Stronger Together

by SapphicScholar

Summary

This will be a series of Supergirl prompt fills ranging from short ficlets to a few stories that I felt deserved 2-4 chapters. Sanvers and Supercorp are the primary pairings, though I’m open to others if you want to request them! Find me in the comments section or (as of May 1) on tumblr at sapphicscholarwrites.tumblr.com!

Fluff, smut, and humor ensue! Good times all around, I promise, even if I’m shit at summaries.
Maggie swallowed hard, trying to force down her nerves before leaving the apartment for the hotel. *It’s for a good cause,* she repeated to herself like a mantra, using it to steady her breathing and slow her racing pulse. It wasn’t like she had never gone out in drag before, but Alex had certainly never seen it. Plus, it had been a number of years since she’d been one of the contestants in the annual drag show her LGBTQ group did during Pride month to raise money for Project Trevor. It was the charity that kept her feet moving toward her doorway. The knowledge that she’d be getting up on stage in front of a very large—even if they were friendly—crowd was what kept drawing her back into her living room. Finally she sucked it up, threw on her butchiest leather jacket, grabbed her helmet, and took off for the hotel ballroom where the event was being held. *Nothing like a swanky venue to get the well-to-do gay gentry to open their wallets.*

On the ride over, Maggie wondered about Alex’s reaction. It wasn’t like either of them were high femme, but still, her wardrobe rarely looked like this. She had called Jay, an ex and a very good friend, to come over and help her get ready. They brought plenty of supplies, and, having participated in the show in years past and performed with a few of the local drag king groups, they knew exactly what they were doing.

“Your girl won’t be able to keep her hands off you,” Jay had winked, swatting playfully at Maggie’s ass when the woman had bent over to lace up her Tims.

“So long as she doesn’t laugh, that’s all I care about,” Maggie had grumbled in reply. She reached down and none too discreetly adjusted her silicone package.

“Look at you! Getting into the spirit already,” Jay teased, knocking the brim of Maggie’s snapback.

“Shut up. You know I hate it when guys do it. I’m just, ya know, trying to make sure it stays in the right spot and all.”

“Mhm, right spot meaning where it’ll feel good when your girl—”

Maggie cut off Jay’s comments with a loud hushing motion and a chocolate chip cookie being shoved into their mouth. “Nope! Your teasing will have to wait for when I don’t feel like I’m going to have a panic attack about having to strut on stage in front of all the rich people and my girlfriend.”

“Come on, just relax a bit. Wanna smoke a little? Always helps me to take the edge off.”

“I’m a cop,” Maggie deadpanned.

“Buzzkill,” Jay retorted, a playful lilt in their voice.

“Employed,” Maggie shot back with her tongue out.

“As am I, dear. But okay, you know what you can try? I like to remember that when done right, drag fucks with literally everyone in your audience. Like, you want to be so real that you’ve got the gays boys trying to figure out why they want you.”

Maggie smirked at that image. It was just like Jay to play to Maggie’s competitive side; she never could resist a challenge.

“Hate to knock that smirk off your face, but I need you to take your top off. C’mon, let’s bind your chest.”
“Hmm, an innocent bystander might think you just want to see me topless again,” Maggie teased.

“In your dreams, Sawyer,” Jay shot back, spinning Maggie around as they carefully wrapped the binder around her chest, pulling it snug but not so tight that it would hurt Maggie. “How’s that feel?”

“Eh, like it did the last time we were in a drag show together. But seriously, you’re a lifesaver. I couldn’t have done this without you.”

“Don’t I know it. And that’s exactly why you’re buying me brunch tomorrow morning.”

“Of course.”

Jay tossed Maggie a tight white t-shirt and a white Oxford, helping to fix her collar while Maggie tucked the t-shirt into her black jeans. “Do I tuck in everything?” Maggie asked.

“Nah, you don’t have a tie or belt, so leave it untucked. It’s not long enough to look sloppy.”

“Lifesaver,” Maggie repeated, pulling Jay in for a long hug.

“Now get that cute ass over to the hotel,” Jay yelled out, while packing up their stuff. “I’m sorry I won’t get to see you out on that stage, but you better send me pictures. And tomorrow I get to hear all the dirty details at brunch.”

“It’s called ‘no shame brunch’ for a reason,” Maggie shot back with a grin.

Of course, it had taken another half hour for Maggie to work up the nerve to finally leave her apartment, but now she was just a few blocks away from the hotel. She just kept reminding herself that the event was one she had helped to spearhead many years ago, that it raised a ton of money for people in the community.

While Maggie was parking her bike, she felt her phone buzz in her pocket. Once everything was settled, she read through the text messages she had missed:

Alex: “Can’t wait to see you tonight babe!”

Jay: “Kick ass, Mags. Just remember how hot you look and you’ll be great. Keep replaying drag ball 2008 if you need a reminder.”

Maggie rolled her eyes at Jay’s texts; they always knew what to say to get her confidence back up. Back in 2008 she had come in a full tuxedo, and she would neither confirm nor deny leaving with a woman on either arm. But she would absolutely confirm the number of phone numbers that were suddenly in her contact list. Sure, she had gone for a different look tonight, since it wasn’t black tie this year, but she just had to channel the same cockiness she had as a young, non-white, non-straight, non-male rookie cop who needed to make up for everyone else’s judgment with her own self-assuredness.

With a newfound spring in her step, which she widened to a more traditionally masculine swagger, Maggie made her way into the hotel, slipping her snapback on and making sure her hair had stayed pinned up and off of her neck. She smirked at the sight of a twenty-something woman biting her lip and clearly checking her out. She wondered how the woman read her, and she found the ambiguity delightful.

“Donna!” Maggie yelled out when she got to the ballroom, finding the redhead strutting across the stage and barking orders at her helpers.
“Why, Maggie Sawyer, is that you?” Donna called back, openly appraising Maggie’s outfit.

“Don’t I get a new name for the night?” Maggie joked.

“Oh I think you’re still going to be Officer Sawyer. I’ve got too many handcuff jokes ready to give you a new identity this year. But come in here, baby!” Donna opened her arms wide, pulling Maggie into a tight embrace. “How are you?”

“Good. Little nervous. But good. What about you? I’m sorry I had to miss the last fundraiser. Work emergency, you know how it is.”

“Don’t worry about a thing. You do more than the pretty boy who took over your spot on the planning committee ever could,” Donna reassured her, raising her voice enough that a lanky blonde boy looked up and rolled his eyes, shrugging off her teasing reproach. He had been around long enough to know that Donna was only openly mean to those she cared about. Plus, she had known him since he was a new fresh-out-of-the-closet baby gay, and she knew damn well that he got his work done, even if he took a long break every now and then to chase down a particularly cute guy.

“I got Jay to do my makeup, so I figured it was okay to come a little closer to show time than usual. Anything I need to do?”

Donna looked over Maggie’s face, giving her contouring and shading a nod of approval. “Jay does good work. Tell them I want them back in my show next year! No excuses! You can store your stuff in the back with the other participants. Do you want scruff or any facial hair? I think Diamond has a station set up for it in the back.”

“Nah, I’m just gonna stick with the shadows Jay gave me this year.”

“Your girl doesn’t like the feel of stubble?” Donna asked with a knowing eyebrow raise.

Maggie blushed slightly. “Not so much. Hell, I don’t even know if she’ll like this.”

“Please, you look hot, Sawyer. And there’s nothing like seeing a bunch of other women fawning over your girl to make a woman want to claim what’s hers, unless of course you’re looking to take home a third tonight…?”

Maggie blushed again, shaking her head. “No!” she squeaked. “Nope, not this year.”

Donna cackled and shoved Maggie off toward the back to hang out with the other volunteers. “Play nice!” she called after Maggie, earning a dismissive wave.

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Alex hurried Kara along. “Come on! We can’t be late. I don’t want to miss Maggie!”

“I’m coming,” Kara whined. “It’s not like we’re going to be late. Lena is giving us a ride, and she’s their biggest donor. I doubt they’ll start without her.”

Alex chuckled. “I still can’t believe you didn’t realize she was gay all this time.”

“There are allies,” Kara grumbled, pouting at Alex.

“Mhm, because allies totally look at their ‘friends’ the way she looked at you…”

“We figured it out eventually. Give me some credit!” Kara protested.
“Thanks to a healthy serving of alien alcohol and the courage of a one Lena Luthor,” Alex sassed back.

“And yet you still get all weird when you find us together.”

“There’s a difference between seeing that you two are both flirting and actually having to see you two hooking up on your sofa. One involves the idea of romance. The other involves the reality of ‘oh god, that’s my sister!’”

Kara giggled and tossed a pillow at Alex, who just barely dodged it. “Lena’s here!” Kara squealed, grabbing her clutch and running for the door.

By the time they arrived, the show hadn’t started, but the room had filled to near capacity. The silent auction in the back was going swimmingly, with donations already reaching above and beyond the ask price for the items with another hour or two to go before they closed. Alex looked around for Maggie, but, when she couldn’t find her girlfriend, she figured she must be in the back with all of the other volunteers. Plucking a glass of champagne off of one of the waiter’s trays, Alex turned to survey the room while Kara and Lena made their way around the perimeter, checking out all of the items up for auction. The crowd looked amazing, having taken “business attire” in very different and very creative directions.

A little while later, a stunning woman in a black dress took the stage, tossing her mane of curly red hair over her shoulder as she waved to the audience, half of whom seemed to know her already. “Good evening, ladies and gentleman, bois and queens, and everyone in between! Welcome to our annual National City Drag Ball! As a reminder, tonight’s donations will go to the Trevor Project. They have representatives all around the room if you want to sign up to volunteer or learn more about the wonderful work they do. Keeping that in mind, don’t feel guilty about opening your hearts and wallets for us all tonight! And as payment, we have quite the show lined up for you. We’ll be bringing our kings and queens out on stage for you to admire as they strut down our homemade catwalk, then we’ll set them loose among you to mingle for the evening. And, new this year, we’ve decided to let you all vote with your entrance ticket to crown this year’s drag ball winners. Think of them as the prom kings and queens you always wished you had! Now, without further ado, let me introduce our first queen!”

Alex applauded with the rest of the crowd as Donna, she learned the woman’s name from Lena, began the show. The show began with the drag queens, and Alex had to admit, they were amazing performers. They strutted their stuff across the runway, most of them stopping to dance to the music with some very impressive dance moves—moves made all the more impressive by the sky-high heels most of them were rocking. When all of them had gotten their turn, Donna brought them all back onstage to go over their names one last time for the voting portion, then sent them to the back for the drag king show.

Kara jumped up and down and pulled at Alex’s arm. “Do you know when Maggie’s up? Did she tell you? What does her outfit look like?” Kara whispered excitedly in Alex’s ear.

“I don’t know! She left it all as a surprise,” Alex hissed back. “Now quiet down! I want to pay attention.”

The women stood in rapt attention as the first drag kings made their way across the stage. They chuckled along with Donna’s witty commentary and remarked upon all of the outfits. The first volunteer, a lanky Black woman with a bright smile, strode across stage in a three-piece suit, flashing her pearly whites at the women in the front room who seemed to actually swoon at her attention. Next up was a short, muscular woman who came out in full army regalia, followed by another participant in bright white sneakers, jeans, and a Chicago Bulls jersey with the attitude to match.
Finally Alex heard Donna announce that “Officer Sawyer” would be taking the stage, making some joke about what this king might do with his handcuffs. But beyond that, Alex didn’t hear a word Donna said because all she could focus on was Maggie—or rather, Officer Sawyer. Alex didn’t even care that she must look like a drooling idiot watching her girlfriend strut across the stage in full-on swagger mode. Alex could swear that from back here, it looked like Maggie even had a bit of five-o’clock shadow. Her black jeans weren’t tight, but she could still see the outline of Maggie’s toned ass through them, and she had rolled up her sleeves enough to show off her muscled forearms perfectly. But what Alex took note of most of all was the attitude Maggie was exuding—sheer cockiness, like she knew damn well how hot she looked. Alex was too enamored to pay attention through the rest of the show, silently apologizing to whatever drag kings followed Maggie’s act for not even noticing them. She had managed to pull her jaw back up, but she was sure her pupils were still blown with desire by the time they set the contestants loose into the audience.
Drag Show Part 2

Chapter Summary

Definitely NSFW (with one more smutty chapter in this mini-fic to come)
If stap-ons aren't your thing, feel free to pass this one on by

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex watched as Maggie mingled with the audience, looked on as women flirted with her, ran their fingers across her upper arms and giggled at comments she was sure weren’t that funny. But they were also pulling out their checkbooks as Maggie referred them over to the Project Trevor volunteers. And Alex didn’t mind seeing what a hot commodity her girlfriend was—it was true. She had eyes; she could see it. All that mattered was that Maggie was going home with her, and they were going to keep that sexy persona on a little longer.

Maggie looked for Alex in the crowd as she made her way through the spectators, many of whom were all too happy to talk to her, tell her what a great job she did out there. She got plenty of “sir” and “officer” addresses, which made her smirk with pride as she texted Jay to thank them again for all of their help that night. She also snapped a few pictures of her with the stage in the background and women (and a handful of men) surrounding her. Once she felt like she had done her part in getting the generous patrons over to the donation stations, she focused all of her efforts on finding Alex.

Maggie grinned broadly when her eyes finally lit on Alex’s from across the floor. It felt like a scene from a cheesy 80s movie, but Maggie couldn’t deny the palpable attraction drawing her across the floor toward Alex, who looked stunning in a sleeveless black dress that showed off her arms and the top half of her back.

Alex was delighted to see Maggie stay in character as she wove through the throngs of people, finally getting to Alex. “I couldn’t help but see you staring,” Maggie said, her voice low and gravelly and her eyes dancing with amusement.

Biting back a full-blown smile, Alex demurred, “It’s hard to take my eyes off of someone so handsome.” But then she was done with the Southern belle act because she also needed Maggie to know just how sexy she was. She drew closer to Maggie and whispered, “All that matters is that I caught your attention. Because now I get to tell you just how hard I want you to fuck me tonight.”

Maggie bit back a whimper, her eyes growing wide as her gaze raked up and down Alex’s body. Her voice was even raspier than before when she husked, “I’ve got some surprises in store for you, don’t worry.” And with that, she stepped forward, leading Alex to the makeshift dance floor and pulling her girlfriend tight against her to dance, hoping that in the process Alex might notice one of the surprises she had planned for the night.

At first, Alex was too distracted by the thrill of following Maggie’s commanding presence on the floor, earning envious glares from many of the folks who had been flirting with “Officer Sawyer” from the moment she stepped down from the stage. She let herself be pulled in tighter, noticing how much flatter Maggie’s chest was and how close she was able to get to the other woman. Alex looped
her arms around Maggie’s neck, tracing her fingertips across the skin that her hair being pinned up had left exposed.

Maggie hummed into Alex’s touch, arching her back slightly at the contact, especially when Alex started licking her lips. “I have to stay through the crowning of the king and queen of the ball, but then we can leave whenever you want,” Maggie murmured, her breath hot against Alex’s ear, as she followed her words with a trail of kisses down Alex’s neck.

Alex nodded eagerly, counting down the minutes until she could get Maggie back to her apartment, to her huge bed. As Maggie’s arms drew her ever closer, Alex felt something against her hips. She paused for a moment before pushing more firmly against Maggie’s hips with her own, grinding down onto something that was definitely new. “Are you…?” Alex paused. “Are you packing?” she whispered, her voice low but excited.

Maggie bit her lip and nodded. “I mean, most of us have something to give…uh…shape, down there, but if you’re asking if I’ve got something on that we can use later tonight, the answer is yeah. If you’re okay with it, of course!” Maggie rushed to add, never wanting to make Alex uncomfortable.

“I’m good with anything,” Alex reassured Maggie. “You know I always appreciate your asking, but now I want you, knowing that I’m happy with anything, to just own it—no blushing or hesitation. Just know that I want you so fucking much and do whatever comes naturally. I promise to stop you if there’s anything I’m uncomfortable with, okay?”

“Deal,” Maggie grinned. She was surprised at just how excited she was by the prospect. Sure, she had filled this role in the past. Some of her exes saw her and the police uniform back before she made detective and just assumed she’d top all the time. And she could do it well enough. She got into it, even. But she liked the give-and-take that characterized her relationship with Alex even better. Now, having the opportunity to tap back into the stud persona she’d taken on in the past without it being a given, Maggie was ecstatic (and turned on, so very turned on).

With Alex’s permission in mind, Maggie spun her girlfriend out, then drew her back in, wrapping her arms around Alex’s waist and pulling her in so that Alex’s back was pressed into Maggie’s chest, her ass grinding deliciously against the bulge in Maggie’s jeans. As the crowd had gotten increasingly inebriated, the dance floor had grown increasingly raucous, and at this point, couples were hitting the floor, hooking up, and being their best damn selves all over the place.

As the bass dropped, Alex let her hips roll, giving in just a little bit to the muscle memory still so firmly ingrained from her years of clubbing and dancing away her gnawing suspicion that there was something more to her failed friendships with the women in her life. She smirked as she heard Maggie groan behind her, her grip tightening around Alex’s hips. Alex played it up a bit more, dropping her hips and tossing her hair over one shoulder, giving Maggie full access to her neck.

“Alex,” Maggie panted in her ear, “you feel so fucking good.”

“Mhmm,” Alex murmured. “Good enough to get you out of here early?”

“Ten more minutes til they announce the winner,” Maggie said, assuring herself as much as Alex that they would be able to make it until then. But with each beat, Alex drove her hips back further, pushing the base of the dildo into Maggie’s clit and providing just the right amount of pressure to drive Maggie wild. It wasn’t enough pressure to make her come—no, she wanted so much more—but it was more than enough to make her wet, to make her drip for the thought of all that she had in store for Alex that night.
The ten minutes seem to drag by, though they spent the last four accompanied by Kara and Lena, which at least kept the overt foreplay to a minimum (though Maggie caught Lena’s gaze drop to her pants, and the smirk she received in return told her that Lena knew exactly what they had interrupted). Finally, Donna made her way up onto the stage, calling out for all of the volunteers to join her to crown the winners. With a parting kiss, Maggie left Alex for the stage.

“We had some close calls tonight, folks!” Donna teased, trying to ramp up the crowd’s enthusiasm. “I’m going to bring out the winner and the runner-up for both categories before telling you exactly who your king and queen are tonight! Can I hear some noise?”

The crowd erupted into applause and some loud whistling. Alex clapped with the rest of them, but she couldn’t focus on the show; she only had eyes for Maggie.

“Your top two queens for tonight are…drumroll please! Raven and Pandora!” The two queens made their way to the front of the stage, curtseying and waving regally at the crowd, which had gone wild at the announcement.

“And your top two kings…” Donna paused for effect, “are Duke and Officer Sawyer!”

Alex was pulled out of the fantasies that had been playing in her head at the sound of Maggie’s name being called. She smiled at the look of surprise that crossed Maggie’s face, disappearing moments later behind the cocky façade she put on with the outfit—a look that recalled the first day they met on that crime scene so many months ago.

As it turned out, Duke had won, though only by a couple of votes, as Donna whispered to Maggie on her way back to Alex, but Maggie was happy enough to be heading toward Alex. She didn’t need a crown to make her night special.

