In Rao's Light

by rileynoah

Summary

It’s not like they weren’t having sex. Lena was extremely satisfied when it came to the bedroom in almost every sense. Almost. Kara would touch her, and love her, and worship her. She used to count her orgasms and now, she really couldn't keep up. Kara’s focus was entirely on her, and her pleasure. But Kara wouldn’t let Lena return the favour.

Or

Lena recruits the help of Alex to dampen Kara's powers enough to finally touch her.

Notes

I had a lengthy discussion about this with at least like seven people because I am thoroughly of the belief that kryptonite exposure for long enough to have sex would make Kara feel sick, so this seems MUCH more plausible in my mind. This was supposed to be kinky at first, but then it just turned out really soft and shy.

But don't worry, the kinky will come ;) (as well as some sanvers sex because why the fuck
not?)

Thanks to @404artnotfound for being a SICK beta.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The First Time

Scientifically, it’s not impossible. Lena is a scientist, and she knows that logistically this would be hard, but it shouldn’t be impossible. Not that it mattered anyway, because Kara continued to refuse.

It’s not like they weren’t having sex. Lena was extremely satisfied when it came to the bedroom in almost every sense. Almost. Kara would touch her, and love her, and worship her. She used to count her orgasms and now, she really couldn't keep up. Kara’s focus was entirely on her, and her pleasure. But Kara wouldn’t let Lena return the favour.

“Lena, when I get too upset, or angry, or… excited, I don’t have the best self control. I don’t want to- no. I can’t hurt you, Lena.”

“But Kara, sweetie, I trust you, I-”

“Lena, I don’t trust myself.”

Lena would always drop it, learning early that if she pushed it then Kara would become upset. Because of course Kara wanted Lena to touch her. It’s just that she couldn’t trust herself to keep Lena safe in that situation.

They’re six months into their relationship, and Kara isn’t shy about sex. As much as it seems that Kara “Puppy” Danvers comes across as awkward and shy and vaguely grossed out by the idea of sex. Lena wasn’t really dating Kara Danvers, and Lena wasn’t dating Supergirl either. Lena was dating Kara Zor-El. And Kara Zor-El was far from shy in the bedroom.

They’re six months into their relationship and Lena stumbles across some hidden files that had landed in her lap after the arrest of her mother. Some half laid plans, some of Lex’s technology. It all seems pretty useless to her until she comes across a file labelled “Krypton”.

She shouldn’t look, it’s not her place. Lena places the file back on the pile and shoves it into the bottom desk of her draw, to be dealt with another day. Anything she wanted to know about Krypton, she’s sure Kara would tell her. But Lena can’t let go of the file, and she can’t let go of her curiosity, until one night when she is already knee deep in her second bottle of wine for the night and Kara is off saving the world.

Lena pulls the file from her draw, dropping it on her desk unceremoniously and kicking the draw shut. She doesn’t read it immediately, still sipping at her wine in search of liquid courage. Would Kara think she was intruding? Would she be upset that Lena had found and read Cadmus’ information about her home planet? She couldn’t be sure. But after she’d finished the second bottle of wine, her uncertainty is nowhere to be found.

She reads about Krypton, their customs and tradition. Most of the file is in Lex’s handwriting, things that he had learnt from Superman when they were friends. It’s all very fascinating, but it’s the section on powers that really catches her eye.

Lex’s neat handwriting details the science behind a Kryptonian’s powers on earth. She learns all about Rao, the red sun that served as Krypton’s light and God, and how it’s the yellow sun of Earth that powers Kara. Attached to the back of the file is a photo and some design notes, this time in Lillian’s handwriting. Lena, being severely intoxicated and admittedly very horny, drops the file on the floor in her excitement, papers flying everywhere as she stands abruptly and reaches for her phone.
The head of science at L-Corp isn’t at his desk, which should be obvious as it is past midnight now, and Lena curses before hanging up, gathering the paper on the floor and deciding that she should go to bed. She thought that she should sleep on this before she starts funnelling money into a project that is purely for her to fuck her girlfriend.

God, Lena is whipped.

“Red sunlight?” Dr Yang asks skeptically, looking down at the photograph Lena had handed him. He hadn’t even made it to his desk, the CEO and his boss waiting by the door to his lab first thing in the morning looking anxious and… excited.

“Yes, do you think it’s within the realm of L-Corp’s capabilities?” Lena asks him professionally, trying her best not to let on her exhilaration for the project. Her employees really didn’t need to know. After a short conversation on the science and the promise of a few extra vacation days, Dr Yang agrees to try and build the solar lamp. Lena can’t contain the grin on her face as she retreats from the lab, scaring a few of the low level interns that watch her breeze past.

Three weeks pass but Dr Yang comes back to Lena with bad news. They couldn’t manage to replicate the advanced technology the sunlamp design required and Lena fights to hide her disappointment, thanking him for his work anyway. She requests all of his notes and prototypes before instructing him to destroy everything else and makes him sign an NDA, much to his bewilderment. She may offer him a few more vacation days as an incentive.

Another month of frustrating one sided sex goes by before Lena finally decides she’s going to bite the bullet and approach the people she knows can help her.

She knocks on the white wooden door three times, listening to the padding of soft feet as she braces herself. This is going to be embarrassing for the both of them, but she’s determined to find a solution.

“Ms Luthor!” Maggie answers the door, and Lena isn’t surprised. Alex and Maggie were practically inseparable most of the time. You could barely get one without the other unless you approached either of them at work, and the DEO was not the place to have this conversation. She still cringes at the memory of J’onn stumbling through an awkward conversation with her about his telepathy and her loud thoughts.

“Lena, please.” Lena insists, frowning at the formality. “We’re practically sisters in law.”

“Lena, come on in.” Maggie smiles, stepping out of the way to let the raven haired woman in. Alex greets her from the couch, the agent sitting up to make room for Lena to sit down, pausing the movie as she does.

“Hey, Lena. What’s up?” Alex asks brightly as Maggie offers her a drink.

“I’m here to ask a favour, actually…” Lena trails off. Not matter how many times she’d practiced this conversation in the car, she knew it wasn’t going to be easy.

“Anything!” Alex replies with a smile. Lena had not known Alex very well before Maggie had come into her life. Kara had told her about the difference it had made in her life, going from Agent Badass to Agent Giggles. Lena wishes she had been there for that.

“I had my head of science have a look at something for me. Some designs left behind by my mother, and he can’t figure out the science. I’ve given it my best shot but I also just can’t get it right, and since you and the DEO have much better knowledge of Kryptonian DNA and science, I was
wondering if you could help me build this…” Lena trails her sentence off as she hold the photo out. Alex takes it and looks it over for less than a few seconds before looking back up, stone-faced.

“Why?” The question is cold and clearly protective. Lena decides to ignore the distrust in her voice, simply glad that Alex already seems to know the concept and science.

“That, Alex, is an awkward conversation.” Lena states. Alex only raises an eyebrow, prompting her to continue. Maggie, having taken the photograph and notes from Alex’s hand to have a look, looks up with a shit-eating grin on her face.

“Well I’ve got to admire how much you value safe sex.”

Lena’s taken aback by how fast she had caught on and though she is grateful she doesn’t have to say the words herself, she’s not glad she had to use words like that. Alex’s eyes grow wide and she shifts uncomfortably on the couch.

“You- she- Sorry, what?” Alex stammers.

“Maggie isn’t wrong, but-”

“You need a red sun lamp to have sex with my sister?”

“Essentially, yes.”

“Does Kara know about this?”

“No.”

“You guys aren’t having sex?”

The last question had come from Maggie, the grin replaced with confusion. “Cause that’s not the vibe I got….” Alex groans and Maggie grimaces, putting a hand on Alex’s shoulder in apology.

“We are… Sort of.” Lena replies, ignoring the way Alex groans again and buries her face in her hands.

“Sort of?” Maggie continues, patting a red-faced Alex on the shoulder as she grumbles. Lena is suddenly very glad that Maggie is here, or this conversation would probably be going much worse.

“She-uh… She touches me. But she won’t let me touch her…” Lena can feel her own cheeks becoming red now. “She’s too afraid of losing control of her powers and hurting me.”

“Losing control?” Maggie questions.

“You’ve never seen her get really emotional, have you?” Lena laughs. Maggie goes to object, to say that she has seen Kara angry.

“In a non-Supergirl context, I mean.” Lena quickly clarifies. Maggie squints, tilting her head in thought for a moment before shaking her head.

“No, I don’t believe I have.”

“She tends to break things accidentally. The first time she… uh.” Lena gulps, avoiding looking at Alex directly. “The first time we had sex, she broke my desk.”

“She’s crushed her phone at Catco so many times that the maintenance guy thought she was flirting
with him.” Alex adds from where she is still buried in her hands, laughing a little at the memory.

“I’ve told her that I trust her, but she continues to refuse and I want to be able to-” Lena cuts herself off, flushing red again when Alex starts shaking her head.

“I really never wanted to be involved in my sister's sex life.” She grumbles.

“So…” Lena starts, flicking her gaze between Alex and Maggie, trying to gauge where the agent stands. “You’ll help me?”

Alex hesitates, and Lena’s heart squeezes. But Maggie lightly slaps Alex’s shoulder.

“Come on, Danvers. Help a fellow lady lover out.”

Alex groans, but she laughs as well, and she reaches out for the photograph still in Maggie’s grasp.

“Give me a week, I’ll see what I can do.”

Lena, now wearing her own shit-eating grin, stands and hugs both women, chuckling with nervous excitement as she farewells them both and shows herself to the door.

“Hey, at least we know Lena wants to take care of Kara.” Maggie teases. Alex still doesn’t want to think about it, shoving her girlfriend playfully.

“We are NOT talking about this.”

~~~~~

It takes far longer than Lena would like. Alex accidentally gets found out by J’onn which leads to Lena being brought into the DEO to sign a mountain of paperwork whilst J’onn stammers his way through what Lena thinks is supposed to be shovel talk. She feels kind of bad, because she didn’t approach J’onn directly, specifically to avoid this conversation. But after a few painfully awkward hours and finally a hesitant thumbs up from the Director, later, Lena drives home with Alex and Winn in tow with a DEO equipment van.

Just over an hour later, Lena is leaning on the doorframe of her bedroom, anxiously watching Alex fiddling with the light fitting and Winn pacing below her, tapping rapidly on the screen of his iPad. She straightens when she notices Winn turning to her.

“These…” Winn says, returning Lena’s phone to her. “are your controls.”

Lena taps open the app that Winn directs her to, she presses her thumbprint to the screen when prompted and the app opens to a list of options and sliders.

“It’s your basic on-off button,” Winn points to the top switch. “Intensity,” he points to the first slider.

“And these?” Lena asks, indicating to buttons and settings at the bottom of the page.

“Those aren’t finished yet. You said you wanted voice activation but I need a little more time for that…” Winn informs her, averting his eyes and blushing a little at the thought of what exactly he was doing.

“Thank you.” Lena mumbles, smiling at him gratefully. She knows this is awkward, but the result will definitely make up for any awkwardness she feels now. Alex finishes screwing the light fixture back in place and steps off the bed, shoving her feet back into her combat boots.
“Great, so let’s never speak of this again?” Alex asks, not making eye contact with Lena. Winn murmurs in agreement and they both pack their things and head to the door. Lena thanks them once again as they head out towards the lift, but doesn't bother waiting for their response, shutting the door swiftly and making a beeline back to her bedroom.

She unlocks her phone, opens the app and switches the lamp on. There is a mechanical whirring as the room fades to a deep red. Lena, obviously, feels no difference, but tonight…

Lena bites her lip. *Tonight.*

~~~~~~

Kara lands softly on the balcony just past one in the morning, stumbling wearily through the balcony doors and slumping onto the cool leather couch, groaning in relief. Lena, who Kara probably assumes is asleep, pads out of the bedroom and towards her girlfriend, reaching to help her begin to pull apart her uniform.

“Why aren’t you sleeping?” Kara asks without bothering to move her face from where it is mushed into the couch, making her words come out muffled.

“I was waiting for you…” Lena starts, pulling of each of Kara’s boots slowly, continuing before Kara can bite back with a ‘duh’ comment. “I have a surprise for you.”

“Surprise?” Kara turns her head now, eyeing Lena from the corner of her eye as Lena detaches her cape deftly and folds it up, dumping it onto the armchair behind her.

“A surprise.”

“What kind of surprise?” Kara sounds almost childlike, the fatigue in her eyes melting into excitement.

“Why don’t you help me get you out of this-” Lena tugs at the arm of the Supergirl costume. “And come find out?”

It’s enough to motivate Kara to stand up and let Lena unzip her suit. Kara remains only in her underwear as Lena pulls her slowly towards the bedroom.

“Oh, *this* kind of surprise?” Kara wiggles her eyebrows like a dork and Lena laughs, using the hand she has on Kara’s arm to pull the blonde in for a kiss as they reach the doorway. It’s slow and languid at first, but before long Kara is tugging at the hem of Lena’s tank top, inching it up slowly as she guides her towards the bed. Lena lets her, knowing where her phone lies waiting under the pillows. She lets Kara strip her of her pyjama shorts, lets Kara push her down onto the bed and kiss her again, lets Kara straddle her hips after she has positioned herself against the pillows.

Kara’s fingers travel from her neck to her bra, then down to the hem of her panties in a silent question and Lena knows that now is her chance. Her hand wraps around her phone under the pillow, bringing it out and tapping the ‘On’ button. Kara begins to ask what she is doing, but the room is bathing in red light before she can finish the question.

“Lena?” Kara asks, confused, looking up at the light fixture that looks normal, except now the light bulb glows a bright red. Kara is suddenly struck with a wave of nostalgia, the red bulb reminding her of Rao, Krypton’s red sun. She doesn’t connect the dots until she feel’s Lena’s hands anchor on her hips and push.

Kara finds herself on her back, Lena straddling her waist and looking down at her with impossibly
wide eyes. How did she…?

“Red sunlamp…” Kara breathes, flexing her muscles slowly in a test. Lena nods, holding up her phone where Kara can see a control panel.

“How…”

“Alex helped.” Lena explains. “Is this… okay?”

She can hear the insecurity in her own voice, but this is Kara, and Kara is hers, and Kara loves her. Lena just hopes she hasn’t overstepped a boundary.

“This is…” Kara reaches her hand out to Lena, and Lena complies with her own hand, intertwining their fingers. She feels Kara’s grip start to tighten, slowly testing her strength.

“I’m still too strong.” Kara says quickly, releasing Lena’s hand. The CEO thinks she can see a flicker of disappointment under her eyes and she smiles reassuringly.

“That’s because it’s on a low setting. So we can find a good level.” Lena informs her. She rolls off of Kara, settling onto the pillows beside her so that they can both see the controls on Lena’s phone.

“We’re on about twenty five percent now…” Lena mumbles, pointing to the slider. “Shall we try fifty?”

Kara nods, biting her lip in anticipation as Lena drags the slider up, setting it in the middle and letting go. The light intensity doesn’t change, but Kara shifts next to her and Lena knows she must be feeling the difference.

“Can I have your hand?” Kara asks. Lena offers it to her and waits as Kara slowly squeezes, getting a feel for how dimmed her powers are.

“Bit more, I think…” She mutters, keeping hold of Lena’s hand as the CEO pushes the intensity to seventy five percent. Kara squeezes once, twice and a third time before smiling at Lena.

“I think that’s perfect.”

Kara looks happy, she looks excited, but behind her blue eyes Lena is sure she is sensing uncertainty. The last thing she wants to do is make Kara uncomfortable.

“You okay?” She asks quietly, placing her phone down and turning to wrap Kara up in her embrace.

“Nervous, I think.” Kara explains, kissing Lena’s forehead.

“We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.” Lena assures her, tracing circles on Kara’s arm.

“Can I- can we start with you?” Kara asks, seeking some familiarity. Lena smiles and nods, because of course they can, and Kara is soon straddling her again, attaching her lips to Lena’s pulse point and roaming freely with both hands. It’s different. Kara’s hands feel more sure, feel less like they are holding something back, and Lena loves it.

Kara snakes a hand around Lena’s back to unhook her bra, helping her pull it off and fling it somewhere away from the bed. Lena could swear that she is on fire, the way that Kara’s hands dig just a little harder into her skin, grip a little tighter onto her hips, and Kara’s lips suck a little harder on her neck.

The way Kara moves is less hesitant. Lena knows she’ll never have enough. The blonde’s hands
linger at Lena’s hips, playing with the elastic of her underwear softly and Lena moans, Lena bucks her hips up because please.

Kara gasps in response, louder than usual, fuller than usual, and drags Lena’s panties down, letting her kick them off once they’re around her ankles. Kara lets her lips drag a trail from Lena’s collarbone to her jaw, then to the spot behind her ear that makes Lena shudder.

“What do you want?” Kara whispers hotly in her ear, wedging her thigh in between Lena’s legs and letting her grind against it, waiting for Lena to clear her mind enough to answer.

“I-I want-” the rest of Lena’s reply is lost in a breathy shudder as her hips find just the right rhythm. Kara’s breath is hot on her skin, lips kissing intermittently as she waits patiently. The combination of Kara’s breath and her hands resting solidly at her thighs is forcing the breath from Lena’s lungs and she can’t breathe because oxygen becomes irrelevant and she just wants Kara.

“I want you.” She mumbles simply, dragging her hands down Kara’s back and removing her bra in a practiced movement. She’s impressed with her dexterity in the situation. She can feel Kara smirk against her neck and she can feel Kara’s fingers trail around to her centre, stroking slowly everywhere except where Lena needs her the most.

“Cheeseball.” Kara mutters, revelling in the way that Lena gasps and whimpers as her fingers move deftly.

“Please, Kara.” Lena whimpers out, bucking as Kara’s fingers skate past her clit with no lasting pressure yet again.

“Sorry, what was that?”

Lena can feel Kara’s grin in their kiss and Lena knows that Kara likes it when she begs. But, the red sunlight wasn’t the only thing she learnt from that file, and Lena wants to give Kara the world. So she takes a deep, shuddering breath in, trying to ignore Kara’s frustratingly slow fingers and recalls the words she had spent hours, days, learning to say. She repeats herself, but this time in Kryptonian.

“Sokau, Kara.”

At first, she stills. Kara ceases all movements and pulls back enough to stare down into Lena’s eyes.

“L-Lena?”

Kara’s hands stay at her centre, unmoving, and Lena bucks her hips in desperation.

“Pahdh zhao vo khap,” Lena had practised the words over and over again. “Make love to me,” in Kara’s native tongue, and Lena isn’t disappointed. It’s Kara’s turn to buck her hips in desperation, whimpering with eyes scrunched shut.

“Rrip nahn zrhueiao” Kara’s words flow beautifully from her tongue, much less stilted than Lena’s accented words from a moment ago. Kara’s hands have started moving again, this time giving Lena a little of what she had been desperately waiting for. Fingertips press lightly against her clit as Kara attacks her neck and jaw.

“Haven’t heard that one,” Lena chuckles, her sentence ending in a moan as Kara uses her thigh to press harder, give Lena more.

“You are beautiful.” Kara repeats reverently letting her lips trail past Lena’s neck and down her chest. She trails her tongue lightly over Lena’s breast, teasing momentarily before sucking and
tugging at her nipple, using her free hand to tease the other.

“Kara.” Lena begs, losing all control of herself as Kara’s fingers move patiently, slowly.

“Say it again...”

Lena misses it, lost in the way Kara drags her tongue across her stomach, dipping into her navel and nipping across her hip bone. It’s not until Kara is settled between her legs that she asks again. Because Kara has never felt like this before. Kara has never felt so loved, and accepted. She’s never felt so home.

“Lena?” She punctuates her words with a bite to Lena’s inner thigh that makes her jump slightly. “Say it again?”

Lena props herself up enough to meet Kara’s eyes from in between her legs before she speaks.

“Pahdh zhao vo khap...”

Kara moans, and Kara relents, and puts her mouth on Lena, immediately flicking against her clit lightly. Lena moans, and Lena bucks and she squirms so hard that Kara struggles to keep her hips in place. All of this makes them both moan harshly and Kara picks up her speed.

Kara uses two fingers to tease at Lena’s entrance, causing her to push her hips up and beg loudly.

“Kara, please.”

“Please what?”

“Put your goddamn fingers inside of me.” Lena demands loudly, unable to wait another second, and it’s barely that long before Kara is pushing against her, and Kara is inside of her, and Kara is hitting that spot and she’s seeing stars behind her eyes. Her vision is hazy and not only from the haze of red light that surrounds the pair of them, but she’s climbing closer and closer to a release that she doesn’t think she has ever felt.

The pressure builds and builds until Kara lifts her mouth away from her. Lena keens at the loss. Though it only lasts for a moment as Kara mutters, her breath hitting Lena’s clit in something that is entirely too much and entirely not enough.

“Zhgam osh khap, Lena”

Lena knows those words, because Lena had definitely made sure to learn those words, and when Kara presses her mouth back to her clit, she does come for her. Stars explode behind her eyes, and her hips rip upwards into Kara’s ready mouth and steady fingers that guide her gently through her orgasm, the first of many.

“Wow.” Kara mutters, kissing her way gently up Lena’s still twitching body and pressing a short, chaste kiss to her lips before collapsing onto the pillows beside her panting girlfriend.

“I think that’s what I am supposed to say.”

When she feels confident enough to move, Lena rolls over to drape an arm across Kara’s torso, nuzzling her face into the crook in her neck.

“How do you feel?” Lena asks, letting her lips trail gently along Kara’s neck and shoulder. She doesn’t want to move too quickly because she knows this is new. Kara had told her that she had
never been able to do this. This entire experience was new and exciting and Lena is sure that it’s scary as well.

“Amazing...” Kara chuckles, turning into Lena’s embrace and kissing at her hairline. Lena can sense the hesitance, the question at the tip of Kara’s tongue that she doesn’t want to ask. Lena knows Kara. She pulls back enough to look into blue eyes.

“I found a file in the midst of Lex’s things. Information about Krypton…” She trails off, waiting for the blonde’s reaction. Her eyes are guarded, unmoving, and Lena ploughs on. Get it over with.

“Most of it was cultural information, customs and tradition.” Lena explains. She can feel Kara’s hands tracing up and down her spine softly, and she tries to take it as a good sign.

“I read about Rao… about the red sunlight… it’s where I got this idea.” Lena glances up at the globe in the ceiling, bathing the room in a red glow, reminiscent of a red lightbulb in a photographer’s darkroom.

“I hope I didn’t overstep…”

The vulnerability in her voice must be what brings Kara back from her reverie, looking down at Lena and quirking her lips into a smile.

“Not at all, I understand.” She murmurs, pecking at Lena’s lips. “I’m glad.”

“Glad?”

Kara pulls further away from her, rolling onto her back again so that she can look up at the lamp, smiling softly. She seems content not to explain further, letting her hands continue to trace up and down Lena’s spine gently and Lena doesn’t push. She can’t imagine the kind of loss that Kara holds so close to her chest. It comes out in soft moments, in moments of silence when they are together, and Lena knows that she may never know the full picture, may never fully understand. But she will soak up any information Kara is willing to let go.

Lena knows that Kara won’t be the one to initiate the next move, she can feel the waves of anxiety that roll from Kara’s shoulders. She can only imagine all of the thoughts firing like pistons in Kara’s mind.

So Lena pushes herself up, swinging her leg over Kara’s hips and settling gently just above where she wants to be. She kisses Kara, threading one hand into her hair and using the other to pull a bra strap down her shoulder.

“You need to tell me if it’s too much.” Lena mumbles against Kara’s parted lips as the blonde sits up enough for Lena to take her bra off. Kara gasps, and Kara nods as Lena trades her lips out for the cords of her neck, letting her hands trail down her collarbones and towards her chest. When Lena reaches the swell of her breasts, she forces herself to pause. This is the furthest Lena had ever been, before Kara would pull away, before Kara would still her hands and shake her head. She pauses and she waits.

Kara gasps and nods, bringing her own hands to push Lena’s down, insistent and pleading. Lena moans into Kara’s skin and continues downwards, letting her fingers brush over already pert nipples, her mouth not far behind. Kara squirms heavily, chest heaving and pupils blown wide at all of the new sensations she had never been able to enjoy before. Lena knows Kara had tried by herself, but there was a stark difference between your own hands and someone else’s. Especially when you’re in love with that someone else.
She latches her mouth onto Kara’s right nipple and uses a hand to play with the other. Kara’s back arches clean off the bed and Lena gasps at every reaction she is managing to pull out of the superhero.

“Lena.” Kara whispers breathlessly, letting her hands rest against Lena’s shoulders. They’re trembling pretty hard and Lena can’t tell if it’s out of arousal or nerves. Probably a mixture of both.

“Yes, darling?” Lena replies, slowly trailing her lips further down Kara’s body, to her stomach. She can feel the muscles rippling under her skin and Kara’s muscular body had always been something of a turn on.

“Please.” Kara’s voice is stronger this time, and Lena glances up to where blue eyes stare down at her. They’re hooded and dark, filled with lust and nerves and love.

“Please what?”

Kara lets out a sharp laugh, the tables have finally turned and it's her turn to beg.

“Sokau…. Pahdh zhao vo khap.” Kara uses her own trick against her and Lena can’t help the moan that rips from her throat. Kara laughs at the way Lena freezes, pressing her forehead against the soft patch of skin below her navel, breathing heavily against her.

“I’m not going to survive this.” Lena groans, lifting to rest her chin against Kara’s stomach to look up her girlfriend, beginning to pull Kara’s panties down. She encourages Kara to kick them off and retakes her position, lips against Kara’s stomach.

“You?!” Kara laughs again. “How do you think I feel?”

Lena smiles, well, she smirks. Kara drops her head to the pillows and laughs again, and Lena uses her momentary distraction to move her hand to Kara’s centre. She pressed two fingers against her without warning and Kara’s hips jerk violently at the contact.

