at the nape of his neck. He didn't look dressed for work – instead of the suit Holmstrom had worn, Jensen wore a tight light grey t-shirt and faded blue jeans.

"Just so we're clear, you are Mr Jensen Hakansson, yes?" Kurt began. Jensen studied him a moment, and gave a nod.

"That's right."

"And you were a colleague of the late Peter Holmstrom?"

"We didn't work closely, but we were in the same department, yes. Honestly I was waiting for you to come and talk to me – expected it from the second we heard that Peter was dead. No doubt you've already found the assault charge against my name, and the suspected handling of drugs which, I might add, was a false charge and an arrest was never made." Jensen's eyes hardened, as if challenging Kurt to argue.

"I'm not going to lie – you fit the profile for Holmstrom's killer." Kurt told him. "But, given the information Martinsson has provided, we are aware that you have a somewhat solid alibi for the night of his murder. Despite that, your name is not in the clear. There is still a matter

of the motive for Holmstrom's murder – we believe he was silenced for knowledge he gained of some dirty dealings with the company you both work for."

"Dirty dealings?" Jensen frowned. "Are you telling me Peter was killed because he dug up some dirt on the company?"

"That's what it looks like, yes." Lisa cut in. "Which is why you're here, being questioned. Your name was given as part of a list of employees with suspicions of being involved. We cannot release the name of our source, but we have reason to believe the list we were given is a potential list of dangerous suspects."

"And I'm on that list. Right. Well, go ahead – ask me your questions."

"Are you aware of the late night deliveries to the warehouse?" Kurt asked calmly, watching Jensen closely.

"Late night deliveries? We don't get any deliveries after 4:15pm." He replied just as calmly. "Not that I'm aware of, anyway. We've had a couple of special circumstances in the past, but it's not routine."

"We have evidence that suggests regular deliveries are made in the early hours of the morning, deliveries not logged officially, and are in fact noted down with the use of a code and false names."

"You're suspecting illegal smuggling or dealing of drugs." Jensen sighed. "Which is why I'm on that list, right? Look – I don't keep my past silent. I've admitted to past crimes, and I openly spoke about the drug charges against me when I got the job. Do you really think I'd get myself tangled up in that business? It'd be like taping a target on my back."

"Then why were you sighted outside the warehouse long after hours?" Kurt slapped the print-out of the security footage on the table, and Jensen sighed.

"This was last week, right? Thursday? Round about 11:30pm?" He raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, I was there. I'm pretty sure you guys can check phone records from last week, right? Check mine. I got a call from my boss, asking if I could drive down to the warehouse to help him out. He had car trouble and needed a ride home." Kurt gave a nod to Lisa, who quietly departed the room and dropped a note on Anne-Britt's desk. Kurt watched Magnus glance up from his desk, almost hopeful.

"Alright, we'll check it. The assault charge – can you tell us more about that?"

"Sure. It was a few years ago, and I was drunk. My cousin had called me up in tears saying her boyfriend was frightening her, threatening violence, so I went round there and knocked him around some. Not the best idea of mine, I'll admit, but I wasn't thinking of that at the time. Landed the guy in hospital, pleaded guilty at the trial and did my time. Got out, put it behind me, and moved on. I've not had another incident since then." Kurt nodded – he was beginning to believe his instinct now, that Jensen was indeed innocent of this.

"Alright, alright..." he sighed, and gestured for Magnus to come in, and to bring his files with him. Lisa held open the door for him, and Magnus flashed a smile at Jensen as he placed them down on the edge of the table.

"Oh, do I get to see you at work now? Are you gonna question me?" Jensen smirked up at him, and Kurt noticed the slight smirk on Magnus' face as he tried to keep his features schooled into an impassive expression.

"I'm not entirely convinced you're not involved with whatever is going in, but if you have any information you can share with us..." Kurt murmured, ignoring Magnus for a moment. "We need everything we can get. Have you heard anything about dealings under the radar?"

"I try to stay away from anything that might end in trouble, given my history." He shrugged. "But I haven't heard anything specifically to do with the warehouse. You say there's a code involved?"

"Yeah, it's proving a little difficult to crack, but the shipping company making the deliveries has a bad rep for smuggling drugs and firearms." Magnus told him. At a nod from Kurt, he slid one of the scans across the table to Jensen. "Do you recognise this handwriting?" Jensen studied it for a moment, frowning.

"I might. I can't be sure though, not without something to compare against." He looked up. "I finish early tonight – if I can get some examples of handwriting, I could bring them in, do some comparisons. I don't suppose you can tell me the other names of that list of yours, so I'll make my own assumptions based on observation." Kurt and Magnus shared a glance.

"Do you have reason to believe there are suspicious characters in your department?" Kurt questioned.

"There are a few shady people, yes. I'll see what I can find out." He studied the scans again. "These letters here..." He gestured to one section of the log, tapping at the combination of letters in one box. "You do know that's a registration number, right?"

"... What?" Magnus sounded horrified that he'd missed that. "You're kidding."

"Nope. I recognise it." Jensen frowned again. "Wait... I recognise a few of these. They're from the company vans, personal ones used to make shipments within the city. Whatever it is they're doing here, it's happening within the city."

"Do you know who drives these vans?" Kurt asked, clicking his fingers at Magnus who immediately pulled out his notebook, pencil poised, ready.