“You should’ve won,” Alex purred in her ear, draping her arms across Maggie’s shoulders and guiding her toward the edge of the dance floor.

“Mmm, but I still get you, don’t I?” Maggie asked, a cocky grin spreading across her lips.

Alex bit her lip and nodded, not letting go of Maggie’s hand as she dragged them farther and farther away from the crowd.

“I need to get my stuff, baby. Give me a minute?”

Shaking her head, Alex clung to Maggie’s hand. “I’ll come with you.”

“Okay,” Maggie shrugged, guiding Alex to the back. She gathered her belongings quickly, throwing on her jacket and buckling her helmet to her bag strap, but when she turned to leave Alex was nowhere to be found. “Alex?” Maggie hissed. “Where are you?”

“Come find me,” Alex sing-songed, her voice echoing in the empty area.

Maggie traipsed through the rows of lockers, finally locating Alex in the back, where a curtain had been draped across a section of lockers to create a makeshift changing room. “C’mon, I’ve got my stuff. Let’s get out of here and get you out of that dress, huh?”

Smirking, Alex shook her head. “Not yet.” And with a raised eyebrow that could only mean the best kind of trouble, she dragged Maggie behind the curtain by her leather jacket.

“Al,” Maggie warned, “this room is so not soundproof. And there’s no lock.”
“What happened to all that bravado?” Alex taunted. “I thought you told me you couldn’t wait to take me. I thought maybe I made you hard.” Alex looked into Maggie’s face, trying to figure out if she was taking it too far, but all she found was desire as Maggie’s blackened eyes drank her in.

With a small growl, Maggie pushed Alex up against the lockers, throwing her hand behind Alex’s head to protect her at the last second. She yanked the curtain close as her lips met Alex’s in a heated kiss, her teeth gently pulling at Alex’s bottom lip.

Alex moaned into the kiss, teasing Maggie’s mouth with the tip of her tongue until she was granted access. She dropped her hands, grabbing roughly at Maggie’s ass and earning a loud groan of approval. As their kiss grew ever more heated, Alex let one of her hands trail to the front of Maggie’s jeans, cupping the bulge she found there and grinding it against Maggie’s sensitive clit.

“Fuck, Al,” Maggie whined. “I want you so badly.”

Done waiting, Alex spun them around so that Maggie’s back was up against the metal lockers. Nipping and sucking at Maggie’s neck, Alex’s fingers deftly undid the button and zipper on Maggie’s pants. “How does this work?” Alex asked quietly, not wanting to pull them out of the moment completely just yet.

“There’s a wire inside it. It’ll bend and stay put if you want it up.”

Before Maggie could begin to ramble or try to explain further, Alex covered her girlfriend’s mouth with her own, sliding her tongue cross Maggie’s lower lip as she pushed Maggie’s boxer briefs down enough to get to the toy, which she carefully bent into a position that would work better for her plans.

“Mm, baby,” Maggie moaned, “should we get out of here?”

“Not just yet,” Alex smiled with a shake of her head. “I think you deserve a reward. After all, you did get all those votes and raise all of that money…”

“You’re killing me, Al,” Maggie groaned, letting her eyes drop shut and her head hit the lockers as Alex teased at her neck with her lips and teeth.

Suddenly, Alex’s lips were gone, though. Maggie wondered idly whether they were finally going to leave and fuck. But before she could get very far in her imagining of all that they would do, she felt pressure against her hips. She snapped her head forward, finding Alex kneeling in front of her, her hand wrapped around the base of the dick and her tongue teasing at the tip.

“Is this okay?” Alex asked, her voice rough and low.

Maggie could only gulp and nod, not trusting her voice to stay steady. She stared, her jaw nearly dropping, as Alex took the tip of the now-hard cock into her mouth, moving her head up and down as she took more and more of the length. Once Alex got into a rhythm, she engaged the hand at the base of the toy, gently—and then more forcefully—thrusting up and against Maggie’s clit with each bob of her head.

Maggie’s breath stuttered as her knees buckled. She crashed hard into the lockers as Alex let the dick pop out of her mouth with an obscene noise, then ran her tongue up the length of it from the bottom, big doe eyes looking straight up at Maggie and holding eye contact the whole time.

Alex ran her tongue along her lips at the sight of Maggie completely and utterly losing control. She ran a finger between the leather straps of the harness, finding Maggie dripping wet already. Switching so that her left hand was at the base of the cock, keeping pressure against Maggie’s clit,
Alex moved the fingers of her right hand between Maggie’s legs, navigating the tight confines of her jeans, which were still resting just below her ass. She managed to slip two fingers inside of Maggie, moaning at the feeling of her girlfriend’s walls surrounding her.

Maggie struggled to catch her breath, her heart racing and her legs trembling as Alex fucked her. But then Alex moved her mouth back to the tip of her cock, taking it between her lips and thrusting it firmly against her clit. And Maggie knew she was a goner.

“Fuck, Alex, fuck, fuck fuck,” Maggie cried out, too turned on to care about the fact that they were in a locker room behind a flimsy curtain just yards away from a room full of some of National City’s wealthiest gays and allies.

Hearing Maggie fall apart was just what Alex wanted, but she also knew they needed to be fast if Maggie was going to get this loud—which is precisely what Alex wanted. She curled her fingers, running them along Maggie’s front wall as she rubbed the toy in gentle circles against Maggie’s clit.

“Al, I’m gonna, I’m gonna,” Maggie panted, trying to stay on her feet. She threaded her fingers through Alex’s hair, while her other hand gripped at the top of the lockers, holding her up as her whole body shook. Just as she felt a semblance of control returning to her, Alex let out an obscene moan and hooked her fingers inside of Maggie. For a moment, Maggie froze, all of her muscles drawing taut before the tension exploded out of her body. She collapsed against the cool metal, sighing loudly as aftershocks racked through her body under Alex’s careful ministrations.

Before she could draw Alex back up and thank her properly, Maggie heard the sound of a slow clap echoing through the locker room. “Fuck,” she grumbled, watching as Alex’s cheeks turned a deep scarlet.

“Maggie Sawyer, didn’t know you had it in you to be so dirty,” Donna’s voice drawled out, as she poked her head around the curtain, finding Alex hiding behind Maggie’s small frame, while Maggie’s dick was literally still out.

Stuttering and shuffling, Maggie shoved everything into her boxers and drew up the zipper, muttering a hurried goodbye and “please never speak of this again!” as she dragged Alex behind her and toward the back elevator.

“Oh my god,” Alex giggled. “Tonight really was like gay prom.”

“Ugh, don’t want to know that story, Danvers,” Maggie muttered, shaking her head.

“I’m here with you now,” Alex reminded her, “now take me home.”

“I’ve got something even better,” Maggie said with a smirk, pulling out a room key for the hotel. “We’ve only got to make it up a few floors.”

Chapter End Notes

I've got one more chapter of this one coming, but then hit me up with prompts in the comments! I have a couple, but it's good to get variety!
Chapter Summary

Last chapter in this particular mini-fic, though elements will return thanks to some of the requests I got

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The fact that they only had to make it up to the fifth floor did not make the waiting any easier. The second the pair stumbled into the elevator, giggling like drunk teenagers sneaking around after curfew, Alex had Maggie up against the wall, her dress hiked up and her leg hooked around Maggie’s waist. Figuring she couldn’t be more embarrassed about being caught, Maggie abandoned all restraint, sucking on Alex’s neck as her hands groped at Alex’s ass through the thin material of her dress.

When the elevator doors slid open at the fifth floor, Maggie grabbed Alex’s hand, rushing them down the hallway to room 506. She steadied her hands just long enough to jam the card into the lock, impatiently tapping her foot while she waited for the lights to blink green. As soon as they did, the pair was in the room, slamming the door behind them, leaving a path of bags and bike helmets strewn behind them in the entryway.

Maggie pushed Alex’s dress up enough to pick the taller woman up, holding her tight against her waist as she continued lavishing her attention on Alex’s neck and chest. Alex’s hips jerked against Maggie’s stomach, searching for any kind of friction.

“Take me to bed,” Alex pleaded.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Maggie strode across the room, making it to the bed in just three steps. She lowered Alex onto the mattress and dropped to her knees. Lavishing kisses all across Alex’s inner thighs, Maggie used her hands to push the dress up and out of her way. Her hands traversed the expanses of smooth, muscled skin, as her lips moved higher and higher up Alex’s thighs. She ghosted barely-there kisses across the thin layer of lace—the last thing separating her from Alex.

“Please,” Alex whined, her hips bucking up, desperate for Maggie’s mouth, her hands, whatever she would give her.

With a smirk, Maggie hooked her fingers under Alex’s waistband, pulling down the lacy garment and tossing it over her shoulder. “Better?” she teased.

Winding her fingers into Maggie’s hair, Alex pulled the other woman closer. “Getting there,” she murmured. When she felt the warmth of Maggie’s breath ghosting across her clit, Alex let out a whimper. “Even closer.” Finally she felt Maggie’s tongue on her, as the smaller woman parted her lips, tasting her, before switching to broad strokes up the length of her pussy. Alex let out a groan of approval as her head fell back to the pillows.

Maggie had planned to tease Alex, to get a bit of petty revenge for Alex’s getting them caught in the
locker room. But when she felt how wet Alex was she found that she lost all restraint. She needed to make Alex come—and now. She dipped her tongue inside of Alex before moving up to circle her hard clit, earning a loud, low moan. As she continued to gently suck at Alex’s clit, Maggie let her hands wander, trailing a light path along her upper thighs and around her hip bones, then ghosting up her stomach. Alex reached out and grabbed one, drawing it up to her chest to play with her breasts as best as she could through the dress. Maggie dragged her other hand back down Alex’s body, leaving a trail of red lines down Alex’s abs that made the redhead hiss in pleasure and buck her hips up into Maggie’s mouth.

Moving Alex’s leg over her shoulder, Maggie threw herself with renewed enthusiasm back into her ministrations, licking long strokes up the length of Alex’s pussy and tracing teasing circles around Alex’s clit. When she let herself pause for longer than usual at Alex’s clit, lavishing it with quick flicks of her tongue, she heard Alex pant out a breathy command: “Don’t, don’t stop, please!” This was quickly followed by a series of obscene moans as Maggie took Alex’s clit between her lips, sucking lightly while swirling her tongue around the tender bud. “Fuck,” Alex moaned, feeling her muscles all tense as her thighs tightened around Maggie’s head. Finally, with a stutter of her hips, Alex came, collapsing back down onto Maggie’s shoulders.

Maggie gently lapped up the excess wetness, helping Alex to ride out the end of her orgasm. Before everything crossed the threshold of pleasurable and painful, Maggie trailed her lips from Alex’s pussy to her thighs, kissing back up toward Alex’s torso. “Can this come off?” Maggie asked, pulling lightly at Alex’s dress.

With an enthusiastic nod, Alex sat up, leaning forward to allow Maggie access to the zipper. Once it was down, Alex threw the dress off and pulled Maggie up on top of the bed with her, kissing her soundly.

“You seem to be wearing far too many clothes,” Alex murmured, her breath ghosting across Maggie’s lips.

Looking down and pretending to survey the situation seriously, Maggie nodded. “There do appear to be discrepancies,” Maggie got out before giggling. “Wanna help me?”

Alex nodded, pulling back and deftly undoing the buttons on Maggie’s shirt. Once the Oxford and undershirt were off, Alex carefully helped to undo the chest binder, making sure that Maggie stretched a bit and felt alright, even though she hadn’t had it on for more than a few hours. Once she was sure that Maggie was okay, Alex’s hands drifted down to the button on Maggie’s pants, toying with it as she bit her lip.

“Alex,” Maggie whined.

Alex shook her head, laughing softly at Maggie’s increasingly desperate attempts to push the button into her hands. “What, you’re already hard for me again?”

Maggie blushed but played along and nodded. “Have you seen you? Why wouldn’t I be hard?”

“Mmm,” Alex moaned. “Good, because now I want you to fuck me.”

With that, Maggie flipped Alex over, moving to straddle her girlfriend’s hips as she leaned down and crashed her lips into Alex’s. Before Alex even realized what was happening, Maggie was shimmying out of her pants, the dildo still standing straight up from their earlier activities and quick escape.

Alex rolled them over again, straddling Maggie’s hips and grinding against the toy. “I want you
inside of me,” she whispered, her breath hot against Maggie’s ear.

“Let me just…hold on…condoms, in my bag,” Maggie stuttered, getting increasingly distracted by Alex’s wandering hands and the sounds she was making.

“Baby,” Alex whined, “I know that we’ve been playing tonight, but it’s not like you’re gonna get me pregnant.”

Maggie chuckled softly. “No, it’s just, we put it back into my pants sort of wet. It might have lint or something stuck to it. Better safe than sorry.” As she was talking, she had shuffled out from under Alex and hurried over to her bag, grabbing the condoms and jumping back onto the pillows.

“Ah, right. Thanks,” Alex said with a smile. “Here, let me,” she offered, taking a condom out of the box and tearing it open. Before pulling it out, she carefully adjusted the angle of the toy, then slipped the condom on over top of it.

“So, you want to be on top?” Maggie asked, tearing her eyes away from the sight of Alex’s fingers sliding down her dick.

“Why Maggie Sawyer, are you asking me to ride your dick?” Alex teased, already swinging a leg over Maggie.

Maggie grinned mischievously and nodded. She wrapped her hands around Alex’s hips and helped to guide the taller woman down, groaning at the toy slipping inside of her.

Once she got used to the length Alex placed her hands on Maggie’s chest and began rolling her hips, getting into a rhythm. Once it became clear to Maggie that Alex was ready for more, she thrust her hips up in time with Alex’s movements, whimpering with every loud moan that Alex let out.

Alex gasped as she leaned forward slightly more and found the toy rubbing up against her clit. “Maggie,” Alex whined, picking up the pace as she felt the familiar waves of desire coiling low in her abdomen.

Maggie shuffled slightly up the bed—far enough up that she could prop her back up on the pillows and wrap her arms around Alex, taking a nipple into her mouth as she kept her hips thrusting in time with Alex. When Maggie felt Alex still in her arms, she kept the rhythm and roughly sucked on the nipple in her mouth, dragging her teeth lightly over the surrounding skin, until she felt Alex’s body shudder on top of her. With a guttural moan, Alex collapsed into Maggie’s chest, pumping her hips to ride out the end of her orgasm before finally settling down. Her head rested against Maggie’s chest, as she listened to her girlfriend’s heart rate finally begin to slow.

“So,” Maggie began with a cocky grin, “should I start dressing in drag more often?”

“If you give me a couple more minutes, we can pull off the last of your outfit, and I’ll give you even more motivation to do it again.”

Chapter End Notes

I have a few requests here and on other stories, but do feel free to leave them in the comments! (Right now they’re all, with one exception, Sanvers and Supercorp smut, but I swear I do write things other than sex)
Reunion

Chapter Summary

Prompt from soiwritenow: Maybe have them break up and one of them tries to move on with someone else but then they come back to each other.

This got a bit long and way more emotional than I anticipated, but as you can see from the prompt, we do get to a happy ending!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex twisted the small red straw in her hands, nervously folding it and rolling it into a state of uselessness. She took a small sip of her drink. Then a slightly larger one—not quite a gulp, but not a ladylike sip either. She popped her heel out of the pumps Kara had talked her into wearing, then toyed with the buttons on her blazer. She checked the time: 6:59pm. Sure, the other woman—Kristen, she corrected herself—wasn’t supposed to show up for another minute, but she wondered whether she was being stood up. This sort of nervous anticipation—and not the good kind, only the kind that gnaws at your gut and convinces you that no one would ever want to be around you—was precisely why Alex didn’t do blind dates. Yet here she was, waiting for some friend of Kara’s to show up and whisk her off of her feet or something.

She wondered whether it would be appropriate to text Maggie letting her know that she still missed her. It had been over a full month since their reasonably amicable breakup. No breakup was ever without its shouted insults and teary fights, but all things considered, Alex felt they had been reasonably mature about it. She didn’t cope well the first week. No, that week she skipped work at the DEO in favor of drinking herself into oblivion by day and curling up to cry over romcoms with Kara by night. That weekend, Kara had staged an intervention, finally forcing Alex to talk about what had gone wrong.

A month out, Alex sort of understood how their relationship fell apart. It had far less to do with her being fresh off the boat when it came to dating women than it did with her being pretty new to the very idea of a romantic relationship with anyone that lasted longer than a few dates or even just one drunken night. And Maggie, experienced as she might have been, could be just as quiet and reluctant to burden another person with her emotional baggage as Alex. So instead of having one person to guide them into conversations about their emotions, they had begun bottling them up, letting resentment and fear win out. By the time they were shouting back and forth about all of the things they had dealt with separately, both women were fighting back tears not only over the bitter memories but also over regret—regret for not speaking up, for not recognizing that their partner needed them just as much. But it had seemed too late then, too late to apologize and move on. Too late to deal with months of pent-up emotions and painful memories. So they had let each other slip away, watching as the best thing to happen to either of them slowly fell apart.

Shaking her head, Alex squeezed her eyes shut, willing the tears not to fall. Tonight was about moving on and starting over. This time she knew better. She knew that being in a relationship meant admitting that her day wasn’t “great” or “fine,” and taking solace in another person, instead of a bottle or a fight.
As Alex was rolling the tension out of her shoulders, she heard a woman’s voice behind her, thanking the hostess for bringing her to the table. “Alex?” the woman checked.

“Hey, yeah, that’s me,” Alex stammered, standing up and debating between offering a handshake or a hug. She was more of a handshake woman, but her date looked sweet, looked like she might see a handshake as stiff and formal. Alex settled with an awkward little wave and a nervous grin.

To her credit, Kristen seemed to take it in stride, offering her own small wave as she cut through tables to get to her own seat. Alex took the moment to assess the other woman, noting that she was rather cute, with brown hair that hung in loose waves down her back and a silky pink blouse tucked into a black skirt. It certainly wasn’t an outfit Maggie would wear, Alex thought, before chastising herself for thinking about her ex while out with another woman.

“How was your day?” Alex asked before she could get sucked into the mental time warp that were her ruminations on Maggie.

“Oh, not bad. I had to meet with one of my students’ parents after our monthly staff meeting, which is why I’m running a few minutes late. I’m so sorry, by the way. I hope I didn’t keep you waiting!”

“No, no, just a few minutes. I got here early. I was little nervous,” Alex admitted, rolling the balled up straw between her fingers.

“Honest, I like it,” Kristen replied with a genuine smile. “How was your day? Kara said that you work for a federal agency, but I assume that means I don’t really get to ask specifics.”

Alex chuckled drily. “Probably not. But my day was actually fairly boring. Lots of paperwork and very little time out in the streets.”

“Ah, well, I suppose I don’t hate the idea of you staying safe,” Kristen offered.

“Yeah, no, it’s, uh, it’s fine. Sorry, we don’t have to talk about my job. I want to hear more about you. Kara just said that you were a new friend, but really didn’t say much else, except for the fact that she thought we’d get along. So how did you meet my sister?”