“Rao, Lena.” It’s as close as Kara comes to cursing and Lena grins, letting Kara get used to being touched. Lena relishes that she is the first person to be make Kara feel this way, relishes that this version of Kara belongs entirely to her.

“Good?” Lena asks, checking in as she shifts in between Kara’s legs. She kisses at the inside of her thighs, doing her best to ignore the way she can see how turned on Kara is. She won’t go there until she knows that Kara is okay.

“Amazing. Brilliant. Excellent.” Kara huffs quickly, threading her fingers into Lena’s hair again and pushing gently. “Can- Just please?”

Lena grins, and Lena bites at Kara’s skin, making her jump and moan again. She’ll never get enough of that sound, the way Kara is positively writhing under her attention, the way she pleads breathlessly. But, knowing that she has a lifetime ahead of her of exactly this, she relents and gives Kara what she wants. Not before clamping both of her hands on Kara’s hips to try and minimise any injury, and she’s glad she did.

Kara’s hips buck violently against her mouth and Kara screams. Lena moans in response, which causes Kara to call out her name, fingers tightening against her scalp, at the vibration of her voice. Wasting as little time as possible, Lena latches her lips around Kara’s clit and flicks at it rapidly. She uses every trick she’s ever learnt, noting what makes Kara react the most, what will bring Kara right to the edge of her first partner induced orgasm.
“Lena,” Her name is followed by a string of Kryptonese words she doesn’t recognise. Lena pulls away and replaces her tongue with her fingers, rubbing circles that are definitely not enough to send Kara tumbling over the edge. Kara exhales in frustration and lifts her hips desperately.

“What was that?” Lena teases, biting at Kara’s trembling thighs.

“Nothing!” Kara responds quickly, lifting her head to look at Lena. Raising an eyebrow, Lena doesn’t push the question and brings her tongue back to Kara, keeping her pace frustratingly slow. “Lena.” It sounds like a request and a warning tied up in one.

“Oh, did you need something?”

“Lena!” Kara is grinding her hips up into Lena’s touch as best she can, but Lena is only giving her enough to remain right at the edge, teetering precariously.

“What did you say?” Lena asks again, letting her fingers trail from Kara’s clit down to her entrance, teasing mercilessly. Kara repeats the sentence quietly, desperate for the release that Lena is dangling over her, just out of reach. Lena inhales, her next question already poised, but Kara continues to speak.

“It means- Rao.” Kara shudders when Lena kisses lightly at her clit. “There isn’t really a word in English. The closest would be... ‘I am forever yours’.”

Lena ignores the way her eyes prickle, tears threatening to form in the corners. Kara shudders again when Lena presses another kiss above her clit and sighs heavily.

“I love you, Kara Zor-El.”

Lena returns her lips onto Kara now, pressing a single finger into her, not wanting to overwhelm Kara. And it’s made clear that it’s enough, when Kara cum’s with a loud yell and several of what Lena assumes are Kryptonian swear words. Lena guides Kara through her shudders, kissing at her centre gently as Kara begins to regain her breath.

“Rao.” Kara breathes, letting go of Lena’s hair to bring her hands to her face. She presses one hand over her eyes and the other over her mouth. Lena kisses her way back up Kara’s clearly sensitive body and curls into her side, nuzzling into her neck lightly.

She doesn’t notice Kara’s tears straight away, more feels the wetness of where they are hitting her shoulder.

“Kara?” Lena asks, concerned, as she reaches up to pull Kara’s hands from her face. The blonde lets her, grabbing at Lena’s hands instead. She turns to look down at Lena, tear stained cheeks in direct contrast to her dopey smile.

“Good crying?” Lena asks quietly.

“Very good crying.” Kara nods. Lena smiles and kisses her gently, basking in the way their bodies are intertwined. Slightly sweaty, soft and spent.

“I’ll have to send Alex something to thank her.” Lena ponders out loud.

“The best gift you could give her is probably not mentioning this ever again.” Kara laughs in response, gesturing vaguely to the whole situation.

“You’re probably right.” Lena agrees, sitting up and leaning in to kiss Kara gently. Kara kisses her
back, but whines at the loss of Lena pressed against her side. Lena ignores the grabby hands that Kara makes as she shuffles towards the edge of the bed.

“Where are you-”

Kara’s question is answered when Lena shuffles back to the middle of the king sized bed, crumpled sheets in hand, having retrieved them from where they had been unceremoniously dumped on the floor.

“Oh. Good.” Kara smiles at her sleepily and Lena feels her heart lurch in her chest. Settling back against Kara, their bodies now cocooned by a comfy sheet, she can feel Kara slipping into sleep.

“Yours?” Lena yawns. Kara nods kissing Lena’s forehead.

“Forever.”
Chapter Summary

Lena is the most extra lesbian to ever gay and Kara is totally down with it. Poor Sanvers get themselves trapped in Lena's makeshift sex dungeon/office and periwinkle Kryptonite comes into play and makes everything a little more interesting.

Chapter Notes

This is just plain sin. You thought last chapter was sin? You ain't seen shit yet, my guy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“She’s not replying again.” Alex huffs angrily, throwing her phone down on the bed and leaning back onto the headboard. Maggie glances up from her book, frowning.

“But we know exactly where she is… we know she’s fine.”

“That’s not the point.” Alex pouts now, and Maggie shoves her bookmark in before placing her book on the nightstand.

“Lena is making up for lost time, just let her get it out of her system.” Maggie laughs at the way Alex blushes furiously, groaning loudly at the thought.

“It’s been two weeks! I’ve barely seen my sister. Lena is holding her captive for sex.” Alex tries to frown again, but the way Maggie rolls onto her, straddling her waist has her fighting a grin.

“Holding a Danvers’ captive for sex, huh?” Maggie purrs, bringing her lips to Alex’s ear, kissing gently along her jawline on the way. “I could get on board.”

Alex rolls her eyes and tickles Maggie’s side playfully.
Lena really tries not to do it. She tries to ignore the little blinking light on the black box that now adorns her ceiling, but it’s hard to do when she’s lying awake, with a very naked Kara pressed into her side and her mind still racing with the night’s memories.

It has been three weeks since Alex installed the device on her ceiling. Three weeks since the night she had first been able to have sex with Kara properly. And they’d had sex every night since, barring any Supergirl emergencies that is. But after a lifetime of not being able to enjoy full intimacy with a partner, Kara pretty much always came home with an appetite.

They would see each other during the day of course. Kara would drop by her office to visit, or drop into one of her longer car rides in the back of Lena’s private car. They would kiss and Lena would find herself wanting more, but unable to do anything without the red sun lamp that adorns her bedroom ceiling. After a particularly heated make out session in her office, Lena decides that courtesy be damned, she was going to find out how to build her own sunlamp. Asking Alex for one had been embarrassing enough, she couldn’t ask for another.

Her luck seems to align that night, when Kara is dragged away for a rampaging alien down by Catco. Lena waits for five minutes after she leaves, staring at that infuriating blinking light, before she stands on her bed with a screwdriver and pulls the box away from the ceiling. Luckily, it seems that Alex had made the thing detachable, and she pulls the wires apart so she can sit back down on her bed and pick the technology apart.

Another two weeks later, four failed prototypes, an awkward phone call with Dr Yang and a few small solder burns, she manages to replicate the functioning red sun lamp without help from Alex or Kara. She feels proud, but more than anything she feels incredibly turned on at the thought of being able to fulfil every fantasy she has been having since she had met Kara.

She invites Kara for lunch at her office the next day, and Lena thanks her proactiveness in installing the device that morning. As they eat, Kara waves a potsticker around, animatedly complaining about the article Snapper had her writing. Lena loved when Kara got passionate about her work, about telling the truth in her articles. And by loved, she means it turned her on to no end. So, when Kara finally pauses, noticing Lena’s bitten lip and Lena’s hungry gaze, Lena doesn’t hesitate.

“Lena?”

“Red.”
She speaks quietly, but still loud enough for the voice activation to trigger. Kara hears the door bolt sharply as blinds cascade to the floor and a red glow fills the room. Lena stands from her chair, strolling around to the other side of the desk and leans against Kara’s chair, a hand on either side of the blonde.

Kara’s shocked stare morphs into one of realisation as she registers the glow of another red sunlamp mounted to the ceiling, and her voice is a mixture of disbelief and excitement.

“It’s voice activated?”

Lena smirks, and leans forward until Kara’s nose touches her own.

“You’re adorable when you geek out, you know?

“Noted.” Kara grins, closing the distance and kissing her girlfriend.

~~~~~

“Hey Jess,” Alex leans against the high desk to look down at where Jess is typing rapidly on her laptop. “We’re here to see Lena. There is a problem with some paperwork she signed the other week and she needs to sign a new copy.” Maggie follows suit, leaning next to Alex.

“She’s out with Kara at the moment, but she shouldn’t be long. You can wait inside,” Jess gestures to the doors without looking up. Alex thanks her quietly and leads Maggie inside the large oak doors, letting the suing shut lightly.

“Lunch date?” Maggie asks and Alex nods.

“Every Tuesday.” Alex just remembers Kara’s regular lunch date, she had forgotten about it today until now. She was content to wait, however, as it gave her a little time alone with Maggie during the day without the prying eyes of the entire DEO staff.

“How long do you think they’ll be?” Maggie asks, glancing at the clock on the wall. It was just past 1PM and she knew Lena generally took her lunch around that hour.
“Oh, didn’t realise the time- they could be up to another half hour” Alex sighs, exhausted at the prospect of having to return to her work at the DEO so soon

“By the time we got to the DEO it would be time to leave to come straight back.” Maggie points out, basically reading her mind. Alex nods thoughtfully, looking down at the paperwork in her hands and then back at Maggie, who is leaning towards her mischievously.

“What are yo-”

Maggie cuts her off with an electrifying kiss. Alex submits for a moment, kissing her back and threading her fingers into Maggie’s hair. But when the detective begins to play with the hem of her shirt, she pulls back, looking down at Maggie incredulously.

“What?” Maggie asks innocently. “Come on, we got interrupted this morning.”

“Are you trying to seduce me in my sister’s girlfriend’s office?”

“No… not at all!” Maggie’s words drip with sarcasm as she leans back in, kissing Alex again, but the agent is having none of it.

“That would be a big red, Sawyer.” Alex jokes with the use of one of their safe words. Maggie, however, doesn’t get a chance to respond when the door behind them bolts sharply and the blinds on the window behind the desk cascade down slowly. The room darkens significantly and it takes Alex a second to register the growing red light coming from the ceiling.

“You have to be fucking joking.” Alex scoffs, looking disgusted. She turns to push on the door, but the heavy wood won’t even budge. She tries again with a little more force, still nothing.

“Jess?” Alex calls, banging the door with her fist. When the assistant doesn't respond she tries again, hitting the door harder. Realisation hits her harder than a train.

“It’s probably soundproofed…” Alex groans, leaning her forehead against the door for a second before turning so that she can lean against it with her back. She finds Maggie, to complain doubled over, mouth open in a silent laugh.
“How is this funny?!”

“I wonder if Lena has always had a thing for office sex.” Maggie manages to choke out through spurts of laughter, unable to look Alex in the face from the agent’s look of sheer disgust.

“I am never touching anything in this office ever again.” Alex mutters, cringing away from the door. Maggie, ever the tease, laughs even harder as she strolls towards the couch and sprawls onto it.

“I’m not even going to bother calling Kara, I don’t think I can face her.”

“I’m sure they clean up after themselves, babe.” Maggie chuckles, getting comfortable on the couch before lifting a hand to beckon Alex forward. Alex stands her ground, shaking her head a few times.

“No way, Sawyer.”

“We have half an hour at least, you said so yourself.” Maggie whines.

“I’m not making out with you in my sister’s makeshift sex dungeon.” Alex replies bluntly.

“Fine, don’t kiss me.” Maggie puts her arms up in surrender. She stands from the couch to saunter back towards her girlfriend. “What about something else?”

Maggie’s hands are back at her waist, tugging at the hem of her shirt in question. Alex groans, rolling her eyes as Maggie presses a few soft kisses against her neck.

“If I won’t kiss you, why do you think you have any chance at getting some?” Alex inquires, tactfully ignoring the way her skin ignites under Maggie’s lips.

“We have half an hour in a locked room, this is less risky than when you sparred with me the other week at the DEO and pushed me down to-”
“Alright that’s enough.” Alex presses a hand over Maggie’s mouth, stopping the flow of words effectively. She definitely did not need a reminder of what they did last week, not here and not now.

“It’s not about risk.” Alex insists, glancing around the room in disdain. “It’s about where we are.”

Maggie seems to consider her options, squinting her eyes as she looks around the room.

“What if we don’t touch anything?”

“What?”

“Right here, middle of the floor. Surely this is uncharted territory when they have a couch and a desk and a-”

“Yeah alright, got the picture. Thanks.” Alex clamps her hand over Maggie’s mouth again, trying very hard not to think about her sister having sex.

Maggie frowns, her advances weren’t working and she was uncomfortably turned on. She had been since Alex had been called away to work in the middle of… something. She whines, running her hands from Alex’s back and down to her ass, and tries to speak against Alex’s hand.

“What?” Alex asks, taking her hand away from Maggie’s mouth and putting it on her shoulder. Maggie takes it as a good sign.

“I promise I’ll be quick. Don’t deny that you’re turned on.” Maggie’s voice has dropped an octave, whispering as her hands squeeze at Alex’s ass, then her thighs. Alex, despite the way Maggie can feel her legs clamping together, still shakes her head, looking away from Maggie’s lustful gaze in an attempt to cool herself down.

Suddenly, Maggie tears herself away. She takes her hands away from Alex and steps back. She sinks to her knees in front of Alex, unbuttoning her jeans as she moves to sit down in the middle of the office.

“Fine, doesn’t mean I can’t have any fun.” It was a cheap shot and Maggie knew it, but she’s horny
and she’s locked in a dark room with her incredibly hot girlfriend, who could blame her.

Alex gulps and Alex stares as Maggie leans back on her left elbow, sinking her right hand into the front of her jeans and underwear. She wastes no time in dipping her fingers into her folds and moaning loudly as she skates around her clit.

“That’s not fair.” Alex’s voice is low, and her eyes are fixed on the way Maggie’s hand moves inside of her jeans as she licks her lips. Maggie knows it’s over before it even started, there is no way Alex could resist her right now. And her theory is proven correct when suddenly Alex is kneeling over her, kissing her insistently and tearing Maggie’s hand out of her jeans to replace it with her own.

She doesn’t mess around, pressing directly onto Maggie’s clit and rubbing in tight circles, letting her lips trail down to Maggie’s collarbone and sucking harshly.

“Fuck, Alex” Maggie moans, already racing towards the edge. The red light of the room makes Alex’s eyes look black, wild with lust as they stare down. Her gaze flits between Maggie’s eyes and her own hand as she works Maggie mercilessly to orgasm, unrelenting in her touch. Maggie feels like she’s on fire, her skin burning under Alex’s touch as she comes undone.

“Alex, can you-” she doesn’t have to even finish the sentence because Alex thrusts two fingers into her and is pressing her palm against her clit. Maggie swears loudly as she cums, tipping over into sweet release as Alex continues to thrust gently as she comes down. Her orgasm is still trembling through her when the door busts open behind them.

“What is- Oh RAO!”

Alex starts as she recognises her sister's voice, and she tears her hand out of Maggie’s pants at a speed that put Barry Allen to shame. She wipes them on her jeans subtly as she helps Maggie to her feet with the other, holding onto her arm to make sure she is steady after having cum not thirty seconds ago.

With a mechanical hum, the light powers down and that’s when Alex sees Lena across the room at a control panel, pressing buttons hurriedly. The red sunlamp fades and is replaced with regular sunlight as the blinds open up. Kara is standing by the door, hand pressed over her eyes as she mutters something about ‘god alex, in my girlfriend’s office?’, Alex is standing similarly at the other end of the office, pacing against the wall, and Maggie and Lena are trying to hold in their laughter.
“What- why are you guys here?” Lena asks, voice trembling as she tries, and pretty much fails, to keep a straight face. Maggie snickers as Alex pauses her pacing to pick up the paperwork she had left on the coffee table and hand it to Lena.

“What- what’s this about?” Lena asks, voice trembling as she tries, and pretty much fails, to keep a straight face. Maggie snickers as Alex pauses her pacing to pick up the paperwork she had left on the coffee table and hand it to Lena.

“Some of the paperwork you signed last month for the…” Alex gestures vaguely at the ceiling. “Some of it had some mistakes we had to fix and we need you to sign it again.”

Lena nods solemnly, taking a pen from her desk and opening the file.

“Though I’d like to remind you that part of the paperwork you signed had a clause stating that you agree not to replicate the technology.” Alex adds on with a sigh, ignoring the way Maggie’s shoulders are shaking under the effort of holding in her giggles.

“Oh, well…” Lena turns and shrugs at Alex. “I can sign these and still technically be alright; I’ve made as many as I need…” She mutters, grinning sheepishly as she watches the cogs turn in Alex’s mind.

“How…” Alex wants to ask how many she had made, but she decides quickly that she’d really rather not know. “Forget it, I’d rather not have to bleach my brain later.”

“Bleach your brain, you didn’t just walk in on your sister having sex in your girlfriend’s office.” Kara cried, outraged at the fact that her sister seemed to be ignoring that small fact.

“It’s not my fault, Maggie was being all…” Alex trailed off, rolling her eyes as Maggie doubles over, letting her laughter free finally. Her laughter triggers Lena’s and the pair of them cackle together as the two Danvers’ sisters blush furiously.

Lena scrawls her signature on all of the marked lines and hands the file back to Alex, not looking her quite in the eye.

“Thanks, we’re just going to go.” Alex grabs Maggie by the forearm and drags her towards the door.

“Bye Guys!” Maggie calls over her shoulder, grinning wickedly at Kara as she is dragged by. When the door clicks shut behind them, Alex pauses to straighten herself up before hitting the button to call the elevator. Maggie follows suit, running her fingers through her hair and pulling at her jacket before she casually throws an arm around Alex’s waist. Alex pulls out of her grasp immediately.
“Nuh uh, I’m mad at you.” She hisses.

“Oh come on, it was pretty funny!” Maggie whines, grabbing at Alex’s hand to pull her into her arms. Alex sighs but let’s Maggie kiss her gently.

“Pretty mortifying.” Alex hums.

“Hey, where is Jess?” Maggie asks, having noticed the absence of Lena’s assistant. Their answer comes when they hear the familiar sound of the door bolting behind them. Alex turns to see the light under the door fade to red and she pretends to gag as she slams the elevator button repeatedly.

“Honestly, we left like three seconds ago.” Alex mutters, shaking her head.

“It’s kind of cute,” Maggie laughs at Alex’s embarrassment. “They can’t get enough of each other.”

“Yeah, well…” Alex huffs in relief as the elevator doors slide open. “I’ve had enough of them.”

~~~~~

“In your office!” Kara is pacing on the other side of Lena’s desk, waving her hands emphatically as she speaks hurriedly.

“They’re unbelievable, why would they do that in here?!”

“Sweetheart, they were locked in. They probably thought they were safe…” Lena plays the devil’s advocate because, whilst she agrees that Alex and Maggie probably should have known better, she also understands. Understands needing to feel your girlfriend even at the most inopportune of moments. A moment like this, for example. A moment in which you had sent your assistant away for a lengthy lunch and made sure you had at least two hours before the next meeting in your schedule. A moment almost ruined by your friends having sex in your office. Almost ruined.

“That’s not the point though, locked in or not this is your office, Lena!” Kara continues, pausing in
front of the desk to look down at her girlfriend. “You know?”

Lena doesn’t bother answering, instead reaching forward to hit the switch hidden underneath her desk. She had disabled the voice activation when they had burst in on Alex and Maggie, planning on leaving it off until she could fix it. She pats herself on the back for the afterthought of placing a few different hidden switches around the room as Kara’s eyes grow wide.

“Really, Lena? We just caught my sister and her girlfriend on the floor of your office…” Kara trails off as Lena stands to round her desk, slowly pulling the buttons of her blouse undone as she walks. Kara visibly gulps when Lena slips the garment off of her shoulders, leaving her bra clad in front of Kara.

“The mood is kind of ruined, Lena.” Kara continues, her words weakened by the fact that blue eyes are staring down at her red lace bra.

“I disagree.” Lena whispers, wrapping her arms around Kara’s neck and pulling her in for a passionately slow kiss. Kara reciprocates immediately, anchoring her hands on Lena’s hips and pushing her until she is leaning against the desk. A sharp rap on the door makes Lena groan heavily.

“Go away, Alex.” Lena calls, rolling her eyes. But when Jess’ shaky voice calls through the door, she sighs. “One second, we’re going to get back to this.”

Buttoning her blouse and straightening her hair, Lena walks towards the door and deactivates the red sunlamp. The door unbolts and Lena pulls it open quickly to find out what Jess wants.

“Your 4 o’clock cancelled and that was your last meeting for the day. Just so-cause-” Jess stammers, waving her hand towards where Kara stands behind her awkwardly.

“Thank you, Jess. You can-”

“This also came for you. It’s from Mr Wayne.” Jess holds out a small package to Lena, the side of the box already sliced open as per Lena’s mail procedure. Everything addressed directly to her was to be opened and checked unless security had been otherwise instructed.

Lena nods, unable to help the grin on her face as she dismisses her assistant and lets the door slide shut.
“What’s that?” Kara asks, still a little breathless from their kiss earlier. Lena shrugs, walking towards the coffee table and dropping the box unceremoniously.

“It’s from Bruce, I can open it later.”

Lena traipses back over to Kara, immediately wrapping both arms around the hero’s waist and staring up into bright blue eyes.

“So are we going to-”

Lena can’t finish her sentence before she finds herself deposited on the couch, her blouse ripped open and Kara’s thigh between her own.

“Fuck!”

“I plan to.” Kara’s voice is dangerously low, and there is a fire in her eyes that Lena hasn’t seen before. In another burst of super speed, Kara has bolted the door and drawn the blinds.

“If you’d have activated the lamp, that would have happened automatically.” Lena informs her breathlessly, whimpering when Kara’s thigh returns to where it had been. She can’t help but roll her hips a little, trying to satisfy the itch that always arose when Kara used her powers like this.

“I don’t want the lamp.” Kara replies simply, working quickly at the zipper on Lena’s skirt. In another flash of speed, Lena is completely naked, and with Kara fully dressed, she feels weirdly on display.

“Kara-”

“No, Lena.” Kara pauses long enough to speak. “I don’t want the lamp because I want to be able to use my powers to fuck you six ways from Sunday, do you understand me?”

The guttural moan that tears it’s way from Lena’s throat is indication enough for Kara to continue,
and Lena let’s herself relax onto the couch as Kara bites and nips her way down Lena’s collarbone to her chest.

“Kara. Clothes Off. Now.” Lena demands quietly, pulling Kara up by the collar of her button down and pulling the first few buttons open. She doesn’t find skin beneath the shirt, but the navy blue material of Kara’s super suit.

“One second, I’ll—”

“Wait.”

And Kara waits, hands halfway reached for the clasp at the back of the suit that would allow her to take it off.

“Leave the suit on.”

The grin on Kara’s face can’t be described as anything but wicked when she realises what Lena wants. She wants Kara to ravish her using her powers, whilst wearing the suit.

She wants to be fucked by Supergirl.

“Who would have thought, a Luthor and a Super…” Kara smirks, using Lena’s words against her in a very different context. Lena moans out something that sounds like ‘hurry the fuck up’ and Kara tears her civilian clothes off before quickly attaching her cape to complete the effect.

Kara returns to her ministrations, kissing and biting her wait down until she can engulf one of Lena’s nipples. She works the other with her fingers and Lena’s moans are getting louder. She silently thanks herself for dismissing Jess, because without the lamp activated, neither was the sound proofing, and Lena got the feeling that she would be having a hard time controlling her volume this afternoon.

Kara’s hand is already at her centre, cupping harshly as she continues to suck on Lena’s nipple.

“I have a few tricks I want to show you.” Kara growls, grinding the heel of her palm roughly on
Lena’s clit, giving her some much needed friction. But just as Lena has found a rhythm, her hips rolling in time with Kara’s hand, the hero pulls it away and leaves Lena bucking against the cool air.

“Tricks?” Lena moans as Kara pecks her on the lips once before trailing down her body. She was going to be covered in hickeys later, she could tell. But she just couldn’t bring herself to care.

Kara hums in response, finally reaching her thighs and beginning to mark them like she had marked the rest of Lena’s pale skin. She wraps her arms around Lena’s thighs and tugs her towards the edge of the couch, sitting in a position that made it very easy for her to see exactly Kara was doing.

“Tricks like this.” Lena isn’t sure what she means, watching as Kara takes a deep breath in and holds it for a moment. She’s about to ask when Kara lowers her mouth to her clit and presses an ice cold tongue against it. Lena is sure her yelp would have been heard by someone if she hadn’t made sure the floor was empty.

The ice cold feeling against her contrasts heavily with the way she feels her skin ignite under Kara’s touch.

“Jesus fuck Kara.” Lena shouts, Kara continuing to flick her clit. Her brain being so muddled with lust, it takes a full minute of Kara working her over before she figures out what the hell was going on.

“Freeze breath…” She shudders when Kara hums against her, blue eyes glinting up at her mischievously.

“That’s not even the best part.” Kara growls and Lena keens at the loss of pressure against her.

“Oh?” Is all Lena can manage when Kara brings her fingers up to replace her tongue. The circles she draws lazily are nowhere near enough, and Lena attempts to roll against the pressure to try and work herself back up.

Kara tuts at her and removes her hand to clamp Lena’s hips to the couch. Lena groans at the loss of contact and she has to squeeze her eyes shut at the visual of Kara holding her breath again to cool her tongue down.

“Lena.”
Lena groans in response, but keeps her eyes clamped shut.