"I know a couple of them." He listed off the names to Magnus, who jotted them down. "I can get the others, if I'm careful, today. I'll drop by as soon as I finish, give you the names and hopefully give you an idea of who wrote these logs."

"Be careful." Magnus winced the second he spoke, but Kurt and Lisa didn't even blink at the concerned words. Jensen rose from the table with a smile.

"I'm always careful. I take it I can go...?"

"Yes, yes of course. Listen, Jensen... anything you can get for us would be a big help. I hope you understand we had to check you out-,"

"Believe me, I'm used to cops jumping on my back first, before they look at anyone else. I've got a rep, and history. I'm just glad I can help, really." He smiled, a bright smile that seemed to light up the room – as cliché as that sounded.

"I'll walk you out..." Magnus murmured, gesturing for him to leave the room. They stepped out into the hallway, just as Kurt's phone rang – and he held up a hand to Magnus. They paused, waited as Kurt spoke on the phone, and from the way his face fell it was obvious something was wrong. Kurt signalled for him to come back, gesturing to his phone in a way that told Magnus there was important work to be done. "Guess not." He sighed.

"It's okay, I'm sure I can find my way out of here." Jensen smiled, shrugging a little.

"I'm sorry about bringing you in-,"

"Don't. I know why you had to call me in, and I know you only did it to clear my name. Look... I'll drop by later, like I said, and maybe I can see you after work, too?" Jensen's grin was too bright to ignore, and Magnus smiled in return.

"Yeah, of course." He nodded. "I, ah... I have to go... work calls." Jensen nodded and leant in slightly as if to kiss him, and Magnus quickly blushed and averted his eyes, aware that Kurt, Lisa and Anne-Britt were all watching them. With a soft chuckle, Jensen pressed his lips to Magnus' flushed cheek.

"I'll see you later, Magnus." Still grinning, Jensen turned and strode down the corridor, heading for the exit. Face still tinged a faint pink, Magnus walked back into the office.

"No one say a word." He muttered. "What's happened?" Kurt sighed, sliding his phone into his pocket.

"Grab your coat, Magnus. Sanna Mikaelson is dead."

Part 3

Sanna Mikaelson was slumped against a lamppost down an alleyway not far from her home, eyes staring unblinkingly, a sea of crimson washed down her front, her smart trouser-suit permanently ruined by the ugly stain of death. Kurt clicked his tongue in a mixture of frustration and regret as he turned away from her body, but Magnus didn't dare look away. He hadn't spoken to the woman – he was cooped up inside working on that damn code – but he still felt grief at the loss of an innocent life.

"Same MO as Peter Holmstrom." Nyberg commented, standing beside them. "Throat slashed left-to-right; angle suggests she was attacked from behind. Less bruising around the jaw – did a quick inspection and there is bruising on the shoulder instead. My guess is the attacked grabbed her, pulled her back so he could slide his arm round and open her up."

"Same killer, then." Kurt stated the conclusion they'd all already come to. "Easier this time, as the victim is smaller and lighter, a much smoother kill."

"More violent, this time." Nyberg piped up. "Same method of attack, yes, but there are marks upon the bone – he tried to cut her head off completely. An act of rage, perhaps?"

"He's angry." Kurt agreed. "She gave us names; spoke to us about her suspicions. Someone in that office overheard, or got wind of it, and she was killed for it." He glanced at Magnus. "If there was any doubt left about Jensen, I'd say it was wiped clean now."

"That so?" Magnus couldn't help the bitter tone, and he hoped Kurt recognised it for what it was.

"Given what we know, Jensen had no idea who our source was, and evidence suggests he was, ah... busy, last night. Nyberg – time of death?"

"Around ten pm, I'd say. I'll get a more accurate time at the autopsy, but that's my estimate based on the evidence. She's been sat here all night and no one even noticed her." Magnus glanced around – the alleyway was pretty sheltered, and a stack of bins had been conveniently arranged to provide a sheltered enough enclosure for Sanna's corpse.

"She was concealed. The killer didn't want her being found until he was long gone, I imagine." He murmured. "Different to Holmstrom – he just left him out on the bench, didn't bother to hide him. He relied heavily on the quiet street, probably knows the area and knows the habits of those who pass through it or live upon the street. Even if he'd been found only hours after his death, it could have easily been a mugging, or a random attack. Two deaths from the same company, with the police digging around? That's suspicious. So he hides her, wants us to take our time in finding her." He walked around the crime scene, careful of where he stepped, and he crouched to inspect the bins. "He left no prints on Holmstrom, probably wore gloves. It's likely he did the same here, but... maybe he was so focused on not leaving prints that he was a little careless..." He focused on a spot just beneath the lid of one of the bins, and smirked. "Nyberg, hand me some gloves and an evidence collection kit."

"What have you got, Magnus?" Kurt stood behind him, trying to spot the evidence Magnus had apparently discovered. Magnus grinned as he snapped on the gloves, and took a pair of tweezers from the kit Nyberg set beside him. Taking his time, he pinched the smallest of fibres between the tweezers and gently pulled it free, holding it up to them.