“Oh,” Kristen worried that perhaps she wasn’t living up to these expectations already. After all, Kara had at least given her a bit more to work on before she agreed to the blind date. “Well, I’m a high school English teacher. I met Kara back when she was still Cat Grant’s assistant—I tutored Carter, and she picked him up a few times. Then she was covering a few education-related stories for CatCo Magazine, and I guess she remembered me from back then, so she asked me for some quotes about curriculum and things like that. And, well, I’m sure you know how Kara is. Once you’ve met, she treats you like an old friend. After one of our interviews, she asked if we could get coffee as friends that weekend, and we just got along right away.”

Alex nodded. It did sound like Kara, who got to know even the DEO recruits who barely made it through the first week of basic training and made a point to keep in touch with them to hear how their new careers were going. “And I assume friendship with Kara comes with getting set up on blind dates? All very well-intentioned,” Alex reassured Kristen, hoping the woman would hear the joking tone in her statements.

“Of course,” Kristen laughed back. “Somehow I ended up opening up to her. The year I tutored Carter was actually my first year in National City. I had been all the way out in Boston for many years before, and moved across country after a particularly bad breakup. I’ve dated a handful of women in National City, but nothing serious. When the last small fling ended a few weeks ago, Kara suggested that you and I should meet. I’ll admit, I put it off for a bit after hearing that you had just
gone through a breakup yourself, but eventually I figured there was no harm in meeting a woman related to someone as kind as Kara.”

“I think she gets a bit more of the good, but hopefully I’m not too much of a consolation prize,” Alex said with a forced laugh. Maggie had at least gotten to know her prickly exterior before anything ever happened. She knew that Alex would never be the pure ball of sunshine that her sister was, and she fell for her anyway. But now wasn’t the time to dwell on what might have been.

“Hey, just because I have to set a good example for the kids at school doesn’t mean I’m a saint.”

“Oh really?” Alex challenged, a flirty smile on her face as she tried to remind herself that a very cute woman was sitting across from her. “Tell me, what is it that so aggravates high school English teachers?”

“Hmm, poor grammar. That’s a big one,” Kristen said with a laugh.

“Ah, nothing like a misplaced comma to incur your wrath?”

“Damn straight.”

Alex let herself relax a bit in her chair, enjoying the witty banter and the feeling of being out with someone who wasn’t her sister or her sister’s friends for the first time in many weeks.

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Across town, Maggie was leaning up against a wall at National City’s only gay bar with a ladies night. She picked at the label on her beer, wondering why she had even picked this kind. It was always Alex’s favorite, not hers, but somewhere along the way she had gotten used to ordering one —whether it was for Alex or for herself, knowing they’d end up sharing anyway. She felt her stomach clench at the thought of Alex. Every day since they had broken up, she’d wondered whether they had made a huge mistake. She had so many drafts of texts and emails and Facebook messages that she never sent, though on nights when she’d had a little too much to drink, she’d come awfully close.

But this morning she’d run into James at Noonan’s—not like she’d been hanging out there recently on the off chance that she might run into Alex. In inviting her to come out to the bar with him and the gang that night and promising that Alex wouldn’t be there to mind, he’d accidentally let slip that Alex had a date tonight. Maggie had felt her stomach roll and had scrambled to find an excuse to say no and get the hell out of the coffee shop before she said something she’d come to regret. She thought about going home with a bottle of something a bit harder than beer and losing her cool for the night, but that would only remind her of the fact that she was still alone while Alex was clearly moving on.

“Now what is making a pretty woman like you so sad on ladies night?” a teasing voice rang out from Maggie’s right. She turned, finding an androgynous-looking Asian woman grinning up at her. She had on skinny maroon jeans with black vans and a white button-up, and Maggie had to admit, she looked good.

“Ah, thoughts of an ex,” Maggie admitted. “Never good for morale.”

“Who could be dumb enough to let you go?” the woman flirted, moving slightly closer to Maggie.

“Eh, it was mutual,” Maggie replied, shrugging her shoulders. She really didn’t want to get into it tonight.
“Fair enough. Name’s Samantha, by the way, though I go by Sam to just about everyone around here.”

“Maggie. Nice to meet you, Sam.”

“You too. Care to leave thoughts of your ex behind for the night and join me for a dance?” Sam asked.

With a thick swallow and a shrug of her shoulders, Maggie nodded, “Yeah, sure,” and let herself be led out onto the dance floor.

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Back in the restaurant, Alex found herself laughing at one of Kristen’s stories about a student who wrote a whole paper about Romeo and Juliet using Taylor Swift’s song as a reference, rather than the actual play. “I just wanted to scream!” Kristen laughed, “I mean, I spent the whole first day of the unit talking about what it means to call a play a tragedy, then I get this paper about how true love conquers all, and eventually every relationship can overcome biases and prejudice, which does lead me to believe that perhaps the student read the first couple of scenes at least.”

“Oh man, what do you even do in a situation like that?”

“Office hours. So many office hours. I felt badly nearly failing her, but then she tried telling me that as a lesbian I should really support the idea that love wins. Then I stopped feeling so guilty.”

“Wow! That’s so brazen,” Alex said, shocked by what students were capable of doing for a grade or a shortcut on a paper.

“Eh, I’m not exactly closeted at work. I’m the faculty sponsor of the school’s GSA, and I make a point of integrating some texts that aren’t overly heteronormative into my syllabus, which is so easy to do if teachers are willing to have those conversations. I mean, hell, just throw most Shakespeare plays out there and let the kids, who are so much more perceptive than we give them credit for, have at it.”

“That’s really awesome. I sort of wish I had teachers like you back in high school.”

“You didn’t get any of it in college at least?” Kristen asked, slightly surprised. Sure, she had personally chosen to take her electives in courses on queer theory and LGBTQ literature, but she figured that even the basic literature courses these days offered at least a text or two by a canonically queer author.

Alex rubbed at the back of her neck, suddenly looking sheepish. “I was pre-med and went very heavy on the science classes. I actually didn’t take humanities classes, other than a required intro to philosophy course.”

“Oh, wow, you’ve totally got me beat on the sciences! I actually liked chemistry, but the others—I could happily live my whole life without ever needing to see them again,” Kristen laughed.

“Yeah…I mean, once I came out I tried to read some of those books everyone is supposed to already know, but I was pretty far past my years of schooling at that point,” Alex admitted. She didn’t add that her secondary education had come straight from Maggie, who would read to her in bed at night, immersing her in the worlds created by women like Virginia Woolf and Patricia Highsmith and Alison Bechdel. It wouldn’t do to dwell on the evenings Maggie spent reading her the poetry of Audre Lorde and Adrienne Rich or the hours she spent between Alex’s legs afterward, giving her a whole new appreciation for poetry. No, those definitely weren’t thoughts to entertain on a date with
Maggie relaxed into Sam’s arms, feeling her body sway in time with the music, her ass pressed against the front of Sam’s pants and Sam’s fingers tracing circles on her hip bones. She finished off her beer as she tried to drive away memories of dancing with Alex, of feeling the other woman holding her tight against her chest, of awkwardly trying to negotiate who would lead in their few attempts at formal slow dancing. She shook her head at the nostalgic thoughts. Alex was out with some other woman.

As the song changed, Maggie felt Sam’s breath hot against her neck as her hands gently spun her around to face Sam. “Hey, you okay?” Sam asked.

Maggie nodded quickly, driving away the last of her memories as she looked at the sexy woman standing in front of her. She wasn’t Alex, but—no, Maggie chastised herself, she was Sam, and she was her own person totally separate from a certain redhead who would not be mentioned for the rest of the evening. “Yeah, I’m good. Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize. I just wanted to see where you were at. You okay with dancing still?”

“Mhmm,” Maggie said, pulling Sam into her. Maybe she was overcompensating, but it had been a month; she was a woman with needs, and it wasn’t like Alex was sitting around waiting for her. “I don’t, I don’t want a relationship. I just, I wouldn’t want to lead you on,” Maggie whisper-yelled over the music.

Laughing softly, Sam shook her head affecting a cocky attitude. “Trust me, I’m 25, and I look like this. I’m not trying to settle down just yet.”

Maggie grinned in understanding. She had certainly felt that way for many years, especially as a young detective in a brand new city, making her mark far away from family and old friends. Having successfully driven away any sense of lingering guilt, Maggie fought to stay in the moment, not to dwell on how nice Alex had made ideas of domesticity feel. She wound her arms around Sam’s neck, drawing her in closer as Sam slotted a thigh between her legs.

Within a few minutes, Maggie’s lips were on Sam’s, as they grinded together, totally oblivious to the music pulsing from the speakers around the floor. In response to the tongue running across her bottom lip, Maggie parted her lips, granting Sam entry. For a while, they stayed like that, kissing desperately as teeth dragged across lower lips and breathy moans escaped parted lips. But when Sam’s hands dropped to Maggie’s ass and a ragged voice rasped in her ear, “Do you want to get out of here?” Maggie found herself pulling back and shaking her head.

“I’m sorry, I just, not yet. Maybe if I see you again in a few weeks, but not tonight. I’m sorry,” Maggie stammered, extracting herself from Sam’s hold and backing across the dance floor.

“You’re fine. I hope, I don’t know, I hope you get some closure,” Sam offered, waving at Maggie until she disappeared into the crowd.

“This is me,” Kristen said, motioning to the brick building behind them.
Alex shuffled her feet nervously, shoving her hands into her back pockets. “I, uh, I had a really nice night with you.” And Alex was being honest. Kristen had been perfectly sweet and fun and entertaining—charming company for the evening. Alex suspected that they would be good for each
other, or at least Kristen would be good for her. She had a disarming manner that made Alex almost want to open up or at least not put up new walls.

“Me too, Alex, me too.” Kristen smiled, spinning slightly away from Alex. “I guess I should be heading up.”

“Yeah…” Alex replied, drawing out the moment. She didn’t want to fuck this up. With a shaky breath, she stepped forward, wrapping her arms around Kristen and leaning forward, stopping a few inches away from Kristen’s lips, needing to make sure she wasn’t forcing anything on the other woman. Kristen leaned forward and met her in a kiss—not overly aggressive, but suggestive of things to come.

When Kristen pulled back, the corner of her mouth was pulled up into a lopsided grin. “Goodnight, Alex. Sweet dreams,” she called over her shoulder as she unlocked the front door.

Once she had seen to it that Kristen got in safely, Alex walked down the block. She thought about calling a cab or Kara to come pick her up, but she decided some fresh air would be nice. She wanted to process the night. Processing, she thought to herself, look at her willingly dealing with her own emotions; she really had grown since the breakup.

Kristen had been great and the kiss had been nice and sweet and still so much better than anything she had felt with the boys she’d been with for so many years, but it wasn’t Maggie. Kristen wasn’t Maggie. Alex constructed extensive pro-con lists in her head as she walked, trying to figure out if it would be awful to continue to date Kristen while her feelings for Maggie still ran so deep.

She paused on a street corner when she felt her phone vibrate. She wondered if it was Kara, asking how her date went. She didn’t have a perfect answer, but she suspected the ethically correct choice would be to admit to Kristen that she just wasn’t ready to date anyone new yet, no matter how wonderful they seemed like they could be.

But the text wasn’t from Kara; it was from Maggie. One word: “Hey.”

Alex bit back the emotions that threatened to choke her. “Hey,” she sent back. She watched as the three dots appeared, then disappeared, then reappeared once more. She continued walking to distract herself, jumping when her phone vibrated again. “I don’t know if I should say anything, but I miss you, Alex. So much.” Alex toyed with her phone, watching as another text came through: “Sorry. I’ll go.”

“No!” Alex sent back. She didn’t have a reply ready yet, but she also couldn’t bear the thought of ending the conversation already. “Just…I need a minute.”

“Okay,” Maggie replied.

Finally Alex admitted, “I miss you too, Mags.”

“Can we talk?” Maggie quickly sent back.

Alex debated whether it would be a good idea to talk tonight or if she should wait for the next day. It would probably be prudent to wait, but she had never acted more impulsively than she had when it came to Maggie—whether it was coming out or pulling her in for that first kiss, Alex had gotten over her nerves when it came to the smaller woman with dimples to die for. She nodded to herself, well aware that Maggie couldn’t see her. When she looked up, she realized that she had walked the twenty blocks to Maggie’s building as she debated whether she should be with Kristen or wait for Maggie. If anything was a sign, surely it was that fact, right? Her subconscious wanderings meant
something.

Alex buzzed herself into Maggie’s building, having memorized the code many months ago. “Alright,” she sent from outside Maggie’s door. With a deep breath, she brought her hand up and knocked.

“Oh, Maggie answered the door, slightly out of breath but with a broad smile on her face.

“Hey,” Alex replied, biting her lip as she fought not to grin in return as she stepped into the apartment.

“I know we have to talk,” Maggie began.

“But can we just skip that part for tonight?” Alex finished Maggie’s thought, stepping forward as Maggie rushed into her arms, their lips finding one another as they sighed into a kiss that finally felt like coming home.

Chapter End Notes

A few people mentioned that they were more comfortable leaving prompts via Tumblr than in the comments where everyone can see, so I have finally be convinced to create a Tumblr.... Find me now at sapphicscholarwrites.tumblr.com!

By all means, also feel free to instruct me more on how the whole messaging/ask thing works/if I've set it up incorrectly. I just beg of you, no spoilers from tonight's episode! I don't have a TV, so I can't watch the episodes until the next day after work ;(
Chapter Summary

Request from Iris and Guest1 for a follow up to reunion, so here it is! Plenty of feelings again, though next up are a few prompt fills for more smutty/light content

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning, Alex stretched out, startled for a moment by the warm weight of an arm draped across her waist—a feeling she had learned to live without over the past month. She smiled at the sight of Maggie curled into her, limbs flung across her body as if to hold her in place. She had never been the artistic one in the family—no, that honor was reserved for Kara and Kara alone—but the sight of Maggie’s golden brown skin, her dark hair curling around her face, the morning sunrise brushing sparks of light across her cheek made her wish she could paint, could capture this moment more perfectly than a camera could ever hope to.

Rather than risk disturbing the moment and waking Maggie by getting up, Alex settled back into bed, content to watch her girlfriend (her ex?) until she awoke. Eventually she too dozed lightly, her dreams filled with scenes from the night before: Maggie’s lips desperately crashing into her own; the pile of clothing they left behind them as they dragged each other toward Maggie’s bed; the red claw marks that now marked Alex’s back from what felt like hours spent above Maggie, between her legs. They had fought sleep for as long as they could, both fearing what the morning would bring when they were forced to confront reality, to discuss what had gone wrong and make sure they weren’t setting themselves up for failure once more.

As Alex stirred again, she noticed Maggie looking down at her, smiling fondly. “Hey,” Alex murmured.

“Hey,” Maggie whispered back, running her fingers gently through Alex’s hair as she pushed it back and out of her face.

They sat like that, basking in the silence and domesticity. Both of them knew that once they started talking, the moment would be over; it would be time to talk. Eventually Alex—always brave beyond her own expectations—cleared her throat. “Breakfast? I can get it if you’ll make the coffee.”

Maggie nodded. “Bagel—”

“Plain and double-toasted. Yeah, I got it…weirdo.”

Biting back a smile, Maggie nodded again, finally pulling herself out of bed. She stretched out, only then noticing her state of undress. She wondered whether she needed to cover up. Had she and Alex grown so estranged that the bodies their eyes, hands, lips had memorized were now objects of shame? Of course, Alex was looking at her like all she wanted was to drag her back to bed for breakfast, but when she caught Maggie looking, she quickly averted her gaze. With a harsh swallow, Maggie pulled on an old NCPD t-shirt and a pair of raggedy boxer shorts, quickly leaving for the kitchen before Alex had to extract her equally naked body from the tangled white sheets.
A few minutes later, Alex slid a plate with Maggie’s bagel in front of her and curled into the chair opposite Maggie. “So…”

“How ya doing?” Maggie asked, attempting to affect a tone of nonchalance.

“Oh, you know.”

“Not really, not anymore.” Maggie mumbled. Alex looked chagrined, starting into her bowl of cereal as though it might contain the answers. “Okay,” Maggie began, “we need to just suck it up and talk. How have you been this month?”

“How have you been this month?”

“Honestly? Not great, but not bad. I mean, if you asked me after the first week, I would have told you to fuck off because everything pretty much sucked. But these days? I’m alright. Not as happy as I was when we were together—no, I don’t think anything quite compared—but I’m living my life. You?”

Maggie shrugged. “Been working lots of overtime. Mainly to distract myself. I used to love coming home to an empty apartment after a long day at the office or on a case. I fucking relished the moments of silence. But I miss having silent moments with you there. I mean, I got used to it, like you said. But there’s a difference between adapting and preferring something.”

“Yeah…so what finally got you to text me?”

“Honestly?”

“It’s the only way we’re gonna move forward, Mags.”

“I went out last night…to one of the bars. I had, well, I heard from James that you were going out. On a date. And I might have needed to prove to myself that I could get over you as much as you could get over me. So I went out and had a bit to drink and tried to get myself to feel something for anyone else, you know. And there was this woman. I’ll admit, we made out on the dance floor. But when she asked me to go home with her, I just couldn’t. She wasn’t you, Alex.”

Alex bit back an angry retort born of the jealousy roiling in her stomach. She had also kissed someone else, had been on a date, had been the very reason why Maggie felt the need to try to compensate. None of that made it hurt any less, of course. “Right. Because we were allowed to be with other people. Because we broke up.”

Maggie nodded, though the agreement didn’t quite reach her eyes.

“So, yeah, like you said, I was on a date last night. A blind date. Kara set me up. Kristen. Kristen was her name. She was…sweet. Really sweet. And pretty. And it was, all things considered, a pretty great evening. And at the end of the night, we kissed on her doorstep and did all of the things you’re supposed to do. But walking home, I couldn’t help but compare her to you. And when I looked up, I realized I was walking to you, to the apartment we used to crash at on nights when we wanted to be farther away from the DEO, on nights when we wanted Chinese food from the restaurant that only delivers in your neighborhood, when we wanted to have loud, wall-banging sex without having to look Mrs. Egan in the eyes in the elevator the next morning. Sorry, I probably shouldn’t be delving into the past. I just, everything feels tainted—in the best way—with memories of you, of us. When there was an us.”

Shuffling closer toward Alex, Maggie wiped covertly at her eyes. “I guess we should still talk about why there stopped being an us, huh?”

Alex shrugged. She knew Maggie was right, but god, it felt so much better to just think back on the
good times they shared than having to delve into what had finally wrenched them apart. “Can I just say, I get it. I understand now why things ended. At first, I wanted to protest, but it sunk in eventually. I wasn’t used to letting myself be open. Hell, I’m barely open with Kara, and she knows me better than just about anyone. And because of that, I didn’t push you to open up, I didn’t create a space where you felt you could open up. But I shouldn’t have foisted my expectations onto you. I’m sorry, Mags, because honestly, nothing hurts me more than to think that I failed you in some way.”

At this point, Maggie was crying and had given up hiding it, allowing the tracks to dry on her cheeks as she composed herself. “You were right, though, Alex: I don’t open up for the most part. I am scared, so fucking scared all of the goddam time. I’ve been burned more times than I can count, and I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, kept waiting for you to realize that you were only with me because I was there when you came out, kept waiting for you to see that you could do so much better than me. And so I hid all of those moments when I was anything less than perfect, anything less than strong and stable. Because if you saw how much I needed you too? God, I don’t think I could survive you knowing that and still leaving me.”