“Look at me, Lena.” Kara demands.

Green eyes fly open to stare down at Kara, her pupils blown wide in lust and arousal and love.

“Yes?”

Kara answers with her tongue, pressing readily in the exact spot Lena needs, and her arm comes away from her hips so that she can work up a rhythm again.

“More.” Lena demands, wanting- no, needing Kara to hurry up.

“More?” Kara asks and Lena groans because must she be a little shit right now?

“Kara put your fucking fingers in me now!” Lena demands, her volume probably far too loud for 2PM on a Thursday afternoon. The hero smirks up at Lena and teases at her entrance, letting her two fingers dip very lightly into her.

“Watch me.”

“What?”

“Watch me.” Kara repeats her demand. “If you want me to keep going, you have to watch me.”

The sound Lena makes resembles something like a scream, though she could barely hear herself over the way Kara’s words repeat over and over in her mind. Watch me.

And Lena obeys, because even when the visual is too much, she remembers Kara’s low voice, the growl in her throat as she instructs Kara that she must watch.
The blonde lowers herself back to Lena’s pussy, sucking at her clit roughly as her fingers dip a little further into her.

“Kara, please.” Lena begs, her eyes remaining fixed on Kara like she had been asked. The eye contact was absolutely ruining her, and wherever this had come from, God she hopes that it would happen again.

“Because you asked so nicely.” Kara grins as she thrusts into Lena without warning, curling her fingers immediately to hit that spot that made Lena writhe.

“Are you ready for my next trick?”

Lena just nods, unable to form a coherent response in her race towards the edge. She’s going to come very soon if Kara keeps going the way she is.

“Say Please.” Kara growls.

“Fuck, Kara. Please!”

The sight and the sounds the mighty Luthor begging never failed to make Kara groan, and she relents, beginning to thrust her fingers gently to begin with.

That’s when Lena begins to feel it. Kara is thrusting ever to slowly. But her fingers are moving inside of her. Kara is using her super speed to wiggle her fingers fast enough to turn them into a vibrator.

“Oh my god.” Lena screams, unable to control the bucking of her hips and Kara fucks her torturously slow for her liking. Her eyes are still staring down at Kara, watching the way her mouth works her up, the way her wetness drips down Kara’s chin.

Lena’s skin is on fire, like every nerve ending in her body is standing on end and screaming for release. She’s teetering on the edge, and she barely recognises her own voice pleading Kara for release, pleading for just a little bit more.
The little bit more comes when Kara begins to vibrate her cold tongue as well. Lena comes undone, letting out an unholy amount of noise as her hips jerk violently into Kara’s ready mouth. Her eyes snap shut and her head is thrown back as every muscle tenses and Lena thinks she might have blacked out for a moment, mouth open in a silent scream as Kara works her down, kissing at her centre lightly as Lena twitches through her aftershocks.

“Holy Shit, Kara.” Lena mumbles. Her entire body feels like it is made of jelly, and filled entirely with lead. She can’t even find the energy to lift her head from the back of the couch, simply letting it loll to the side so she can look Kara in the eye.

“What brought that on?”

Kara only shrugs at her, still kissing at Lena’s folds, like she wants to keep going. She only pauses when Lena threads her fingers into Kara’s hair, making her look up properly.

“Not right now, sweetheart. I’m exhausted.” Lena requests simply. Kara nods and shifts onto the couch beside Lena and pulling her into a tight embrace. But Kara feels tense against her. Agitated and fidgety and Lena begins to regain control of her limbs.

Kara is staring at the box, the one Mr Wayne had sent her, where it had been knocked onto the floor.

“Kara what’s wrong?” Lena asks, worried by the way Kara can’t sit still. She squirms in Lena’s arms and continues to stare at the package like she was about to melt it with her heat vision.

“I feel funny, Lena.” She mumbles, shifting against her. Lena notices the way her thighs are clamped together, and the way that her hips shift every few seconds.

“Turned on?” Lena chuckles, wondering when Kara became so impatient.

“No- well yes, obviously, but-” Kara takes a shuddering breath in. “I feel like I’m going to lose control of myself. All I could think about was you, wringing orgasm after orgasm out of you without stopping. It’s like when I was affected by Red Kryptonite but instead of anger it's like…”

Lena cocks her head to the side, brow furrowing as Kara tries to explain what was going on.
“All I can think about is every dirty thing I have ever wanted to do to you.” Kara growls, leaning forward to capture Lena in a harsh kiss. Lena lets her momentarily, getting swept up in the impatience of Kara’s lips, but ultimately pushes her away again.

“Kara, you’re scaring me a little.” Lena speaks honestly, worried about the intensity of Kara’s mood.

“We need to open that box.” Kara says abruptly, reaching over to grab it from the floor and beginning to tear open the packaging.

Inside is a jewellery box, blue velvet fabric covering the outside. Kara, not wanting to invade Lena’s privacy, hands it off to Lena to open. Inside lays a beautiful necklace, the silver pendant glimmering in the sunlight and a single periwinkle crystal lays in the middle. When it is revealed, Kara groans loudly.

“Kara?”

“It’s that crystal. I don’t know what it is, but it’s coming from that.” Kara gasps, and in a blur of speed, the blonde is standing by the door, retrieving her mobile from the pants she had ditched earlier and dialing Alex’s number quickly, hitting speakerphone so that Lena can hear as well.

Her sister picks up within two rings and begins speaking before Kara can even greet her.

“If you’re about to tell me off, can I just say that yes I am sorry, but I really don’t want to talk about it.”

“Alex, listen.” The way Kara is panting into the phone makes Alex freeze.

“What’s wrong?”

“How many forms of kryptonite are there?” Kara asks breathlessly.

“One second.”
Kara can hear Alex telling Winn to pull up some DEO file about kryptonite.

“Uh, quite a few, what’s wrong?” Alex’s tone is worried now. Lena is still on the couch, gathering her clothes and putting them back on slowly as Kara paces at a speed that is a little too fast for human, wearing a hole into Lena’s carpet.

“Is there like a purple-y blue one?” Kara asks, her eyes darting to the pendant that still sits inside the jewellery box. A few moments of silence pass before Alex speaks again.

“Periwinkle?”

“Yes, that one. What does it do?”

“Clark’s files say that it would make you lose your inhibitions… Kara where are you?”

“I’m with Lena.”

Lena can imagine the gears turning in Alex’ head. She can even imagine the look on Alex’s face as she connects all the dots.

“Oh… oh.”

“Yeah.” Kara simply agrees, not bothered to even try to deny what had happened.

“You need to come in, and bring the kryptonite. But you shouldn’t be near it, it might make you worse.” Alex informs her, trying to hide the disdain in her voice after the implication of what had happened right after she had left Lena’s office.

“I can bring it in. Kara will fly.” Lena informs Alex, standing from the couch now fully dressed and reaching for the pendant. She snaps the box closed and places it in her handbag that sits by her desk.

Lena doesn’t hear the reply, as Kara has disappeared in a gust of wind. Quickly checking herself in the mirror of her private bathroom, Lena picks up her handbag and pulls her phone out to call her
driver. When the dark sedan pulls into the parking garage, she clambers into the back seat in a manner less than graceful and rattles of the DEO office address.

“Quickly as you can.” She orders the driver as she buckles her seatbelt.

Lena worries the entire way there, concerned for her girlfriend’s well being but at the same time, she also would really like to call Bruce and thank him because Lena never knew sex with Kara could be that kinky.

~~~~~

Alex, having avoided every single instance she could, still manages to find out far too much about her sister’s sex life. Even after the incident with the periwinkle kryptonite and having to endure the way Kara was practically eye-fucking Lena from her position on the sun bed, she still manages to stumble across things she really wish she didn't have to know.

She accidentally hits the wrong switch in Lena’s bathroom and as the room begins to bathe in red light, she yelps and storms back out into the living room, pointing an accusing finger at Lena.

“Could you at least make the light switch look different to the normal one, I did not need to know about that!” She whisper-shouts. Lena looks confused for half a second before registering the red glow coming from the bathroom, and soon both her and Kara’s cheeks match the tint. Maggie fights to keep in her laughter, because really who would have thought that Alex ‘tie me down and fuck me’ Danvers would be such a prude about someone else's sex life.

Less than a week later, Maggie manages to accidentally activate yet another sunlamp in Lena’s kitchen this time, and Alex gags as she rips her takeout off the counter and carries it into the lounge room where Kara and Lena are kissing lazily on the couch.

“Is any surface in this apartment safe?” Alex accuses, ignoring her girlfriend’s snickering behind her. Kara at least has the decency the blush at the question, but Lena simply ponders the question for a moment before answering with a blunt ‘No.’

The final straw comes when Alex and Maggie are waiting inside Alex’s apartment, waiting to be picked up by Lena’s driver to take them to a club opening Lena had invited them all to. They were dressed to the nines and making out like horny teenagers against Alex’s door while they waited for the text from Lena indicating that they were outside.
“They were supposed to be here ten minutes ago,” Alex mutters breathlessly, revelling in the way Maggie’s lips trace the cords in her neck lightly.

“Do you care that much?” Maggie replies, stepping back to look at Alex’s face properly. The agent shrugs and huffs out a long sigh.

“It’s unlike Lena or Kara to be late.” Alex worries at her bottom lip, extracting herself from Maggie’s embrace to pace over to the window. Peering down into the street she immediately spots a black limo parked outside of the building, exhaust from the tail pipe indicating that the engine was running.

“Look, that’s probably them. Let’s go down.” Alex shows Maggie the limo before grabbing both of their clutches from the island counter and heading for the door. The apartment is locked up and they make their way out into the cool air of the night.

~~~~~~

“How long is the trip to Alex’s apartment from here?” Lena asks Kara as the blonde climbs as gracefully as she can into the back of the limo.

“Uh, about fifteen minutes?” Kara answers after a moment, trying to mentally calculate the distance via car, as she was used to simply flying over. Kara spouts Alex’s address to the driver through the open partition before rolling it up, watching the driver disappear behind the black screen.

“Where is it?” Kara asks impatiently, running her fingers over the switches on the door of the limo.

“What?”

“The switch.” Kara answers simply, still flicking at buttons on the door in an attempt to find the right one.

“What switch?”
“The switch.”

Kara has her question answered when she flicks the third last switch on the door, and the back of the limo is bathed in a familiar deep red light. Lena makes a small noise of recognition that is quickly engulfed by Kara’s lips insistently pushing against her own.

In a flash Kara is straddling her, dress hiked up around her hips and centre grinding against Lena’s lap harshly.

“Do we have enough time?” Lena asks raggedly, though she was in no state to turn down Kara’s advances, especially when the blonde was kissing her neck like that.

Kara doesn’t answer her verbally, instead takes one of Lena’s hands that had come to rest on her waist, and shoves it roughly under her dress. Lena groans at what she finds, Kara having soaked completely through her panties.

“You tell me.” Kara growls in her ear, hips grinding against Lena’s idle hand in desperation.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you all day…” Kara rasps in her ear, gasping when Lena shoves the fabric of her panties aside and drags her fingers through slick folds. “That dress is doing nothing to help my situation.”

Lena groans against Kara’s skin and skates a few fingers deftly over her clit, her own centre throbbing at the sounds coming from her girlfriend’s mouth.

“More.” Kara demands, and Lena is so eager to give it to her. She presses two fingers down and into Kara, letting her thumb rest against the blonde’s clit as she thrusts slowly.

“Faster.” The demanding growls coming from Kara only serve to turn Lena on even more. She hadn’t seen Kara like this since the kryptonite incident, and she was too afraid to admit to sweet, gentle Kara that she had really enjoyed it.

Lena complies, thrusting faster and harder into the blonde, curling her fingers to catch against the spot inside Kara that makes her scream. Lena kisses her to swallow the scream though, all too aware of the driver on the other side of the partition.
“I can tell how much you like this, Lena.” Kara continues to growl against Lena’s lips. “How much you liked the way we fucked the other week.”

Lena shudders violently, struggling to keep up the thrusting through her arousal.

“You’ve been too afraid to tell me that you liked it.”

“How-” Lena is cut off with a rough kiss, before Kara leans in to whisper into ear.

“I liked it too.”

The words have Lena shuddering violently against Kara, and Lena had never realised it was something she was capable of. She had come undone untouched, purely at Kara’s words and god, she really wasn’t that surprised.

“Did-did you just…” Kara’s eyes are wide in shock, and when Lena nods she can feel Kara coming undone too, clamping down on Lena’s fingers harshly and tipping over the edge with a throaty groan. They had been too caught up in each other to realise that the limo had come to a stop, idling outside of Alex’s building. Lena wants to feel embarrassed that the driver had clearly known what was going on, but she was too glad that he had the decency to leave them be.

“Rao, Lena.” Kara huffs out, slumping forward and letting her forehead thump against the leather of the seat, squirming slightly over the fact that Lena still had two fingers buried in her.

“We’re going to talk about this later, but-”

Lena doesn’t get a chance to finish her sentence.

~~~

Making a beeline for the door of the limo, Alex pauses when she hears a thump from inside the car, followed by some muffled voices.
After the past few weeks of her life, her mind makes the leap easily and she rolls her eyes as she rips the door open unashamedly. It seems that in their activities, the pair hadn’t noticed Alex and Maggie approach the car, and they catch Kara practically leaping from her position in Lena’s lap and fumbling with the skirt of her dress.

“If you two could stop fucking like rabbits for three seconds, we have somewhere to be.” Alex had originally intended for her tone to be harsh, but what comes out is light and teasing. Kara, after gulping down her embarrassment actually manages to laugh, and Lena is chuckling along with her after a moment.

Alex catches, but ultimately ignores, the way that Lena tries to hide her right hand as they slide into the limo, Alex making a show of shuffling as far away from Lena as she can.

“You’re not mad?” Kara asks incredulously, staring at her sister with wide eyes.

“I’m not going to talk to you until you turn the stupid lamp off.” Alex replies simply, smiling as Magge shuffles to sit next to Alex, intertwining their hands. Lena reaches for the passenger side door and flicks the sunlamp off, returning the rear of the limo to relative darkness.

“I’m not mad.” Alex finally answers the question, and she anticipates the next one.

“Someone pointed out to me how many times you walked in on us in the beginning of our relationship…” Alex trails off, smiling at Maggie and pressing a kiss on the shorter woman’s nose. “And said someone convinced me that I should be a little more forgiving.”

Alex can practically feel her sister beaming at her in the dark, and she can hear Lena snickering at the revelation that apparently they weren’t the only couple caught with their pants down in the past.

“Thanks, Alex.” Kara whispers earnestly, leaning forward for a hug only to be stopped by a firm hand against her shoulder.

“Yeah, I’m not going to hug you right now.” Alex’s voice has lost it’s teasing tone, though it’s made up in Maggie’s sharp laughter. Kara smiles and moves back towards Lena, settling beside her as the limo begins to pull away from the curb.
“And could you just-” Alex waves an awkward hand. “Avoid communal spaces.”

“Oh yeah like you two avoided communal spaces?! Did you forget that time in that booth at the bar! You two were-”

“SHUT UP, KARA!”

“No, I think I want to hear about this!” Lena snickers. “Do tell.”

Chapter End Notes

Remember to tell me how you feel about the sin because it will only encourage me to write more. I'm thinking some more Sanvers next ;)
Maggie is a little shit.

Chapter Summary

Clark visits Lena in National City to ask a favour, and Maggie is a little shit.

Chapter Notes

This is by far the crackiest thing I have ever written. A user named McCrabbit (shoutout holla) commented on the last chapter with some fucking FIRE ideas, and I laughed so hard that it turned into this. And I was cackling the entire time that I wrote this, so I hope you find it funny. I also snuck a teensy bit of smut in for ya'll. If you guys are enjoying this, let me know and I will definitely try to continue. In the short time I have been writing smut, I have come to learn a few things about myself. Firstly that I am the most extra person to ever extra and I can't write a sex scene shorter than 3k words usually, and I am also the kinkiest mother fucker to still have their virginity in tact, so there is that.

I'm also very down to receive one shot prompts, hit me up on tumblr @letswreakhavoc
<< my ask is always open.

Thanks again to my beta Olive (@404artnotfound). She is amazing. I tend to go long periods of time without writing anything and then turn up one day with 20k words of either tooth rotting fluff or kinky smut, and she is very patient with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Miss Luthor?” Jess cracks the door to her office open and leans in doe-eyed and hesitant.

“What’s up, Jess?” Lena asks, noting her assistants unusual behavior.

“I have Clark Kent here to see you…” Jess trails off, and Lena finds herself smiling. Of course Jess knows who Clark Kent is, and of course Jess is a little concerned. Clark had been extremely wary of Lena at first, and for good reason, but after a couple of heated spats and one rather destructive fight between the Daily Planet’s best reporter and Lena’s new (at the time) girlfriend, they had all come to better terms about the situation. Clark was polite to her. Hell, sometimes he even seemed to like her, but they generally kept everything very casual to avoid getting too heated.

“Send him in, and add him to the list.” Lena smiles when Jess’ brow furrows. The list, being the list of people allowed into her office at all times, was very short. It consisted of two federal agents, one tiny NCPD detective and a very gifted photographer. And her girlfriend, of course. So Jess frowns, but she nods and disappears, to show Mr Kent in. He smiles brightly at her as he walks in, sauntering towards and dropping into one of the arm chairs on the opposite side of her desk.

“Lena, how are you?” Clark beams, and now Lena is feeling a little confused as well. Most of their interactions were only ever in a group setting, like game night, or when Clark needed a quote. His connection to the Luthor getting him some favour at The Planet. But he was a fairly blunt guy, and
generally got straight to the point of their meetings.

“I’m good…” Lena starts slowly, sure to make her confusion clear as she continues. “To what do I owe this visit?”

Clark shifts in his seat, his body language now exuding his discomfort in direct contrast to his sunny smile.

“I, uh. Well-” Clark fiddles with his glasses, and Lena wonders whether that’s where Kara had picked up the habit. “I had coffee with Kara last week and we got talking about stuff and you and well-”

“Spit it out, Clark.” Lena interrupts him, smiling at his obvious nervousness.

“I need a red sun lamp.”

If Lena were drinking something, she was sure that this would have made a fantastic spit take. What on earth had he and Kara been speaking about? On second thought, Lena really doesn't want to know.

“I’m sorry, what?” Lena’s mouth betrays her, still trying to catch up on Clark’s request. He’d been on earth for a much longer time than Kara had been, surely the guy had figured something out by now. He and Lois have been together for ages.

“I’m wondering…” a slight cough. “If you might give me one of your sun lamps.”

When Lena doesn’t reply immediately, he continues nervously.

“For Lois and I-”

“I know who it’s for, Clark.” Lena laughs despite herself and she’s glad she did because Clark visibly relaxes and laughs along with her for a moment.

“We have a great thing going, but after Kara accidently let slip that you guys were utilising red sun lamps I just sort of-” He laughs again, pushing his glasses up his nose needlessly.

“First I was kicking myself for not thinking of that and then I was uh-” He smiles at Lena. “Curious.”

’Right…” Lena drawls, dropping her pen and shoving the file in front of her to the side. There are a thousand questions she could ask, because she understands why Kara wouldn’t let her touch her. She hadn’t had any practice and the involuntary clenching of muscles was dangerous for Lena’s extremities. But she couldn’t quite wrap her head around why Clark needed one when he had just admitted that they were in fact having sex. Maybe it was to do with- nope. She is not going to spend her time thinking about the logistics of this man’s sex life. This is not what she signed up for.

“I’m too gay for this.” She mutters, forgetting about Clark’s hearing for a moment before she winces and glances up at him. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s perfectly fine. We’re both clearly awkward about this. But I’d really appreciate your help.”

Lena sighs, and stares him down, then stares at her phone and considers asking Kara what she thinks. Clark looks so nervous and hopeful that she doesn’t have it in her to say no, or even delay her answer.

“Yes alright.” She agrees, rolling her eyes at the way he grins at her and clamps his hands together in
excitement. “But…”

“But?”

“I signed DEO papers saying I wouldn’t replicate the sunlamps.” She explains. “And Alex will literally kill me if she finds out I made more…”

“I can keep a secret.” Clark says seriously, and Lena laughs at him.

“Oh don’t worry, I’ve already broken several of the rules. But the problem is that I have no spares at the moment and Alex is down in R&D with my head of science.”

Clark tilts his head in question.

“She’s helping with some new bulletproof material in liaison with the NCPD. So I can’t just go down and whip one up.” Lena sighs, leaning back in her chair and glancing up at the ceiling. She stares at the light fixture for about ten seconds before she sighs again.

She gets up from her chair, rounding the desk and shooing Clark out of the way. He frowns at her, but moves. When he is clear of the chair, Lena drags it over about a foot and kicks off her heels so that she can stand on it more solidly. After thirty seconds of fiddling, she steps down from the chair and puts it back in it’s rightful spot, the small black box in her hand.

“You can have this one. I’ll replace it tomorrow.” Lena hands it to him.

Clark stares at the box in his hands, then up at the ceiling, and then at Lena with a slightly horrified look on his face.

“Do I want to kno-”

“No, you don’t.”

“Right, well. Thank you so much, Lena.” He smiles his dazzling smile at her. Lena quickly explains how to install the sunlamp to him and hands him a special bulb from a draw in her desk before she farewells him.

“Have fun.” She laughs, shaking her head as Clark literally bounces out of the room.

“We will. Thanks again, Lena!” He calls over his shoulder as he leaves.

Lena laughs again as she picks up her phone, typing a quick text to Kara. She pulls her paperwork back in front of her and picks up her pen again, ready to continue with her dreadful monthly report, but she is quickly distracted by Kara’s reply.

**Lena:** Just had a delightful conversation with your cousin… I doubt he’s going to make game night tomorrow. He’ll be having too much fun in Rao’s light.

**Kara:** DIDN’T. NEED. TO KNOW.

Lena giggles to herself, completely forgetting her paperwork.

**Lena:** I didn’t need to know you were talking to your cousin about our sex life either. So now we can both suffer. >;)

~~~~~
It’s Friday. The bi-weekly game night is on tonight and Lena has a short day, and far too much paperwork she has to cram into it. She’s about up to her ears when Maggie traipses into her office and sits on the same armchair Superman had been in the day before. Lena doesn’t even notice her, a hand over her eyes as she tries to run through the numbers in her head. Because she is on the list, Maggie hadn’t been announced by Jess and when Lena finally opens her eyes, she jumps.

“God, Maggie.” She clutches at her heart and Maggie laughs.

“Hey Little Luthor.” She chirps, waiting for Lena to calm down a little.

“What has you so chipper this morning?” Lena asks when she finally has a handle on her racing heart. Maggie leans forward in the chair, resting her elbows on her knees and flashing her signature ‘I’m up to something’ grin.

“What did you do?”

“It’s not what I did. It’s what I’m going to do.” Maggie’s grin grows impossibly wider as she holds up the box Lena hadn’t noticed. It looks like a simple light bulb and Lena sits in silence, waiting for the woman to explain.

“I’m going to put this in our bathroom.”

“Okay…” Lena says slowly, waiting for Maggie to continue. But apparently whatever the hell is going on should be obvious to Lena, as Maggie continues to simply stare at her.

“Why do I need to know that your bathroom light is broken?”

Maggie rolls her eyes and scoffs.

“It isn’t.” She explains, opening the box and pulling out the bulb. It is a regular light bulb, but the glass is tinted red and Lena narrows her eyes at Maggie.

“What-”

“It’s a fake red bulb. I want to put it it in our bathroom tonight during game night to fuck with Alex. I need you to play along.” Maggie explains bluntly, rolling her eyes and wondering how the CEO of a major corporation could be so slow.

Lena freezes and stares Maggie for so long that Maggie begins to believe that she overstepped, but she’s relieved when Lena’s shoulders begin shaking. After a minute, Lena is laughing loudly, clutching at her sides dramatically as Maggie laughs along with her.

“That’s genius” Lena giggles, thinking about all the times Alex has accidently found one of their sunlamps and gotten mad and grossed out.

“How are we going to time this? We can’t predict when she’ll go to the bathroom.” Lena asks, now worried about the specifics of the plan.

“I can.” Maggie says proudly as she shoves the bulb back into it’s box and balances it on the arm of the chair.

“That’s weird, Maggie.”

“No, I’ve been watching specifically for this. I’m not some weirdo-” Maggie insists, chuckling. “The past few game nights I’ve been watching and she has a pretty predictable schedule when she’s
“Right…” Lena laughs. “I’ll play along, but only if we don’t tell Kara.”

Maggie tilts her head in question.

“I think her reaction to finding out I put one in Alex’s bathroom would be just as funny as Alex’s.” Maggie joins in on Lena’s evil grin as they laugh again.

“I’m going to hide this under the sink, you need to go in and replace the bulb when I give you the signal.” Maggie explains, standing from her position as her phone beeps.

“What will the signal be?”

“You won’t miss it, don’t worry. This is work, I need to go.” Maggie explains, backing towards the door. “I’ll see you tonight!”