"Fibres. Could be nothing, could have been here a while but..." He smirked. "I know a little of the company – what with Jensen working there – and I remembered seeing some of his co-workers in jumpsuits dealing with the machines that label the deliveries. Just so happens that the workers wear a very specific pale blue jumpsuit – the same colour as these fibres." Nyberg opened out a plastic bag, and Magnus dropped the fibres safely inside. "Could be he caught a sleeve or something on the edge of the lid as he moved the bins. Careless."

"Excellent work, Magnus." Kurt sounded genuinely impressed. "If we can make a match to the jumpsuits the workers wear, we can probably get enough for a search warrant of the warehouse."

"If they don't give us a search warrant based on that, this might help." Magnus commented, now on all fours on the cold ground, his face dangerously close to the concrete. Kurt and Nyberg leant in closer, curious. Very carefully, Magnus reached for a large sheet of sticky-back plastic, and smoothed it out on the concrete beside Sanna's head. "Someone left a boot print." He smirked, peeling it away after he was certain the print had transferred onto the plastic. "I can guarantee you'll match it to the standard work boots all workers are required to wear in the warehouse."

"He's angry, and he makes mistakes. Could be his downfall." Kurt clapped a hand on Magnus' shoulder as he remained crouched by the bins. "You've done good, Magnus."

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"Boot print is a size 46 and a half." Nyberg told them, walking into their office with the analysis of the evidence collected, and an autopsy report. Magnus glanced up from his work on the codes, and Anne-Britt joined them at the large table as Nyberg stood at one end, hands on his hips as Kurt skimmed over the paperwork he'd just handed over. "Fits with the idea our killer is a tall man. Magnus was right – it's the standard make that all the workers in the warehouse are required to wear. Tough leather, steel-toe, very sturdy. I ran the fibres Magnus collected and I can confirm the material is the same used in standard jumpsuits. If we could get a comparison-", Magnus immediately pulled out his phone and dialled a number, shooting a quick smirk in Kurt's direction.

"Jensen, listen – it's Magnus. You did some warehouse time, right? Uh huh... yeah, listen we need some sample fibres from the jumpsuits you- ... yeah. Great, thanks. I'll see you later." He snapped his phone shut and sat back in his chair, smug. "You'll have your comparison."

"It'd be better if we could have the jumpsuit they came from." Kurt muttered. "But for now, proving the fibres come from the same place is enough. We need to get this evidence processed and get the search warrant for the warehouse. If we're lucky, we can uncover whatever it is that they're dealing." He glanced at Magnus. "Any luck on the code?"

"With Jensen's information, yeah." Magnus nodded. "He was right – four of these are registration numbers for company vans that are used within the city to make deliveries and collections. I've got the employees they're registered to, and I cross-referenced with the list Sanna Mikaelson provided." He smirked again. "All four names are on that list."

"Our suspect list has just gone up by four." Anne-Britt commented, taking the details from Magnus. "We have addresses for all of them – what about past records? Any of them done time for anything?" Magnus' eyes lit up, and it was clear that he was enjoying himself. For all his whining and complaining about doing all the leg work, Kurt knew Magnus loved it when he could come back to them with everything they ever wanted and needed – and more.

"Two of them have previous charges for drug handling and dealing. Both convicted, both done time – and both employed at the same time, by the same man." He turned a sheet of paper towards Kurt, and tapped at the photograph in the top corner. The man pictured was stony-faced and scowling, altogether unfriendly in appearance. "Bjorn Arbeck. He's in charge of shipments and deliveries in the warehouse, and he oversees all employment, new recruits, etc. Did some digging on him, and it turns out he's got a dirty past that's been covered up pretty well."

"Dirty how?" Kurt raised an eyebrow, studying the photograph.

"He managed to slide out of a battery charge five years ago – someone faked an alibi for him, it seems, so there wasn't enough evidence to lock him away. Three charges of drunk and disorderly with threats to harm, illegal ownership of unregistered firearms and had a rather impressive knife collection confiscated from his home last year during a drug raid." Magnus crossed his arms over his chest, watching the information sink in on his colleagues faces. "If he's not our man, I don't know who is."

"Nice, Magnus." Anne-Britt raised her eyebrows, impressed. "Can we make a move on this guy? Given his history, and the evidence collected-,"

"He wears a size 46 and a half." Magnus cut in quickly. "Credit card statements show a payment made to the company for a replacement pair two years ago. He stands in at six-five, built like a brick shithouse as you can tell from the photograph, history of violence, and trouble with the law concerning drugs and firearms."

"Yeah... yeah this has got to be him." Kurt agreed. "We need to verify the fibres and match the boot print to his boots. I'll call up for a warrant, and we'll bring this guy in." They all paused as Lisa strode into the room, carrying a small envelope.

"This was left for you and the team at reception." She informed them, handing it to Kurt. "I was told it was left by a tall, handsome blond." Everyone's eyes snapped to Magnus for a moment as Kurt pulled a handwritten note from the top of the envelope.

"It's from Jensen." He told them. "He said he couldn't stop, that he has a theory and will bring us the evidence we need." He ripped open the envelope, and found sealed notes inside – all handwritten and labelled. "Is Jensen happy with his job, Magnus?" Kurt asked idly, and Magnus frowned, not understanding. "He'd make a good cop." Kurt shrugged, spreading the sealed notes out.