Choking back sobs, Alex dragged Maggie’s chair all the way over to her. “I never needed you to be perfect, Maggie. I just needed you to be in my life.”

Maggie didn’t want to ruin this moment, but she knew they needed to push forward. “I need you too, Alex. But I need us—as a couple and as individuals—to be better going forward. We need to be honest with each other about our needs and our feelings, which, yeah, I know we treat it like a dirty word, but it doesn’t have to be. I couldn’t stand it if we let the same damn shit tear us apart again. I don’t think I could survive losing you again.”

“I’ve been better, ya know. I’ve been talking to Kara, hell, even to a therapist. I’ve been working on learning how to talk about my emotions. I should really thank you for that. I don’t think I’ll ever be the kind of person who comes home wanting to process my entire day, and I won’t remember to start every sentence in a fight with, “I feel…” but I can promise you that I’m trying, Maggie; I’m working to be better. Not just for you, but for me, and for us.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“And I’m working too, Alex. I started up a bit of therapy again, and I’ve been going back to yoga and journaling. Like you said, I don’t think I’ll ever want to dive straight into heavy emotional work when something bothers me, but I will come to you as soon as I’ve figured out my own thoughts, once I’ve worked through it on my own terms, just a little bit, and gotten to a place where I can know and understand what exactly it is I need from you.”

“I can be there for you, Mags, but I can also be there before you know what it is you need from me. I can’t promise I’ll always react the right way, especially before either of us knows what that way will look like, but I can promise that I won’t abandon you or give up on you.”

Maggie sniffled as she snuggled under Alex’s shoulder. “So do you think we can work? Do you think it’s alright to give us a shot again?”

“I really hope so because I don’t think I can go home alone again knowing we didn’t even try.”

“Hmm, never were a quitter, Danvers,” Maggie teased, introducing a much-needed sense of levity into what had become a rather heavy morning.

“Though I think I need to go quit on Kristen…ugh, she really was sweet.”
“Yeah, that’s never fun. At least you have an easy excuse in me?”

“Eh, nothing about this has ever been easy, Sawyer. But it’s what I love about it too.”

“Me too, Al, me too. Because I’m gonna fight for you. And for us. Just you watch.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who has been reading and commenting! They make my day :)
I'm home sick, so feel free to leave comments or reach out on Tumblr
@sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt from LeapYearBaby29: Lena walks in on Kara getting off. (You make up the reason why Lena was at Kara's apartment.) Kara has a major crush on Lena and was getting off to her. (Maybe have Kara moan Lena's name and Lena hears her. But Lena isn't embarrassed she's smirking and like 'so adorable blonde puppy Kara has a crush on me/thinks of me while getting off?') Have Kara be all shy and flustered and blushing and embarrassed and nervous and stuttering and scared and Lena be all teasing and smirking and confident and smug and in control and all knowing and calm and collected! That's my favorite! Top and dominant Lena and bottom and submissive Kara! (Lena knows Kara is Supergirl, maybe have her tell Kara that)

Kara woke up panting, sure she would be drenched in sweat if that was a thing that happened to Kryptonians on this planet. She tried to close her eyes again, but kept returning to images from her dream—Lena Luthor smirking at her, teeth flashing behind bright red lips; Lena pushing her down none too gently onto the bed and hiking her tight pencil skirt up just enough to straddle her hips and hold down the girl of steel; Lena clinging to Kara’s headboard as Kara’s tongue—no! she chastised herself. Lena was a friend, a good friend. She didn’t deserve this sort of treatment, even in the land of fantasy.

Kara took a steadying breath and got out of bed, methodically remaking it with tight, army-style corners in an attempt to clear her mind. She paced around her bedroom, debating whether she should reschedule breakfast with Lena for a day when she was more in control of her fantasy life, which had really gotten out of hand at this point, taking over her dreams on an almost nightly basis.

A shower would make her feel better, she decided. She grabbed her towel and her new coconut-scented soap and took off for the bathroom, humming showtunes as she adjusted the water to the right temperature. When she realized that she was humming “Changing my Major” from “Fun Home,” she blushed, even though no one was there to judge her for her (telling) choice in music. She just needed to get in the shower and wash away all those thoughts.

Leaving her sushi pajamas folded up on the side of the sink, Kara climbed in, sighing at the feeling of the hot water streaming down her back. She was still more turned on than she would like to be this early in the morning, but she tried to drive those thoughts away as she got into a routine. By the time she was finished washing up and doing her hair, she could still feel a nagging, throbbing heat between her legs. She debated the ethics of doing something about it. It felt…dirty…wrong somehow, but then again, having a fantasy life was healthy. At least that’s what Eliza had told her during a rather awkward and blush-inducing talk she’d given to Kara around the time she turned 16. Besides, she’d heard way more people than she’d ever like to think about moaning out Supergirl’s name during their late night activities, including a one Ms. Lena Luthor. Sure, the woman didn’t know Kara Danvers and Supergirl were the same person—Kara was certain of this fact—but at least she found her attractive sometimes.
Kara shook her head, deciding that now was not the time to debate whether Lena might ever actually like her as Kara, the bumbling reporter who sometimes blanked on their kombucha dates and played with her glasses whenever she got nervous, rather than as National City’s caped hero, Supergirl. She dropped one hand down between her legs, feeling the wetness that was so different from that of the shower water running down her body. She narrowed her senses, focusing on her body alone as she let the sounds and sights and smells of the city surrounding her fade away. Her other hand came up to play with her nipples, squeezing them harder than would have been enjoyable for most humans, but relishing in the slight touch of pain that only she could inflict on herself. She circled her clit lightly at first, finding it already hard. She moaned softly as some of the tension she had been holding in her shoulders since waking up began to dissipate under her careful touch. As she increased the speed of her circles and dropped her other hand down, letting one finger, then two, slip between her folds and into her wet pussy, she allowed her mind to wander back to her dream. She whimpered as she remembered the image of her fingers kneading the flesh of Lena’s ass, pulling her down onto her mouth as she groaned at the heady taste of Lena on her tongue.

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Lena knocked again, harder this time, on Kara’s door. She hoped Kara had remembered Lena’s offer to pick her up and drive her to breakfast this time. Sure, she knew Kara could just fly there—as though flying on a bus was a decent cover story to her slip of the tongue that first interview—but it was nice to have a few extra minutes with the woman who had come to so thoroughly capture her attention over the past few months. After another minute or so with no answer, Lena fished out the key Kara had given her after a few dinner dates—no, friend dates, Lena corrected herself—for which Kara had stumbled up a few minutes late only to find Lena leaning against her front door waiting. When she got inside the apartment, she first heard the sound of the shower running. She rolled her eyes, wondering whether Kara had been up early for a Supergirl emergency and lost track of time again. It wasn’t as though she minded; she was a few minutes early after all. She let her mind drift for a moment, imagining the sight of the blonde Kryptonian naked and dripping wet just one cracked open door away from her.

As she opened her mouth to call out to Kara, she heard what sounded like a moan. At first she shook her head, assuming it was probably a hum or some other noise that her dirty mind was construing as something else entirely. But then it came again—and louder. There was no mistaking it; that was definitely a sexual noise. Lena should know—she had fantasized more than once about the kinds of noises she could get Kara Danvers to make in bed. For a moment, she froze, panicking. Was Mike in there with her? Was he the one earning those breathy moans and causing the whimpers that were now floating out from the bathroom? But then, as if to assuage her unvoiced fears, Kara breathed out, “Mmm, Lena, harder.”

With a wicked smirk on her face, Lena strode across Kara’s apartment, dropping her coat and purse off on Kara’s couch. She knocked lightly on the bathroom door before pushing it open.

“Oh my god, fuck!” Kara squealed at the sight of Lena in front of her. She swung her arms away from her body, pulling her fingers out from inside of her, promptly crashing one hand through a tile on her shower wall. Blushing furiously, she stammered, “Oh, that, that tile, it was broken, yeah, just in here doing some work. Sorry! I should have been ready in time!”

Lena leaned forward and put a finger against Kara’s lips, effectively silencing the other woman. “I always did wonder what the girl of steel fantasized about, who she got off to. I suppose I should be flattered,” she purred.

morning tile work in the shower, ya know. Multitasking! Always a millennial, I am!” Kara blushed an ever-deeper shade of red as she realized that while gesturing wildly, she had left her body completely exposed to Lena’s near predatory stare.

“Darling,” Lena murmured, “I’m neither blind nor naïve; I’ve known you were Supergirl for a very long time. And those noises? They are not the noises one makes while doing construction, unless you have a very specific fetish, which I am, of course, more than happy to accommodate. Lastly, if you think I’m going to be upset about you fantasizing about me, I do worry about how subtle my flirting has truly been these past few months.”

Kara could only stammer and nod. Alex and J’onn were going to kill her, but she found that she didn’t care just now.

“Now, do you want those fantasies to become reality?” Lena asked, her voice low and enticing.

Kara gulped and nodded rapidly.

Lena smirked as she peeled off her clothing at a slow pace that seemed to torture Kara, pushing her patience to its limits. Once she had carefully folded each article of clothing, she stepped into the shower, wrapping her arms around the other woman and threading her fingers through Kara’s blonde hair. She pulled her in for a searing kiss, pausing only to whisper, “Stop me if you need to at any point, okay?” Once Kara had nodded enthusiastically, Lena grinned. “Alright, then, Supergirl, get on your knees.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who's been sending prompts! I've got a few written (thanks, flu!) and will try to test my patience by spacing them out through the weekend, rather than posting them all at once. As always, find me on Tumbler @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt from Rory: Body shot for Sanvers hasn't been made yet right? So sexy dancing and body shots? Lil bonus if there’s jealousy include. Really not necessary tho. Anyway I would love that!

A/N: I put this in a college AU because I just thought it fit better. Maybe I’m just doing adulthood all wrong (read: super boring) but I haven’t been offered a body shot in years!

The walls seemed to shake with the heavy bass as some top-100 song blasted out through the speakers set up all around the living room. Alex wove through the crowds of sweaty bodies as she sought out Lucy and Kara. In that moment, she was incredibly jealous of Kara for the special earplugs Jeremiah had made her to dampen her senses.

“Here!” she yelled over the music, shoving two cups of beer at them as she took a rather large gulp of her own.

“Beer? Really?” Lucy whined, teaming up with Kara to give Alex double puppy dog eyes.

“I’m not carrying your wasted ass back to the room again because you ‘liked the taste’ of the jungle juice too much!” She turned on Kara. “And you! You’re lucky I’m even letting you drink, freshman!”

“It’s not like it does anything,” Kara pouted. “I don’t like the taste of beer.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t be drinking anything at all,” Alex huffed. “That’s a good idea for all of us, actually. Why don’t we go on home? Kara, you’ve made your point; you’re in control enough to deal with a house party.”

“Just one more dance?” Kara whined, pulling Alex’s free hand into hers and dragging her deeper onto the makeshift dance floor.

“No!” Alex cried out, mainly joking but also running through the extensive to-do list she had been making in her head.

A smirk spread across Lucy’s lips at the sight of Maggie Sawyer walking into the party. “Danvers, we can’t go now. The love of your life just arrived.”

“Who?” Kara squealed, clearly upset about being left out of the gossip.

“No one!” Alex barked over Lucy’s cackle.
“Just the woman that makes Alex here blush scarlet and stammer and trip over her own feet and run into walls on a daily basis, that’s all,” Lucy teased.

As if drawn over to their group by the sound of Lucy’s loud laughter, Maggie sauntered toward them, causing Alex to whisper a whole litany of curses at her luck.

“Hey, Danvers, Luce. Who’s this?” Maggie asked, gesturing at Kara and giving her a small smile.

“I’m Kara, Alex’s little sister,” she happily chimed in, offering a small wave.

“Nice to meet you, little Danvers. I’m Maggie.” Maggie smiled back more broadly this time, confident now that the pretty blonde wasn’t any kind of date—at least not to Alex.

“We were just thinking about heading out,” Lucy began, a devilish grin on her face.

“No! Nope, no!” Alex corrected. “The party’s just getting started, so obviously we’re also just getting started…on our night here…” she trailed off lamely, ignoring the fact that the party had hit its peak about an hour ago when they actually arrived and had begun to dwindle down. “And you? How’s, uh, how’s your night going?”

“Eh, I was the on-duty RA until midnight, hence the late start to my night. But now I’m finally free! If you’ll excuse me for a second, I want to grab a drink.”

Alex continued to nod as she watched Maggie weave through the intoxicated crowd, carefully maneuvering past the flailing limbs of those students still giving it their all on the dance floor.

“Earth to lovesick Danvers,” Lucy whisper-yelled in Alex’s ear.

Alex turned back around, scowling at Lucy. “What do you want?”

“I want to make your night so much better. Do you trust me?”

“Not even a little bit.”

“Hmm…Kara, don’t you think she should trust me? I’m an excellent influence.”

“I don’t know,” Kara answered, biting her lip. “I mean, anything would be better than the total failure at flirting going on over there,” she giggled, shrugging at the look of betrayal Alex was giving her. “It’s true,” she mouthed at her sister.

“Then just play along, yeah?” Lucy checked in, grinning like the Cheshire Cat when Alex finally nodded.

Once Maggie got back, they stood around for a little while longer, chatting as more and more people began filtering out of the party or off to the couches to hook up with their dates. Alex tried to keep her breathing under control as she waited for Lucy to pull whatever stunt she was sure would get Alex and Maggie together.

As the opening notes of Hayley Kiyoko’s “Sleepover” filled the room, Lucy’s eyes lit up. “Oh my god, I love this song! Alex, you have to dance with me,” she said, lips pushed out in a full on pout while a glint of something mischievous flashed in her eyes. Shrugging, Alex let herself be pulled a few feet away from Kara and Maggie. “Trust me,” Lucy whispered, her voice low and rough in Alex’s ears, doing things to the redhead that she hadn’t quite expected.

“Uh, yeah, okay,” she nodded, breath stuttering slightly as Lucy wound her arms around Alex’s
“What are you doing?” Alex hissed, her voice breathier than she would have liked it to be.

“Trust me, Alex. Just let your hands go wherever feels natural and move with my body.”

Alex gulped but did as she was told, starting with her hands on Lucy’s hips as she figured out the slow, sensual pace that Lucy was setting with her hips. As Lucy felt the tension dissipate from Alex’s shoulders, she grew bolder, winding her fingers through Alex’s short hair and chancing a slow dip of her hips before swaying back up Alex’s body. Without thinking, Alex dropped her hands slightly lower, resting them on Lucy’s lower back, as she drew the woman in closer to her. She glanced up and saw Maggie glaring at Lucy’s back, her arms crossed and what looked very much like jealousy etched into her features.

Maggie tapped her foot impatiently, waiting for the damn song to end already. “Are they together?” she snapped at Kara.

“Who? Alex and Lucy?”

Biting back a sarcastic retort, Maggie gave a curt nod.

Thinking that she should play along with the game Lucy was clearly running, Kara shrugged. “Not yet, but I mean, after tonight? Who knows…”

Maggie’s grip on her empty cup grew even tighter, as the plastic caved under her fingers. She ground her teeth together, counting out the beats until the song would change.

When the song finally ended, Lucy pulled back, grinning broadly—both at the jealousy she knew she had inspired in Maggie and in the look of confusion and arousal currently playing across Alex’s features. “Keep following my lead,” Lucy whispered, taking Alex by the hand and dragging her back to Kara and Maggie.

“Oh my gosh, guess what I just found out Alex has never done?” Lucy gushed.

“What?” Maggie snapped.

Grinning broadly, Lucy declared: “Body shots! So I told her she has to do one before we leave tonight. Obviously Kara can’t be the person she takes it off of, so I offered! I mean, I just assumed, it doesn’t really seem like your thing, Maggie…”

Maggie bristled at the implicit challenge in the statement. “No, I’ll do it,” she offered, pushing her chest out ever so slightly as she stepped up to Lucy.

“Oh, then. People were already doing them in the kitchen, so we can just go to the table. Unless of course you want to back out?”

Maggie shook her head, leading the way to the kitchen and trying not to let her nerves get to her. She played rugby and taught kickboxing at the campus gym; she knew she was in-shape, but still, after the display that Lucy had put on, she worried that she couldn’t possibly compare.

Alex hurried after them, trying to keep her breathing under control. It was just another woman’s stomach—something she saw daily with roommates. Nothing weird about the fact that it would belong to the woman she had been crushing on for what felt like years. Nope. Nothing at all.

“You okay, Danvers?” Maggie whispered in Alex’s ear when they got to the (blessedly empty)
kitchen. “We don’t have to do this.”

Steeling her nerves, Alex shook her head. “No, no, I’m fine. I want to. Unless, do you not want to? Because that’s totally fine!”

Maggie shook her head. There was no way she was going to leave it to Lucy. “Nope, all good on my end.”

“Great,” Alex said, grateful that her voice didn’t crack.

“Well, come on now, chop chop! Shirt off and get on the table,” Lucy instructed Maggie, a smirk playing across her lips.

Maggie glared at Lucy but obeyed, pulling her shirt off, leaving her in just a black bra. She was pleased that she had actually fished one of her few real bras out for the occasion instead of just throwing on a sports bra like she did most days. Not that she felt there way anything wrong with a sports bra, but she suspected Lucy was probably wearing some lace lingerie shit under her top, and she wasn’t trying to compete without at least a little preview of what she could offer.

Alex’s brain nearly short-circuited at the sight of Maggie’s abs rippling as she leaned back on the table, her chest hidden behind just a thin layer. She was pulled from her thoughts by the sound of Lucy clearing her throat and placing a bottle of tequila, the salt shaker, and a lime wedge on the table.

“Open your mouth,” she instructed Maggie, looking all too pleased at the amount of power she was wielding in the moment. When Maggie complied, she popped the lime in between her teeth, winking at her.

“Alright, Alex, you know what to do?”

Alex shrugged. She had a general idea.

“Okay, well, first wet her skin with your tongue so the salt sticks.”

Alex blushed but pulled Maggie’s hand up. As she opened her mouth to lick the back of Maggie’s hand, Lucy scoffed. “Really? Prude…”

“Excuse me,” Alex choked out.

“I mean, everyone knows the acceptable place to put salt when doing body shots is on the stomach. Then it’s just a short distance to the tequila.

Alex braced herself, looking up at Maggie’s expression to figure out what to do. When she received a small nod from Maggie, she braced herself and moved down to Maggie’s abs, trying not to drool (though she suspected the salt would definitely stick that way). She licked a slow sensuous path below Maggie’s belly button as Lucy’s jaw dropped. She didn’t realize that she would need to specify that Alex should lick above the shot of tequila, but hot damn! Leave it to Danvers’ naïveté to make her way bolder than she even realized.