“Bye, Maggie.” Lena giggles again, thinking about the absolutely juvenile prank they’re about to pull on their girlfriends. She can’t help the pang in her heart. She’d never had the chance to do anything like this when she was younger, and she’s so grateful for her life now. The friends she has that are allowing her to live her life fully. Lena has never felt more at home.

~~~~~

Game night always goes off. Lena learns quickly that it’s practically kill or be killed. The Superfriends are all competitive people, Alex and Maggie especially, and there was never a boring moment on nights like this.

They start with charades.

“NO SIGNIFICANT OTHERS IN PAIRS.” Winn screeches when both Danvers girls reach for their respective girlfriends. Both women pout in response and begrudgingly try to dibs other people. Kara latching onto Winn’s arm and Alex commanding James to come and sit beside her.

They play several rounds with Winn and Kara coming out on top, Lena and Maggie a close second. Alex pouts heavily when she and James lose and earns herself a kiss and a pinch on the butt from Maggie. This earns them a groan from Kara and a pair of ‘Aww’s from the two men.

Lena plays well despite being distracted, her eyes darting to Maggie every few minutes as she tries to watch for a signal that she needs to head into the bathroom and implement the prank. Alex is three beers in when Maggie stands from the couch and collects the empty bottles from the coffee table.

“Refill, anyone?” She asks, getting a myriad of responses ranging from beer to wine to club soda (Kara, of course). As she saunters past the couch, she pats Lena’s shoulder once. “Red wine for you?”

Lena looks up and catches Maggie’s meaning,

“Yes thanks, just leave it on the table.” Lena replies, standing and stretching. “Going to run to the bathroom.”

Locking herself into the bathroom, Lena looks up at the light fitting briefly. Thankfully the thing doesn’t look complex. A single bulb covered by a plate of glass that looks like it clicks into place. Easy enough. She turns to face the cabinet, reaching down to open the doors she can see the bulb nestled in the back of the cupboard, but before she can grab it, Kara knocks on the door.
“Lena, let me in.”

Lena opens the door, about to ask Kara what she needs, but she is cut off by a needy kiss and hands shoving her back into the bathroom.

“Kara what-”

“Shh. Need you.”

Lena finds herself seated on the counter by the sink, hands tugging at the elastic of her sweat pants needily.

“We’re in Alex and Maggie’s bathroom, Kara.” Lena mutters, her hands betraying her and assisting Kara in getting rid of the pesky sweatpants.

“So?”

“So get on with it, they’ll wonder where we are soon.” Lena replies readily, grinning as Kara nips at her neck. Both women know they don’t have heaps of time, and Kara is already tugging her panties down as well. They bunch at her ankles and Kara shoves at them hurriedly, muttering under her breath as she finally gets the garments off Lena’s legs.

Kara’s fingers find her clit immediately, rubbing in tight circles as lips rejoin in a passionate kiss. Kara groans into her lips as she runs her fingers through Lena’s folds slowly.

“You’re already so wet.” She mutters, gathering some of the said wetness as she dips two fingers lightly into her. The brunette whimpers and jerks her hips slightly, willing Kara to hurry up.

“It’s pretty much a permanent condition when I have you for a girlfriend.” Lena manages to whisper, biting back her moans as Kara continues to tease at her entrance, only dipping her the tips of her fingers into Lena at a frustratingly slow pace.

“Rao.” Kara gushes, invading Lena’s mouth with another heated kiss before she disappears, kneeling down to attach her mouth to Lena’s clit. As Kara begins to work her up, licking the length of her centre before zoning in on her clit and sucking, Lena threads her hands through blonde hair and grips tightly, trying to fight the noises she is so desperate to make.

“God, Kara.” Lena whimpers as Kara finally enters her with two fingers, curling them immediately. She thrusts at a speed that is just a little too fast to be human and when her tongue flicks at Lena’s clit as she sucks, Lena tips over the edge with a moan that will definitely be heard in the living room. Kara continues to thrust slowly, working her down again as she stands up. When Lena’s back finally slumps against the mirror, Kara pulls out of her and takes both fingers into her mouth, humming at the taste.

“Jesus, Kara.” Lena sighs, trying to catch her breath. “You’re going to be the death of me.”

“That may be true, but not until tomorrow.” Kara replies with a sunshiney smile. “Tonight, you’re all mine.”

“God, go!” Lena laughs, shoving Kara towards the door. “I’ll be out in a minute.”

Kara kisses her gently before leaving, straightening her dress and glasses as she leaves. It takes Lena a full minute to move, hopping down from the counter and pulling her clothes back on. She makes quick work of the light bulb, replacing it with the red one from under the sink and quickly fixes her hair and makeup before leaving the bathroom to rejoin the group.
Maggie gives her a knowing smirk and winks, but everyone else appears oblivious to what just happened fifteen feet from where they sit. Kara is laughing along to some story James is telling and Alex is engrossed in the game that Winn is setting up on the coffee table.

“Alright. I’m going to the bathroom, then we’re going to play The Game of Life.” Alex announces, standing to skip over to the bathroom. Lena takes her place next to Kara and wraps an arm around her shoulders as she waits. Maggie catches her gaze and grins. It should only be a few seconds before-

“LUTHOR.”

The deafening bellow forces everyone into silence. Lena has to bite her lip to keep from laughing and Maggie already has a hand clamped over her mouth. The door to the bathroom swings open, the deep red light pouring out into the living room, and Alex marches out to point an accusing finger at Lena.

“Our fucking bathroom?” She yells, gesturing wildly at the bathroom behind her. Maggie is already snickering and Lena has to use all of her CEO skills to keep a straight face, especially when she sees Kara staring wide eyed at the bathroom, and then at her.

“You need to return the favour.” Alex waves her hand again. “Not in my fucking apartment, Luthor.”

“Woah, guys what is-”

“Shut up, Winn.” Lena and Alex say at the same time, both snapping back to glare at each other. Lena is about to open her mouth, about to make a comment on the situation to see what other kind of reaction she can get out of Alex, but Kara speaks first.

“You could have returned the favour.” She teases Lena, seemingly forgetting where she is.

“I’m sorry, WHAT?!” Alex bellows, followed by a lot of spluttering as she begins to pace the length of the room. It’s then that Maggie breaks, curling into full blown laughter. It’s when she clutches at her sides and accidentally slides off of the couch that Lena joins in.

“Oh my god, babe.” Maggie wheezes. “It’s a fake!”

Alex stares at her girlfriend incredulously. “What?”

“It’s a fake bulb! God you should have seen your face!” Maggie can’t reign in her laughter, tears streaming down her face as Alex marches back into the bathroom. A few moments later she returns to the living room holding the bulb.

“You two are unbelievable.” She addresses Lena and Maggie, both of whom still laughing hysterically at Alex’s frown and Kara’s deep red blush. James and Winn had watched the entire encounter in silence, trying to figure out what the hell was going on, but knowing that neither of them were going to get an explanation.

As the room begins to calm down, Lena takes a deep breath in an attempt to speak again, but is interrupted by a three short raps on the door. James stands to open it when none of the four women go to make a move, all still staying in place as Lena and Maggie cackle hysterically and Alex mutters angrily. Kara just stares down at her lap, seemingly undecided whether she is embarrassed or amused.

“Hey Everyone!” Clark greets them as he walks in the door, closely followed by Lois. “Sorry we’re
Lena only has to take one look at the pair of them. Both are a little red in the face and the smile plastered on Clark’s face is one she’s seen far too many times mirrored in his cousin’s face. When she glances at Kara, she knows the blond has seen it too and both of them grimace.

“God, Clark!” Kara yells without thinking, burying her head in her hands.

“Oh yeah, like we can talk.” Lena chastises her with a short laugh.

The room falls into complete silence. Kara looks at Lena, Lena looks at Alex, Alex looks at Clark, and Clark stares down at the floor. A full minute later, Alex shouts again, having figured out this new revelation.

“Lena you gave him one?”

“He asked for one!”

“The paperwork says-”

“Oh who cares about the paperwork, we all know it was just a formality.” Lena huffs, crossing her arms over her chest. She’s not going to get in trouble for this.

“CLARK ASKED FOR ONE?” Maggie yells loudly, breaking back down into laughter when Alex scowls at her.

“Okay what the hell is going on?!” Winn finally pipes up, looking around the room at several red faces as he tries to piece together what had happened.

“It seems that Kryptonians are incapable of keeping it in their pants!” Alex accuses, waving her finger in between Kara and Clark.

“Oh! Red sunlamp, that’s pretty smart.” Winn suddenly catches on, looking down to hide his blush as well. The room falls back into silence for another minute.

“So-” James claps his hands together. “This has been sufficiently awkward for everyone. Shall we continue playing?”

Everyone jumps into action, murmuring agreements and apologies and shuffling around to make room for Clark and Lois to sit down as well.

“Never speak of this again?” Lena speaks up.

“Agreed.”

“Sound great.”

“Yup.”

Maggie, Kara and Alex all reply with a nod. James claps his hands together again, gathering everyone's attention.

“Great, so who is going first?”

~~~~~
REMEMBER THAT I LOVE TO BE VALIDATED IN THE COMMENTS BECAUSE I HAVE LOW SELF WORTH. ALSO REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU (from a distance :))
Let's Get Ready To Rumble

Chapter Summary

Kara plots to get Alex and Maggie back for messing with her and Alex and Maggie plot their own revenge.

Or

Everyone fucks with each other and then they fuck each other.

Chapter Notes

Right... this chapter is just one giant clusterfuck of sex, revenge and general ridiculousness because one, why the actual fuck not? and two, ya'll fucking asked for this so I suggest you strap the fuck in because I am not fucking around. Featured below we have Lena and her excessive need to fuck Kara practically everywhere and some Supercorp -v- Sanvers action because they are all little shits and it's hilarious alright? There is some daddy kink! Lena at the end and you can thank whichever user commented on one of the other chapters asking for it.

Olive is literally a GOD LEVEL BETA, I could not word vomit 12k words of this bullshit without her so like, go show her some love.

And maybe come show me some love too because I'm sad, lonely fucker that survives on people inflating my ego.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~~~~~

Lena and Kara spend most of their time in Kara’s small open plan apartment. It’s not nearly as large, or as roomy as Lena’s penthouse, but it is far more personal. Kara’s queen size bed feels more like home than her king sizes ever has, and she enjoys the warmth that comes with waking up there. Though for days like this, she is glad she installed sunlamps in both apartments because when Kara flies into her office exhausted, it’s a much shorter trip to her own building than the trip across the City to Kara’s.

Kara had stumbled into her office at 8pm, having just finished fighting a rather large and ugly looking alien. She had been covered head to toe in some slimy substance some of which she had largely managed to wash off at the DEO.

“Leeeeeeena.” Kara whines, voice muffled by the couch cushion her face was currently shoved into.

“Yes, dear?” Lena smirks without looking up from her paperwork. She’s almost finished with the report, and it’s the last thing she has to do for the weekend. Kara doesn’t know that, however, as it’s supposed to be a surprise. Hence the whining.
“Wanna go hooooooome.”

“I promise I am almost done, sweetheart. Then you’ll have me all to yourself.” Lena says, trying to mask the excitement in her tone. She has organised for James and J’onn to cover for Supergirl for the weekend. It took a lot of negotiating. And then pouting and a sob story of ‘just one interrupted weekend, please’ when the negotiating didn’t work. She wasn’t hugely proud of herself but- oh who is she kidding, she’s so proud of herself.

“All to myself, eh?” Kara’s voice is suddenly louder, the hero having used her super speed to appear beside Lena’s desk chair on her knees.

“Mhmm” Lena confirms, keeping her eyes focused with laser precision on the numbers spewing across stark white paper. If she looks up, she is absolutely done for. She doesn’t have to move her gaze to know that Kara is fumbling for the switch under her desk and she sighs. Kara finds it not a second later and when nothing happens, she can basically hear Kara’s frown.

“I was pressed for time and resources, it’s the one I gave to Clark.” Lena supplies, pen scrawling haphazardly on the page as she tries to finish up.

Kara scoffs, mumbling something about ‘Kal always ruining my fun’ as she tugs at the arm of the chair.

“Kara, I only need another few minutes.”

“But I’m going to die if I don’t taste you in the next thirty seconds.” Lena has to stifle a chuckle at the way Kara sounds. Whining like a child being refused candy.

“Two minutes.” Lena uses her CEO voice.

Kara grumbles, falling dramatically to the floor with her arms sprawled out.

As she promised, Lena slams the report back into it’s folder a minute and a half later. Another twenty seconds and she has her purse in one hand and her heels kicked haphazardly under the desk.

“Take me home, girl of steel.” Lena whispers, her voice low and sultry. Kara is off the floor in a fraction of a second, carrying Lena bridal style out onto the balcony.

“Hold on tight, Miss Luthor.” Kara replies in the same tone, pushing off and taking flight. She makes a beeline for Lena’s apartment, landing perhaps a little too heavily on the balcony but really, who could blame her. Kara almost has Lena on the bed. The glorious, soft, king sized bed when Lena asks her to wait.

“Want to go for a swim?”

“A swim…” Kara trails off, trying to figure out whether it might be some kind of euphemism.

“Yes, a swim.” Lena ignores Kara’s confusion, grinning at her mischievously as she squirms out of Kara’s arms.

“I don’t have a suit…” Kara is still confused.

“Who said you need a suit?” Lena disappears, walking backwards out of her bedroom and crooking a finger for Kara to follow. She follows, albeit slowly, as Lena leads her to the elevator that opens directly into Lena’s apartment. She hits a button labeled R that Kara had never noticed before, and the elevator shudders to life, dragging them up.
When the elevator doors open, Lena watches Kara’s eyes widen in disbelief. She didn't often advertise her rooftop pool and spa area. She was always worried that if people found out then she would have to host events and parties she really didn’t want to.

“You actually meant swimming.” Kara mutters, jogging towards the pool with a grin on her face.

“What did you think I meant?”

“Something sex related.”

“Head out of the gutter, Miss Danvers.” Lena teases playfully, sauntering after Kara and detaching her cape once she is within reach. She unzips the suit slowly, the scrape of metal filling the still night air and making both women shiver.

“I love…” Lena punctuates her words with a kiss. “That you don't wear a bra under this.”

Kara giggles, spinning to kiss Lena passionately as she shucks the suit all the way off, leaving her in just a pair of black panties. She reaches for Lena’s t-shirt, pulling it over he head swiftly and unclipping her bra on the way back down. After Kara makes quick work of her jeans and panties, she assists Kara in stripping the last of her clothing. Then she grins evilly, dragging her nails lightly up Kara’s abs before giving her an almighty shove.

Kara doesn’t budge.

“Did you really think that would work?” Kara smirks before wrapping both arms around Lena’s neck and falling backwards into the pool, taking the green-eyed woman with her. Lena thanks her lucky stars that the pool is heated, otherwise the quick change in temperature might have really ruined the mood. When they resurface, Kara’s lips are already upon hers, kissing her fervently.

With clothes already out of the way, Lena wastes no time in letting her hands drag down Kara’s back. She scratches at soft skin that’s really made of steel and revels in the way Kara shudders when she grips her ass roughly.

“So it is sex related.” Kara mutters against her lips, her own hands groping now. Lena doesn't bother with an answer, bringing one hand around to cup Kara's centre roughly, earning herself a loud groan.

“We don’t have a—”

Kara cuts herself off at Lena’s mischievous smirk.

“Rao, really?” Kara almost bursts out laughing. Lena kicks away from her, swimming towards the shallow end of the pool and flicking a hidden switch. Suddenly the pool that had previously been glowing a soft turquoise blue shifts and glows a bright radiant red. By the time Lena swims back to her, Kara is treading water, something she usually doesn't have to do, and she is grinning widely.

“You’ve really thought of everything.”

“My girlfriend is wildly irresistible.” Lena whispers, running her lips across the length of Kara’s jaw and up to her ear. She sucks on Kara’s earlobe, releasing it with a pop. “I have to be prepared for any possibility.”

“Oh I’m irresistible now?” Kara laughs. “What about twenty minutes ago in your office?”

“I had to finish that report.”
“More than you had to finish me?”

“At the time, yes.”

Kara opens her mouth to respond, only for Lena to clamp a hand over it quickly.

“Hear me out…” Lena waits for Kara’s confirmation. It comes with an eye roll but the blonde nods. Lena drops her hand and kisses Kara slowly.

“That report was my last bit of work until Monday…”

Kara’s eyes go wide at the revelation. She quickly recovers and rushes forward to kiss Lena again.

“We have the whole weekend? Like Friday all the way to Sunday?” Kara asks incredulously. “Bar Supergirl duties of course.” She tags on sadly.

“Actually…”

Kara gasps. “You didn’t.”

“I did.”

“J’onn is going to-”

“Yes.”

“All the way to Sunday?”

“Mhmm”

Kara kisses her again, much more fiercely than before.

“God, I love you.”

Before she can really comprehend what is happening, Kara has dragged Lena the length of the pool towards the shallow end. Lena finds herself pressed onto the large step, bringing the water up just below her breasts and giving Kara all the access she needs to tease her. She threads her fingers into blonde hair as Kara’s mouth sucks and bites one nipple gently, her fingers brushing over the other to drag both into hard peaks.

Kara drags her fingers through Lena’s folds gently, her mouth still exploring Lena’s chest. A whine rises in the back of Lena’s throat, urging her to continue. Kara moans in response, sliding two fingers into Lena slowly and resting her thumb against her clit.

“Yes, Kara.” Lena hisses, dragging Kara’s head up to reunite their mouths again. The water around them sloshes as Kara begins to thrust, much too slowly for Lena’s liking.

“Faster, please.” Lena whimpers as Kara attempts to comply. Kara whines against Lena’s neck. The water around them moves violently, splashing both of them in the face more than a few times as Kara thrusts.

“What’s up?” Lena gasps as Kara’s fingers pull out of her and find her clit.

“The water-” Kara grunts. “It’s kind of restricting.”

Lena shudders against Kara’s fingers, gasping as she tries to formulate a response, but Kara seems to
have other plans. The delicious pressure against her clit disappears and Lena whimpers loudly at the loss. Kara mutters something along the lines of ‘patience, baby’ as she wraps her hands around Lena’s ass and thighs and hoists her up. Even without her powers, Kara is pretty ripped. She carries Lena up the remaining stairs and deposits her onto the side of the pool. The cool tiles send a shiver down her spine, but it’s quickly replaced with a shiver of anticipation as Kara’s lips find the inside of her thigh.

“You good?” Kara checks in quickly. Lena props herself up, looking down her body at Kara. She is kneeling on the step of the pool, half of her body submerged to keep herself within the rays of the red sunlamp.

“Very.” Lena confirms with a shy smile. Kara grins and lowers her mouth to Lena’s core. The first touch of her tongue to Lena’s clit has her eyes rolling and Lena can’t help the obscene moan that breaks free. Kara never ceases to light her body on fire with every single touch. Kara drags the point of her tongue from her clit down to her entrance and back, coaxing soft whimpers from Lena’s throat.

“Please.” Lena murmurs, reaching down to grip Kara’s head, fingers threading through wet hair again.

“Fingers?” Kara wiggles her hand teasingly, frowning when Lena shakes her head.

“Tongue.” She requests breathlessly, and Kara is overjoyed to comply. With a final few flicks to Lena’s clit, she drags her tongue back down and pushes inside of her softly. Lena’s hips roll up into her mouth gently as Kara finds her rhythm. She fucks Lena as hard as she can manage, her nose bumping Lena’s clit with every thrust.

Lena is barrelling towards the edge. The cool night air caressing her burning skin causing her nipples to stiffen. Kara never relents her attention, and Lena is clenching around Kara’s glorious tongue. She is so close she just needs-

Kara’s thumb reaches up to rub harsh, tight circles against Lena’s clit and it’s everything that Lena needs to tumble into bliss. She comes hard, her hips rolling with Kara’s mouth as she comes down.

“Rooftop pool sex.” Kara giggles as she kisses around Lena’s folds, relishing in the way that Lena shudders. “Definitely something to revisit.”

“Oh, are we done?” Lena teases, still breathless from the intense orgasm Kara had given her. Kara grins at her, resting her chin against Lena’s stomach.

“This was lovely, but what I’d really like is a nice…” Kara places a peck on Lena’s lips. “Hot.” A kiss against her jaw. “Shower.” A sharp nip against her neck.

“I-” Lena gulps as Kara sucks her pulse point. “I wouldn’t be opposed.”

By the time they are downstairs and in the shower, bathed in red light, Lena has come twice more. Once in the elevator, when Kara got a little impatient, and again when they first entered the shower and Kara had asked if Lena would kindly sit on her face.

“The shower was supposed to be about you.” Lena mutters, breathless. Kara grins up at her, running hands along the outside of Lena’s thighs that are still trembling from her orgasm a few minutes ago.
Lena is not sure when they shifted, but Kara is now sitting with her back against the wall with Lena straddling her lap. Water cascades down from the shower head, enveloping them in warmth.

“I think it was about me.” Kara replies with a shit-eating grin, punctuating her statement with slow kisses along Lena’s jaw. “I could spend a lifetime pleasuring you.”

“Cheesy.” Lena snarks, nudging Kara with her nose until the blonde gets the idea and reunites their lips. The kiss starts slow, it usually always does, and it ends anywhere but. When Lena finally finds her strength again, she rocks the pair of them back, landing on her back with Kara on top of her, still joined at the lips.

Kara, having planted both hands on either side of Lena’s head, holds herself up steadily, far enough that their breasts rub together lightly as they move. Lena gasps at the contact that is entirely not enough, and brings her hands around to the small of Kara’s back to push.

“Don’t hold back, princess.” Lena mumbles against feverish lips, and she groans loudly when Kara complies and rests her weight more fully upon Lena as they make out.

“Princess, huh?” Kara asks, smiling as she draws shapes on Lena’s neck with her lips. “That’s a new one.”

“Do you not-”

“I love it.” Kara interrupts, quashing Lena’s nerves down as quickly as they appear. Lena giggles, her head falling back to give Kara more room to suck at her neck lightly. Lena, admittedly, lets it go a little too far. Kara already has a thigh wedged between her own before Lena manages to clear her mind enough to stop her.

“Hey, I’m all about fair play.”

“Fair play?”

“I believe we’re sitting at three to zero.” Lena waves a finger between them to make her point. Kara rolls her eyes, pecking Lena on the lips adoringly as best she can with the grin still plastered on her face. “So… princess…”

Kara hums, leaning her forehead against Lena’s, revelling in the way the water rolls down her back and around them like a curtain of warmth.

“Come take a seat on your throne.” Lena raises her eyebrow into a perfect arch and Kara lets out a noise that lands somewhere between a whimper and a groan.

“Who’s cheesy now?” Kara mutters, shaking her head as she begins to reposition herself.

“Doesn’t seem to bother you.” Lena nips at Kara’s thigh when it appears beside her head.

“Who could turn down an invitation like that?” Kara gasps when Lena sucks against her skin, leaving a blossoming bruise in the wake of her mouth. Kara settles her other leg onto the tiles by Lena’s head and gasps when Lena blows hotly onto her clit.

Lena marks Kara’s thighs twice more before finally relenting and flicking her tongue out to taste Kara. The pressure is fleeting and far too soft for Kara’s liking and the blonde’s hips jerk in response.

“Please, baby.” Kara whimpers when Lena flicks her tongue out again. Kara can feel the grin Lena is wearing against her thighs and she wishes she was coherent enough to make a quip at her
girlfriend, but all she can do is beg when Lena sucks harshly on her clit for only a moment.

“Rao, Lena.” Kara whimpers, rolling her hips down to try and get some pressure, some friction, Anything. “Please.”

“You sound so good begging for my tongue.” Lena says huskily, still keeping her mouth just a few centimetres from where Kara is desperate for her. Where Kara is absolutely dripping. Kara whimpers again, reaching down to thread fingers into wet brunette hair.

“I’ll give it to you if you promise me one thing.” Lena whispers, worried about her voice breaking in arousal as she traces her hands along Kara’s sides, trailing up to rub roughly over both her nipples once to coax another moan from her. When Kara doesn’t answer her immediately, Lena places a slow kiss just above Kara’s clit.


“Don’t hold back.” Lena doesn’t so much request as she demands. Kara groans loud and full, her torso keeling over slightly as nods jerkily.

“I can do that.” Kara whispers.

“I’m serious.” Lena warns, letting her breath wash over Kara’s centre teasingly.

“I won’t!” Kara promises, her hands now urging Lena upward by the fingers threaded in her hair.

“Good.” Lena inhales heavily before pressing her mouth harshly against Kara. The blonde shudders violently, her hips rocking gently against Lena’s mouth and it’s far too timid for Lena’s liking. She brings her hands up to Kara’s ass to push, guiding her to use her face, her mouth, her tongue, as much as she needs. Kara gets the idea and speeds up a little, effectively rubbing herself off against Lena’s mouth. It doesn’t last too long before Kara is muttering wildly about how close she is. It was always like this, if Kara spent her time giving Lena orgasm after orgasm before letting Lena touch her. Seeing Lena come apart under her always had her close to the edge before ever being touched.

“I’m not going- I’m so clo- Lena.” Kara whimpers as she speeds up even more, her hips stuttering jerkily as she grows closer to her release. Lena pulls her mouth away long enough to instruct Kara to come, and Kara does. With a moan that will probably be heard by the doorman and several more moments of thrusting hips, Lena works Kara down from her orgasm gently, kissing and mouthing lightly at Kara as her hips slow and her chest heaves with burning effort to try and work some oxygen back into her lungs.

“Three to one.” Kara sighs as she shifts away from Lena’s mouth.

“We’re still uneven.” Lena states sitting up to encourage Kara to straddle her lap, in a similar position to how they had found themselves before.

“I think we can fix that.” Kara grins mischievously, sliding her knees far enough apart that her centre comes into contact with Lena’s stomach. When the brunette groans at the slick feeling on her stomach, Kara kisses her lightly before pulling away. Lena groans again at the loss, but let’s Kara help her to her feet.

“But maybe we should get out before we turn into prunes.”

Lena hums in agreement, reaching for the body wash on the wall mounted shelf.

“Not before we actually get clean though.” Lena smirks at Kara’s impatient look. “I somehow feel
dirtier than I did before.”

“Yeah, it’s your filthy mouth.” Kara replies bluntly, taking the body wash from Lena and pumping some into her hands.

“You love my filthy mouth.”

Kara laughs loudly as she lathers the soap against Lena’s skin, pulling the shorter woman closer to place a kiss on her nose.

“You’re not wrong.”

By the time they make it out of the shower and dry, Kara’s stomach is rumbling. Lena laughs heartily as she watches the conflict in Kara’s eyes between her hunger for food and her hunger for Lena.