"Here's the logs from the suspicious deliveries." Anne-Britt spread one out amidst the notes, and they all leant in to study them. "These three don't match – and this guy isn't even on our list. But... this one." She picked one up, slapped it down on top of the log. "Almost identical. Look at the numbers – the exact same hand that wrote the codes on the log." Their eyes were drawn to Jensen's label, and then they met one another's eyes in turn.

"Bjorn Arbeck."

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"Okay, we move in quickly and carefully. Arbeck is dangerous, and likely armed. Shoot to wound only if necessary." Kurt told them as they readied themselves to pay Bjorn Arbeck a visit at work. "If he runs, take him down. Do *not* do anything stupid."

"We arrest him; we bring him in and question him. We push at him hard until he gives us what we want – we need to know what they're dealing in, where the shipments are coming from, and where they're going. We need the names of everyone involved so we can make further arrests." Lisa nodded, glancing at each of them one at a time.

"I can-," Magnus cut off as his phone rang, and he pulled it out and answered. "Martinsson." He listened, and frowned. "Jensen... Jensen what is it?"

"Look, I noticed Bjorn leaving the warehouse earlier so I stopped by his house. I think I know what's going on at work."

"What is it? Jensen what did you-,"

"I'm heading to the warehouse. If I can stall Bjorn... Magnus, he had the biggest fucking knife I've ever seen. He knows you're onto him, and he's trying to make a run for it. He's probably going to take out everyone involved, and destroy all the evidence."

"Jensen, I'm telling you now, do not go near that warehouse." Magnus warned, hand gripping his phone so tightly his knuckles were turning white. "You hear me? Bjorn is dangerous-,"

"I know. I know he's dangerous, but if he runs you'll never catch him and he'll just do this somewhere else. I can trick him, okay? He knows my past – everyone does. I'll just convince him I want in on the deal, offer to help him clear out before the police arrive. I can give him false information, tell him you're checking out one of the other guys first, heading to their house instead of here. I can stall him until you arrive."

"No, Jensen, stay out of this!" He whirled, paced furiously. "This is our job, not yours. Do not go into that warehouse!"

"Magnus what is he-," Kurt began, but Magnus waved him off sharply as he listened.

"Just trust me, okay? I know Bjorn a little from my time in the warehouse. I know how he works. Just-," Jensen broke off, and Magnus frowned, listening closely.

"Jensen?" He called, heart thudding madly in his chest. "Jensen what's going on?" He heard a faint scuffle, and a cry of pain that made his blood run cold. "Jensen?!"

"*I have to go. Bjorn's here.*" The line went dead before Magnus could respond, and he stared at his phone in mild horror for a moment before he turned to the team.

"Fuck whatever plans we have." He told them, voice tight with worry and determination. "Jensen's gone to the warehouse to confront Bjorn, something about buying us time before Bjorn books it out of there. I... I don't like it. We need to go, and we need to go *now*." Without waiting for any response, Magnus grabbed his coat and bolted for the door. With a nod from Lisa, Kurt and Anne-Britt followed him, hands automatically checking their holsters for their guns.

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Magnus swore viciously at Kurt as they drove furiously towards the warehouse. Normally Kurt would have chided him, snapped back, but he could see the fear buried in those stormy eyes and he knew Magnus feared for Jensen's safety. When they were forced to slow behind a car up ahead, Magnus swore again and slammed his hand on the dashboard, his other furiously raking through his wild curls.

"Fuck, come *on*!" He hissed, breath coming rapidly as he checked and re-checked his weapon, turning it over in his hands. Kurt chose to say nothing, and simply floored the pedal, whirling around into the street upon which the warehouse sat. Magnus didn't wait for the car to completely stop before he threw open the door and launched himself free, bolting across the tarmac towards the warehouse doors. Anne-Britt and Kurt followed, guns in hand, ready, and watched Magnus pause by the slightly ajar door, crouching close to the ground.

"What is it, Magnus?" Anne-Britt murmured quietly, eyes darting around them as if worried they were being watched. Kurt glanced down and saw Magnus grasping a phone tightly, his hand trembling very slightly.

"No... no, come on... no..." He whispered, standing slowly. Kurt reached out to put a hand on his arm, to tell him to stop and think, but Magnus was already slipping into the warehouse, gun raised. "Okay, Bjorn!" He called into the warehouse, his voice echoing around the cavernous walls. "The game's up!"

"Magnus, be careful!" Anne-Britt hissed in warning, but Magnus was not a force to be reckoned with.

"We know about your little dealings under the radar. We've got solid evidence against you, and against your little buddies. Just give it up, and no one else gets hurt." Magnus inched around the machinery, checking every open space, every corner. He knew Bjorn was here. The phone – dropped carelessly outside, it would seem – told him Bjorn was here. He could feel fear grasping at his heart but he refused to let it take hold. He had to stay focused. "You're already going down for the murder of Peter Holmstrom and Sanna Mikaelson, for illegal possession and dealing of drugs, and for possession of an unlicensed, illegal weapon. Don't add to that list."

"Magnus...!" Kurt and Anne-Britt flanked him on both sides, both of them grasping an arm each as they forced him to stand still. He glanced at them, and then followed their gaze –

straight ahead was a door, barely open, and there was no mistaking the bloody smear upon the wall beside it.

Before Anne-Britt or Kurt could stop him, Magnus was running.