Maggie focused all of her energy on not bucking her hips up into Alex’s mouth, on keeping away thoughts of what else Alex’s tongue might be doing that low on her body lest she let out a whimper that would give away how dirty her thoughts had become. She tuned back in just in time to hear Lucy telling her that she was going to pour the tequila now. She braced herself as she felt the cool liquid pouring into her belly button and dripping down the sides of her stomach.
Taking a deep breath, Alex leaned forward, tracing her tongue across the same path it had licked earlier as she gathered the salt she had sprinkled there, then moving up to suck up as much of the tequila as she could get, flinching just slightly at the burn of the liquor in the back of her throat. Figuring it was now or never, she moved back up and quickly plucked the lime from Maggie’s mouth, her lips grazing across Maggie’s ever so slightly before she jumped back up, sucking the juice out of the lime and shaking her head at the sour taste.

Maggie knew she needed to sit up before it got weird, but after that near-kiss, she could still barely feel her limbs. Finally she managed to roll up into a sitting position, catching Alex’s glance as she did. The other woman—so bold while taking her shot—was now blushing a bright pink as she struggled to make eye contact with Maggie, embarrassed by her own forwardness.

“Hot damn!” Lucy laughed, finally breaking the silence and earning a glare from Alex. Shrugging it off, Lucy grabbed Kara’s hand. “I’m gonna go take your traumatized baby sister out to the dance floor. Call me if you need help setting up Alex for a body shot if you want a turn, Maggie.” She winked before pulling Kara, who was an even brighter shade of pink than Alex, away from the kitchen, leaving the two lovebirds alone.

Alex stammered as she was left with just Maggie. “Did you, um, did you want a turn? Sorry, it was rude of me not to offer earlier.”

Maggie chuckled. “You’re fine. Besides, I can think of less…messy ways for me to see your abs, if that’s what you’re offering,” she flirted, dabbing uselessly with a paper towel at the sticky tequila tracks running across her stomach.

“Oh here, I can get that!” Alex exclaimed, wetting a paper towel and running it across Maggie’s stomach. “Shit, now I didn’t even ask. Fuck. I’m fucking this up,” she rambled, shaking her head at her own awkwardness.

“Hey, you’re okay,” Maggie reassured her. “I promise, you didn’t do anything to me tonight that I didn’t want. Because I like you, Alex, a lot.”

“Okay,” Alex said quietly. Dropping her voice even lower, she whispered, “I like you too.”

“Do you want to get out of here? Go for a walk, maybe? I bet we might even have a real conversation away from this racket.”

Laughing, Alex nodded. “I think that sounds excellent.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites if you’ve got prompts! I appreciate all of the kudos/comments/messages so much :)
“Alarm! Superman is coming!” Winn yelled as he fell out of his bed, his feet tangled up in the sheets. Groaning softly in pain, Winn rubbed his eyes, trying to figure out what exactly was going on. The blaring fire alarm soon cued him in to the situation, and he shoved his laptop and his backup hard drive into a backpack, along with the small photo album James and Kara put together for his last birthday. Once he threw on a gray sweatshirt, he was out the door, remembering to lock up, having learned from Lyra that setting off a smoke alarm was a great way to get access to a ton of apartments. In retrospect, he should have realized earlier that she was bad news. As it was, he had waited much too long to finally end things with her. But, so it goes, he figured, shuffling down the hallway and into the crowded stairwell.

Once outside, Winn yawned trying to get himself to wake up a bit. He looked around to see if people looked genuinely concerned about there being a fire or if it was just another false alarm. Overall, people just seemed pissed to have been dragged out of bed at 2 in the morning, especially the families with kids who were now crying and scared. Winn casually shuffled away from the family group and toward the other twenty- and thirty-somethings who had clustered on the other side of the building.

“I like your pajamas,” a woman’s voice came from behind him.

He looked down, blushing at the sight of his novelty Supergirl flannel pants. He sighed, preparing to have to give some snarky retort. “Yeah, well—” But when he spun around to face the woman, he noticed that she was wearing Supergirl pajamas too—top and bottom—and was grinning with what looked like genuine excitement. Correcting course, he cleared his throat, “Yeah, well, if we can’t show thanks to National City’s hero in our pajama choices, what other options do we have?”

She giggled. “Jessie, by the way. I don’t think I’ve seen you around the building before.”

“Winn. Nice to meet you, Jessie. I just moved in a few months ago, and I work sort of weird hours.”

“Hmm, shame we haven’t gotten to meet before this. I always like to know where my fellow superfans are, ya know?”

Winn grinned. “Of course. So, how long have you been a, uh, superfan?”

“Oh, from the start, man! That woman saved a damn plane on her first trip out!”

Winn was starting to really like this woman; it almost made up for being pulled out of his bed in the
middle of the night.

“So, you said you work odd hours. What do you do?” she asked.

“I’m a spy,” he deadpanned, earning a laugh, then a cocked head as though she was considering the possibility. “Nah, I do IT work for the government.”

“Ah, but you just say the government, which means it’s totally one of those secret ones. CIA, FBI, NSA, you know the kind. Well, of course you know, since, well, you work at one of them,” she rambled, running her hand across thick dark curls, which she had allowed to stay natural.

Winn thought she was fairly adorable, especially with the rambling. “You, what do you do?”

“Oh, I’m a professor at NCU.”

“Very cool!” Winn gushed. “Do you work in the one of the science departments? Do you ever get to use their massive telescope?”

Chuckling, she shook her head. “Sorry to disappoint, but I’m actually a philosophy professor.”

Winn nodded, looking very impressed. “I have to ask, how do you put up with all the old white men? I mean, I really wanted to like philosophy in college, especially because there may or may not have been a girl I had a massive crush on who worked as a TA in the department, but I just couldn’t get past the world’s driest lectures. And oh man, I tried to bring up some science stuff—like, ya know, astrobiology, life in space type of stuff—and they just lost their shit.”

“Well, then, maybe you should drop by my class. I do teach the philosophy of science, and I bet I’m a lot more fun than your professors could ever hope to be,” she added with a crooked smile. “But, yeah, I mean, NCU has a better balance than most schools, but it’s still hard just to be a woman in the department, let alone a Black woman. But then I get to see someone like Supergirl out there, powering through and saving our asses over and over again while people like Max Lord still complain that she isn’t Superman.”

Winn nodded before adding, “I mean, he’s great too! I wouldn’t want to, you know, disrespect any of the Supers. But, if we’re being honest, Supergirl is my favorite.”

“Mine too,” she whispered conspiratorially, throwing in a wink for good measure.

After a few more minutes of conversation, a fireman came out of the building and yelled the all clear, explaining that it had been a small, contained fire in someone’s microwave—news that left everyone grumbling angrily. Winn paused before heading back inside. “Hey, I, uh, I don’t mean to be forward, and I definitely don’t want to be one of those awful guys who turns a nice conversation into something more, but I just, I liked talking to you. Would you want to maybe grab a cup of coffee? As a date? With me? But if not, that’s totally fine. And if you just want to be friends, that’s chill too,” he rambled, remembering how poorly he had handled asking Kara out the year before.

Biting back a laugh, she nodded, “Hey, Winn? Yeah, I’ll go on a date with you. In exchange, though, will you do something for me?”

He nodded rapidly, trying to figure out if this was all a dream—a beautiful woman actually agreeing to go out with him and not seeming crazy or punching a man before she did it.

“I want you to read an essay from one of my favorite philosophers of science, okay? I wouldn’t want you to forever hate my discipline.”
“Deal!” He grinned widely as she held out her phone to get his number.

“I’ll text you when I’m running on more than a couple hours of sleep, alright?”

“Sounds great. Sleep well, Jessie!”

When he got back up to his apartment, he texted Kara: “Just got a date with a superfan thanks to the PJs you got me! I owe you potstickers, k?” He then promptly fell back asleep.

---

The next morning, Winn found 8 new text messages from Kara, all of them wanting to know about why he was picking up women in the middle of the night and who this person was and whether it was an alien and if so was it a good alien who wouldn’t partake in abusive relationship patterns. He smiled at the concern being shown in the (excessive) texts and sent another back: “She’s human, I think. Lives in my building. Professor. So, ya know, basically brilliant. And super cool. She’s going to text me today, I hope.”

Kara quickly sent back a string of happy emojis, followed by: “Don’t think I forgot about those potstickers!”

“Lunch today?” he asked.

“Deal!” Then, “*Barring alien disasters.”

Winn chuckled, padding into the kitchen to get breakfast and try to distract himself to keep from checking his phone obsessively to see if Jessie had texted yet. Luckily, a call came in from the DEO, so he was up and out to work before he could give it a second thought.

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By the time lunch rolled around, Winn was exhausted. J’onn had him tracing a series of wire transfers that he believed were connected to an intergalactic human trafficking ring. And man, did those aliens know how to hide their signals. Eventually he managed to get a solid lead on at least one of the hotspots, so J’onn released him until further notice, allowing him to get back to the day-to-day DEO operations after lunch.

“Winn!” Kara sang out, striding toward his desk in full Supergirl regalia. “Did your mystery woman text you back?”

Before Winn could respond that he actually had been too busy to check, Alex was over his shoulder, grinning at him. “Did she say mystery woman? Who is she?”

Winn huffed out indignantly. “Not everything has to be public knowledge.”

“Hmm, probably not. But after your last few exes…yeah, I think your love life should be. At least among the DEO employees,” Alex clarified.

“She loves Supergirl, so she’s definitely better than Siobhan,” he offered up. “Besides, I don’t even know if she’s texted me back yet.”

“Oh, we should check that,” Alex said, winking at Kara. Before Winn could react, Alex had his hands pinned to his chair as Kara pulled his phone from his bag, scrolling through his notifications.

“She texted!” Kara squealed.
“Read it!” Alex called out, ignoring Winn’s protests.

“I’m not your little brother,” Winn whined.

“Then why does it feel so right to treat you like one?” Alex teased.

Winn had to admit, ever since Maggie came into her life, Alex had been a lot nicer. Or at least she smiled more after her threats. “I will lick you,” he stated matter-of-factly to Alex. “That’s what little siblings do when their hands are being held down.”

Alex’s mouth twitched as she considered her options. “Read fast,” she called to Kara as she released Winn’s hands.

Kara did one better by simply floating out of reach. “It was great meeting a fellow superfan,” Kara began reading, “even if we had to get pulled out of bed in the middle of the night. Coffee tomorrow after you’re done with work, Mr. Super Secret Spy? I leave for a conference on Friday morning and won’t be back until Sunday night.” Winn smiled as Kara paused. “She sent another one too! ‘If you text me your apartment number, I’ll slip a print copy of the article under your door. Paywalls are the worst.’”

“Did she give you homework?” Alex asked, biting back a laugh.

“It’s not…it’s just about a conversation we had,” Winn explained, trying not to get overly defensive. “But can you please give me back my phone so I can respond? I don’t want her to think I’m ignoring her.”

“Fine,” Kara relented, handing over the device. “So…whatcha going to text her?”

“None of your business!”

“Do you need advice?” Alex asked.

“You have had one successful relationship in your thirty years on this planet!” Winn retorted.

Shrugging, Alex conceded, “Yeah…but have you seen my girlfriend?”

Winn kept quiet, knowing there was no answer to that question that wouldn’t garner him threats of bodily harm. He focused his attention on his phone, quickly tapping out a reply with his apartment number and the suggestion of a few different coffee shops, asking which one was most convenient for her. He debated apologizing for the delayed response but figured she’d recognize that his response came in at lunchtime and assume he was busy at work during the first half of the day. And if she didn’t? Well, then it was a nice big red flag that he’d notice for a change.

His phone quickly buzzed. “Running to my 12:30 class, but sounds good! Noonan’s tomorrow at 5? Or is that too early for you?”

“Make it 5:30, and I’ll promise not to be late,” he offered, getting back a thumbs up emoji.

“Guess who’s got two thumbs, speaks limited French, and has a date for tomorrow? This moi!” Winn cheered.

Kara laughed, ruffling Winn’s hair, then turned to Alex looking serious. “We should switch to 30 Rock for sisters night this week. I need something light.”

“Whatever you say, Supergirl. Anyway, unlike you two slackers, I’ve got work to do.” And with
that, Alex was off to her lab.

“I maybe caught an intergalactic gang this morning.” Winn yelled after her.

“Where are my potstickers?” Kara asked, suddenly aware of how hungry she was.

“They’ve been ordered. Should be here any minute now.”

Supergirl seemed to tense, honing in with her hearing to listen for the deliveryman. “He’s three blocks away. Go get your money ready!”

---

Winn jiggled his foot nervously as he waited for Jessie to arrive at Noonan’s. He had arrived a bit earlier than he’d anticipated and was now stuck with a few more minutes of anticipation.

“Hey!” he heard Jessie call out to him. She made her way across the café, dodging waitresses and weaving through tables. Winn thought she looked great in her work clothes too; instead of Supergirl pajamas, she had on black skinny jeans with a silky white top and a gray blazer. He felt a bit underdressed in just a button up and khakis now, but she didn’t seem to notice. “Sorry, am I late? I had office hours, and I hate kicking students out of my office while they’re still asking good questions.”

“No, no! I was just early. Maybe sped here a little bit,” he admitted, running his hand through his hair.

“Ah well, luckily you work for the government,” she teased. “This isn’t a pop quiz, but did you get to the article? Today can be about just getting to know each other, at least at first, but I want to know if you liked it.”

Grinning, Winn nodded. “Yeah, I read it on my lunch break today. I actually really loved it. Makes me wish I had found people like that while I was in school, though, I’ll be honest, the Computer Science Department was always calling my name.”

“The author was my advisor in grad school,” she explained. “But okay, we’ll circle back to the paper later, unless you want to start there?”

Winn shrugged. “Maybe we order first? I’m sort of hungry. But then I’m up for anything.”

“You can’t tell a philosophy professor that, Winn. Next thing you know I’ll have you so far in hypothetical land you won’t even be certain the chair you’re sitting in exists.”

Winn didn’t want to jinx it, but he was fairly certain this was the best first date he’d ever been on.

Over the course of the evening, they talked about anything and everything—philosophy, their years in college, the places Winn had always wanted to travel and Jessie’s list of her favorite (and least favorite) conference destinations, their favorite types of food, Jessie’s newest book project. But of course, the conversation eventually ended up back on Supergirl.

“So, government suit, have you ever met the girl of steel?”

“I have, actually. Quite a few times.”

“Wait. Really?”

Winn smiled broadly and nodded.
“I am so jealous right now. What’s she like? Is she sweet in person? I feel like she’s the exception to the whole don’t meet your hero thing.”

“She’s amazing. Very sweet. Really humble, even though she’s amazing.”

“She is! Okay, random question, but were you ever close enough to tell what material her cape is made out of? I’ve noticed that her costume can be damaged ever so slightly, though it’s still crazy durable. I mean, if they could make pantyhose out of that material, I’d save a damn fortune. But the cape—it can stop fire and bullets, but it looks so lightweight.

Winn barely bit back a squeal when he realized that not only was Jessie a superfan, but she was also a super-suit-fan. “Can I tell you a secret?”

Jessie nodded, eyes bright.

“I designed her suit!” Winn whispered with all the glee of a child being handed a present.


“I did! I have all the rejected designs in my sketchbook back home, plus a few of the rejected early attempts at a suit.”

“So who made them?”

“You mean who did the sewing? I did.”

Jessie grinned, happy that Winn had absolutely no qualms about admitting that he sewed out of some misguided attempt at masculinity. “And what makes it so durable?”

“Trade secret, but it may or may not have been a polymer I made.”

“I’ll admit, I’m still skeptical, but that all sounds amazing.”

“I’ll get you proof! I promise,” Winn chuckled.

Eventually, their waitress came over to inform them that Noonan’s would be closing in the next couple of minutes. Winn quickly passed over his card. “You can get the next one,” he promised when Jessie offered to cover her half.

“So there’s going to be a next one?” she asked.

“Only if you want there to be…I mean, I know I do.”

“Sounds great,” she whispered, leaning over and kissing him lightly.

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When Jessie returned from her conference in Opal City, she dropped her bags off before heading down to Winn’s apartment. He had asked her to come over whenever she got the chance. Having spent one more long night chatting with Winn before leaving and exchanging quite a few text messages with him while she was away, Jessie was only too happy to see him again.

Winn pulled open the door, greeting Jessie with a big smile and a chaste kiss as he invited her in. “You ready for your proof, Professor?”

She looked at him quizzically. Following him into his living room, she gasped at the sight of
Supergirl lounging on his couch. Kara shot up and into her trademark hand-on-the-hips pose at the sight of the other woman.

“Hello, ma’am,” she said in an overly formal tone.

“Supergirl! Wow, hi! This is amazing. You’re amazing. Thank you so much for everything you do!”

Kara smiled—a genuine one, not the trademark one that went with the suit and the pose. “Of course.” She turned to Winn and stage whispered, “I like her. Good choice!”

Winn blushed, while Jessie preened at the compliment. “So, uh, I asked Supergirl if she might be able to confirm who designed her suit.”

Jessie turned to him. “Did you drag her out of her very important work to prove a point, Winn?”

Stammering, he nodded. “She’s, uh, a friend, ya know.”

Supergirl swooped in to save Winn. “It really wasn’t a problem. I meant to drop by to see Winn’s new place anyway. But yes, Mr. Schott here did design my suit. Now, I should be off—back to work, you know—but it was great meeting you, Jessie, and it’s always nice seeing you, Winn.” With a nod and a smile, she was out through the window.

“So…you really do know Supergirl,” Jessie surmised, still shocked by the visit.

“I really do. And I really did design the suit.”

“Can I be honest with you?”

He nodded, “Of course.”

“That’s the coolest thing I’ve ever heard.”

Chapter End Notes

Send me prompts on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites - I'm always happy to leave you anonymous; just mention it in the prompt!
Detective Sawyer strode across the tarmac, surveying the situation as best as they could with the sheer number of feds swarming around it. Sure, they understood that theoretically airports fell under federal jurisdiction, even if this one did fall within the precinct’s limits, but it wouldn’t stop them from investigating. They didn’t get promoted to detective at age 26 by sitting back and watching others work without putting up a fight first.

As they dropped down into a squat to survey the burn markings—Infernian, they guessed, though possibly Kryptonian (always so hard to tell when all that remained was charcoal)—Sawyer heard the sound of heels clicking toward them. They looked up, squinting in the bright midday sun, to find a rather gorgeous woman in a black suit standing over them, crossing her arms against her chest.

Before Sawyer could even get their flirt on, the fed was talking: “What are you doing on my crime scene.”

“Your crime scene?” Sawyer huffed indignantly. “Airport is in National City, isn’t it? And I’m National City Police Department,” they explained, flashing their badge.

“Science Division?” Alex asked.

Maggie groaned internally, assuming the lack of comprehension meant that this fed wouldn’t even know the type of perp to look for. “We investigate the…non-human, ya know, things that go bump in the night. Now I showed you mine; show me yours.” Sawyer smirked at the flush of pink that tinged the fed’s freckled cheeks. They wondered if this fed might be alright in the end.

“Alex Danvers, Secret Service. Now I really need you to get out of my investigation. I can’t have you contaminating the evidence.”

“Me?” Sawyer spat out. “Your lackey over there is bagging bits of charred carpet and crispy limo into the same Ziplock.” They tried not to laugh at the sight of Alex clenching her jaw and balling her fists up—the second sign they’d received that maybe the agent had some human in her after all.

“Look, I still need you to let me do my job. It’s my crime scene.”