“C’mon, princess.” Lena smiles through the use of the new nickname. “We’ll order potstickers.”

Ordering potstickers consists of Kara taking Lena on the dining table, before they call the Chinese place. Then Lena catches Kara up on two more orgasms on the floor beside the table as they wait for the delivery guy. Then finally Lena makes the pair of them even with a final round on the kitchen island, the two brown bags of potstickers sitting on the counter behind them.

“This is going to be the best weekend of my life.” Kara mutters around a mouthful of food. Lena chastises her and tells her to swallow her food before she goes spitting it all over the apartment and Kara complies begrudgingly before she leans over to press a chaste kiss to Lena’s lips. She settles back into the couch with her takeout container before Lena continues.

“Best weekend of your life, hm?” Lena asks when Kara pulls away.

“Yep. I’m naked, I have potstickers, my girlfriend is also very naked.” Kara lists as she shoves another potsticker in her mouth.

“The potstickers out rank me, do they?” Lena teases, watching as Kara rolls her eyes. The blonde drops her takeout container onto the coffee table unceremoniously, leaving the last two potstickers untouched, and moves to straddle Lena. When the brunette has been rid of her container as well, Kara presses her lips against the soft skin of her neck.

“I don’t think anything tastes better than you.” Kara’s voice is low and sultry, her lips tracing a soft trail down Lena’s chest and stomach, stopping when they reach short curls. “Even potstickers.”

Lena gasps dramatically, snickering when Kara looks up at her in outrage.

“That’s like the highest compliment I could ever receive from you.” Lena mutters, letting out a small moan when Kara’s lips find her clit, pressing feather light kisses across her centre.

“I’m sure I’ll be able to beat it before the weekend is out.” Kara mutters, making Lena moan again from the vibrations of her voice against her core. Kara continues to flick her tongue across Lena’s clit softly, content to move languidly against her centre and build Lena up as slowly as she can.

“God I never want to leave this apartment.” Lena groans when Kara sucks softly.

“If you think we’re leaving this apartment at all this weekend, you’re sorely mistaken.” Kara informs her seriously, sitting up slightly so she can stare up at Lena solemnly.

“I’ll be sore, but I won’t be mistaken.” Lena flashes a cheeky grin raising her hips to encourage Kara
to continue. With another eye roll, Kara returns her mouth to Lena’s centre, moving with more purpose. Lena can feel her release building again, but before she can get anywhere, the front door crashes open, and one Detective Sawyer stands frozen in the doorway. Alex runs directly into her a moment later, not having noticed her stop.

“Maggie wha- WHOA.” Alex yells when her eyes finally land on Kara and Lena, both also frozen in their positions on the couch. The yelling is enough for Kara and Lena to finally move again, and they both scramble for the blanket hanging over the back of the couch. Kara ends up on top of Lena, face pressed into her neck to keep the blanket covering the both of them.

“Way to knock, guys.” Kara mutters, annoyed by the interruption.

“Well you don’t exactly expect to find your two friends naked on the couch when they know people are coming over.” Maggie snarks, walking into the living room and placing the box of donuts in her hand on the dining room table.

“What are you-” Lena’s question is cut off by a groan from Kara.

“I forgot I agreed to a movie night yesterday.” Kara moans into Lena’s neck. Lena rubs her back comfortingly, smirking at the way Alex is standing as far away from the couch as she can with a hand clamped over her eyes.

“Well, if you could give us a minute to get decent, you guys can pick a movie.” Lena says. Kara groans into her neck again, but doesn’t resist when Lena starts to push her up. After a bit of awkward shuffling and rearranging, Lena and Kara manage to make it to the bedroom without flashing Alex and Maggie again.

“Make yourselves comfortable.” Lena calls over her shoulder as they disappear, laughing loudly when she hears Alex shout indignantly.

“I’M NOT GOING NEAR THAT COUCH.”

~~~~~

“Did you keep that red bulb?”

Kara’s voice starts Lena from her reverie. She glances down from her book to where the blonde is laying in her lap.

“The one from game night.” Kara clarifies when Lena stares at her blankly. It takes her another moment to connect the dots before she sucks in a short breath and let’s out a quiet ‘oh’ in recognition.

“No, I didn’t. It was Maggie’s.” Lena tells her, smiling as she returns to her book.

“Where do you think she got it?”

Lena pulls her bookmark out of the back cover of the book and shoves it into place, closing the book and tossing it onto the coffee table gently. She drops her gaze to Kara, looking at her over the top of the dark frames of her glasses.

“Probably some party store. It was just a tinted bulb.” Lena supplies readily, still confused as to where this might be going. Kara continues to stare up at the ceiling, frowning enough to bring out the crinkle in her brow that Lena loves. She brings a thumb up to try and smooth Kara’s brow out, smiling softly down at her girlfriend.
“What are you thinking about?”

Kara shakes her head, her gaze finally fixing on Lena and a smile spreads across her face. One of her hands, previously playing with the hem of her shirt, reaches up to trace Lena’s jawline.

“Just…” Kara sighs deeply. “Thinking.”

“Come on.” Lena huffs, carding her fingers through blonde hair. “What are you scheming up in that brain of yours.”

“Well…” Kara sits up, taking her head out of Lena’s lap and instead leaning into her side, wrapping both arms around Lena’s torso. “Alex and Maggie keep making bets on me.”

Lena nods, knowing exactly what Kara is talking about. The pair of them were competitive to a fault and they generally liked to hedge bets on Kara and the things she did. How many potstickers would she eat, how long until she falls asleep on Lena at movie night, will she throw a game to let Lena win. Lena generally thought it was cute, aside from the time she accidently overheard what the reward was, but it seemed to really be bothering Kara.

“Do you want them to stop?” She asks softly, receiving a head shake in response.

“It’s fine, mostly.” Kara sighs. “I kind of just want to get them back somehow.”

The dots all connect in Lena’s mind and she can’t help but giggle. Kara looks up at her questioningly and Lena just smiles.

“You want to put a sunlamp in their apartment or something to get them back?”

Kara nods, grinning along with Lena as she giggles, thinking of all the possibilities.

“Why put a fake one in though?” Lena suddenly gets serious, pulling away from Kara so she can look her in the face. Kara opens her mouth to reply but Lena is speaking before she can formulate a response.

“Not for actual.” Lena shakes her head and laughs when Kara looks relieved. “But we’ve done the fake one before, she’ll catch on. She won’t if we put a real sunlamp in there…”

“Lena, you’re a genius.” Kara mutters, leaning forward to kiss her girlfriend.

“Where are we going to put it? And when?”

Kara grins in a way that can only be described as wicked, an evil glint in her eye.

“Their bedroom.”

“God, Kara.” Lena laughs, grimacing a little at the idea of them having sex in Alex and Maggie’s bed. “That’s perfect.”

“What if we shift game night to their place tomorrow night?” Kara asks, suddenly getting excited and swept up in their plans. “We can say we have a plumbing problem or something!”

Lena smiles and nods, going along as Kara rambles through a vague plan of how they are going to get the sunlamp in. Lena is going to have to install it, because although Kara knows how, Lena is much faster at it. They learnt this after fifteen frustrating minutes of Kara fumbling with their newest sunlamp to be installed in Kara’s living room. Kara had been adamant about christening the apartment properly and who was Lena to deny her that?
Before Lena can come back from her less than PG rated daydream, Kara is already on the phone with Alex. When she notices Lena perk up, she puts the phone on speaker phone.

“Wait, what about game night?” Alex’s voice crackles through the speaker.

“We can’t have it here, there’s a plumbing problem at Lena’s apartment and mine is just a little too small now.” Kara informs, her voice wavering as she tries to remain serious.

“So you want us to host it?” Alex asks, sounding distracted.

“Yeah, can we swap weeks?”

“Sure. You couldn’t have just-” Alex makes a noise that sounds suspiciously like a moan before quickly covering it up with a cough. Kara frowns and Lena hides her smirk behind her hand. She knows exactly what Alex- or rather Maggie- is doing right now.

“Are you alright, Alex?” Kara asks, concerned.

“Yeah! Yep. Totally fine. You can just-” Another cough. “You can just text me next time. I’ve gotta g-go.”

“ALEX, GROSS.” She yells, dropping the phone and vaulting the back of the couch. By the time she makes it to the kitchen, she has her fingers in her ears. There is some shuffling on the other end of the line and the next voice to come through is decidedly not Alex.

“Little Luthor, you there? Tell Little Danvers that you both deserved that, for last week.” Lena makes a noise of acknowledgement, picking up the phone from where Kara had ditched it on the couch. She can hear Alex grumbling somewhere nearby the phone and can’t help but snicker.

“When she’s wild in the sack?” Maggie finishes with a laugh. “Alex is the same. I don’t get it either.”

“I can hear you talking about me!” Kara complains from the kitchen, pouting when Lena turns to look at her. She can hear Alex grumble something similar.

“Our Danvers girls, huh?” Lena smiles affectionately. Maggie laughs again, and Lena reckons she is wearing a similar smile before she speaks.

“Our Danvers girls.”

~~~~~

“How are we going to get into their bedroom without drawing attention to ourselves?” Lena suddenly halts, causing Kara to run into the back of her. Alex’s door is in view at the end of the hallway and Kara can tell that Lena is getting nervous about pulling off the prank.

“It will be fine, Lena.” Kara sighs, rounding her girlfriend and hooking a hand into the crook of her elbow, using only a little of her strength to get Lena moving. But when Lena drags her feet a little, Kara pauses again and turns around to kiss her.
“I’m not nervous, I’ve just realised we don’t really have a plan.” Lena frowns at her, reading Kara’s expression all too well.

“What do you mean?”

“We can’t just excuse ourselves into your sister and her girlfriends bedroom, Kara. We need a good excuse.” Lena’s brow is furrowed, deep in thought as she tries to concoct a believable reason for Lena and Kara to be alone in a bedroom that isn’t theirs.

“We can pretend to have a fight.” Kara offers, scrunching her nose slightly. “Actually bad idea, I don’t think I could fight with you.” She hurriedly retracts her statement.

“No, wait. Kara that’s a perfect idea.” Lena’s eyes light up, only dulling when she notices Kara’s sad look.

“No, it’s okay. You won’t have to actually fight with me. We can pretend we had a fight before we left. We act cold around each other and Alex will notice quick enough to tell us to sort it out. Then we can excuse ourselves into the bedroom.” Lena jumps a little in excitement, pressing up onto her toes to peck Kara’s lips before rounding her and heading towards the apartment.

Kara huffs out a short sigh before grumbling in agreement, turning to follow Lena to the door.

“Remember, act cold.” Lena reminds Kara, knowing that the alien ball of sunshine would probably struggle with that far more than she herself will.

Lena lifts a hand to knock on the door only to be stopped by Kara’s hand holding onto hers. When she looks up in question, Kara stoops down to press a longer kiss to her lips.

“Just in case I can’t do that in the next little while.” Kara winks, dropping Lena’s hand to rap sharply on the door, already getting into character. Lena shoots a grin to Kara before schooling her features into a frown. When Maggie pulls the door open, Lena breezes past her as soon as there is enough room and makes a beeline to the couch.

“Hello to you, too?” Maggie frowns, her lips turning up in confusion. Kara stalks past her a moment later with her head down, keeping her eyes firmly on the floor. She’s heard from Alex so many times that she isn’t a good actress, and Alex knows her far too well to see through any lies she might have to tell. So she lets Lena takes the lead, sitting as far as she can from her on the other end of the couch. Alex, having watched them come in from the kitchen, notices immediately of course.

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing, Alex. Everything is great.” Lena tells her with far too much pep in her voice. Kara wants to applaud Lena’s acting skills, but keeps her eyes on the floor, clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap.

“Are you two fighting?” Maggie asks softly, still standing by the door.

“No, we’re fine.” Kara speaks, her voice wavering a little. She’s beginning to regret her idea. It seems though that the wavering has helped their cause, as Alex stalks through to the living room to stare them both down.

“You aren’t.” Alex states.

“We are.” Lena and Kara speak together, and Kara has to cough to cover up a smile.
There is a long pause, and if Kara has looked up she would have seen Maggie and Alex having a silent conversation. The next thing she knows Maggie is tugging her up by her arm and towards the bedroom. Alex has Lena by the arm as well, and when they’re inside the bedroom, Kara and Lena are let go, whilst Alex and Maggie return to the living room.

“People will be here in half an hour, try and sort it out?” Alex shoots them a concerned smile before pulling the door shut behind them. The door has barely clicked back into place before Kara is jumping around.

“We didn’t even have to ask to get in here!” She whispers, trying to stifle her giggles. All prior regret is forgotten as Lena grins back at her and pulls the sunlamp from her pocket along with a bulb from another.

“The ceiling is taller than I thought…” Lena hums, looking up at the light fitting. With a slight yelp she finds herself in Kara’s arms, floating gently towards the ceiling.

“Thanks.” Lena giggles quietly as she begins to secure the sunlamp to the fitting.

“Will it activate through the normal light switch?” Kara asks, having left the technicalities up to Lena.

“No, I’m going to install a wireless switch and hide it in plain sight.” Lena murmurs, tongue lolling out of the side of her mouth in concentration.

“We’re talking about a special agent and a detective here, they’ll notice it straight away.” Kara frowns.

“That’s what I’m banking on.”

“You have this all planned out?”

Lena grins up at her mischievously as she screws the final bolt into place.

“By the night’s end, we’ll be watching a TV or Movie of some sort. I’m going to suggest something raunchy-“ Lena wiggles her eyebrows. “And you’re going to second it. If it goes our way, hopefully they’ll be turned on enough to get a little frisky.”

“Gross.” Kara whines, pretending to gag.

“At first they won’t notice it, but then when they do they will probably switch it on and we’ll probably ruin their mood.” Lena pecks Kara’s lips gently as she is placed back on her feet.

“You’re a genius.” Kara tells her softly, leaning in to kiss her a little harder. The door swings open beside them and a smug looking Alex stands in the doorway.

“All good?”

“Yes, we’ve talked it out.” Lena smiles shyly. “We’re all fine, but do you mind if I make a quick phone call in here? Just some CEO stuff.”

Alex nods, patting Kara on the arm as she walks past and pulling the door shut behind them, leaving Lena alone in the bedroom.

“All sorted?” Maggie asks when she sees Kara.

“Yep!” Kara replies brightly.
“What happened?”

Kara stammers. They hadn’t come up with a reason for the fight and if their stories didn’t line up, they were going to get caught. Her hesitation seems answer enough, however, when Maggie raises her hands in surrender.

“You don’t have to tell me.” She smiles. “Glad you worked it out though.”

Kara nods, trying not to look too relieved. Only another minute or two passes before Lena rejoins them in the living room, wrapping her arms around Kara’s waist and pressing a few soft kisses to her neck.

Game night continues on without a hitch. Winn, James and Lucy all show up a little while later and they settle down into a game of pictionary that ends with a small red welt on Winn’s forehead after Alex threw the marker at him.

“How is that not ‘Space Jam’?” Alex cries, pointing at her crudely drawn aliens and basketball hoop.

By 11pm, all but the four women have left. They are settled into either end of the couch watching a movie.

“This has to be the fourth sex scene so far.” Maggie comments, laughing as the couple on screen get louder with the music. Alex remains unusually quiet, and Lena can’t help but smirk. She’s a CEO, her entire job entails being able to read people, and she’s gotten pretty good at reading Alex in a casual context.

When the movie finishes, Lena and Kara bid their farewell and make their way down to Lena’s car.

“How long do we give it?” Kara asks as Lena pulls away from the curb, accelerating down the street.

“I’m not sure.” Lena shrugs. “You could listen in.”

Kara looks pensive for a moment, cocking her head to the side. A beat passes before Kara squeaks.

“No, I don’t think I want to.” Her cheeks flush a bright red and Lena can’t help but laugh.

“You’re adorable.” She mutters.

“Really? Cause I’m actually going for sexy…” Kara whispers, leaning over the centre console to brush her lips along the shell of Lena’s ear.

“Yeah, that too.” Lena replies with a shudder. Kara trails down her neck, nipping softly at her pulse point, earning herself a whimper.

“Kara, I’m driving.”

“Lena, I want you.”

Lena shoots her a dirty look. That was unfair.

“I thought we were stating facts.” Kara grins mischievously, settling back into the passenger seat. “Guess I’ll just have to take care of this-” Kara sinks a hand into the front of her pants. “-myself.”

Lena groans, her foot growing heavier in an attempt to get them home faster.
Kara and Lena are barely out of the door before Maggie has Alex pressed against it, already leaving marks on her neck.

“God, Maggie—” Alex groans. “Wait till the sister with super hearing at least gets out of the building.”

Maggie bites back a smirk, rolling her eyes at the way Alex pulls at her shirt impatiently. Maggie takes Alex’s hands, pressing them into the wood beside her head and moving to place a kiss on lips that are just begging for contact.

“Hypocrite.” Maggie taunts, pulling away when Alex attempts to close the gap between them, earning herself a whine.

“Yeah well. Sue me.” Alex huffs, tugging her hands free of Maggie’s to pull at her shirt again, undoing buttons with shaky hands.

Maggie finds herself shirtless, seated on the couch with Alex straddling her lap and she’s not entirely sure how she got here, but she definitely isn’t going to complain. With one hand buried in Alex’s hair, she moves the other to the buttons of Alex’s flannel and begins to pop them open torturously slow. Alex is rolling her hips steadily in her lap and Maggie for probably the hundredth time today sends a quick thanks to whatever God put Alex in her life before returning her attention to getting her naked. It would be a crime not to worship her body like it deserved to be.

“Should we—” She’s cut off by her own moan as Alex sucks on her pulse point and she’s definitely going to have fun explaining that at work tomorrow. Alex seems to understand her however, nodding without taking her lips away from Maggie’s skin. She doesn’t make a move to get up either, so Maggie wraps both arms around her waist before standing up from the low couch. Despite her muscles screaming at her, she is rewarded with Alex moaning loudly into her ear at the display of strength.

Alex wraps her legs around Maggie’s waist to make the trip to the bedroom easier, and Maggie pauses long enough for Alex to flail a limb out and turn the light on. Another few steps and Maggie has Alex deposited on the bed.

Maggie presses her down onto her back, crawling over her on all fours in something that could only be described as predatory. All of their wrestling back and forth over the last few minutes comes to a close as Alex seems to accept that Maggie is taking the reigns tonight, and truly, she isn’t mad about it.

“What do you want, Alex?” Maggie’s voice is dangerously low. The breathless rasp against her lips sends sparks straight down her spine and she struggles to form a single word, let alone a sentence. Maggie maneuvers her thigh in between Alex’s and her hands against her hips, giving her enough pressure to feel it’s presence, but not allowing her to get any friction. In the short silence of the room, Maggie feels something nagging in the back of her mind. Something is off, but she doesn’t pay it any thought, focusing back in on the half naked goddess underneath her.

“Alec.” Maggie warns, her grip on Alex’s hips growing heavier as the woman fights against it. “Just tell me what you want and you can have it.”

“Alec.” Alex whines, nails digging every so slightly into the skin of her back and Maggie really isn’t sure who this game is benefiting more. Alex is writhing underneath her with reckless abandon and she could swear that it’s her getting everything she needs out of this. But that damn voice in the back of her head is still whining about something being wrong, and she pauses, letting her forehead...
rest against Alex’s.

“Wait.” She breathes, attempting to catch her breath before letting her mind shift back into cop mode, trying to remember what has caught her eye and sent off the alarms in her head.

“You alright?” Alex asks in a whisper, hands dropping from Maggie’s shoulder blades and coming around to cup her face.

“Something is…” Maggie swallows, opening her eyes and sitting up into her knees. “Something is off.”

“What do you mean.”

Maggie’s mind finishes running through the last fifteen minutes, and she finally snags onto what is wrong, she spins quickly to glare at the wall. Her eyes narrow when they land on the offending object.

“There are two light switches on the wall.”

“No there -” Alex pauses, sitting up to peak around Maggie’s body. “Oh…”

They both stare at it for far too long, minds churning in the possibilities. Maggie, thinking the worst of the worst believes that it might be a bomb that someone had tried to hide in plain sight. It’s a stupid idea, like a cop and a secret agent wouldn’t notice the extra switch let alone turn it on.

“What do we do?” Maggie asks, knowing that Alex would have figured out her train of thought right now.

“I could call Winn, get him to scan the apartment.” Alex breathes, both of them far too caught up in their worry to realise what was going on. Alex is first to catch on, and her worried look drops into one of complete apathy. “Oh my god.”

“What?” Maggie asks, turning to look at Alex, both of them still shirtless, chests heaving. Alex rolls her eyes, shaking her head as she extracts herself from Maggie and hops of the bed. She walks over to the switch, resting a finger on it before turning to face Maggie.

“Alex don’t.”

Alex ignores her, flicking the switch dramatically and plunging the room into the deep red colour of one of Lena’s sunlamps.

“Lena Luthor is going to wish she was never born.” Alex states simply, like she is commenting on the weather. Maggie groans, rolling her eyes as she flops onto the bed and rubs at her forehead.

“They think they’re funny.” Maggie chuckles flatly, feeling the arousal and excitement leave her body, she knows Alex will be too riled up after this to do anything. Alex makes her way back to the bed, standing on it and attempting to reach the light fitting, finding that she comes at least a foot short.

“They weren’t really fighting. They needed to get in here so Kara could fly up and install it.” Alex comments in the same dead tone, her expression so flat that even Maggie is struggling to read it. Alex disappears, coming back with the stepladder they keep in the hallway closet. Standing on the very top rung, Alex has just enough height to reach the light fitting and she pries it away from the ceiling with a screwdriver, not caring if she destroys it in the process. When she climbs down, she walks over to pry the dummy light switch away from the wall as well, both get tossed unceremoniously
onto the kitchen table before Alex returns, sliding the bedroom door shut behind her.

“We’re going to get them back.”

Maggie perks up, lifting her head to look at Alex who is now pacing at the end of the bed. She sits up slowly, crossing her legs and letting her eyes follow Alex’s still half naked form.

“How are we going to do that?” She asks slowly. Installing red sunlamps in odd locations is only going to help them, and suddenly Maggie knows exactly what Alex is thinking.

“We’re going to deactivate them?” She asks, Alex only nodding in confirmation.

“They want to try ruining our mood, we’re going to ruin theirs.” Alex huffs, coming to a stop by the foot of the bed.

“It won’t be dangerous for Lena?” Maggie’s gut squirms uncomfortably at the thought that their shenanigans might be the cause of Lena getting hurt, and Alex is quick to quell her worries.

“I’m going to deactivate them fully. When they flick the switches the red light won’t turn on at all so that they know it’s not functioning, then they can’t do anything.”

“They can’t do much.” Maggie corrects, referring to the fact that they managed to get through six months without one, even if it left both parties slightly frustrated. Then Maggie’s mind finally catches up with her again.

“Wait, try to ruin our mood?” She asks slowly, and Alex grins at her wickedly. She crawls onto the bed slowly, backing Maggie up until her head hits the pillow at the top.

“You didn’t think I was going to let you get away with that, did you Sawyer?”

“God, I hope not.” Maggie grins in return.

~~~~~

The war brewing between the couples had just barely begun, but already everyone was in far too deep to stop now. After the sunlamp incident in Alex and Maggie’s bedroom, they had taken a few weeks to gather themselves, and some intel. Alex, scientist that she is, formed a list of every sunlamp she knew of in alphabetised order of their location. Then they started actively searching for them. If Lena and Kara weren’t so content to be wrapped up in one another during movie nights, they would have noticed Alex and Maggie offering to do everything. Every time they needed drinks, more food, a disc change, Alex and Maggie would be on their feet before either of them could offer.

They’d both use these opportunities to snoop, finding and flipping as many switches as they could in the limited time and noting their results in their phone, all to be added to the master list later. Maggie, though thoroughly impressed by Alex’s dedication to the prank, also finds it slightly terrifying and also a little sexy.

“I found one in their closet.” Maggie scoffs, equal parts weirded out and amused as Alex frowns at her.

“Is that supposed to be ironic?” She asks quizzically as she types the new sunlamp into her laptop. Maggie shrugs, shaking her head as she chuckles.

“No idea, but I have to admire their commitment.”
“Well I don’t, it’s weird.” Alex shoves Maggie’s shoulder.

“Only cause it’s your little sister.”

“I really don’t want to think about it.”

Maggie grins, shuffling on the couch so that she can move Alex’s laptop off of her lap, replacing it with herself as she straddles her girlfriend.

“I could distract you…”

Alex’s expression takes a short journey from vaguely turned on to slightly disgusted to utterly torn as her hands find their way under the hem of Maggie’s henley. The torn look teeters more towards turned on when Maggie bears her hips down further into Alex’s lap and begins to kiss at her jaw gently.

“We need to pick which sunlamp to deactivate first.” Alex sighs, and Maggie sits back to squint at Alex.

“Just one?”

“If we do more then they’ll know it was us.”

“I thought that was the point.”

Alex rolls her eyes, reaching up to kiss Maggie and Maggie knows it’s because Alex can’t resist her when she’s squinting with a mischievous look in her eyes.

“Eventually we want them to know it was us. First I want them to think that they’re just breaking.” Alex explains matter of factly, and Maggie nods slowly, catching up with the plan.

“Right. So we should do one of the first sunlamps they got.”

Alex frowns, and then grins when she catches on.

“They’ll think that there is some fault causing them to age out and stop working.” Alex splutters excitedly, wrapping her arms around Maggie’s waist to pull her in for a heated kiss.

“You’re amazing, you know?” Alex breathes against Maggie’s lips.

“Yeah, I know.” Maggie mutters, grinning into their next kiss as Alex’s hands finally begin to move with some purpose, tracing the shape of the muscles in Maggie’s back as she inches her henley higher.

“Show off.”

~~~~~

The next game night comes around and it’s being held at Lena’s apartment. Maggie, the little shit she is, knocks loudly on the door before walking in with one hand clamped over her eyes.