He kicked open the door with such force that it bounced back off the wall behind and caught him painfully in the shoulder, but he barely registered the impact or the flare of pain that spread down his entire arm. His eyes were focused upon the far wall of the room beyond, where Bjorn loitered, a wild grin on his face as he pressed a wicked-looking long knife to the throat of his hostage. Magnus felt his blood run cold for a second time, the colour draining from his face, and fear finally found a grasp upon his heart.

"Magnus... Magnus, it's okay... it's okay..." With a trembling hand, Jensen smiled shakily at the cop standing in the doorway, gun raised ready to shoot. He could feel Bjorn's warmth against his back, felt the throb of his dislocated shoulder from the scuffle he'd had outside the warehouse, and his head tingled with pain from where Bjorn had dragged him into this storeroom by his hair.

But more importantly he could feel the sting of the cool steel against his throat, and the hot stickiness of the blood currently soaking through his shirt and dripping from the bloodied hand still reaching for *his* cop.

"Jensen..."

Part 4

Time stood still for Magnus, though he couldn't tell you how long for. All he knew was that Bjorn had Jensen, and Jensen was in trouble, and there was nothing, *nothing*, he could do. His hands trembled as he held his gun, trying to spot a weak point where he could take Bjorn out without risking Jensen's safety. There wasn't one – Bjorn knew what he was doing. Asides from the arm that held the knife, he was mostly concealed behind Jensen's body, and Magnus knew enough to know that if he tried to weaken Bjorn's knife-wielding arm, he'd probably only do more damage to Jensen.

His eyes were drawn to the bloodied shirt – it seemed to be coming from his side, just above his left hip, but there was so much blood it was hard to tell. Jensen's right arm hung limply at his side, and he had abrasions over his face and neck, as well as torn holes in his jeans, spots of blood seeping into the denim. He took in every detail quickly, but he kept glancing back to that ever-growing pool of blood spreading out over his shirt and dripping down his leg, and the blood coating his outstretched hand.

"Put down the fucking gun, cop shit." Bjorn growled. "Drop your fucking gun or I'll slice this bastard right open." Magnus knew he should hold his ground, he knew it was in his training to not let personal feelings affect his decisions, but the gun was falling from his fingers before he could even think about it. He heard it clatter to the ground, far louder in his head than he knew it was in the room. "Kick it away. Now." His foot jerked out, and the gun skidded across the concrete, far out of reach. "Good. This little cop bitch does what he's told, huh?"

"Magnus, it's okay." Jensen repeated, his eyes focused on Magnus' face. "Just look at me, Magnus, okay? Look at me. Everything will be fine." He had to keep Magnus focused. He had to keep him grounded. He'd seen fear and panic combined in a person's face before, had known the result of it. If Magnus panicked, he could get himself hurt. He could get himself killed. If he just kept Magnus calm, his cop could make it out alive and unharmed.

"Shut up." Bjorn growled, the knife biting further into the flesh of his throat. "Don't fucking speak, asshole." He turned his attention back to Magnus. "So you're the cop bitch who thinks he can shut me down, huh? Please. I've wiped the floor with better cops than you." He lifted his eyes above Magnus' head as Kurt and Anne-Britt appeared in the doorway, and he smirked back at Magnus as he angled the knife, cutting into Jensen's throat. The second Magnus saw blood, he threw up his hand to his colleagues.

"Put down your weapons!" He screamed at them. "Put down your fucking weapons!" Jensen could hear the hysteria in his voice, and it worried him. "Just put them down!" Kurt and Anne-Britt exchanged a glance, and slowly lowered their guns. "Just... just let him go, okay?" Magnus spoke only to Bjorn now. "He's not part of this. Just let him go."

"Oh, I don't think so." Bjorn sneered. "See, this guy was snooping around my merchandise. Tried to spin me some lie about wanting in on the deal, but we all know he's a cop whore. I've got sources, for fuck's sake. Did you really think I didn't have eyes everywhere? In and out of

that station, weren't you, Jensen?" He laughed harshly. "And I've got ears to the ground, too. Jensen here has been banging a cop. As if I'd believe he wanted in on my deal with a fucking cop in his bed every night."

Magnus swallowed hard, trying to judge the scene before him. This was all-too familiar for him – he was picturing another hostage, gun to her head, as Kurt fired an empty gun. He'd acted without hesitation then, and loosed off two shots to take the suspect down before anyone got killed. But this was different. Now he understood why Kurt had not tried to take a shot immediately. When it was someone you cared about in danger's arms, you didn't act without thought. You hesitated. You thought. You missed your chance.

"Please... please let him go..." You pleaded for their life. You even went so far as to offer yours as replacement. "Just... just don't hurt him, okay? If you want to hurt someone, hurt me. I'm the cop. Yeah... I'm the cop who tried to ruin you. The one chasing your tail. Hurt me, just... just let *him* go..." His voice quivered with emotion, with fear and panic and worry, and Bjorn smiled wickedly.