“Whatever,” Sawyer shrugged, “I just hope your people can tell that the suspect is either Infernian or Kryptonian based on the burn patterns. Otherwise I’m sure gonna feel like I’m leaving this investigation to a bunch of rookies…”

Alex arched an eyebrow. “Thanks,” she mumbled before turning around and walking back toward...
her agent, slapping him on the back of the head as she chastised him for contaminating their own samples.

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Alex rubbed her eyes as she rolled across the command center in Winn’s “backup chair,” annoying the IT man to no end.

“Alex,” he whined, “what if you break it? What will I do if my primary chair breaks too? I’ll be forced into one of those terrible monstrosities they have in the basement conference room.”

“Oh the horror,” Alex teased. “This is basically the first time I’ve been able to sit down in 24 hours. Cut the whining, Schott.”

“Go nap in one of the break rooms! It’s not like we’re having any luck tracing down our escaped prisoner,” he suggested, his tone softening as he took in the bags under Alex’s eyes.

“Can’t. Not yet,” Alex huffed out gruffly. “Hey, Winn?” Alex asked, her voice suddenly sweet.

Winn narrowed his eyes, suspecting that a large favor was about to be requested. He hesitated before responding, “Yes?”

“Can you look up a cop for me?”

“Oh, uh, sure.” He hadn’t expected something so straightforward and, realistically, quite legal.

“M. Sawyer, NCPD Science Division.”

Winn nodded and quickly began typing into his computer. “Detective, not cop, just so you know.”

“Hmm, yeah, okay. How old? Married?”

Biting back a smile, Winn asked, trying to keep his tone casual, “This is all information needed for a case, I assume? 29 and single, by the way. Well, maybe not single, but not married.”

Alex nodded, ignoring Winn’s knowing stare as she looked at the small photo provided at the top of the profile sheet Winn had pulled up. The detective was adorable. With big dimples and shaggy, short brown hair that flopped into big brown eyes… Alex was pulled from her musings by the sound of her phone ringing.

“Danvers,” she snapped, hoping it was information about their prisoner.

“Wanna see how us local cops do it?” Sawyer teased.

Alex stammered for a second, wondering whether it was a good idea to go anywhere else with this Sawyer person who had already figured out that she was DEO within a few minutes of seeing her the second time. But then she caught sight of the photo again. “Yeah, okay. Text me the address?”

“On it. Oh, and don’t go all black-ops tactical gear. Not that it wasn’t a good look on you, Danvers, but let’s not stand out too much tonight.”

Alex blushed and nodded, quickly grunting her understanding when she realized none of her responses had been verbal. “I’ve gotta go,” she murmured, tossing what was left of her bag of M&Ms to Winn on her way out.

“Enjoy your date!” he yelled after her, fully willing to accept the threats that would result from his
Sawyer drummed their fingers against their motorcycle as they waited outside of the alien bar they had begun frequenting a few months after their arrival in National City. They wondered if they had misread Alex; the DEO wasn’t exactly known for its ethical treatment of aliens, but somehow Alex had seemed…different. Maybe it was just how hot Alex was, Sawyer thought. The woman looked good (and even better in her tactical gear than in the suit), and they swore she might have been checking them out at the crime scene.

At the sound of an engine coming down the alleyway, they looked up, finding Alex swinging her leg over a very nice Ducati. They tried not to drool, but there was something about a beautiful woman on a beautiful bike that just did things to them.

“So, where the hell are we?” Alex asked, overcompensating for the way her heart had jumped when the handsome detective had clearly given her a once-over.

Sawyer pushed their hair back and out of their eyes. “You’ll see,” they teased before knocking on the door and giving the password.

“So…a shitty dive bar?” Alex asked, taking in her surroundings—the dingy lighting, scuffed up floor, handful of pool tables with only a couple of mediocre cues.

Sawyer shook their head at Alex’s quick judgment. “Look a little closer, Danvers.”

She did, taking in the…eclectic crowd. As she looked closer, she saw the swish of a tail, then a set of pointy green ears wiggling, and finally a woman looking her up and down with eyes that blinked sideways. “Oh,” she gasped, reaching for her gun on first instinct.

“Hold up! No,” Sawyer corrected, guiding Alex’s hand up and away from her gun. If their fingers happened to linger on Alex’s warm, calloused hands a little longer than was absolutely necessary, well, could you blame them? “We’re just gonna have a drink. Talk to some locals. Get some information.”

Sawyer slid into a booth, motioning for Alex to sit on the other side. Just then, Darla came up, flinging two menus at them. “You sure moved on fast,” she spat out before spinning on her heel and walking across the bar.

Alex bit back a smirk. “Nasty breakup?”

“Er, yeah, a little bit. More that it was somewhat recent, I think.” Nodding at the news, Alex fiddled awkwardly with her menu. Seeing the woman’s reaction, Sawyer figured now was the moment to get it out in the open: “You don’t have a problem with it, do you?”

“What, dating aliens?”

“Aliens…women…”

“No, no! I’m gay!” Alex rushed, her volume getting a bit louder than she had intended it to in her need to correct any assumptions that might have been made. She blushed at the sight of the detective smirking in her direction. “I just…does that mean you’re single now?” Alex asked, her voice nearly a whisper as she overcompensated for her earlier volume.
“Hmm is that an offer?” Sawyer teased.


Fighting back a laugh at how adorably awkward the agent had become, Sawyer pushed the menu toward her again. “Let me just wave for Darla.”

Once they had ordered drinks, Alex couldn’t help asking: “So…do you prefer dating aliens?”

Sawyer shrugged. “I prefer them to most humans when it comes to company, yeah. I mean, growing up a non-white, non-straight kid who didn’t even fit into the arbitrary gender binary system we’ve got going on this planet—well, at least among most white folks in this country—I felt like a bit of an alien myself.”

Alex shot the detective a sympathetic look. “I can see that. People are…well, I don’t much like people myself. Not that I’m saying I prefer aliens. Me? I like wine a lot. Or whiskey. Beer can make good company too,” she joked, earning a laugh from Sawyer. “Can I ask, just so I don’t fuck up, do you want me to stick with Sawyer and they/them pronouns? I don’t want to make assumptions.”

Sawyer shot Alex a small grin. Maybe this fed wasn’t so bad after all. “They is great, and so is Sawyer. Some people still call me Mags, but never Maggie these days and only Margaret if you want it to be the last thing you say to me.”

“Ugh, I feel that way about Alexandra. Only my mother gets to call me that, and there’s a reason we’re not on the best of terms.”

“Sorry,” Maggie murmured, not wanting to get into their own family drama, but also not wanting to leave a statement hanging as though they wouldn’t acknowledge it. “So, should we get to chatting up the locals for info?”

“Oh, right, yeah. This was…just about work then?” Alex asked, a look of disappointment flashing across her eyes before she schooled her face into a more neutral expression.

“Tonight? Yeah, tonight is about work. But what about tomorrow night being a date?”

“Between us?” Alex asked, wanting to confirm.

“Yeah, between us, Danvers,” Maggie nodded, a smile lighting up their face.

---

As it turned out, work kept them both very busy, so their date was pushed back, first by one day, then by two, then finally to the following week. Even though they had seen each other quite a few times at crime scenes, when date night rolled around, Alex was still nervous. She had ten minutes before Sawyer was set to arrive—they had decided on a night in, since neither one of them had spent much time in their own apartments for over a week as alien crime seemed to hit a peak. She called Kara.

“Hello?” Kara answered, her voice cheery even as Alex could hear the wind whistling in the background, indicating that she was out on patrol.

“Any chance you’re flying near my apartment and can give me some real quick outfit advice?”

Kara laughed a bit, glad to see Alex finally getting back out there again. “On my way, sis!” A few moments later, she was knocking at Alex’s window, finding her sister running around in just a sports
“Hey! Thank you! Okay, date tonight. I need a top. Pick one?”

“Okay, deep breaths, c’mon,” Kara laughed. As she sorted through Alex’s closet, pulling out a couple of options (since she knew Alex would reject the first two she tried on out of principle), she asked, “So who’s the lucky lady?”

“Lucky person,” Alex corrected. “Sawyer.”

“Ah, sorry, didn’t mean to make assumptions!” Kara apologized, shaking her head. “Been on your planet too damn long…”

“Yeah, well, I don’t hear you complaining about our pizza and potstickers.”

A dreamy look came over Kara’s face as she thought about what she might order for dinner. “No, I can’t complain about two of the seven wonders of the world,” she giggled.

“Yeah, yeah. Now quick, pick a shirt for me so that I’ll be ready for Sawyer!”

“I’m sure they’d be just as happy to find you without one,” Kara teased before wrinkling her nose as she realized she was still talking about her sister. She threw the first shirt at Alex—a white button up.

“Too dressy. We said we were keeping it casual, just dinner and a movie at my place.”

“Hmm,” Kara hummed, holding up the silky blue top she had ready to go next. “This one is too dressy as well?”

Alex nodded, looking anxiously at her watch.

Kara dove back into the closet, rummaging through the shelves. “Oh! This one!” Kara squealed, pulling out a maroon sweater. “You look cute in it, and it looks soft enough that they’ll want to snuggle or your money back!”

Alex rolled her eyes at Kara’s excitement, but pulled it on, concurring that it was soft, and she did look okay in it. “Alright, thanks for your help, but now I need you to leave, so they don’t think I’m weirdly dependent on someone else to dress me. Love you, bye!” she yelled as she shoved Kara toward the window.

“I want all the details and a dozen donuts tomorrow morning!” Kara called on her way out.

Before Alex could rethink her outfit again, she heard a knock at the door. “Hey!” she waved, opening the door all the way to let Sawyer in. She let her eyes glance down to appreciate Sawyer’s look. They had on gray, slim cut jeans, tucked into scuffed up black motorcycle boots, and a white henley that was just fitted enough to show off their sculpted physique.

Alex looked up when she heard Sawyer laughing softly. “You still too busy checking me out to hear me?”

Alex blushed scarlet. “Oh, uh, I was just, uh, admiring your shirt. It’s nice. It’s, um, very clean looking.”

Biting back a smile, they nodded. “I did wash it special for you, Danvers.”

“Er, right, yes, well. Um, please come in. How are you?”
“I’m good, excited to finally have a night off. And a night with you of course,” they added smoothly, kissing Alex gently on the cheek as they walked farther into the apartment. The first thing they noticed was the prominence of Alex’s massive bed—a sight that had their mind in the gutter faster than they could chastise themselves to be more chivalric.

Alex, having clearly noticed where their attention had been diverted, cleared her throat. “Right, uh, we can start our night in the living room,” she explained, blushing furiously again as she realized how forward her phrasing had sounded. “I mean, we can, you know, eat and watch our movie in the living room,” she clarified, motioning to the sofa they had walked past on their way in. “I’ll let you pick the movie, since I’m very sweet like that.”

“So sweet, Alex, so very sweet. That’s definitely what I was thinking about you two nights ago when I watched you bring a literal grenade to a fight,” Sawyer teased.

“Yeah, well…we won, didn’t we?”

“We did,” Sawyer conceded with a grin. They had a feeling this woman could be the death of them, and they couldn’t wait.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to send more prompts on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
I'll be traveling without consistent access to a computer Thursday-Sunday, so I'm going to try to get stuff written/posted before I leave
It was supposed to be a quiet night in, just watching some TV together and cuddling on the couch. Of course, they both knew that there was always the possibility of an alien threat that would call Kara away or, less frequently, an L-Corp PR emergency that demanded Lena’s attention late at night. But still, the goal was a relaxing night at Lena’s place.

“What do you wanna watch?” Kara called from the living room as Lena readied their plates in the kitchen. She had made Kara’s favorite, breakfast for dinner, and in return, Kara forfeited her right to choose their show.

“Oh, I’m so behind on all of my shows. Scroll through my Netflix queue and see what I’m in the middle of watching?” Lena replied, carefully stacking more French toast onto a plate than anyone should consume in a sitting (and knowing that it would only be the first course).

Kara nodded and began scrolling. “Okay, we’ve got Merlin, which I don’t watch—”

“Oh, you absolutely should!”

“I don’t want to make you start at the beginning again, though. Uhm, let’s see…Wynonna Earp. I can’t watch that without Alex; she’d totally kill me for cheating on sister night shows. Oh where did you leave off in Orange is the New Black?”

“Somewhere early in the third season, I think,” Lena mused, bringing their plates over to the living room. Normally she had pretty strict rules about where eating food as sticky as maple syrup should occur, but she just couldn’t say no to Kara’s adorable pout.

“Okay, so long as it isn’t too close to…well, I won’t ruin anything,” Kara trailed off, grateful that she wouldn’t have to relive a certain scene that had left her in shocked tears for hours. Before Lena could press her on what exactly happens in a later season, Kara cleared her throat and pressed play on episode 3, moaning as she took her first bite of French toast.

---
“Another episode?” Lena asked while the credits rolled and Kara rinsed off their dishes. “Quick, Netflix only gives you a few seconds to decide if you’re going to be productive today.”

Kara chuckled. “Please, who has a night in and only watches one episode of a show? You need to learn how to relax.”

“I think I’ve helped you relax plenty,” Lena purred, letting her eyes take in Kara’s long, muscular legs, which were on full display in a pair of tiny boxer shorts.

“Hush, tonight is supposed to be about relaxing in a different way! We’ve kept each other up until Rao knows what time every day this week. And unlike me, you don’t get your energy from the sun.”

“No…but I do find myself rather energized by what we do in bed,” Lena flirted.

“Insatiable,” Kara chuckled, nuzzling into Lena’s chest and pulling the blanket around them as the next episode started.

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Kara tried not to notice the way Lena’s pulse sped up just slightly, the way her breathing became shallower, slightly more ragged, at the sight of a busty woman riding Big Boo’s cock—because that’s the only word there was for it, right? I mean, she wore it like it was part of her, not like some silicone appendage strapped to her with an elaborate series of leather snaps and buckles. She knew these sorts of sex toys existed; she wasn’t quite the prude everyone believed her to be—she just hated the sheer number of times she had to accidentally see or hear people having sex thanks to her powers. Some things were really best left unseen.

In her attempt not to let her body betray her own reaction to the scene, which she may or may not have rewatched a few times the first time she saw it out of curiosity, Kara didn’t realize that she had gone completely still—unnaturally so—until Lena was rubbing her shoulders whispering in a worried tone: “Kara, love? Are you okay? Kara?”

“Huh! Oh, uh, yeah, sorry. Just zoned out for a minute there.”

“Oh…okay. You went really still there.”

“Right, yes, my mistake.”

“Are you…uncomfortable? We don’t have to watch the show right now.”

“No! No, no, no. I’m totally fine, really great. Besides, you know I’m all caught up on the show. Not like anything is going to surprise me.”

“Alright,” Lena trailed off, readjusting slightly as she focused her attention back on the show. But now Kara was fidgety, her fingers tapping on the edge of the sofa as she crossed and uncrossed her legs. Lena finally paused the show. “Darling, do you want to tell me what’s bothering you?”

“Bothering me? Huh, nothing.”

“Kara, please. Was it the sex scene? Did it make you uncomfortable?”

“No…not uncomfortable.”

Lena bit back a smirk. “Was it perhaps…intriguing, instead?”

“That might be the word,” Kara said, blushing slightly.
“Hey, you don’t have to be embarrassed. Is it something you might like to try?”

“I don’t know. Maybe? Have you, uh, have you used them?”

Nodding, Lena answered, “I have. Would you be less uncomfortable if you saw them?”

“Maybe.”

Lena wriggled out from under Kara and stood, stretching before reaching out and offering her hand to Kara, who followed her back to her bedroom. She pulled a small box out from her closet and opened it up, letting Kara look inside. “I like to start over whenever a relationship ends, so you don’t have to worry; they’re all perfectly clean.”

Kara nodded, grateful to have someone like Lena to be so calm and sweet about her newness to everything, especially when it came to sex with anyone who wasn’t a cis man. “So, uh, which one would you use?”

Lena pointed to two options, “These are the kind of toys that work with a harness. You’d pick one based on what size you wanted.”

Letting her mind wander, Kara fantasized about what it might be like to have Lena in that smooth brown leather harness. Feeling rather hot in the face, she pulled Lena close to her, crashing their lips together in desperate need a distraction—even if that distraction was the very thing that was making her blush in the first place.

Quickly recovering from her initial surprise, Lena threaded her fingers around the back of Kara’s neck, pulling her closer as they kissed. When she felt Kara pressing her body impossibly close, she dragged her teeth across Kara’s lower lip, then sucked it between her own lips, earning a low groan from the blonde. She wondered what had brought on this desperate need to touch, to be close. Could it be that Kara was just as turned on as she was by the thought of Lena fucking her with a strap on?

Kara whimpered into Lena’s mouth as Lena dropped her hands lower, tracing teasing patterns along her lower back, then dipping even lower as they caressed her ass. “Bed?” Kara asked.

Lena smirked and pushed Kara back onto the bed, motioning for her to move up toward the pillows and quickly following, throwing her legs over Kara’s hips as she brought their mouths back together in a heated kiss. As she slid her tongue across Kara’s lower lip, she gently pushed up Kara’s shirt, splaying her fingers out across her girlfriend’s abs. When Kara bucked under her touch, Lena moved her mouth, tracing kisses across Kara’s jaw, then pulling Kara’s shirt up and over her head. “Is there something you need?” she purred, tracing the edge of Kara’s ear with her tongue.

“You,” Kara whimpered.

“I figured. But how do you need me, Kara? Use your words,” Lena instructed, her voice low and smooth.

“Uhm,” Kara hummed, blushing as her gaze fell on the box of toys on the other side of the bed.

“Is that so?” Lena asked, cocking her eyebrow.

Kara nodded quickly. “Please.”

“Well, since you asked so politely…” Lena swung one leg across Kara’s body, shuffling off the bed. She quickly shed her clothing, leaving on just her bra, then pulled the harness over her hips, adjusting the straps. She smirked when she caught Kara staring and biting her lower lip. “See
something you like?"

“Mhm,” Kara nodded, shuffling out of the rest of her clothing to match Lena’s state of undress. “Now why don’t you come pick which toy you want.”

Kara hurried over to the box, looking at the two options. “Uh, I don’t know. What about that one?” she suggested, pointing at the purple one that curved up with small ridges down the top side.

Lena quickly threaded it through the opening in the harness and tightened the straps. “You have to let me know if you need me to stop at any point, okay?” Lena checked in with Kara, earning a nod and promise from the blonde. “Do you think you’re ready, or do you want me to go down on you first?”

Kara whimpered, wanting both. But this was new, and she wanted to get right to it. “I think I’m ready,” she mumbled, still a bit shy about the newness of it all.

Lena ran a finger gently between Kara’s legs, letting out a low moan at just how wet Kara already was. “Good girl,” she praised, smirking at the whimpers coming out of Kara’s mouth. She grabbed the lube and made a bit of a show of coating the toy, stroking her hand up and down the length as Kara looked on, pupils blown and mouth slightly open.

She lay back on the bed, moving a pillow under her hips as she flicked on the red sunlight lamps she had installed in her room once Kara had revealed the reason why she was so reluctant to let Lena touch her.