“Are my eyes safe? Is everyone clothed?”

Kara groans, Lena snickers and Maggie could swear she could hear Winn’s blush.

“You two are the last here, of course everyone is clothed.” Kara hisses at her, throwing an M&M
with enough force to sting a little when it hits her hand.

“Ow, no projectiles!” Maggie hisses in return.

“That’s what she said.”

Maggie, Alex, Kara and Lena all groan and roll their eyes at Winn, turning to either throw more M&M’s on Kara and Lena’s part, and flip him off on Alex and Maggie’s.

Vaulting the couch, Maggie settles into the leather comfortably, ignoring Lena’s whine as she places her boots gently onto her glass coffee table and tucking her hands behind her head.

“Make yourself at home.” Lena mutters sarcastically, extending a foot to kick Maggie’s dirty shoes off of the table.

“Thanks, but I already did.” Maggie grins back, enjoying the banter as Lena tries to fight her ever affectionate smile. As much as she hides it, every one of the Superfriends know that Lena is a giant softy at heart.

Half of game night flies by, and Alex hasn’t managed to find an excuse to slip into Lena’s bedroom to deactivate the sunlamp above the bed. It was the one that she had built and installed for them all those months ago, the first one to exist. She finally finds her opening when Lena and Kara offer to walk down to the bodega on the corner for more chips. As soon as the door slides shut behind them, Alex catches Maggie’s eye and jerks her head in the direction of Winn and James. Nodding, Maggie sets off to distract the two men as Alex stands and saunters towards the hallway.

“You know, Winn. I always thought the prequels were way better than the original Star Wars.”

Alex fights an eye roll, because of course Maggie decides that the best way to distract Winn is to start a fight about Star Wars. It has the desired effect however, when Alex hears Winn’s indignant scoff before he launches into a detailed explanation of just how wrong Maggie is.

Alex manages to get in and out of the bedroom in under two minutes, the sunlamp deactivated safely. Alex had created another sunlamp in her lab for the sole purpose of learning how to deactivate the lamps as quickly and as cleanly as possible, all while leaving them entirely intact so that Lena could fix them easily. She didn’t want to completely destroy their fun, just annoy them a little before they could get down to anything.

Winn hadn’t noticed her absence at all. James raises an eyebrow at her but doesn’t say anything, and Kara and Lena slip back into the apartment only another few minutes later. Counting her mission as a tentative success, she settles further into the couch beside Maggie and waits. This was going to be fun.

~~~~~

“I think Alex and Maggie might have missed the light switch.” Kara frowns as she tugs her shirt over her head. Lena looks up at her curiously, already half stripped down and waiting on the bed for Kara to join her. They’d been lip locked on the couch for the last twenty minutes, but Kara could get distracted easily, even in the middle of sex.

“Cause they haven’t said anything?” Lena asks slowly, watching intently as Kara slowly drops her sweatpants as well. Kara may be distracted, but she definitely isn’t.

“Yeah, surely we would have been chewed out by now?”
Lena shrugs, unwilling to use her voice as Kara clambers onto the bed in a less than graceful manner. When she is perched over Lena on all fours, brow still furrowed in deep thought, Lena drags her hands up Kara’s sides. She slips her hands around to her back when she reaches the bottom of her bra, and trails her fingertips up to her shoulder blade and neck. Kara shudders slightly, her eyes finally focusing on the woman beneath her and grinning wickedly.

“One sec.” In a burst of super speed, Kara is off the bed and trotting towards the door, towards the red sunlamp switch.

“Wait.”

Lena fights to control her heaving chest, staring intently at Kara’s now frozen form. She stands by the doorway, arm outstretched and finger resting against the second light switch by the door.

“Can we…” Lena trails off, seemingly embarrassed to ask for what she wants. What she wants being Kara to use her powers again, Kara can tell. They hadn’t done it since that day in her office. They had talked about it, boy, had they talked about it. It often came up when they were talking dirty, but they hadn’t tried it again.

“You sure?” Kara asks. In truth, Lena suspected that Kara had been waiting for her to ask. She had basically admitted to being keen to try again, especially without the effects of the Kryptonite making her as frantic as it did, but she hadn’t wanted to push Lena further than she was ready to go.

“God, yes.” Lena sighs, and Kara’s super senses pick up the ways her thighs are already trembling ever so slightly at the thought. Kara grins, dropping her arm to her side as she saunters back to the bed, unclipping and dropping her bra on the way, causing Lena’s breath to hitch.

“On a scale of one to totally irreplaceable, where would you rank these?” Kara asks, trailing her fingers along the waistband of Lena’s panties with one hand and the side of her bra with the other.

“In the negatives.” Lena breathes out, barely biting back a moan when Kara rips them both off instantly, dropping the ruined garments off the side of the bed.

“What do you want, baby?” Kara asks, keeping her body poised over Lena’s without touching her at all. The cool air of the room and the lack of contact makes Lena squirm and Kara relishes in the way Lena’s body tries to gravitate towards hers in need.

“Whatsoever you want to do.” Lena cedes authority to Kara, a familiar glint in her eye. There is something else that she wants, that she is too afraid to say. Kara pauses to stare down at her with a knowing smirk, bringing her lips to ghost just millimetres above Lena’s chest, where she so desperately needs her.

“Sorry what was that?”

Lena groans and Lena whimpers and Lena could come just at the thought of giving to Kara what she so desperately wants to give. She wrestles with herself briefly, not wanting to give the game up so easily, but so desperate to close the gap between her breast and Kara’s mouth.

“I asked you a question, baby.” Kara murmurs, slightly firmer than her last question and Lena has to fight her eyes that threaten to roll back at her commanding tone.

“Whatsoever you want to do…” Lena gulps. “Daddy.”

“That’s my girl.” Kara groans before closing the gap and wrapping her lips around Lena’s already pert nipple. Kara’s tongue is warm at first, working her up even further. When Lena looks down,
Kara is staring up at her with an evil glint in her blue eyes, and it seems that their eye contact is the trigger, as Kara’s tongue turns ice cold on it’s next swipe.

“Fuck.” Lena whimpers, threading her hands into Kara’s hair and gripping tightly, knowing that she can’t hurt the blonde with the sunlamp turned off.

“Was that a request?” Kara asks slowly, dragging her bottom lip along the swell of Lena’s breast teasingly. “I don’t think I heard you ask nicely.”

“Please, Daddy.” Lena moans, unable to control the jerk of her hips when Kara bites playfully at her skin, soothing the nips gently with her tongue.

“Please what?”

Lena moans louder, almost unable to endure the teasing that she know is just the beginning of what Kara wants to do to her. Lena really isn’t sure how long she is going to last like this.

“How should I fuck you, Lena?” Kara isn’t giving her an inch, demanding that Lena vocalise exactly what she wants.

“With your fingers.” Lena responds, growing increasingly impatient.

Kara does rejoin their lips, in a kiss so chaste that Lena is far from satisfied. Groaning, she attempts to pull Kara back down only to find Kara holding her position with little effort.

“Now.” Kara punctuates her sentence with short blast of freeze breath across Lena’s chest, causing her to shudder violently, moaning without restraint. “Ask me properly.”

“Please.” Lena swallows loudly, ignoring the lump in her throat. “Please fuck me with your fingers, Daddy.”

“Grab the headboard.” Kara instructs, waiting for Lena to press both hands against the wooden frame before continuing. “Keep them there.”

“Good girl.” Kara whispers, clearly biting back a moan as she trails her fingers across Lena’s jaw. They travel slowly across her body, pausing only to tease at each of her nipples before continuing down to her centre. Avoiding Lena’s clit, she circles her fingers around her entrance once, twice, before burying two fingers in without warning,

Lena yelps, immediately clenching around the intrusion as she tries to adjust, but Kara only gives her a second before she moves, thrusting hard, deep and slow.

Kara, intent on making Lena beg for what she needs, continues at a glacial pace until Lena is bucking her hips harshly into her thrusts, moaning and whimpering for more.

“What now, baby?” Kara asks softly, leaving a wet trail of kisses along Lena’s stomach and breasts, occasionally flicking a cold tongue out to press against tight nipples.

“My-” Lena gasps as Kara thrusts hard, hitting every sensitive spot she has. “My clit, please, Daddy.”

“You’re getting better at this.” Kara compliments, pressing her thumb to Lena’s clit and circling softly, giving far too little for Lena to build up to where she wants to be.
“Please, Daddy-” Lena moans, as Kara hooks her fingers forward.

“Please what?”

“Do the thing- the…” Lena trails off, unable to focus on her sentence as Kara speeds her thumb up to vibrate it ever so gently against Lena’s clit.

“This thing?”

“Fuck, yes.” Lena groans, her hips rising even higher off the bed. “Kara, please.”

“Ah-ah.” Kara stops her thumb, taking it away all together and making Lena whimper desperately. “What was that?”

“Please, Daddy.” Lena corrects herself, jerking harshly into Kara’s hand to try and gain the pressure back. Her arms are tense, knuckles white under their grip on the headboard and Kara decides that she has probably teased enough.

“Good girl. Do you want my thumb?” She asks, pressing the vibrating thumb back to Lena’s clit gently. “Or maybe you want my tongue?”

Lena shakes her head wildly, her hair splaying messily across the pillow as she tries to form the words to tell Kara what she needs, what she wants.

“Tongue on my- fuck. On my breasts, please.” She breathes raggedly, barrelling towards the edge under the extra stimulation, Kara grins, latching her lips onto one of Lena’s nipples and sucking. She uses her free hand to pinch the other gently and she bumps the speed of her thumb up far enough to send Lena catapulting into her orgasm. Lena comes with a string of expletives and Kara is pleased to hear some Kryptonian curses mixed in with the English as she works Lena down from her high.

When Lena finally manages to open her eyes, she finds Kara watching her carefully, looking equal parts worried and turned on. She smiles lazily, unable to find her words just yet but wanting to convey just how amazing she feels.

She can hear Kara sigh in relief as she drops to the bed. Her head comes to rest on Lena’s chest as the brunette fights to regain control of her limbs that feel like jelly and lead all at once.

“Why don’t you…” Lena pants. “Go and turn on the lamp.” She takes another few heavy breaths. “While I try to recover from probably the best fuck I’ve ever had.”

Kara’s delighted smile could light the entirety of National City up. She kisses Lena slowly, softly, before climbing off the bed and walking to the wall and flipping the switch.

Nothing happens.

Kara frowns, flipping the switch on and off a few times before glancing up to the sunlamp and then to Lena, who is also frowning. Lena attempts to get up, but Kara can see the way her legs tremble from across the room, and is back in a flash to push her down onto the bed.

“Can you get it down?” Lena asks and Kara nods. The blonde floats carefully up to the ceiling, prying the little black box away from the light fitting before floating back down to Lena and handing it over.

“And pass me the little screwdrivers from my draw?” Lena asks, and then promptly smacks Kara’s arm when the blonde calls her a nerd. When Lena has her tools, she opens the box up to inspect it
closely.

“It…” Lena trails off, frowning. “It almost look like some of the wiring has degraded but…”

“But?” Kara prompts.

“But this kind of metal doesn’t degrade like that, not that quickly.” Lena mutters almost to herself.

“Grab my toolbox from my office?” Lena asks, glancing up. Kara calls her a nerd again, but obliges, returning in a flash with the toolbox. Kara watches carefully as Lena pulls out and cuts a new length of wire, and then pulls out her small solder kit.

“Not while you’re naked, Rao.” Kara chastises, stilling Lena’s hands. The brunette rolls her eyes but lets Kara grab her a button down shirt and her apron. Within ten minutes, Lena is reinstalling the sunlamp in the light fitting and Kara is flipping the switch to plunge them into red tinged darkness.

“Perfect.” Lena purrs. “Now where were we?”

~~~~~

Chapter End Notes

I live and breath for your comments, so please leave some!
She flicks the switch.

She flicks it several times.

“That’s the fifth one this week!” Kara groans, flopping dramatically back onto the bed. Lena lets out a long, suffering sigh next to her.

“Why don’t you go and grab the one in the kitchen?”

Kara groans as she pulls herself up. She disappears in a burst of super speed, and Lena can hear her prying the lamp from the light fitting around the corner before she flashes back into bed, causing her clothes hanging on the rack to flutter. Kara reaches up to fix it to the light above her bed.


Kara obliges, but Lena doesn’t miss her impatient pout, and she really doesn’t blame her. Kara has been at it for hours now, and she’s only just given in to Lena’s insistent begging of ‘let me touch you dammit’.

Kara hands the lamp off to her, handing her a screwdriver from the bedside table as well and Lena
pries the backing off of the device. Lena’s slight sigh is enough indication for Kara to know that the one in her hands is blown as well.

“We’re going back to my place tomorrow.” Lena whines. “At least I can fix them there.”

“But it’s so far away.” Kara whines as well, flailing floppy limbs around in disdain. She rolls over to look at Lena, who is still inspecting the wiring inside the lamp.

“Maybe the universe doesn’t want us to have sex.”

Lena doesn’t have to look up to know that Kara isn’t serious. She’s just grumbly and slightly frustrated at Lena being unable to touch her, through no fault of either of them. She rolls her eyes and scoffs at the statement, but Kara is pulling the lamp out of her hands before she can reply.

“Kara, what-”

“There’s tamper marks on this.” Kara mutters quietly. She super speeds into the kitchen, leaving a sheet wrapped Lena to follow her out and perch herself on a stool.

“You think someone has tampered with it?” Lena asks, leaning in to try and see what Kara is seeing. It takes her a few seconds, because the marks are so small, but after Kara directs her gaze she notices them. There are a few tiny scratches on the plastic near where the two panels meet, like someone has jammed a screwdriver into the gap to pry it open.

Kara disappears for a moment and reappears with the lamp that usually adorns her bedroom ceiling.

“Can you stop super speeding around, it’s giving me whiplash.” Lena pushes her shoulder, chastising her, and Kara shoots her a guilty look.

“Sorry, I’m a little wound up. You would be too if- Look!” Kara cuts herself off, pointing to the device now in her hands. Sure enough, there are similar scratches on the black plastic panels that hold the wiring inside.

“Who would-”

“Alex.” Kara seethes, connecting the dots before Lena does, Lena balks, and chokes slightly on her next breath.

“She wouldn’t.”

“Oh, I think she would.” Kara laughs bitterly, gesticulating wildly in the cute way she does when she’s frustrated or upset. “Think about it, Lee.”

“Okay, I can see that she might try to get revenge for the one we left, but six lamps, Kara?” Kara rolls her eyes at her skepticism. She leans her elbows onto the kitchen bench and buries her face into her hands.

“Alex is competitive to a fault, I really wouldn’t put this past her.” Kara sighs. “We have to get her back.”

Lena laughs, reaching out to try and coax Kara’s face out of her hands, kissing at her skin softly and earning herself a small smile.

“Whilst I love the idea of getting her back, I think we’re out of ideas, babe.”

Kara tilts her head in question.
“What are we going to do? Put another lamp in a weird place? It’s getting old.’

Kara opens her mouth to speak before promptly shutting it again. She narrows her eyes in a way that reminds Lena far too much of the Kryptonians intimidating older sister. She nods.

“You’re right, it’s old news.” Kara says. Her brow is furrowed in thought, and Lena knows exactly where this is going. She’s about to get herself caught up in a shitstorm of sibling rivalry. A few years ago this might have scared the shit out of her. Her only idea of sibling rivalry was the one imposed on her by Lillian, always fighting hard to prove that she was just as good as Lex, just as smart, just as cunning.

But the way Kara is fuming right now, the way Lena can see her mind churning, coming up with countless ways to prank her sister in retaliation, it only serves to make her laugh. She finds Kara’s indignation rather hilarious, and she’s all too happy to aid Kara in her endeavours. Hell, she’s frustrated too, and she’s always wondered what it’s like to be able to playfully retaliate to something like this. She tries to ignore the way her heart clenches when she remembers again that Kara is the reason she has a family now, she doesn't think she will ever get used to it.

They start planning. Brainstorming ideas and texting each other constantly throughout their work days. Which isn’t actually new, the texting, but now it centred around ways to exact their revenge on Alex and Maggie for interrupting their time alone.

**Miss Danvers:** What if we just break into their apartment and have sex on their bed.

**Miss Danvers:** wait no nevermind, that’s a terrible idea *nauseous emoji*

**Kale Lover:** Wait, Kara… you might be onto something…

**Miss Danvers:** RAO LENA, NO!

**Kale Lover:** I’m in a meeting, we’ll talk tonight ok?

**Miss Danvers:** WE ARE NOT HAVING SEX ON MY SISTER'S BED!

~~~~~

“Did you know that Lena has a rooftop pool?” Alex’s first words as she walks through the door catch Maggie off guard.

“What?”

“Lena Luthor has a rooftop pool.” Alex repeats and Maggie shakes her head.

“No, I got that part but why is that relevant?”

“It has a sunlamp.”

Maggie frowns at Alex, scrunching her nose.

“How did you- Alex Danvers did you use DEO resources to find more sunlamps?” Maggie accuses, catching onto Alex’s guilty look.

“We just happened to fly over it on the way back in the chopper today…” Alex responds in less than convincing way. Maggie rolls her eyes, shaking her head. This was truly getting so far out of hand now, but she knows better than to try and outright stop Alex now. Gently nudging her in a calmer
direction was a better plan by far.

They had already tampered with six lamps this week, and Alex was still on the warpath.

“So…” Maggie starts, wrapping an arm around Alex when she collapses onto the couch next to her. She leans into Maggie’s touch and sighs happily. “Do you think they’ve learnt their lesson?”

Alex grins, frowns, and then grins again.

“I’m not sure but it’s fun either way.” Alex laughs. “Kara looked about ready to implode this morning, they mustn’t have had time to fix the lamp before Supergirl was called out for that armed robbery.”

Maggie laughs with Alex for a moment before sobering again, glancing over at her girlfriend seriously.

“No but really…” Maggie sighs. “Maybe we should leave them alone for a little bit. I would hate to be the cause of Kara getting a little too frustrated in the field for any reason.”

Alex furrows her brow, taking in Maggie’s solemn expression for a moment before nodding. Her brow smooths out and she smiles softly. She leans forward and captures Maggie’s lips in a brief kiss.

“You’re right.” Alex whispers. Her breath hits Maggie’s lips, and Maggie only smiles before kissing her again. If Alex wasn’t going to pull out of her space then Maggie couldn’t be blamed for excessive kisses. Her lips are right there. By the time Maggie needs to breathe again, her tongue is swiping against Alex’s and her teeth catch her lip on the way back.

“I’m always right, Danvers.”

“Cocky, are we?”

“Not yet.” Maggie lifts one eyebrow, hoping Alex catches her drift, and she isn’t disappointed. Alex’s slight moan sends a thrill down her spine and a flush into her cheeks. Maggie pushes her down onto the couch, crawling on top of her and kissing her again. She slots her thigh between Alex’s, grinding just hard enough against her to earn a whimper. Alex slips her hands under the back of Maggie’s shirt, digging her nails in slightly in retaliation and eliciting a moan of her own.

“Can I take this off.” Maggie plucks at Alex’s t-shirt, grinning when Alex nods. The offending garment is lost to the floor only moments later and Maggie pulls away from Alex’s lips, kissing her again. She slots her thigh between Alex’s, grinding just hard enough against her to earn a whimper. Alex slips her hands under the back of Maggie’s shirt, digging her nails in slightly in retaliation and eliciting a moan of her own.

“I need you to touch me now.” Alex breaths, pulling Maggie’s face back up by her cheeks to kiss her. Maggie bites her lip cheekily.

“I thought that was what I was doing?”

“How about instead of being a smartass, you deal with-oh.” Alex cuts herself off when Maggie cups her center, her palm providing heavenly pressure against her clit through her boyshorts.

“That?” Maggie asks, barely able to contain her shit eating grin long enough to kiss Alex properly. A playful squeeze on her shoulder is enough to get her to touch Alex in earnest, drawing her fingers up to push her hand into Alex’s boyshorts and run her fingers through her folds, making sure to avoid
her clit.

“Don’t tease.” Alex chastises her, clenching her shoulder again.

“You love it.” Maggie pfts and bites at Alex’s neck just as playfully. But she relents, drawing slow circles on her clit, the way she knows Alex loves, and revels in the drawn out moan that reverberates against her skin. Maggie uses her free hand to coax Alex up far enough to unsnap her bra. When she finally frees Alex from the straps, her mouth immediately finds a nipple, tugging on it with her teeth.

“Are you going to come for me?” Maggie asks. Alex lets out a breathless moan, nodding jerkily and threading her hands into Maggie’s hair, spurring her on.

“Do you want me to-” Maggie begins to ask, trailing her fingers down to Alex’s entrance, but Alex cuts her off with a slight shake of her head.

“Just stay here.” She breathes, holding onto Maggie’s wrist and guiding her fingers back to her clit. “Right here.”

“Of course.”

Maggie holds Alex close, swallowing her moans as she shudders into her orgasm, relishing in the way her nails dig into her shoulders. She’s so wrapped up in watching Alex come undone, basking in her post orgasm glow, that neither of them hear the door opening. It isn’t until Kara trips over nothing and takes a small chunk out of the kitchen island that Maggie startles out of her bliss, pulling her forehead away from Alex’s chest to see a sheepish Kryptonian and her cackling girlfriend.

“Could you fucking knock?” Maggie groans, doing her best to help Alex cover up while she searches for her lost shirt.

“Could you lock the door?” Lena huffs.

Kara simply shakes her head, hand clamped firmly over her eyes and glasses pushed haphazardly up onto her forehead.

“We’re decent.” Alex huffs. “What’s up?”

Lena finally uncovers her eyes, immediately settling into a glare as Maggie and Alex arrange themselves slightly more appropriately on the couch, but Maggie makes sure to press herself against Alex’s side, it’s the top in her, wanting to make sure Alex is alright with the sudden change of mood.

“You’ve been tampering with our lamps.” Lena accuses, pulling one of the lamps out of her bag and tossing it over to the pair of them. Maggie catches it, pulling open the already unscrewed panel and looking into it curiously. Alex had explained it to her once, the way she was breaking the lamps, but she hadn’t quite been able to keep up with the mechanical engineering jargon she was spurting. Maggie was a biology nerd, whereas Alex was a little more well rounded in all types of science.

“Uhhh…” She drawls. She is, in part, playing dumb, but she truly doesn’t understand how the technology works. Alex takes it out of her hands, inspecting the wiring closely.

Alex sees Maggie’s phone light up on the coffee table before she hears her own, and Kara’s goes off at the same time. All three of their phones going off within seconds of each other can only mean some major disaster in progress. Alex fights a groan, pressing her face into Maggie’s shoulder. Kara has already sped into her suit, one leg out of her window and muttering to Winn through her comms to get a location.
“Be safe.” Lena calls after Kara, and Alex can hear the disappointment and worry in her tone, but her face is a carefully constructed mask of calm as she helps Alex and Maggie gather their things to rush out of the front door.

“You two be careful as well, please.” Lena mutters quietly. “And this conversation is not over.” Alex pulls open the door, one arm in her leather jacket, and Lena is fairly certain she catches her guilty look. Maggie turns and squeezes Lena’s shoulder in comfort.

“We will.” She promises. “One of us will call you when we’re done, yeah?”

Lena nods, shooting them both a pained smile as they rush off down the hallway, and she pushes the door shut gently behind them, turning to lean against it. She wouldn’t trade her found family for the world, but god she wishes that they had safer jobs.

She rushes over to turn on the TV, surfing through news channels until she finds some live footage of the nine foot, bright blue alien rampaging through downtown National City. Kara is already on the scene, catching cars neatly as the alien flings them left, right and center. She sweeps pedestrians off of the sidewalk and out of the way as the alien continues to wreak havoc and Lena quickly realises that Kara is herding the beast towards the docks, which would be abandoned at this time of night.

Kara gets a few solid blows in before three black vans roll up on the scene. Lena catches a flash of auburn exiting one of them, and she knows that Alex and Maggie have arrived. She watches on in slight horror as Kara gets thrown around like a rag doll, always breathing a soft sigh of relief when her girlfriend bounces back to keep fighting.

Lena’s breathing gets increasingly easier as Kara gains the upper hand, and the alien, now being dubbed the Blue Menace by whatever channel she is on, starts swinging slower, and staying down longer. Some of the DEO vans begin to clear out as Kara knocks him down one final time, and Lena can see the way Kara turns and smiles at her sister in triumph. Lena mirrors the smile, tension leaving her body now that she knows the danger is over.

At least she thought it was.

In some last ditch effort to do some damage, the alien lashes out again. He grabs Kara’s legs and drags her down under him, pinning her to the asphalt. The camera angle isn’t close enough to capture exactly what happens, but Lena can see some yellow-green gas emitting from him, and she can see Kara coughing and spluttering. Alex comes into view, emptying shot after shot into the alien’s chest until the beast goes down with an alright roar, and the DEO agents sweep in, containing the alien before he can wake up. The TV cuts back to the anchors in the studio, and Lena can only stare dumbly at the screen, trying to process.

It’s only when her phone rings a short time later that she snaps out of it. She doesn’t even check the caller ID before she answers.

“Is she okay?” She rasps out, voice hoarse.

“She’s alive, but unconscious. Can you make it into the DEO or do you want me to come and get you?” Maggie gets straight to the point, and Lena feels a surge of appreciation for the detective. Lena stands from the couch, intending to grab her keys and leave immediately, but when her leg buckles two steps away from the couch, she pauses.

“Can you come get me? I don’t think I can-” She cuts herself off, because if she continues speaking then she’s going to cry, and she can’t cry right now. Not yet.
Maggie tells her to breath. Tells her that she’ll be there in ten minutes, and promptly hangs up. Lena does what she’s told, as best she can, but by the time Maggie appears in the doorway, she’s pretty certain she might be hyperventilating.

“Lena.” Maggie calls her name, and she realises with a start that Maggie is kneeling right in front of her now. “Breath, Lena.”

Maggie presses a solid hand against her chest, coaxing her through some deep, shuddering breaths and calming her down just enough for her to make it to the SUV idling at the curb, red and blue lights flashing and door flung open. An agent, Lena’s pretty sure their name is Vasquez, is in the driver’s seat, and she feels another surge of appreciation for Maggie when she climbs into the backseat with her. Maggie’s solid hold on her shoulders serves as the only thing keeping her calm as they speed back towards the DEO, sirens blaring. Maggie takes her directly to the med bay when they arrive,

“Any news?” Maggie calls when they enter the room, and Alex looks up from where she’s standing over an unconscious Kara lying in her sunbed.

“Still unconscious, we took a quick blood sample under the red sunlamp but we didn’t want to leave her without her powers for long. Dr Hamilton is running is now, and I’m just making sure her pulse is steady.” Alex informs them quickly, shooting Lena a grim smile.

“Will she be okay?” Lena asks quietly, and Alex shrugs slightly, hands still steady on Kara’s neck and wrist.

“At this point, she just seems to be knocked out. We don’t know what kind of alien that was, even she couldn't put a name to it, and we don’t know what was in that gas. But she’s got no abnormalities, and her pulse is strong.”

Lena nods, soaking in as much information as she can. She shuffles over to the sun bed, and thanks Maggie when she drags up a plastic chair for her to sit in at Kara’s bedside. Dr Hamilton sweeps into the room a second later, handing off some paperwork and a tablet to Alex. Lena barely listens in to their quiet conversation, her eyes watching the way Kara’s chest rises and falls steadily. Alive. Still alive.

“Her blood has come back relatively normal.” Alex says once the Doctor has left the room. Lena keeps her eyes firmly on Kara, but tilts her head in confusion. Maggie, having picked up on the same thing as Lena, speaks first.

“Relatively?” She asks slowly, and Alex taps a few times at the tablet in her hands before flipping it around and showing the other women.

“See this here?” Alex asks, pointing to the left hand side of the screen. “These are her results for one of the tests Dr Hamilton did. They show a slightly raised level of the Kryptonian versions of oxytocin and endorphins.”

“They’re pleasure chemicals…” Lena mutters, trying to make sense of why they might be raised. Maggie shrugs, waiting on Alex to continue her explanation.

“It could have just been a strong sedative. There isn’t enough of a change to be worried at all. If anything it’s good.” Alex continues, smiling slightly.

“Good?” Lena asks.

“She’s peacefully asleep.” Alex explains. “She’s not in any pain and there aren’t any ill effects. It
looks like it was just some strong knockout gas.”

Alex explains another few things to her, but Lena can feel herself tuning out. The roaring in her ears has died down and her body seems to have given up on her. The exhaustion of watching her girlfriend fight some otherworldly beast is truly enough for one day, and Alex and Maggie quickly bid her farewell before leaving her to be with Kara.