"Oh, you've gotta be fucking kidding me." He laughed, genuinely amused. "Fuck, Jensen, this is your goddamn cop?!" He shifted his weight, free hand reaching back to pull a gun free from under his belt. "Boy, he's a pretty one. Any other time, I'd have a bang at him myself, see what the big deal about him is." Kurt saw something dangerous flare up in Jensen's eyes – and for the first time he noticed how calm the blond seemed, despite the situation. There was no panic, no fear... and his attention was solely focused on Magnus. "But that's the problem... see, I imagine one of those bastards has called for back-up by now, so I'm running out of time." Bjorn cocked the gun, finger twitching over the trigger – and he aimed it directly between Magnus' eyes. "So I'll just shoot the bitch so you can watch him die."

"Magnus... Magnus, look at me." Jensen spoke calmly, quietly, and he waited for Magnus to meet his eyes before he continued. "You're my cop, Magnus. *My* cop. Now I want you to listen to me." He ignored Bjorn's command to 'shut the fuck up', ignored the sting of the blade digging deeper into his throat, and he barely noticed the warm trickle of blood coiling down over his collarbone to nestle against the collar of his shirt. "Everything is going to be okay. You trust me, right?" Magnus nodded very slightly, his eyes filming over with tears. Jensen knew he'd never allow himself to shed – not here, not now. But later, curled up in his bed in the dark when the memories of his job caught up to him and haunted his dreams. Only then would he cry. "Good. We trust each other, that's why we're so great. We trusted each other from the second I took your hand in that bar and led you out onto the roof to see the stars."

Magnus let out a soft whimper, quickly forcing it back before it turned into a sob. He couldn't break down. He simply *couldn't*. If he broke down, Jensen was as good as dead. He had to be strong. If either of them were going to die, they were not going to die without smiles for each other. He had to smile for him. He *had to*.

"You have to trust me now." The knife bit in deeper, and he flinched, pain flaring up. He fixed his eyes upon Magnus once more, forced all other thoughts from his mind, and simply held that stormy gaze – and he smiled, a genuine smile that gave Magnus the tiniest flare of hope. "You're going to be fine. You're going to walk away from this, and you're going to

become the finest damn cop in the world. You're Magnus Martinsson. You're my fucking brilliant cop, and you are *going to be okay*." Determination shone in Jensen's brilliant blue eyes – and standing behind Magnus, Kurt understood.

What happened next felt like it dragged on for twenty minutes, but in reality it was only twenty seconds – if that.

Mouthing something to Magnus that Kurt and Anne-Britt couldn't quite make out, Jensen acted without hesitation – he twisted, one hand coming up to encircle Bjorn's wrist, jerking back so sharply that all in the room could hear the bone snap. The gun went off, harmlessly shooting into the ceiling, just as Jensen brought up his injured arm, wincing with the effort as he slid his hand beneath the knife, ripping it away from his throat as he used the momentum of his body to push Bjorn back and around.

Kurt raised his gun at the sound of the gunshot, aiming, ready to fire once he got a clean shot lined up, but the two men were still too closely entwined. He couldn't risk hitting Jensen – not now. Bjorn roared in his rage, the knife slashing round and catching Jensen on the cheek, but the blond didn't stop. He twisted the fractured wrist he still held tightly, and the gun dropped from Bjorn's grasp. Staggering backwards from the weight of Jensen pressing against him, Bjorn's heel caught on a lip in the concrete and he toppled backwards, arms flailing to find something to hold onto. His fractured wrist cracked against the brick wall and he screamed in agony, giving Jensen an opening – reaching up with both hands now, he closed them around the blade of the knife and wrenched it free of Bjorn's grasp, not caring for the steel biting into his palms as he tossed it across the room.

Jensen fell back now, his dislocated shoulder too painful to ignore, his earlier wound tearing with the movement. He dropped to the concrete, crying out in pain as his body instinctively curled into a ball, blood beginning to pool beneath him. Kurt saw Bjorn reach for the discarded gun, and turned to aim, ready to fire – but when the gunshot sounded, it was Magnus who held the smoking gun.

He crouched protectively between Jensen and Bjorn, blood soaking into his jeans as he held the gun high, finger still pressed to the trigger. His face was pale – sheet-white, and sweat trickled down from damp curly hair, and into his eyes. But it was his eyes, in fact, that caught Kurt's attention the most: stormy blue-green fixed so fiercely upon Bjorn as the man stumbled back from the shot, almost feral with the fury they contained.

Anne-Britt jerked into action, kicking the gun away from Bjorn as she aimed her own at his face, quickly reciting the Revised Miranda to him as he wailed in pain, his good hand pressed to his shoulder where blood trickled freely from the gunshot wound. Despite the instincts she and Kurt knew Magnus would have had in that moment, he had not gone for a killing shot. He had remembered his training – and he had remembered the last time he had shot a suspect down.

Sirens sounded nearby and there came the sound of running footsteps shortly after, and Kurt knew their back-up had arrived. Satisfied that the situation was under control, he holstered his gun and turned to Magnus – now crouched over Jensen, tugging at his shirt to get a closer look at his wound. Kurt could tell from the amount of blood in the room that it was serious, and he shouted to the back-up to call for an ambulance, and fast.

Magnus pressed both hands to the wound, hot tears shining in his eyes as he tried to stop the bleeding. He yanked off his jacket, wadded it up and pressed it against Jensen's side, not caring about the stains already forming on the fabric. His hands were slick with blood, his clothes were covered in it, and he didn't even care that he was crying in public – all he cared about was keeping Jensen alive, and keeping those perfect blue eyes open and focused.