Kara cocked her head to the side. “I, uh, I sort of like it when you top. I thought you did too?”

Biting back a smirk, Lena bantered, “It’s called topping from the bottom, darling. Now I want to watch you ride my dick.”

Blushing but so very turned on, Kara quickly positioned herself over Lena, who helped guide the toy inside of her.

“Are you okay?” Lena asked. “This doesn’t hurt, does it?”

“No, not at all,” Kara exhaled, sinking slightly farther down on the toy as she got used to the feeling of it inside of her. “So I just…move my hips?”

Lena wrapped her hands around Kara’s hips, guiding her up and down for the first two thrusts until the other woman seemed to have gotten the hang of the rhythm. Kara’s hands dropped to the headboard, grasping onto the reinforced metal she had asked a mildly disturbed Alex to design for Lena’s new bedframe. As she got more and more into it, Kara gradually increased the speed of her movements, groaning as she felt Lena pump her hips back up to meet her, driving the toy even deeper inside. Adjusting the position of her hips, Kara moaned loudly, finding that the new angle left the toy dragging pleasurably down her front wall with every thrust. “Fuck, Lena,” Kara whined.

Lena groaned loudly with Kara, as the blonde’s movements drove the base of the dildo into her clit with every thrust. Trying to stay focused on Kara’s pleasure, she moved one of her hands up to Kara’s chest, rolling a nipple between her fingers as it hardened even further under her touch. Her other hand came up to wind through Kara’s hair, pulling the blonde down into a searing kiss. “I want you to come for me,” Lena purred. “Tell me what you need.”

“Harder,” Kara whined.
Lena quickly complied, dropping both of her hands back down to Kara’s hips and gripping them firmly as she drove her hips harder and faster into Kara, watching as the blonde’s breasts bounced almost pornographically in her face. She gave up entirely on trying to stay relatively quiet, panting out obscenities with every thrust as she felt herself rushing toward her own orgasm between the pressure and the visual she was getting.

“So close,” Kara gasped between breathy moans.

“Touch yourself,” Lena commanded, her own hands occupied keeping the punishing pace she had set.

Keeping one hand on the headboard to keep her balance, Kara dropped her other hand down between her legs, gently circling her clit, then moving faster and harder to match Lena. She froze as she felt her whole body tense, her abs and thighs clenching as time seemed to freeze. Lena, seeing how close Kara was, kept up the pace, finally pushing Kara over the edge. Kara let out a low guttural noise as she slumped into Lena’s chest, her body still trembling as the aftershocks shuttered through her frame. The constant pressure of the toy on her clit, coupled with the heated kisses Kara was leaving up and down her neck quickly pushed Lena over the edge herself into a small, but nonetheless satisfying orgasm. She lurched forward, wrapping her arms around Kara’s torso and biting her shoulder to stifle a loud moan.

After a minute or two, Lena gently helped Kara off of the toy, pulling her girlfriend into her side as they basked in the afterglow. “How are you doing?” Lena checked.

“Amazing,” Kara breathed out. “We can do that again, right?”

“All night long, darling.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites if you have prompts or questions (or, alternatively, pictures of puppies because why not?)
Maggie collapsed into the sofa as soon as she walked into Alex’s living room. “Babe? Alex?” she called out, disappointed when she didn’t hear a response. It had been a long day at the precinct full of paperwork and interrogations with a particularly recalcitrant suspect whose lawyer made Maggie want to punch walls. On her way out of the office, she had gotten a text message from Alex in response to her litany of complaints telling her to hurry home so that Alex could make it up to her. But it looked like she had hurried a bit too fast, beating Alex home.

In the bathroom, Alex tried to stay quiet, but then realized she should probably yell out that she was home—god forbid she surprise her detective girlfriend and end up with a gun pointed at her. “Mags?” she called out.

“Alex?” Maggie yelled back, rather confused.

“I’m just changing in the bathroom. Be out in a second.”

Maggie wondered why the sudden need to only be naked behind closed doors, but she shrugged it off. Sometimes she had days where she didn’t feel particularly sexy too—no need to judge. She sat back and closed her eyes as she waited for Alex to come join her, hoping that maybe they could watch some old reruns and snuggle up with pizza and beer.

Back in the bathroom, Alex carefully tightened the ankle strap of some of her black heels that she hadn’t worn since her clubbing days, checking her reflection in the mirror. With black heels, some very revealing black lace underwear, and a matching black lace bra, Alex felt very…exposed. But, she reminded herself, it was for Maggie. Maggie, who had endured a long day at the office, who had willingly gone out in public packing again for her when she wanted to try out a particular fantasy, who would never judge her or laugh at her even if her sexy act didn’t quite go off as she wanted it to. Taking a deep breath, Alex popped on the black and red Chicago Bulls snapback Maggie still had from her drag king outfit and cracked open the bathroom door.

Quietly exiting the bathroom, Alex dimmed the lights and hit play on the remote controlling her speakers. The opening notes of Beyoncé’s “Naughty Girl” rang out through the apartment.

“Wha—?” Maggie asked, confused by the sudden lighting and music changes. Any protest she might have made effectively died on her lips when she turned around and caught sight of Alex standing—posing, really—in the doorframe, one hip cocked out to the side, backlit by the bright
Maggie’s awestruck reaction gave Alex the confidence boost she needed to strut into the living room. “I thought you could use a reward after your long day,” she purred, offering her hand to Maggie, who scrambled up and off of the couch, eager to follow Alex wherever she may lead.

Maggie gulped as Alex pulled a high-backed chair out and into the middle of the room, pushing her down into it. “Don’t touch,” she instructed, her voice low and seductive. Maggie could only nod, not trusting her voice not to crack. “Good girl,” Alex whispered, smirking at the effect she was so clearly having on her girlfriend.

As the music built, Alex let herself get into it, strutting around the chair, pausing behind it to run her hands down Maggie’s chest all the way to her thighs, then back up them, taking a beat to tangle her fingers in Maggie’s hair, scratching slightly and enjoying the strangled moan that Maggie was trying so hard to bite back.

Making her way back to the front of the chair, she turned, facing away from Maggie as she straddled her lap, dropping her hips down and hovering, never giving Maggie enough weight to ease the tension that was building between her legs.

Maggie could only sit and watch in rapt attention, trying not to completely and utterly ogle Alex’s ass as it dipped and swayed seductively in front of her and across her lap, sending waves of chills up and down her arms. Just when she thought it couldn’t get any better, Alex was turning toward her, resting one stiletto-encased foot between her legs as her arms fell on either side of Maggie’s upper body, gripping the back of the chair. Clenching her hands into fists by her side, Maggie fought the urge to touch, but it was so damn difficult, especially as Alex let her chest come to rest directly in Maggie’s line of sight.

Alex swung her leg down and over Maggie’s lap, now facing the other woman head-on—the better to observe her reactions as she tested her thigh strength by dropping her hips and grinding against Maggie’s lap. Seeing Maggie’s already blown pupils and hearing her ragged breathing, Alex decided to give her a small reward for playing by the rules so well. Tugging the snapback around so that the brim faced backwards, Alex leaned forward, leaving a trail of hot kisses and small bites up Maggie’s exposed neck and across her jaw, then switching to do the other side.

“Al,” Maggie finally whimpered, having just about reached her breaking point. Either Alex needed to stop touching her or accept that she was about to have Maggie’s hands all over her, picking her up and carrying her to the bedroom to ravish her.

“Yes?” Alex purred, her voice hot in Maggie’s ear.

“Yes?” Alex purred, her voice hot in Maggie’s ear.

“Please,” Maggie begged. She could remember the music video. She knew that Usher had gotten to touch Beyoncé at this point.

“Well, since you begged…” Alex conceded, grabbing Maggie’s hands herself and guiding them to her hips. Maggie promptly moved them back just slightly to better grab onto Alex’s ass as she finished her dance.

Before Alex could even swing her leg over Maggie’s lap, Maggie was up, her arms under Alex’s ass as she carried her into the bedroom, throwing her down onto that gigantic bed.

“So you liked it?” Alex teased.

Maggie responded with an animalistic growl, climbing up and on top of Alex as she roughly kissed
her way down Alex’s body, giving her hands full access to all of the parts of her girlfriend she hadn’t
been allowed to touch throughout the performance. “You okay?” she managed.

“Yes,” Alex sighed, relaxing into Maggie’s desperate touches. “What happened to my helping you
relax, though?”

“This is the best thing I’ve done all day, babe,” she rasped, her voice low and gravelly.

Alex moaned at the thought, feeling a rush of arousal between her legs. As if she could sense Alex’s
growing desperation, Maggie ripped off the black lace, throwing both the bra and underwear to the
side of the room, leaving Alex in just heels—the snapback having fallen at some point during the
journey from the chair to the bed.

Knowing that now wasn’t the time for teasing or gentle, sensual sex, Maggie got right to it, kneeling
between Alex’s legs, tying her hair up into a messy bun, and then bending down to finally taste
Alex. As soon as she got the first loud moan from Alex, the first tug at her hair urging her closer,
Maggie let her tongue slip inside of Alex. Now coated with her arousal, she flicked it back up and
around Alex’s clit, moving hard and fast as the other woman bucked into her mouth. A chorus of
“Don’t stop” and “Please” greeted Maggie’s efforts.

Alex could feel how close she was to coming already, the tension coiling hotly low in her abdomen
as her heart rate raced. Just before she could pull Maggie even closer, she felt the other woman’s
fingers playing around her entrance, then two fingers easily slipping inside her. She groaned, her
head falling back to the pillows as Maggie set a deliciously measured pace with her fingers, even as
she sped up with her tongue, leaving Alex hurtling toward her orgasm and fast.

“Mags,” she panted, dragging her head up to catch Maggie’s eyes. She wanted Maggie to see just
how amazing she was making her feel. Soon, deep brown eyes—almost black from arousal—met
hers, and she felt the corners of Maggie’s mouth quirk up into a grin. She moaned deeply as she took
in the visual: Maggie fully clothed from work in skinny black jeans and an Oxford with the sleeves
rolled up, kneeling between her legs with her fingers buried inside of her and one of Alex’s long legs
thrown over Maggie’s shoulder, the heel of her stilettos grazing her back. Before Alex could
comment, she was shutting her eyes tight, her head falling back to the pillow as Maggie curled her
fingers inside of her and took her clit between her lips. She came with a long, low moan, which
turned into whimpers as Maggie gently licked her through the aftershocks, then stayed between her
legs to clean up the arousal that had spilled out onto her inner thighs and suck her fingers clean.

“Maggie,” Alex sighed. “That was…oh my god.”

Maggie smirked. “Whatever I did to you? Let me just tell you: still not as amazing as that dance.”

“Well then, let me win even more girlfriend points,” Alex laughed, sitting up and unbuttoning
Maggie’s shirt.

“You don’t have to,” Maggie said, placing her hand on Alex’s.

“No, I don’t have to,” Alex repeated. “I want to.”

Maggie smiled and relaxed into Alex’s touches, letting her shirt be pulled off of her shoulders and
her sports bra tossed behind her. Pausing before she undid Maggie’s pants, Alex reached down and
quickly undid the straps of her own heels, kicking them to the floor. They had filled their purpose.
As she got up on her knees, she pushed Maggie down onto the bed, undoing the button and zipper
on Maggie’s jeans and tugging them down her legs.
“What do you want?” Alex husked, running her hands up and down Maggie’s abs before moving up to cup her breasts and gently tug at her nipples.

“Mm, Alex,” Maggie moaned. “I want your hands. I want you to fuck me.”

Grinning, Alex positioned herself so that she was straddling Maggie’s thigh, her right hand dipping down to Maggie’s pussy. “You’re so wet already,” she groaned. “God, I’ve missed fucking you.”

Maggie was too turned on to point out that it had only been a few days. She dropped down to the bed as Alex ran her fingers up and down the length of Maggie’s pussy, coating them with the copious arousal that had gathered there before slipping in one, then two fingers. She began gently, slowly increasing the pace to meet Maggie’s bucking hips. Dropping her head, Alex took one of Maggie’s nipples into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it, feeling it harden beneath her tongue, then biting gently, earning a low groan from Maggie.

Maggie could feel herself already embarrassingly close to coming. “Another finger,” she panted out, feeling how wet she was. Alex quickly obliged, smirking at just how easy it was to slip in a third digit. She kept her pace steady, curling her fingers forward as her thumb circled Maggie’s clit. “Come for me, Mags,” she whispered. Those words pushed Maggie over the edge, and Alex felt the walls of Maggie’s pussy pulsing around her fingers as a rush of arousal spilled out and onto Maggie’s thighs. Before Maggie could move to apologize for the mess or act like it was something other than completely sexy to Alex, Alex shuffled down the bed and gently licked up and around Maggie’s pussy, making a show of thoroughly sucking each one of her fingers before crawling back up the bed to curl around Maggie.

“So do I get all of the girlfriend points for tonight?” Alex teased.

“Oh, yeah. I’ll even make you a regular-milk Ben and Jerry’s ice cream sundae without commenting on how much cholesterol there is and how worried it makes me for your heart health.”

“So generous,” Alex laughed.

“You love me,” Maggie shot back.

“Yeah…I do.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites (I'll be offline once Supergirl airs to avoid spoilers...no TV=no episode until tomorrow after work)
Kara toyed with her engagement ring as Alex and Maggie put the finishing touches on her hair and makeup. “Stop fidgeting! You'll mess up your hair,” Alex chastised, though the grin on her face made it clear that she wasn't particularly upset.

“I'm just nervous,” Kara whined. “What if I trip? What if I mess up my vows?”

“Little Danvers,” Maggie began, gesturing for Kara to sit back down on one of the stools around the vanity. “Lena adores you. I mean, that woman has watched you run into (and crash directly through, might I add) all of her walls—both physical and metaphorical. If you trip? Eh, it happens. I dropped the ring my hands were shaking so badly when I was trying to marry this one,” she laughs, poking Alex in the side.

Alex picked up where Maggie left off: “You've always been so concerned with this idea that somehow you could do something that would make Lena realize that being with you is a mistake that you can't see the way she looks at you—like you hung the sun and the moon. She adores you, Kara Zor-El, just like anyone who gets to know you for more than a minute does. You could trip your way down the aisle and stutter through your vows and accidentally break the ring in half—”

Kara interrupted Alex, “No, you're the one who designed the special polymer for them. I know I can't break it, at least!”

Laughing softly, Alex dipped her head. “Fair enough, you won't break the rings. But all of those things that could go wrong? None of them are going to make her stop loving you. Because that isn't what love's about.”

Trying to keep from crying and messing up her makeup, Kara opted for sarcasm: “When did you become such a sap?”

Smirking, Maggie interjected, “I think I had a lot to do with it.”

Kara laughed and shook her head, trying to clear the air from all of the negative thoughts. They were right—of course they were—Lena loved her, and had been proving it every day, even when they were supposedly just friends. She thought back on all of the times she had worried that she might ruin her relationship with Lena...

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*A couple of months after her final breakup with Mon-El, she had paced restlessly across her*
apartment, wearing down the wood until she could see the beams separating her apartment from the one below it. Lena was supposed to be picking her up for lunch any minute now, and Kara had decided that today was finally the day to tell Lena how she felt about her. It had been a long time coming, a long time of trying to figure out why the term “friendship” always felt slightly unsatisfactory as a label for what they shared. It had taken quite a few long conversations with Maggie, the gay guru, to realize that she could be feeling romantic attraction toward Lena, followed by many worried talks with Alex, who reassured Kara that her feelings were real and valid and in no way diminished Alex’s own later-in-life realizations.

Eventually, she had come up with a whole speech that she wrote out on a series of index cards. She had even color-coded the text based on the specific emotion she meant to convey at every juncture. But when Lena got to her door, Kara found that the speech no longer did her feelings justice. Because there was something so indescribable, so intangible, that came with just being in Lena’s presence—it was a type of comfort similar to (yet unique from) the kind Alex gave her when she was still trying to adjust to this planet. So, throwing caution to the wind, Kara had asked Lena if they could take a quick walk before lunch, quickly shutting her door before Lena could spot the hole in her floor. Lena had, of course, agreed. She would have agreed to just about anything Kara might have suggested.

When they got outside, Kara rambled and stuttered her way through her explanation, eventually getting to the point: “I just, it’s just, well, I like you, Lena. As a friend, of course! And I wouldn’t want to lose that friendship, you know. But also as...more than a friend. And I really hope that I’m not ruining everything by saying something, but, Rao, Lena, I want to date you too. I want to call you up for a lunch date and not have to wince at my choice in terms, wondering if you’re on the same page I am. And I want to be able to hold your hand while we walk down the street for more than just a minute while I tell you a sad story or get overly excited at the sight of some cute puppies out for a walk. And I want to be able to snuggle up next to you at the end of the day without trying to figure out why it makes my heart race. So, I guess what I’m trying to get at here, is that I like you, Lena...like, romantically. And I would very much like to take you on a date sometime if you would be up for it too.”

Lena smiled, her eyes wide and warm. Once she had ascertained that Kara was, in fact, done talking and was waiting for her response, she motioned toward a bench, gently pulling one of Kara’s hands in between her own. “Is this okay” she checked, earning a look of almost complete adoration from Kara, which was quickly followed by a nod. “Kara, I like you too. I have for a very long time, in fact. But you were with Mike, and I, well, I didn’t want to make assumptions about your sexuality. Sometimes I really felt like we were flirting, like there was some undeniable spark between us, but then I would shake my head and think that I was reading into it, finding a spark where there was just the intimacy of friendship. All of this is to say that yes, Kara, I would absolutely love to go on a date with you.”

“And really?” Kara squealed, her eyes lighting up.

“Yes, really,” Lena chuckled.

“Oh my gosh, I have so much planning to do!”

“Can we at least do lunch first? I promise we can even hold hands on the way there.”

Blushing slightly, Kara nodded and reached out for Lena’s hand, smiling at the soft touch.

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A few weeks into dating, having officially declared themselves girlfriends, Kara realized that she
desperately needed to tell Lena that she was Supergirl...and an alien, though that part would become pretty clear with the first revelation. She worried that perhaps she had waited too long, perhaps it would seem like she didn't trust Lena, couldn't see past her last name. They had been friends for such a long time already. What was Kara's excuse? But, powering through her anxiety (with the help of a few more pep talks from Alex and Maggie, both of whom privately agreed that Lena probably already knew), Kara finally spat out: “I have to tell you something!” before Lena could press play on their movie.

“Yes?” Lena asked. Seeing how nervous Kara looked, she ran her fingers soothingly across the back of Kara's hand—a gesture she had found really helped Kara to recenter herself when they were out in crowded places. “You can tell me anything, darling.”

Bracing herself, Kara took a deep breath, then pushed all of the words out in one go. “I’m Supergirl! Because I'm an alien from another planet—Krypton, to be specific.” When Lena didn’t immediately respond, she continued, “I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you earlier! I just, it's not because I don’t trust you—not at all! I trust you so much, Lena. But the people that I work with are so strict about who I tell, and actually now you’ll need to sign a non-disclosure agreement, sorry. I would have fought them on it harder, but it's also, just, anyone who knows my secret, who knows me as Supergirl, becomes a target too. The more that information gets out, the more at risk those closest to me become. And I couldn’t live with myself if you ever got hurt because of me.”