~~~~~

She sleeps for almost a full day. Lena has her laptop and a few files delivered to the DEO by Jess, and works by Kara’s bedside while she waits. It’s around ten at night before she stirs for the first time, and Lena quickly hits the intercom to alert Alex. By the time she arrives only a minute later, with Maggie and Winn on her tail, and Kara is sitting up and attached to Lena’s mouth.

“Woah! Alright, little sis, can we save the making out for later?” Alex calls out, unable to keep her stern voice when she laughs at Lena’s bright blush. Kara is talking, smiling and laughing as normal, her vitals are all stable and Kara insists she feels fine when Alex asks to run a blood test.

“You look well rested.” Alex notes, dubiously.

“I feel it.” Kara confirms, smiling brightly. She turns and pulls Lena back in for another searing kiss that has Winn and Maggie whooping and Alex groaning. The details of all of the tests they had run are explained to Kara, and Alex fights the urge to roll her eyes at the way Kara can’t keep her eyes off of Lena, giving her some serious bedroom eyes. Maggie catches her scoff and shoots her a pointed look, reminding her that it’s actually their fault that Kara looks about ready to pounce on her girlfriend.

“Okay, well if you’re sure you feel fine, you can head home.” Alex concedes. “But the second you feel anything weird, you come straight back.”

“I will, promise.” Kara waves off her concern, eyes still firmly glued to Lena. Particularly Lena’s ass, as she bends over to pick up her laptop and phone from the chair she had been occupying.

“Gross, Kara.” Alex teases, earning herself a playful shove on the shoulder and an eye roll. “See you later, sis. Glad you’re okay.”

Kara hugs Alex tightly before saying goodbye and practically dragging Lena out of the room. Alex can hear them bickering about whether to fly or drive home, though it seems Kara wins a moment later when the telltale whoosh of air flows through the open doors of the lab.

“Well, that was all very dramatic for what was essentially a really long nap.” Maggie grins. “Though at least she’ll have a lot of energy for how she’s about to ravish Lena.”

Of course Maggie noticed. ‘I’m a seasoned lesbian, Danvers. It’s like my super power.’

“Talk about it again, Maggie, and she’ll be the only one.” Alex quips. She stalks out of the room, biting back her grin at Maggie’s indignant noise as she chases after her.

~~~~~

Armageddon starts.

Well, not actually. But it certainly feels like it.

Barely twenty minutes after Kara had woken up and was subsequently discharged from the DEO, a
huge swarm of aliens launched an attack at one of National City’s Laboratories. Kara had shown up, slightly disgruntled, to help the DEO take them down with minimal casualties. Turns out they had been after a special chemical compound that could be easily turned into an explosive. And they aren’t the only ones after it. Cadmus had somehow released something of a shopping list, with rewards for each and every item obtained and returned to them in a timely manner, and it sends the entire DEO into a frenzy of trying to stop them.

Kara and J’onn, along with Alex and her tactical team, are focused on stopping attack after attack, all over the city. Winn manages to get a copy of the list pretty quickly, and it helps them figure out exactly where the next robbery might take place, but it’s a long six days of minimal sleep, several cups of coffee a day and some seriously close calls before they manage to foil Cadmus’ plans.

What’s slightly more worrying is Kara’s behaviour. Over the course of the week battling Cadmus, Kara continually grows more and more disgruntled. She is constantly fighting just a little too hard, and coming off increasingly agitated and indifferent as the week goes on.

They all quickly put it down to sleep deprivation and a lack of time to spend with her girlfriend, and Alex really does feel bad for being the reason her frustration hadn’t been dealt with earlier. They had stopped meddling with the lamps over the course of the Cadmus attacks, but Kara barely had enough time to sleep, let alone sleep with her girlfriend.

Once everything is said and done, and all the appropriate people are locked in cells inside the DEO, everyone is truly exhausted. Lena comes to the DEO to pick up Kara, who had been left relatively weak after the final fight, and offers to drive Alex and Maggie home too.

“What would you guys think about a movie night, tomorrow?” Lena asks them in the car. Everyone agrees tiredly, all of them wanting to spend time with their family but much too tired to do it that night. Lena drops Alex and Maggie off at their apartment and waves them off before driving back to her penthouse with a now knocked out Kara.

“Baby, we’re home.” Lena whispers, shaking Kara’s shoulder gently to wake her up. The blonde's eyes flutter open slowly, smiling drowsily when they land on Lena. The cool air of the garage seems to perk Kara up a significant amount once they’re out of the car. She bounds over to the elevator and presses the button several times, tapping her foot impatiently as the number above the doors start to countdown towards the basement floor.

“For a hero that just managed to overthrow a Cadmus plot, you’re rather energetic.” Lena notes, trying to bite back her yawn. She wanted to at least spend some time cuddling with Kara tonight, having not seen her for most of the week. Kara only grins at her, taking her hand and pulling her into the elevator and pressing her up against one of the mirrored walls. Kara kisses her hard, barely pausing to lean over and hit the button for the top floor beforehand. Lena lets out a sound of surprise before melting into her girlfriends touch, groaning lightly when Kara’s hands start to travel under the hem of her blouse.

Their makeout continues as they stumble down the hallway, and in a flash of super speed, Kara has them both through the door and Lena pressed into the couch, lips attached to her jaw.

“Woah, Kara.” Lena breathes, hands pressing against Kara’s shoulders with enough pressure for Kara to feel her resistance. “Not tonight, I’m really exhausted.”

Kara whines, and the sound shocks Lena. Kara has always been extremely respectful of her boundaries, always picking up quickly on her negative cues and backing away immediately when Lena tells her no. But tonight, Kara’s lips continue on, and her hands keep roaming, and Kara tries to push her luck.
“Kara.” Lena says sharply, and it seems to be enough to get Kara to back off. “I said not tonight.”

The blonde backs away immediately, Lena is almost certain she actually floats a little bit as she scrambles backwards on the couch. She presses herself into the arm of the couch behind her, bringing a hand up to her mouth in shock.

“Rao, I am so sorry, Lena.” Kara rushes out, pulling as far away from Lena as she can without actually getting off of the couch. Lena can see the regret and the guilt in her eyes, and she almost feels bad for the way she spoke.

“It’s oka-” Lena tries, but Kara shakes her head.

“It’s not okay, it’s so far from okay, Lena.” Kara looks light she might cry. Her entire body trembles slightly and her cheeks are flushed a deeper red than Lena has ever seen.

“Kara. I forgive you.” Lena says, choosing her words carefully. Rather than brush off the instance, she chooses to forgive Kara, and it does seem to placate her slightly. “We haven’t seen each other all week, you’ve been frustrated for even longer than that. You really didn’t push that much, I just spoke sharply because I’m tired.”

“Lena, you don’t have to explain anything. You did nothing wrong, I did.” Kara says, almost pleading. “You’re right, it’s been a long week.”

“It has, so let’s just go to bed, yeah?” Lena sighs. She’s glad the conflict is pretty much over, she really just wants to snuggle up to her own personal space heater and sleep for a long, long time. She’d even cleared her day tomorrow so she could stay at home with Kara, barring any Supergirl emergencies.

“I can-” Kara gulps, eyes glistening with tears. “I can sleep out here, I’ll just grab some sheets and-”

“Kara, don’t be silly.” Lena almost laughs. “Come to bed.”

Kara stares up at her with shiny, hopeful eyes. “Really?”

“Yes, of course, really.” Lena does laugh this time, pushing herself up front the couch and holding her hand out to Kara. “Come snuggle with me.”

After getting changed and brushing their teeth, they both climb into bed. Kara is hesitant at first, settling down on her side of the bed and giving Lena a wide berth and she does the same, only slightly closer to the middle.

“What are you doing over there?” Lena whines, pulling gently on the sleeve of Kara’s sleep shirt. After a skeptical look, the Lena combats with a large pout, Kara acquiesces and shuffles in to be the big spoon. Lena sighs happily, already feeling herself slip into sleep as Kara’s alien heat warms her up. But somewhere in the back of her foggy mind, Lena worries slightly.

“You feel okay, Kara?” She slurs sleepily. “You feel warmer than normal.”

“I feel alright, I might just still be warm from the sunbed.” Kara whispers back. She kisses the back of Lena’s neck softly before whispering for her to go to sleep, and Lena is all too happy to comply, letting herself slip into a dreamless and restful slumber.

~~~~~

“We’re not watching Saw.”
“Why not?”

“Because we have enough gratuitous violence during our day jobs, why do we need it during movie night, too?!”

Maggie stares Kara down, clutching onto her Saw DVD defiantly.

“Alex and Lena both like horror.”

“But I hate it!”

“You get to cuddle with Lena when it’s scary!”

“I can cuddle my girlfriend whenever I want!”

Alex and Lena watch on in vague worry, their heads bouncing back and forth like they’re at Wimbledon rather than in Kara’s living room, arguing about what movie to watch during their bi-weekly movie night.

“Oh, fine!” Maggie huffs, pouting petulantly when Kara raises her fists victoriously. “But we aren’t watching The Notebook either!”

Kara’s mouth drops open comically, and Lena has to fight back her laughter at just how affronted her girlfriend looks over the fact that someone doesn’t want to watch The Notebook.

“Why not?”

“Because it’s like the fourth time this year, and we get enough of your sappy bullshit anyway, why do we need more during movie night?” Maggie argues, looking smug as she turns Kara’s point back on her. Kara looks over to Lena for backup, but Lena simply holds her hands up, refusing to weigh on in the choices. She truly doesn’t care what they watch because she’ll be pressed up against Kara’s side no matter what.

“Lena!” Kara pouts, and Lena has to physically turn away before she starts pushing for them to watch The Notebook too, because however many months of dating later she still has absolutely no defence against Kara’s puppy dog eyes.

“Why don’t we find something on Netflix we can agree on?” Alex offers, walking over to Maggie to try and help diffuse the situation. Maggie’s shoulders relax at her touch, and she smiles to herself when Maggie leans back into her hug, back pressed against Alex’s front.

Kara agrees, however petulantly, and they quickly settle on catching up on House of Cards after determining they were all roughly in the same place. Alex and Maggie call dibs on the couch, stretching out together and kissing loudly when Kara complains about it. Though the complaining is mostly for show, as now Lena and Kara are left with the loveseat which means that no matter what, they’re going to be pressed right up against each other, though Lena is sure that they would be pressed against each other anyway.

Kara still feels unusually warm when Lena cuddles up against her, head resting against her chest, but she knows that Kara spent some time under the sun lamps again today at Alex’s request, so she doesn’t pay much mind to it. Not until her hands start wandering.

Thumbs circle gently at her hips first, causing Lena’s shirt to rise up ever so slightly. She revels in the touch, gentle and warm. But her hands start to rise further into her shirt, far enough to graze the bottom of her bra and leave her stomach exposed to the cool air of the apartment. Alex and Maggie
are far too engrossed in the show to notice, so Lena lets her continue. Kara encourages her to turn around, settling Lena in her lap with her back pressed against her front. One hand returns under Lena’s shirt and the other travels further down her body.

“Kara.” Lena mutters in warning, taking her wrist and placing the offending hand back at her waist. “Save it for later.”

Kara lets out a small sigh, her thumbs returning to their previous circling and Lena assumes that it’s over. Until suddenly she finds Kara’s thumbs dipping into the waistband of her jeans, teasing at the edge of her panties. Lena fights to control her hips and the way they threaten to buck up into Kara’s hands. God, she wants this, but they’re right out in the open with Alex and Maggie only a few feet away. This really wasn’t what she had in mind when she had been teasing Kara the other week.

Kara’s fingers dip even lower into her jeans, and her hips rut into Lena’s ass hard enough to make her jump and suddenly Kara’s skin is just a little too scorching, and her hands are no longer welcomed but invading in a way that she doesn’t want.

“Kara.” Lena mutters, wrapping her hands around Kara’s wrists and tugging them away from her. “No.”

Lena would be lying if she said that she was infinitesimally afraid of Kara refusing to back off, after last night. Which is why she’s even more shocked when she finds herself alone on the love seat after Kara bursts out of the room in a gust of wind.

Alex and Maggie look up with a frown, and Lena shrugs at them before turning to try and find where Kara had gone. The sound of the shower running emanates from the bathroom a moment later tells them all they need to know. All three women are on their feet in a second, racing through Kara’s bedroom and into the bathroom to find Kara curled up in the shower fully clothed, the water turned all the way to freezing cold.

“Something's wrong.” She explains weakly, keeping her head down. Alex has already disappeared again, and Lena hears her muttering into her phone a moment later, likely to the DEO. But Lena doesn’t care about that, not right now.

“Wrong? What do you mean, darling?” She asks, approaching Kara slowly and reaching out to touch her. When she sees Lena’s hand, Kara scrambles backwards, pressing herself to the back wall of the shower and shrinking away from her touch.

“You shouldn’t- don’t touch me. I don’t know what's wrong but I can’t stop thinking about-” Kara cuts herself off quickly, and she terrified look is overtaken by a dark, seductive stare that has arousal pooling in her stomach and god, this is so not the time for that. “My skin is so hot, why is it?- I need to-”

“Kara, can you tell me what’s wrong?” Alex asks, startling both Lena and Maggie at her sudden reappearance. Maggie, who had been silent the entire time, standing behind Lena and watching on in worry, steps away to let Alex through.

“It’s like-” Kara pauses, her body trembling violently. “It’s like the periwinkle kryptonite…”

Alex’s eyes grow wide, and she spares a glance over her shoulder at Lena, who looks equally confused. The periwinkle Kryptonite had taken away Kara’s inhibitions, and at the time of her exposure, the circumstances had made her extremely aroused, desperate the touch Lena, and have Lena touch her. Alex and Lena connect the dots in time for Kara to speak again.
“But so much worse, Alex.” Kara explains weakly. She chances a glance up at Lena, but quickly looks away. Lena can feel the fear and the need radiating from her body, and last night suddenly makes sense.

“Last night, there was a moment where I tried to get her to stop and she didn’t react right away.” Lena jumps in, drawing Alex’s attention to her.

“While you were- uh…” Alex makes a face, and Lena just rolls her eyes and nods.

“That alien, last week?” Maggie pipes up for the first time, and Kara nods in agreement.

“Cadmus didn’t manage to do anything to me, it has to be.” Kara says. She’s pressed herself against the far wall of the shower, looking pointedly away from Lena as she seemingly tries to control the incessant tremors stirring through her frame. Her hands flutter awkwardly in her lap, travelling to rub at the back of her neck, and the sides of her thighs, before clamping together harshly again. Lena watches her for a few moments before figuring out what Kara is trying to do.

“Kara are you- is it making you want to touch yourself?” She asks quietly, trying not to think about the woman who is practically her sister in law standing three feet behind her. Kara looks up at her, shuddering at the eye contact and nods.

“Lena, I need you.” Kara begs. “I need you to touch me, please.”

Lena backs away from the shower, shooting a glance over her shoulder at where Maggie is looking away pointedly.

“I want to touch you, Kara. I want to help.” Lena promises. “But for all we know that might make it worse.”

Kara groans loud and full, slumping down the shower wall and shuddering again, and Lena guess would be that it isn't from the cold water. Alex stalks into the bathroom again, muttering into her phone for less than a minute before hanging up and addressing Kara.

“Can you fly?”

Kara hesitates but nods.

“Meet us at the DEO.”

Kara nods again, and with one short, apologetic glance at Lena, she speeds into her super suit, hair still drenched and out of the window quickly. Alex herds both Maggie and Lena towards the door, throwing them their belongings as she grabs her own. Jackets and shoes are thrown on haphazardly, and the three of them are out the door and headed towards Alex’s lard SUV within minutes.

Screeching through the streets towards the DEO, Lena suddenly remembers another probably vital piece of information that might help save Kara’s life from… whatever was plaguing her.

“She’s been burning hot.” Lena bursts out, startling Alex and Maggie.

“What?”

“Last night and just now at movie night, she felt warmer than usual. A fever, maybe?”

Alex grimaces, glancing at her in the rearview mirror and nodding.

“Thanks, Lena.” She whispers. “She’ll be okay.”
They arrive at the DEO only a few moments later, and Alex leads them straight into her lab where Kara is already waiting, seated on the edge of a gurney in full Supergirl regalia. Lena approaches her alongside Alex, but at Kara’s bedroom eyes, Alex turns to make her back away.

Maggie steers her into a seat by the door, knowing that she’d be hard pressed trying to make Lena leave the room. Doctors sweep in and out, taking Kara’s vitals and readings. She disappears into the training room momentarily so that Alex can utilise the red sunlamps to take a few samples of blood for analysis.

Alex and Maggie both disappear once Kara returns to the gurney, leaving Kara and Lena alone for a moment in the lab.

“Are you okay?” Lena asks in a small voice, keeping her eyes firmly on the floor until Kara speaks.

“I’m- My skin is on fire.” Kara replies in an equally small voice, sound so young for a moment that Lena’s heart breaks for her. She chances a look up at Kara, and when their eyes meet for a moment. Her posture still radiates fear, but her eyes scream seduction as they rake up and down Lena’s body. Kara is already sliding forward, making to get off of the gurney and walk over to Lena. “I need you, Lee. Please.”

“Kara, stay there.” Lena says. Kara huffs but complies, leaning back on the gurney. She fidgets constantly. Squeezing tightly onto the metal bars of the gurney, before running her hands down the front of her supersuit roughly. Her self control is waning, Lena can tell by the way her hands linger at her chest and on the outside of her thighs. If they have to wait too much longer, she may just start touching herself here in the DEO and- Lena curses at herself. That shouldn’t turn her on.

“I want you so bad.” She whines, and Lena fights the arousal in her stomach at Kara’s desperation for her. Absent and emotionally manipulative parents tend to leave you a kink for being wanted, being needed, and she knows that letting Kara have her right now might only make it worse.

“Once we figure out what’s wrong, you can have me.” Lena replies, trying her best to keep the arousal out of her tone, but from the way Kara’s eyes darken, she wonders why she even bothers. Kara has always been able to read her like an open book.

“Can I kiss you?” Kara asks desperately. “I just- Rao, Lena!” Kara’s body trembles violently again, and Lena is probably only seconds away from giving into the way Kara is reaching for her… begging for her. She stands and crosses the room slowly, and the relief reflected in Kara’s eyes makes her feel warm. Kara reaches for her, and Lena pauses with her arms out.

“Slowly, Kara.” She insists, and Kara nods jerkily, hands curling into fists as she lets Lena come to her. When they’re standing in front of each other, Kara whines quietly as she leans in, kissing Lena roughly. Lena knows that this was a mistake from the second Kara’s lips touch hers. She winds her hands into blonde hair as Kara pulls her flush against her body, and Lena can feel the heat radiating from her, even through the supersuit.

Kara manages to get her hands under Lena’s shirt and bra, and Alex chooses that moment to return to the room, shouting in shock slightly when she sees them.

“Guys, can you pause for a second so we can talk about this?” Alex calls out, and it’s the way that she phrases the question that has Lena reeling. Shouldn’t Alex be telling them to stop? Lena’s certain it’ll only exacerbate the situation.

She pulls away from Kara, shooting her an apologetic glance when Kara whines pitifully.
“What do you mean by pause, Alex?” Lena asks, turning to face her. Maggie stands behind her, still silent as ever, and Dr Hamilton in the doorway of the lab. Kara wraps her arms around Lena’s waist, pulling her into her front. Lena lets out a small yelp of surprise, but simply let’s Kara traces kisses on her neck.

“Alex?” Lena asks again, waving her hand to get her to hurry up. Alex glances between the pair of them with a vague look of disgust. Lena doesn’t blame her. Her little sister is basically attached to her girlfriend’s neck right in front of her. It’s probably not fun to watch.

“We need to put an IV in so that we can prove our theory.” Dr Hamilton supplies, stepping forward and holding up a device. “This will allow us to monitor Kara’s blood and brain chemistry in real time so that we can confirm what we’re theorising.”

“Kara, did you hear that?” Lena asks softly, swivelling her neck to try and catch Kara’s eyes. The blonde only grunts, acknowledging her words but not giving a definitive answer.

“Can Alex put an IV in?” Lena asks more directly. Kara grunts again. Lena sighs with the realisation that she’s going to have to try something more drastic to pull an answer from Kara. She spares an apologetic glance towards Alex, Maggie and Dr Hamilton before turning her neck again and pressing her nose into Kara’s hair, her lips hovering by her ear.

“The sooner you pay attention, the sooner we can fuck like there’s no tomorrow.”

Kara and Alex both groan at the same time, though Alex for very different reasons than her sister. But Lena has no time to be embarrassed, as Kara starts nodding. She doesn’t detach from Lena, however, and simply holds one arm out towards Alex for her to do what she needs to do.

“I think that’s the best you’re going to get.” Lena sighs. Kara’s other hand keeps traveling across her front, and Lena has to really fight with herself to grab onto the hand and make her stop. Alex and Dr Hamilton work around the efficiently, dragging a few red sunlamps into the room and switching them on. Lena can feel the difference in Kara’s touch immediately. Her hand becomes more assured, less hesitant, and she starts sucking harder on her neck. Lena is not going to have fun trying to cover up the evidence of this tomorrow for work.

Alex quickly has the IV in and hooks Kara up to the machine Dr Hamilton had wheeled into the room. Her results begin to display on the screen to the left of them. Alex and Dr Hamilton start talking, muttering quietly to each other as they point to different parts of the screen. Kara’s hands, under the red sunlight, are getting closer and closer to undressing her here in the DEO and Lena isn’t sure how much longer she can fight with her insistent hands. She’s not sure how much longer she even wants to.

“Guys?” Maggie asks, speaking Lena’s words for her. Lena smiles at her, receiving an equally pained smile in return.

“The species of alien that Kara fought was one that goes through a regular mating cycle.” Alex jumps straight into an explanation, much to the relief of Maggie and Lena.

“Okay…?” Lena drawls, waiting for Alex to continue.

“We matched tissues samples once we had it in containment. The males of the species secrete a gas that basically riles up the females, making them aroused and needy. The gas is toxic to humans, but to Kara it seems to be having the same reaction to it that a native would have.” Alex points at part of the screen in front of her.
“These here show her brain chemistry. Right now her adrenaline, oxytocin and endorphins are through the roof. Way higher than normal. So right this second she’s feeling a lot. Exhilarated, euphoric. Oxytocin is sort of the cuddly chemical of the brain.”

Lena stares at Alex, trying to compute what exactly she’s trying to say, but Alex just plows on.

“At the same time, her prolactin levels are basically non-existent.”

“Prolactin?” Lena asks. She had been able to identify the other three Alex had referenced, but not this one.

“Prolactin is the chemical the brain produces right after climax, to take your mind off of sex.” Alex grimaces at Lena’s look of understanding.

“So what do we do?” Lena asks, sighing as she’s forced to grab Kara’s wrists again, stopping her hands from creeping into the waistband of her pants.

“Well, to prove our theory, we need you to pull away from her.” Alex says. Lena grimaces, but nods, working to pull Kara’s hands away from her and step out of her hold. The still active sunlamps make her job easier, but Kara’s loud whine makes it all the more difficult.