"You idiot, Jensen. You absolute *fucking* idiot!" He gasped out, voice shaking with the amount of emotion he was struggling with. With one hand, Jensen reached up and brushed the backs of his fingers across Magnus' cheek, wiping away some tears whilst at the same time smearing blood across the pale skin. "I told you not to come in here. You're not a cop, goddamnit! You... you're not... you can't..."

"Magnus, Magnus..." He whispered softly, a smile on his face. "Calm down, baby." He grinned now. "You're my cop. I couldn't let you get hurt."

"And you think I... you think I could just sit there and watch you put your own life at risk?!" Magnus pressed harder on the wound. "Where's that fucking ambulance?!" He screamed at the cops standing awkwardly in the room. From the sounds outside, they'd found the 'merchandise' Bjorn had spoken of, and some of the workers involved with the dodgy dealing, but there was no signs of an ambulance.

"Hey, hey... look at me, Magnus. Look at me." Stormy eyes met calm blue, and Jensen cupped the pale face with bloodied hands. "You're okay. That's all that matters. That bastard didn't touch you." For a moment Magnus couldn't speak – could barely even breathe. Bleeding out on the floor of the storeroom, life slipping away from him with every minute that passed... and Jensen could only think of him, of his safety.

Paramedics burst into the room and Magnus felt himself being dragged away. He struggled, fought against them, but then Kurt was holding him back, telling him to let the medics do their job. He saw Nyberg and some other familiar faces from the station – and Lisa, Lisa was here, and they were looking at him as he screamed for Jensen, begged the medics to let him close, pleading for them to let him see him.

Kurt's hands restrained him, backed him up against the wall, and it wasn't until Magnus felt his shoulders hit the cold brick that he finally snapped. His usual rules for showing emotion were erased from the board and he collapsed to the ground as sobs racked his body head to toe, bloodied hands twisting into his hair as he let out all the grief, the fear, and the worry. To his surprise, Kurt crouched beside him, an arm awkwardly slung around his shoulders in a symbol of comfort, and he turned to glance over at the medics.

Jensen was being loaded onto a stretcher – still awake, and his eyes were still fixed upon Magnus. He met Kurt's eyes briefly, and gave him a nod, a nod that said 'take care of him', and Kurt responded with a stiff smile that told him 'I will'. As they rolled him past Bjorn, Jensen leant over and spat blood into the man's face.

"No one calls my cop a bitch." He growled, before slumping back against the stretcher. Despite the situation, Kurt smiled.

"Magnus... Magnus, come on now..." It was Anne-Britt who came to him first. Kurt had moved away to direct the police officers on what to do with the suspects and the drugs they'd found stashed away, leaving Magnus alone on the stone floor, staring at the pool of blood where Jensen had been sprawled only moments ago. "We should get you cleaned up."

He glanced down at his hands, twisted in his lap, as red as the blood that coated the floor. Jensen's blood. It was Jensen's blood on his hands and oh god there was so much, too much and-

"Magnus." Her voice cut into his thoughts and he lifted his head, wide, scared eyes meeting hers. He saw a flash of surprise in her face, quickly concealed, but he knew she hadn't expected him to be such an open book. He had always schooled his features, kept his truest emotions hidden beneath the surface. He was Magnus Martinsson – he was snarky and irritable, and he complained and whined and made it known that he felt unappreciated. He wasn't emotional. He didn't get scared or worried or upset. He simply worked the job.

Except now it was different. It had been different the second Jensen had gotten himself involved. Because Jensen was *his*. Jensen was his life now, his private, personal life that he didn't tell anyone about because *fuck* it wasn't their business who he went out with or who he had sex with, or who he wanted to share the rest of his life with. But now they knew – everyone knew, and there wouldn't be a soul in the Ystad Police Service who didn't know who Magnus shared his bed with. His private life was suddenly public and *fuck it all to hell they had no right to know!*

He let Anne-Britt pull him to his feet, allowed her to lead him from the storeroom. The cops outside turned as they emerged, and he felt their stares as he walked shakily across the warehouse, the gun – holstered once more – feeling stupidly heavy on his hip. He could feel them staring. Staring at the mess he had become. He was covered in blood – *Jensen's blood* – and his hair was a mess and his eyes were red from crying and his throat raw from screaming and he was shaking and pale and *fuck* he didn't look like *Magnus*.

But he didn't care.

All he cared about was seeing Jensen happy and alive, his usual bright self that made Magnus feel wanted and adored and *appreciated*. He wanted his blond back in his arms, where he could listen to his heartbeat and hear his laugh rumble all the way from his chest as they lay sprawled together in bed, and watch the stars with him late at night. He wanted to lie upon the roof, wrapped in the big blanket from Jensen's sofa, those big strong arms wrapped securely around him, and listen to Jensen's smooth voice as he pointed out the constellations and told him about the stars and where they were, what they meant. He wanted Jensen to tilt his chin up and kiss him so sweetly he could slip into a coma and never wake, and be happy the rest of his life.

He didn't remember the ride to the station. He didn't remember Anne-Britt guiding him into the shower and telling him to clean himself up. He didn't remember scrubbing the blood from his hands, from his face, from his hair. He didn't remember wrapping himself in the spare clothes he kept in his locker, nor tugging on the long coat he favoured over all the others. He didn't remember Anne-Britt bundling him back into the car and driving him to the hospital, nor leading him down the white-washed corridors that stank of disinfectant and sickness.

He just remembered staring at Jensen lying in that hospital bed, unconscious and hooked up to several monitors, and breaking down into tears again.

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Jensen woke feeling almost no pain, which was a blessing, and a familiar warmth close to his heart. Being careful not to move too suddenly, he turned his head and smiled at the head of soft, curly hair that rested against his shoulder so delicately it was almost impossible to believe. One hand was slotted neatly into his own bandaged one, the other resting over his heart. Magnus slept peacefully, though Jensen knew the only possible reason for his slumber was down to him simply passing out from exhaustion.

He shifted very slightly, not wanting to wake him, and nuzzled his face into the gorgeous curls he had adored from the second he had seen him – across the room in that dark, smoky bar – and smiled. Magnus made a soft sound deep in his throat, and Jensen's smile evolved into a grin.

"He finally passed out about an hour ago." Jensen lifted his head, and saw the familiar shape of Kurt Wallander in the doorway. "Refused to leave your side even for a second. Anne-Britt had to practically force-feed him a sandwich about two hours ago."

"He always was a stubborn little shit." Jensen murmured fondly, flexing his fingers experimentally for a moment before he curled them around Magnus' hand.

"You did a brave thing, Jensen." Kurt murmured, taking a seat in the only other chair in the room. "You could have been killed. You nearly were."

"Bjorn didn't harm Magnus, nor you, nor your colleague. That's all that matters." He replied calmly, smiling again as Magnus shifted in his sleep and nuzzled into his shoulder. "I was prepared to take that risk to stop him from hurting someone else."

"We'll acknowledge your bravery." Kurt told him. "And I can guarantee the station won't forget your name any time soon."

"Well perhaps you can do me a favour and make sure, for Magnus' sake, that I'm known as the idiot who tried to take down a criminal above being known for Magnus' secret partner."

"Despite what Magnus might think, some things are kept quiet even if the whole station knows." Kurt shrugged. "He separates work and home life so strongly. I know it'll be hard for him to deal with this private knowledge being shared amongst colleagues, but it won't be as bad as he thinks."

"Magnus is a very private man."

"And we wouldn't have him any other way." Kurt rose to his feet. "You were lucky today, Jensen. Magnus almost lost it completely." He paused. "I'd hate to think how he'd react if you weren't so lucky the next time." Jensen knew what meaning the words held, and he nodded.

"Then I'll be careful to avoid a next time, Wallander."

"I'll leave you to rest. Magnus has been given some time off to recover from what happened. Lisa used some official statement for it, but we all knew what she really meant. She just wants Magnus to be here, where he can see you're safe." He paused in the doorway. "I've never seen him look at someone the way he looks at you."

"I'm glad." Jensen smiled, his other hand working its way into the blond-brown curls, massaging Magnus' scalp gently. "Because he's *my* cop." Kurt laughed softly at that, and lifted a hand in a goodbye wave as he exited the room. "You hear that, Magnus? My cop. Only mine."

"Hm?" Magnus stirred, lifting his head as he blinked his eyes sleepily. It took him all of five seconds to realise Jensen was awake – and alive – and he threw himself at him, arms coming around him so tightly that Jensen actually winced, despite the intense pain meds he was on.

"Magnus, hey... recently stabbed, here." He muttered, trying to keep the pain from his voice. Magnus quickly pulled back, spluttering an apology and immediately began checking his wounds in case he had reopened any. "Hey, hey. I'm fine, really... just... look at me." *Look at me.* Those three words never failed to have an effect on Magnus, and he lifted his eyes to meet Jensen's gaze. "We're okay."

"I swear to god, Jensen, if you ever do something like that again I'll... I'll..." Magnus struggled for a moment, and then swatted at his chest only half-heartedly. "I'll do something painful to you!" Jensen caught his hands in his own, and brought them to his lips.

"I've no doubt about that." He smiled against Magnus' knuckles, and any anger – even if it was only anger born of fear – disappeared from him immediately, and he melted against Jensen's chest. "I wasn't going to let him touch my cop."

They remained that way for sometime, before Magnus shifted and climbed up onto the bed beside him – it was awkward, due to the bed being far too small to accommodate Jensen's large size as well as Magnus' long, slender one, and so Magnus ended up half on top of Jensen by the time they got comfortable, but neither of them made a single noise of complaint. Jensen let Magnus rest his head upon his chest, knowing he needed to hear the heartbeat, knowing he needed the confirmation that he was, in fact, alive. After long, comfortable minutes of silence, Jensen spoke up once more.

"I meant it, you know." He whispered. "The words I mouthed to you. You remember them?" Magnus nodded very slightly, his hand finding Jensen's and holding it tightly. "I meant every word." He tilted Magnus' chin up, leant down to give him one of those sweet kisses that Magnus loved oh so much, and smiled when he pulled away. "You are my life."

Out of the corner of his eye, Magnus saw his colleagues gathered by the door, watching intently. His instinct told him to snap at them to leave, that this was private - but he realised in that moment that he really didn't care. With a grin brighter than any they'd ever seen on his face, he cupped Jensen's face between his hands...

... and planted the biggest, deepest kiss he could manage on his lips.

"And you are mine."

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