“Agent Danvers, look.” Dr Hamilton speaks up in awe. The entire room, save Kara of course, turns to look at the screen. When neither of them explain, Lena clears her throat awkwardly.

“Right sorry, uhm-” Alex cuts herself off, glancing worriedly at Dr Hamilton before turning back to Lena, who is standing just out of Kara’s reach, holding the blonde back with one outstretched arm.

“Lena, please.” Kara begs quietly, and Lena can only shoot her an apologetic look, muttering ‘just one minute, love’ and ‘it’s going to be okay’ again and again under her breath as Alex continues on.

“Her endorphins just dropped massively when we took away your touch. Her phenylethylamine and serotonin dropped too.”

“Meaning?”

“When you guys aren’t- uh- touching, she starts getting stressed and anxious again. Her temperature increases too, indicating that her flu like symptoms get worse when she’s deprived of what she wants.” Alex explains.

“Right… so…?” Lena tries to hurry Alex along, wanting to get to the point. She steps back into Kara’s grabby hands, letting herself be hugged into Kara’s chest whilst still facing Alex.

“So I think to get rid of the symptoms, we need to give her what she wants.” Alex rushes out, blush rising in her cheeks at the very idea of what she’s saying.

“What she wants?” Lena deadpans.

“Yeah.”

“Sex.”

“Yep.”

“Right.” Lena sighs heavily, trying to mentally calculate how long it’s going to take them to get back to her apartment. It’s the furthest away from the DEO but there aren’t currently any working sunlamps at Kara’s apartment thanks to Alex and Maggie.

Lena gulps, petting Kara’s hair comfortingly, and doing her best to combat wandering hands whilst they are still in front of other people.

“Can you get someone to drive us to-”

“That’s the thing.” Alex interrupts her. “We kind of need you to stay here.”

Alex launches into a long and rambling explanation as to why Lena and Kara have to stay at the DEO for personal safety of the public as well and Kara and Lena’s safety. They want to be able to monitor Kara directly before and afterwards, to make sure that it’s actually going to cure her, and they want Lena to be somewhere that she can get medical attention quickly if something catches, even though they are certain that it won’t.

Lena, and in tandem Kara who refuses to detach herself from Lena, is lead to a training room where the red sunlamps have already been turned on and a mattress has been set up for them. Agent Vasquez is up on a ladder in the corner, prying the security camera away from the roof with a screwdriver.

“Rather than turn them off we thought it would be more comfortable to remove them completely.” Alex explains quietly, and Lena nods gratefully, muttering a quiet thank you under her breath. Kara is muttering under her breath now, pleading with Lena to touch her, please Lena, I need you to touch me.

“Do you need any- uh- like supplies?” Alex asks, face a flaming red that rivals Kara’s cape.

“Jesus, Alex.” Lena groans, moving to push her face into Kara’s shoulder before thinking better of it. The blonde had managed to gain some semblance of control over herself as long as she has skin on skin contact with Lena, but she was trembling hard, and all of the waiting was getting to her. She saves herself last minute from starting something she shouldn’t with Kara, but the blonde doesn’t even seem to notice Lena’s mistake, eyes focused solely on Alex for the first time since they’d left home.

“Strap-on.” She all but shouts, causing Alex to wince, and then shudder. Lena can feel her own face now flushing red at Kara’s absolutely wanton expression at the idea she’s just had. The idea also seems to kick start her symptoms again, as she immediately attaches her lips to Lena’s pulse point, leaving yet another hickey on her pale skin.

“Wow, okay. Never thought I’d hear my baby sister say ‘strap-on’ in a million years” Alex mutters, turning on her heel and disappearing out of the room. Maggie smirks at the pair of them before following Alex, calling out ‘you did ask, babe’ after her.

Lena turns in Kara’s arms, reaching up to cup her jaw and pull her into a kiss. She means for it to be quick and chaste, but she’s not sure how she convinced herself that it would stay that way in Kara’s current condition, and she soon finds herself deposited on the mattress in the middle of the room with Kara kneeling over her.

In the back of her mind she wonders whether the agents who set this up really had to put the mattress in the middle of the room on the raised training platform, cause now it just feels like they’re about to fuck on some weird pedestal.

Kara only manages to get as far as a thigh pressed against Lena’s center before Alex returns holding what looks suspiciously like the box Kara keeps shoved under her bed, the one that contains their
toys, and a plastic bag with some sports drinks and protein bars.

“Do I want to know how you found that?” Lena asks breathlessly, not even bothering to push Kara away from where she’s nipping at her jaw. Alex stumbles forward, doing her best not to look directly at Lena as she places the supplies on the raised platform and turns away quickly.

“Nope. There’s a psychic dampener on this room and it’s sound proofed, we’re going to lock the door from the inside and Kara’s bio signature can get you out.” Alex says. She takes her leave afterwards quickly, and the bolt on the door slides shut noisily.

“Do you know why Alex just gave us enough protein bars to last us at least a few weeks?” Lena asks Kara, biting back a moan when teeth tug on her earlobe gently.

“The mating ritual of that alien who infected me is known to last several hours.” Kara replies distractedly, too focused on attempting to rid Lena of her blouse with trembling fingers.

“Several hours?” Lena asks worriedly. Kara pulls back at that, pulling her hands and body away from Lena as gently as she can and looking down with arousal doused in concern.

“We don’t have to do this, Lena.” Kara assures her, despite the way her body shudders, almost like it’s rejecting her words. It’s a comfort, at least, that Kara still has enough control of her body to pull away when Lena gives off a negative cue.

“No, I really think we do.” Lena smiles, pushing away her worry and focusing on her arousal instead. She’d been worked up since Kara’s hands started wandering back at home, and she was well and truly ready to deal with that, no matter the circumstances. Kara groans, pushing back down into Lena’s space to kiss her roughly, biting Lena’s lower lip as she pulls away.

Kara’s fingers return to her blouse, trying to undo the last of the buttons, but her hands are shaking too hard to do any good.

“Rip it.” Lena growls, needing the skin contact sooner rather than later.

“What?”

“Rip. It.” Lena punctuates, moaning when Kara complies and tears the shirt away from her. It takes more effort than usual, with the sunlamps already bathing the room and dampening Kara’s powers, but the woman is made of pure muscle, even without her super strength.

Her jeans, however, are a little too well made for Kara to be able to tear them off with only human level strength, and it takes them both a minute of fumbling before the denim makes a satisfying ‘thwap’ as it hits the floor. Left in only her underwear, Lena focuses in on Kara, who still happens to be trapped in her suit.

She slides her fingers under Kara’s cape, yanking at the latch roughly until the material falls away from her shoulders and she can shove it out of the way. The cape is the easy part, however, because Kara’s suit is skin tight and made of fairly heavy material. Lena gets the latch undone fairly quickly, but peeling it away from Kara’s skin is a different story.

“Kara can you-” Lena grunts, pulling and shoving at the latex like fabric and only succeeding in getting it halfway down Kara’s arms. “Help me get this off.”

Kara mutters under breath, unhappy about being pulled away from where she’d been marking Lena’s skin, painting murals with her lips and teeth, declaring to the world that she is hers and hers alone. But she relents, pushing up to kiss Lena again and pull sharply at her suit. The top half of the
suit comes away, and Kara leaves it hanging around her waist like a wetsuit when Lena’s gaze flicks hungrily to her chest.

Lena swears, lurching forward and taking a nipple between her lips, tugging gently with her teeth and making Kara swear in return. She gives both nipples equal amount of attention before pulling away and shooting Kara a dark, seductive look.

“If you want me to touch you, the suit needs to come all the way off.”

With a huffed breath, Kara stands and jumps off the mattress to quickly rid herself of the suit. It hits the floor with a loud noise, followed by her tights and boots. Lena watches her, bottom lip between her teeth, as she crawls back onto the bed in only her satin blue panties, feral grin on her face.

She reaches out to Lena, taking her hand and pulling her up into a seated position. In another fluid move, Kara reaches around her back to unsnap her bra and throw it playfully over her own shoulder. One hand immediately gravitates to her breasts, palming and feeling them up as the other travels lower to palm her ass. Kara presses her back down into the mattress, moving to straddle her again and press a thigh into Lena’s centre harshly.

Lena moans, hips bucking up into the pressure readily. She threads her fingers into Kara’s hair and yanks her down for a messy kiss, and begins to work up a rhythm against Kara’s thigh.

It’s not enough, it’s never enough, through the barrier of her panties, and she gathers enough self control to pull away from Kara’s solid thigh. Kara whines in confusion before she realises that Lena is shedding the final barrier between them.

“Rao, you’re wet.” Kara states, her forehead pressed against Lena’s and her eyes glued to the apex of her thighs.

“Am I?” Lena asks cheekily, earning a nip against her jaw in response. Kara rolls her eyes, and without warning cups her hand against Lena’s centre, dragging two fingers through her soaking folds. She brings her hand up, wiggling her glistening fingers at Lena and then pushing them slowly into her mouth, moaning when the taste hits her tongue.

“You are.” Kara deadpans, knowing exactly how much watching her taste turns Lena on. “Fuck, you taste so good.”

Lena pulls Kara back in for another kiss, desperate to taste herself on her girlfriend’s tongue, but Kara only allows her the luxury for a moment. She pulls away.

“May I-”

“God, yes.” Lena cuts Kara’s question off, already pushing at her shoulders to get her moving.

“You don’t even know what I was going to ask…” Kara pauses, raising one eyebrow smoothly.

“I swear to God, Kara. You’d better start eating me out in the next five seconds or I’m going to combust.” Lena demands, allowing herself a self indulgent grin when Kara’s eyes darken in response, a growl resonating from deep in her chest. “Was that what you were going to ask?”

“You know it is.” Kara mutters, beginning her journey down Lena’s body after placing a chaste kiss on her lips.

“Get to it then.” Lena sounds breathless now, biting her lip when Kara teases at both of her breasts and nipples on the way down. Kara settles between her thighs comfortably, and Lena’s eyes flutter
shut when she thinks about how well they fit together. Like no other partner she’s ever had and-

“I love you. So much, Kara.” Lena breaths out, twitching when she feels Kara’s warm breath on her centre. Kara presses her lips just above her clit, teasing gently.

“I love you too, Lena.” The vibrations from her voice hit her for six, so close to where she needs her and yet so far away. She’s so worked up from all of this build up, all of the teasing and kissing and skin that she honestly wouldn’t be surprised if she just fell apart as soon as Kara gave her any sort of pressure.

“Please, babe.”

“You ready?”

“I was ready an hour ago, Kara. Ple-oh.” Lena gasps when Kara presses her tongue against her entrance, forgoing her usual teasing and thrusting inside of her readily. Kara studiously avoids her clit, leaving her aching in the cool air of the training room and Lena is thoroughly reminded of how well Kara can read her and her body. Maybe if she just-

The hand she had travelling towards her clit is grabbed before it can get there, and Kara places it against her own head instead, encouraging Lena to hold onto her hair.

“Kara, baby-” Lena breaths, glancing down her body to meet bright blue eyes. Kara watches her carefully. “My clit… please.”

“Are you going to come, Lee?”

Lena groans out a breathy confirmation as Kara replaces her tongue with one finger, curling inside of her.

“Could you come without it?”

Lena moans, knowing full well that she probably could, but if Kara doesn’t touch her properly, she thinks she might cry.

“Kara, please?” Lena begs, her fingers squeezing tighter in her hair and encouraging her forward. She can practically feel Kara’s shit eating grin as she leans in, torturously slow. But Kara does as Lena asks, and presses a barely there kiss against her clit, and apparently it’s enough. Lena’s back arches and the oxygen in her lungs leaves her in a loud huff, and she’s coming hard.

And Kara isn’t done.

With a deep groan, Kara finally starts touching her in earnest, her tongue tracing patterns on her clit and another finger joining the first. Before she can even moan out Kara’s name, she’s coming again. She’s positive she’s probably soaked the sheets. Kara works her down gently, causing a few aftershocks when she slips her fingers out of Lena and into her own mouth again.

Is it possible to die from pure arousal?

“How are you feeling?” Lena asks when she finally finds her voice, body still trembling against Kara.

“Uh it’s-” Kara gulps. “It’s a little better, but still…”

Lena nods. She understands.
“Do you want to use the- um- the-”

“Strap-on? Uh… yeah if you want to. It’s okay if-”

“I want to.”

“Yeah?”

Lena nods, smiling as she pulls Kara down into a kiss. She smacks Kara’s ass playfully when she pulls away.

“Go get it then, my legs aren’t exactly working right now.”

Kara smirks, clearly satisfied with herself as she crawls over to grab the box she usually keeps under her bed. She pulls it open and hands Lena the harness first, before turning back and considering her options. She’s staring into the box with such an intensity that Lena has to call her name twice to get her attention. When Kara turns to her, she smirks at the sight of Lena tangled in the harness, one leg in and one leg out.

“Need help?” Kara asks.

“Please.”

Kara crawls back to her, fitting and adjusting the straps snugly to Lena’s hips.

“Did you decide which one you want?” Lena asks her after a few quiet moments. Kara bites her lip and nods.

“The blue one.”

Lena fights her surprised gasp at Kara’s choice of literally their biggest dildo, but after a second she wonders why she would even be surprised. The context of this ridiculous circumstance they’ve found themselves in. Kara pulls the toy out of the box, handing it to Lena and watching on with dark eyes as she slides it into place. She adjusts the harness slightly before glancing up at Kara with a shy smile.

“You alright?”

“I’m so good.” Kara’s breathless tone sends a warm rush through Lena, settling heavily between her legs. With a playful smirk and a crooked finger, she beckons Kara close enough to snap the elastic of her panties against her hips.

“These need to go.”

Lena giggles as Kara scrambles out of her underwear in a move that is… less than graceful. The last of their clothing disappears and with it; any reservations still lingering in the back of Lena’s mind about the situation. She forgets where she is, and forgets about the circumstances. It’s just her and Kara, moving together fluidly, lips pressed together and hands grabbing at skin.

With another giggle, she pulls at Kara’s hips, encouraging Kara to move further up her body. Kara keeps kissing her until she pulls back, mouth dropping open in realisation.

“You want me to…”

Lena wordlessly pulls at Kara’s hips again, and she keeps pulling until Kara’s knees settle on either side of her head. Kara moans her name, hips jerking as Lena licks a pathway up her thighs. Kara is
pretty much dripping for her, and Lena wonders whether the gas that caused all of this might have something to do with it. Not that Lena has any trouble turning Kara on.

“Lee, please!” Kara whispers, mirroring Lena’s moans when the brunette gets her first taste of Kara from her thighs. Lena considers, for a split second, teasing Kara like she had been teased, but the incessant rolling of her hips and Kara’s needy hands in her hair put an end to the idea quickly.

Kara needs to come, and it’s a matter of safety. She presses tightly to Kara’s folds, dragging her tongue up the length of her sex. Kara presses further down and winds her hands tighter in Lena’s hair.

Lena repeats her movements, flicking Kara’s clit with the tip of her tongue, before drawing her tongue down and thrusting into Kara’s entrance. Her hips stutter when Lena’s nose hits her clit, and her thighs tremble against Lena’s face.


Kara cuts herself off in favour of just showing Lena instead. She’s too far gone to string a coherent sentence together. She takes both of Lena’s hands that had been resting comfortably at her hips and places the right on her ass and the left near her clit.

“Please.” She begs, and Lena smiles. Well, smiles as best she can with her tongue buried in Kara. She brings her hand back, pausing only for a moment to make her wait for it, before bringing it back across Kara’s ass with a sharp clap. Kara swears, her hips stuttering in rhythm, and Lena does it again. When Kara jerks forward again, she uses the momentum to press her thumb into Kara’s clit, rubbing tight circles that have Kara’s moans raising in pitch.

“Lee I’m-”

Lena brings her right hand sharply across Kara’s ass again, harder than before, and with a string of Kryptonian swear words, she comes raggedly into Lena’s mouth. She rolls her hips gently, sighing gratefully as Lena coaxes out the rest of her orgasm, and then lifts herself off Lena’s face. She drops heavily onto the mattress, heaving an even louder sigh as she settles slightly.

“How do you feel now?” Lena asks. She rolls over, cuddling into Kara’s side and sweeping hair, damp with sweat from her forehead.

“Better.” Kara nods, turning to smile and kiss Lena. “Better but still… it’s not-”

Lena frowns waiting for Kara to continue.

“I can already feel it coming back.”

Nodding, Lena rolls on top of Kara, making the strap on press against Kara’s stomach.

“It’s a good thing we’re prepared then.”

“Fuck, Lena.” Kara groans. With a grin and a chaste peck, Lena leans over Kara’s face to reach the box that lays forgotten by the mattress, fishing around for a moment before finding the lube. The blonde however takes advantage of Lena’s position not hesitating to kiss and suck at her sensitive skin.

“Kara.” She breathes, leaning back with the lube in hand. Kara whines almost pitifully when Lena moves out of her grasp.
“You’re obsessed with my boobs.” Lena tries to sound reproachful, but only comes across as playful. Kara raises an eyebrow, shrugging shamelessly.

“Can you blame me?” Kara smirks. “They’re pretty fantastic.”

Lena rolls her eyes. Kara has always been a boob girl. Lena had noticed it about her before they’d gotten together. Before they’d even become friends, in fact, and she’d always used that to her advantage. She uncaps the lube, holding it up for Kara to approve before spreading it over the length of the dildo. Recapping it and throwing it back into the box, she spreads the excess onto Kara’s centre gently, earning herself a breathy moan.

“Ready?” Lena asks, watching Kara’s expression carefully as she gets ready, lining the strap on up with Kara’s entrance. With a jerky nod of approval, Lena pushes forward, and she can’t help her eyes as they snap down to watch the toy disappear into Kara’s wet heat. They moan in unison when skin meets skin.

“Lena, move please.” Kara begs weakly, clutching at Lena’s hips with desperate hands. She moans loudly when Lena complies, drawing her hips out slowly until nothing but the head of the toy is within her before pressing back in, slightly faster than last time. Kara moans with every stroke, every thrust of Lena’s hips. Her hands grab at Lena’s hips, at her waist, begging her to go faster, harder.

“Feels so good, Lena.” Kara gasps. “Oh. Harder! Please!”

Lena works up her speed until she’s moving practically as fast as she can. Her arms are starting to burn from holding herself up over Kara, so she drops down onto her elbows without lessening her thrusts. The change in position brings her into range of Kara’s chest, and she takes full advantage of it by sucking and biting at both of her nipples. Kara’s hands grasp her head and pull her up into a kiss, moaning into her mouth as the strap-on thrusts deeper into her with the new angle.

Lena moves her hands to Kara’s breasts instead, letting Kara control the intensity of the kiss.

“Touch yourself.” Lena instructs. Her forehead is pressed against Kara’s, and blue eyes roll back slightly at the command. “Touch your clit, Kara.”

Kara complies, and her whimpers and moans raise to an even higher pitch as she teeters along the edge of her release. Her free hand threads into Lena’s hair, holding her solidly against her forehead and keeping her close as she lets go, hurtling over the edge. She clenches hard around the strap-on, causing Lena’s thrusts to stutter as she tries to work Kara through her orgasm.

A warm gush of arousal hits Lena’s thighs and she moans against Kara’s mouth as the blonde comes hard, comes loud, comes undone. Kara’s fingers falter, the attention on her clit slowing as she starts to come down, and Lena is having none of that. She swats Kara’s hand out of the way and takes over, giving Kara little warning as she picks up a ferocious speed. Once Kara’s muscles have relaxed enough to let her move, she starts thrusting again.

“This okay?”

“Rao, Lena. Yes.” Kara groans. Her back arches and her toes curl. Lena is pretty sure she just heard the sheets rip as Kara comes against her again, thoroughly soaking Lena and the sheets as she squirts even more. It takes a solid few minutes before Kara comes back to herself after that. Lena slips out of her gently, ditching the dildo and harness over the side of the mattress before curling into Kara’s side.

“We’re going to need those protein bars.” Kara hums, looking entirely blissed out, only for a moment. Lena opens her eyes to squint up at Kara, who looks back at her apologetically.
“You can still feel it?” Lena asks. Her tone is gentle, and her eyes are kind, and Kara smiles sweetly at her as she nods.

“I’m sorry.” She whispers.

Lena shuffles up to kiss her, letting her fingers trace the shape of her jaw and neck.

“I’m not.” Lena shrugs. “It’s a good thing I’ve had almost a year of endurance training.”

Kara frowns, tilting her head adorably.

“Endurance training?”

“I don’t know what you would call sex with a Kryptonian, but it puts my regular workout to shame.” Lena giggles. Kara blushes, kissing Lena again to hide her red cheeks.

“Let’s build up your strength then, hm?”

~~~~~

It takes them four hours. Well, three hours broken up with a one hour nap in the middle. They aren’t disturbed by anyone, as Alex had promised them. But when they finally make it off of the mattress and towards the door, they find a note. It must have been slipped under the door whilst they had been… distracted.

‘There are clothes in the back outside the door.’

“That’s Vasquez’s handwriting.” Kara comments, leaning over Lena’s shoulder to press her palm against the biometric lock. The gears in the door whir loudly as the bold slides open, and Kara darts out to grab the back quickly, dragging it into the training room.

Inside, there are two sets of DEO track suits as well as a back of toiletries and two fluffy towels. Lena has to bite back a laugh at how awkward it must have been for the agents to be taking care of them during their activities.

“There’s a shower room through that door.” Kara informs her, jerking her thumb towards a nondescript door on the other side of the room. “Would you like to shower with me, Ms Luthor?”

“I’d love nothing more, Ms Danvers.”

It takes an extra half an hour after that before they emerge from the training room, hand in hand and looking slightly sheepish. Only slightly, because they had a reason for fooling around for so long. As they kept vehemently reminding everyone.

Alex takes one look at them when they stroll into the control room and turns on her heel, stalking out in the opposite direction. Dr Hamilton appears a few moments later and tells them that she will be doing their debrief and final tests.

She confirms that Kara’s vitals and brain levels are all back to normal, and she shows no further symptoms of the condition that had plagued her. Lena’s vitals show symptoms of slight exhaustion, which Dr Hamilton assures them is normal after what they just did. She instructs them to drink lots of water, eat a good meal and get some rest.

J’onn appears in the door of the lab, Alex trailing behind him awkwardly. He only stays long enough to inform them that Kara has the weekend off from Supergirl duties and that Alex has to spend the
night with them to make sure Kara’s symptoms don’t flare up again, much to the agent’s chagrin.

“I’ll drive you home, Kara probably shouldn’t fly.” Alex mutters, grimacing as she tries to shake the image of what her sister just did from her head. She really wishes this hadn’t happened.

“Sure, we’ll meet you at the car.” Lena responds.

They’re home before they know it, trudging into Kara’s apartment slowly. Maggie is already there, seated on the couch with a movie playing quietly. Take out sits on the kitchen counter, steam still rising steadily.

“Rao, I love you, Alex.” Kara groans, super speeding to the counter and shoving three potstickers into her mouth before the others can even shut the front door.

“Psh, what am I?” Maggie complains. “Chopped liver?”

Kara trots over, an entire bag of potstickers tucked under her arm along with the already open container in her hands. She drops onto the couch heavily and grins as best she can at Maggie with a mouthful of food.

“Thanks Maggie!”

“Gross, kid. Swallow your food first.” Maggie shoves her arm playfully, her mock disgust given away by the slight smile on her lips. She stands to kiss Alex in greeting, moving to load up a plate worth of food alongside her and Lena. By the time they return to the living room, Kara has already burned through another box and a half.

“Slow down, you’ll choke.” Alex chastises.

“That’s what she said.” Maggie mutters under her breath, making a noise of outrage when Alex smacks her on the arm.

“No more sex talk, all night.” Alex groans. “Or ever.”

Lena raises a meticulous eyebrow.

“Actually, we had a conversation to finish. One about red sunlamps…”

She trails off, leaving the sentence hanging. Despite their previous denial, Alex and Maggie both turn red, busying themselves with their food to try and deflect.

“So you have been breaking them.” Kara huffs.

“Not badly!” Alex insists. “We made sure Lena could fix them easily.”

“Alex!” Kara whines. Lena rolls her eyes and rubs Kara’s back in an attempt to keep her calm. She doesn’t need to be riled up, not after tonight.

“You kept sneaking them into our apartment to fuck with us, though.” Maggie puts in, shrugging as if to insinuate that they deserved it. Kara at least looks guilty at that, knowing full well that both couples were guilty.

“I think we should call a truce.” Lena announces, making the whole room turn to look at her.

“What- no! I haven’t gotten my revenge!” Kara scoffs. “They ruined the mood so many times!”
Alex and Maggie smirk, high-fiving without even looking at each other and earning an icy glare from Kara.

“I know, baby.” Lena soothes. “But I can’t help feel like your slight frustration might have made matters worse tonight.”

Now all three of the women look guilty, hanging their heads and giving Lena the space to continue.

“So how about we agree not to mess with each other’s… private time any more.” Lena grimaces at her choice of words.

“Are you going to stop fucking where we can see you then?”

Lena stares Alex down, eyes narrow and jaw set.

“We will attempt to ensure that we are not having sex in a place that you might find us.”

“Attempt?” Alex mocks.

“Guys…” Maggie drawls, shooting meaningful glances at both of them. “I think it’s a good idea.”

She shuffles forward, placing her plate down on the coffee table and holding up her beer to the centre of the four of them. Alex rolls her eyes, scoffing until Maggie elbows her in the ribs. She puts her beer up to, looking expectantly at Lena and Kara.

Lena holds up her wine glass and Kara her club soda. The glass clinks together quietly. Alex and Kara nod decisively and speak in unison.

“Truce.”

~~~~~

Chapter End Notes

don’t be a little binch, leave me comments

End Notes

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!