“Kara, first of all, I appreciate your telling me. It means a lot to be trusted with a secret so big. Second of all, I know a little something about risk...you do remember my mother, right? And that means I know what it's like to worry about putting people at risk simply because of who you are. So I don’t judge you or hold it against you for not telling me sooner.”

Sighing in relief, Kara nodded. “Wait, but, you don’t sound that surprised about the actual secret.”

Biting her lip and jiggling her foot, Lena tried to figure out how to say what she needed to say while remaining diplomatic. “Well, darling, we've been friends for so long. Now we're even closer. So we spend a lot of time together...and I may have had my suspicions about your being Supergirl, so it was more of a confirmation than a revelation.”

“You knew?” Kara’s face fell. “How?”

Lena could barely restrain herself from wrapping Kara in her arms. “When you spend as much time together with someone as you and I do, you notice little things. Like the scar above your eyebrow. Or the little slip-ups when you admitted to flying. Or the way you always had to leave just when Supergirl was needed on-scene for an emergency in the city.”

Kara blushed and smiled. “Right, right. But you're not mad?”

“No, Kara, I'm not mad; I'm honored that you trust me enough to tell me.”

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A little later into their relationship, Kara found herself float-pacing in her apartment. Alex had been rather annoyed at having to help fix the floor in Kara's apartment the first time and asked that it not happen again. Apparently having to distract the suspicious downstairs neighbors long enough to bring in a construction crew was no easy task.

But Kara was nervous. Because Lena had been so perfect and understanding, and she had let Kara get used to each and every step of their relationship, and now it seemed like they were so overdue to progress into some sort of sexual territory. Even though Kara adored Lena—part of her wanted to
say love, but she felt it was probably too early to admit to it—and loved when Lena held her hand or cuddled her at night or even kissed her lightly on the lips or peppered butterfly kisses across her nose and cheeks when she was feeling particularly affectionate...she didn’t really want it to go any further than that. The idea that Lena might think it was something she had done wrong scared her, and she was terrified of losing Lena, but she needed to say something before it turned into something bigger.

A knock at her door pulled her out of her spiraling thoughts. “Lena!” she exclaimed, pulling open the door and letting the other woman inside.

Lena strode in and hung up her coat. “How are you, dear? I didn’t see any Supergirl emergencies, so am I to take it you might have actually gotten to relax today?”

Shrugging, Kara made a noncommittal noise. It was true that she had been relatively free from Supergirl duties, but her day had been far from relaxing. “Come, sit down. Can I get you anything to drink? Eat?”

“Shall we have tea?” Lena suggested, earning a nod as Kara heat-visioned a pot of water and poured it into a teapot with some loose leaf to steep. “Hmm, dating Supergirl has so many perks,” she chuckled.

“Ah, yeah, well...about dating...and perks. No, nope, no, not the way I wanted to get here.”

“What’s wrong, Kara? Do you want to come sit down next to me to talk about it?”

Kara shuffled over and curled into Lena’s side. “So, um, you know how, um, we end our dates?”

“I think so? I mean, I remember all of our dates, if that’s what you’re asking. Why, did I say something wrong?”

“Oh, Rao, no! Sorry, I’m not being very clear. It’s just, well, I really like how we end them now. You give me a little kiss and then leave, or sometimes you fall asleep here and we spoon through the night.”

Lena smiled. “I like it too, darling.”

“Right, but, um, based on some of the things you’ve talked about in your past relationships—you know, back from when we were just friends—I know that you also like your relationships to... progress...when it comes to physical intimacy. And I just, well, I really like touching and the intimacy there, but I don’t like the idea of moving beyond kissing and just holding one another. And I’m sorry if I’m disappointing you somehow. And if you need to go to someone else for that, I understand.”

Lena gently cut in, “Kara? Do you mind if I respond really quickly? You can finish whatever you want to say, but I just want you to have an idea of where I am.” Kara hiccuped and nodded, her eyes wide and slightly fearful. “First of all, that’s okay. What you’re feeling is of course real and valid, and I hope that no one has ever suggested otherwise. I assume you’ve probably already done the research on asexuality and the spectrum, and it seems like you’ve gotten pretty comfortable with finding your place on it. And if it changes one day, that’s real too. And if it doesn’t, that’s fine! I won’t be expecting it. I don’t lo—like you any less because of it. It’s just another part of what makes you Kara.”

Feeling a bit too overwhelmed for words, Kara pulled Lena into a hug, holding her for a long time as she regained her sense of stability, reigned in her senses, and grounded herself in the moment. Over the course of the afternoon and well into the evening, they discussed what it all meant for them
as a couple and Lena as someone who wanted to be exclusive with Kara but was also still a sexual person, and by that night they both felt comfortable with the progress they had made and how they would keep communication open between them moving forward.

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Even thought the memories calmed her, Kara couldn’t spend too much time in them because suddenly Alex and Maggie were up and dragging her to the aisle. She tried not to squeal at the sight of Lena looking stunning in an immaculate white suit paired with a rather gorgeous pair of stilettos. They didn’t care much for the superstition of needing to wait to see one another, and they had decided that they both wanted to walk down the aisle—together. Lena didn’t have parents to give her away, and, while it wasn’t like Kara didn’t love Eliza, she also wanted to honor her birth parents’ absence. So, after their bridal parties processed down the aisle, they walked forward, hand-in-hand, to where J’onn stood ready to marry them. They grinned at the small group of their close friends who had gathered together to celebrate their marriage. Since Kara had wanted to follow some of Krypton’s rituals, they were rather limited in whom they could invite, but somehow it just felt right.

The ceremony was beautiful, with Eliza giving a short speech and J’onn speaking of the weight of carrying a lost planet and a way of life but in how finding someone to open your soul to often served to ease that burden in a way that nothing else ever could. When the time came to give their vows, Lena impressed Kara by reciting the traditional Kryptonian vows in the original language (her accent nearly imperceptible). And Kara managed not to drop the ring, even though her fingers shook as she carefully slid it onto Lena’s hand. When J’onn pronounced them wife and wife, Kara’s grin was the widest J’onn had ever scene it, and Lena looked at Kara like she couldn’t imagine her luck at being allowed to spend the rest of her life with this woman. Lena leaned forward, pressing a light kiss to Kara’s lips before embracing her and whispering again and again in Kara’s ear, “I love you. I love you. I love you.”

Chapter End Notes

Find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites!
Up tomorrow is at least one slightly heavier post and, if I have time, either a smut or a fluff one - let me know what you think you'd prefer
Okay, so I combined two different prompts from two different people on Tumblr, hope you enjoy! Fair warning, it’s heavy and deals with depression, so if that’s not something you’re in the right mental state to read now, I totally understand.

Prompt 1: For director sanvers (or just sanvers) what if one of them is like really silent and not showing emotion they’re just /that/ depressed and they keep zoning out and stuff. I kinda wanna see how they would handle that kind of thing.

Prompt 2: Could you maybe write something about Alex reflecting on the irony of how she was trained to be a doctor (I presume she did get an MD because of how she mentioned that she gave up a career in medicine for Kara), someone who saves lives, and now she basically takes lives, working as a soldier, basically?

Alex pulled the blanket tighter around herself. She had sworn up and down to Maggie and Lucy that she would be just fine without them for the weekend. Of course she understood that Lucy needed to go to Washington; it was part of her job. And of course it wasn’t Maggie’s fault that she also had to be gone that weekend to give a talk on training law enforcement officers to be more sensitive to the different needs and responses of the alien community. And honestly, she got it. She wasn’t going to hold them back—no, that was something she reserved for herself.

But by the time her girlfriends were gone, Alex couldn’t quite bring herself to get up and make dinner. Or even to go out for food. In fact, just about anything other than sleeping or sitting and staring at her ceiling sounded rather awful. So she cancelled plans with Kara, citing the long week they had had at the DEO. She swore that she didn’t need anything brought to her or any company showing up at her apartment. Why everyone thought she couldn’t handle herself for a few days was beyond her. She still managed to pull herself out of bed and through the door each morning, staggering through her day as though she weren’t carrying the weight of her failures on her shoulders.

And it wasn’t like she could even pinpoint one particular failure that was making her way, which meant there were no rational, goal-oriented solutions to devise, which just left her feeling increasingly useless. Not like her girlfriends, who seemed to have their lives so very put together, while she wondered what it was about her life that even made it worth continuing to live. Not that she actively wanted to kill herself—no, she didn’t actively want to do anything—she just had trouble fathoming a reason to keep on going. It wasn’t like she was Kara, whose heroics saved thousands every single day. It wasn’t like she was Lucy, who gritted her teeth and dealt with the white male politicians and bureaucrats down in Washington every month to try to pass real legislation that would make a positive impact on individuals’ lives. It wasn’t like she was Maggie, who fought day in and day out to reform a corrupt power system from the inside.

No. She was a soldier. The soldier her parents had never wanted her to be. A soldier who was still a doctor. A doctor who had taken a fucking oath to protect lives, to save them. And yet here she was, guns and knives strapped to her hips and thighs. An extra knife tucked into her heavy combat boot. A mental litany of tactics she could use to cripple a man twice her size even without a weapon. She
walked around with death on her hands, the lives she had taken a constant presence. And what made it worse was that they didn’t haunt her in the way they should. The men—no, enemies, she chastised, needing to maintain some semblance of reason behind her decisions to pull triggers, to stab, to wound mortally—didn’t haunt her conscience because she had killed them. No, late at night she swore she could only see their ghosts because they reminded her of her own failures, of her failure to be a doctor, to be the daughter her mother hoped she would be, to be anything like her perfect “we don’t kill” sister. Instead she was an agent. A soldier.

By the time Lucy arrived back from Washington and Maggie back from Seattle, Alex was too deep in to pull herself out. She knew she needed to try, so she nodded at their responses, eyes vacant as she looked through them, never at them. Sunday night, they were both so exhausted, jetlagged and sleep-deprived, that they assumed Alex was just tired. It was after midnight. No one was up for deep conversations. So they excused the fact that the apartment looked exactly the way it had when they left, the only sign of life in the unmade bed. They let themselves fall back beneath the covers, their breathing soon evening out as they let sleep claim them.

Alex, though, she had slept for almost 48 hours. So she sat, and dozed, and stared at the wall. And come the next morning, that’s exactly how Maggie and Lucy found her.

“Do you wanna go for a run?” Maggie asked, her voice chipper.

Lucy, who had relished the chance to stop being a morning person once she left the army, groaned. “Nah, you wanna snuggle in bed with me, right?”

But Alex just stared, barely grasping the fact that her girlfriends were talking to her, were trying to engage with her. They felt a world away. Something she certainly didn’t deserve. Didn’t need. They would be just fine without her.

“Al, Alex, are you okay?” Maggie asked, concern lacing her words.

Lucy perked up at the tone. She had assumed Alex was just exhausted too. Bleary eyed, she peered up at the redhead, who was still sitting against the headboard. She barely nodded, trying to dismiss their concerns, trying to make them see that she didn’t matter enough for their concern, that they should go about their infinitely more important days. What would she spend today doing? Maybe get a few experiments done? Design a new weapon—one that was even more effective at maiming, at murdering? Would she be out in the field, sent to subdue enemy combatants, even if that involved lethal force? Would she spend her evening writing out a report detailing the justifications for her actions, reducing lives to utilitarian calculus as she justified murdering one for protecting untold numbers of others? Would she spend the hours devoted to sleep hearing her mother’s voice ringing through her head: “You swore to do not harm, Alexandra. That’s the oath you took. Do no harm permanently. I would call death permanent, Alexandra, wouldn’t you?”

At this point, Alex had been near comatose for ten minutes, her spiraling thoughts taking her far away from the action of her own bedroom where her two girlfriends rushed about around her.

“Alex, honey, please, please come back to us,” Maggie pleaded. She knew she had better training for how to deal with this type of situation, but she just couldn’t find it within herself to be the consummate professional when it was the woman she adored sitting there looking like that.

“Alex,” Lucy said, her voice soft and low, yet still authoritative, “I need you listen to me. I need you to be present right now, okay?”

While Lucy worked through exercises she had learned to deal with soldiers suffering from PTSD and all sorts of trauma-induced anxiety, Maggie stepped out of the bedroom, putting on a pot of
coffee and calling them all out sick for the day. Thinking ahead, she called the therapist she had visited when she first started out with the Science Division, when she had to reconcile her own beliefs that aliens had inherent rights and needed to be protected with the job she was so often assigned as the enforcer of law and order in the streets. That sort of cognitive dissonance had eaten away at her, leaving her withdrawn from the world and her colleagues as she struggled to just get through the days. She had asked Alex to see her a few times after the kidnapping, and Alex had complied. She even conceded that she didn’t hate the doctor as much as she expected, which was a win in Maggie’s book. So she made an appointment for the following day, noting that it might involve Alex, or it might just be Maggie needing to talk, to find out how best to help Alex through whatever was going on.

By the time she was done, the coffee was just about ready. She poured three small cups—it was more for the warmth than anything today—and threw a couple of bagels and some of Kara’s reserve freezer donuts onto a plate. She carefully brought them all to the bedroom where she found Lucy holding both of Alex’s hands in her lap and running her free hand through Alex’s hair. It looked like she had succeeded in bringing Alex into the room just a little bit. They were breathing together with an app that Lucy had for her anxiety, for breathing through the panic attacks that still woke her every so often.

“I brought breakfast,” Maggie whispered, trying to keep the mood as calming as possible. Alex managed a small nod, the slightest upturn of her lips. She still didn’t know why they were around, why they were helping when she couldn’t even be bothered to help herself. But they were there. And they were placing a cup of hot coffee and a chocolate-covered donut in front of her telling her that it was hers if she wanted it. And they were holding her hands in their own. And they were stroking her hair and whispering gentle affirmations and promises that if she needed anything they would be there for her, no matter what. And it didn’t ease the stress of her own head. And it didn’t make her want to pull herself out of bed just yet. But somehow, it added another possibility. And somehow, it made the prospect of getting out of bed the next day just a little less daunting. And somehow, it seemed like maybe one day, she could start feeling like she was enough.
“Hey Maggie…” Kara’s voice rang out over the phone, slightly higher pitched than usual.

“Yeah, little Danvers? What’s up? Is something wrong?” Maggie asked. Alex had left a couple of hours ago to help with what was supposed to a rather routine mission, but now Maggie was terrified that it hadn’t been as routine as they had expected.

“Wrong is a, um, strong word…maybe…a little out of sorts?” She heard a commotion on the other end of the line followed by a gruff voice. “Detective Sawyer?”

“J’onn?”

“Yes. As you know, Alex was out on a mission to bring back an alien that had been breaking into homes across National City. I will preface all of this by saying that she is alive and in perfect health; however, she happened to make contact with the alien’s hand with her own bare hand. And, as it turns out, there are certain…effects that can occur from skin-to-skin contact.”

Taking a deep breath, Maggie tried to keep her anxiety under control. “So what exactly is wrong with Alex?”

“Nothing we can’t fix in due time, though it would be easier to fix with her help,” he conceded. “She has,” he paused as if trying to find the best way to say it, “de-aged.”

Kara chimed back in: “Remember that movie, ‘Honey I Shrunk the Kids?’ Like that, except instead of just shrinking, she’s also gotten way younger. Like, younger than I’ve ever known her.”

“Wait. Is she just younger or is she also miniature?” Maggie asked.

“Just younger, Maggie,” J’onn answered, having clearly wrestled the phone back from Kara. “I
really need to get back to work to help our other scientists create a serum to reverse the effects, and I need Supergirl back in the field to catch the rogue de-aging alien before he can touch anyone else. I don’t want to leave Alex with just anyone. Is there any chance you could come get her? I’m sure others will be more than happy to help once the threat is contained.”

“Oh, uh, right,” Maggie nodded. She had once been a babysitter…for a couple of months before everyone found out she was gay and no one wanted her around their kids. She gritted her teeth, trying not to dwell on the utter hypocrisy of the fact that her homophobic heterosexual parents were the real threat to a child’s livelihood. But she could do this. She could take care of some little kid for a few hours. Sure, she hadn’t been around them in many years, other than a career fair or helping to keep them calm on scene, but it shouldn’t be that bad…

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When she arrived at the DEO, a little girl with curly auburn hair was placed into her arms by an anxious Supergirl. “Enjoy!” Kara yelled before taking off to get the alien.

“We’ve packed up some childcare essentials,” J’onn explained, handing over a large bag that weighed heavily on Maggie’s shoulders. “I believe Agent Schott was very excited to help out, though I think he also wants to test if Agent Danvers was lying about just how brilliant she was as a child.”

“Right,” Maggie nodded, forcing a small smile. “So, um, I just…play with her for the afternoon?”

“Until we have a serum to undo the effects, yes. And, well, you do know what to do with children, right? She’ll need to be fed and bathed, if this goes on for longer than today, and quite possibly take a nap or go to bed much earlier than she does as an adult.”

“Mhm, yep, got it.”

Although J’onn didn’t look all that confident, he eventually let Maggie go, knowing the best thing he could do would be to keep his team on task.

“Alright, Al, you ready to go home?” Maggie asked, receiving a broad smile and laugh in return as the girl bounced in her arms. “Do you talk yet?”

“Yah,” Alex replied, her voice high and bright. “He says I am three. Or four,” she said, holding up three, then four chubby little fingers. “Who are you?”

“Oh, right, sorry. Uh, I’m Maggie. Maggie Sawyer,” she replied, feeling increasingly awkward as she tried to figure out how to talk to the kid in her arms who seemed at once precocious—as she had expected—and at the same time very much the little kid she appeared to be.

Little Alex giggled at the formality. “Where we going? To the beach? I like the beach. Do you?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, the beach is nice. We’re a little far away to go to the beach, though, Danvers.” In response to the slightly confused look she received, Maggie corrected, “Alex.”

“Oh…okay. That’s sad.” And unlike the grown up Danvers, this one let all of her emotions show openly as she looked up at Maggie, a dejected pout firmly on her face.

Scrambling, Maggie added, “But we’ll do something fun! I promise. We can, uh, go to the park! But first we need to stop by your apartment.”

Alex looked up at her with disbelieving eyes. “My own house?”
“Oh, er, no. Sorry, um, a grown up friend of mine…”

“I like grown ups. Kids are dumb,” Alex giggled.

“Aren’t you a kid?”

“I don’t act like a kid.”

“Right. Of course you don’t. Too smart, huh?”

Alex shrugged. “I don’t know. My dad says I’m smart. Do you know where he is?”

Maggie barely concealed her grimace at the thought of where Jeremiah truly was and what he was likely doing. “He’s, uh, at work. That’s why we’re all spending the day with you. Like babysitters, but definitely better.”

“Hmm…my babysitter gave me fruit snacks. Do you have fruit snacks?”

Maggie grinned, fairly certain that Alex was trying to pull one over on her. But she had never been able to say no to those big brown eyes. “I think my friend might have some, okay?” Alex nodded her acceptance of the offer. “We’re gonna walk. It’s just a few blocks can you make it?”

Maggie swore she saw the trace of an eye roll in response. “Yes, I can make it,” Alex huffed. Laughing softly, Maggie held out her hand, which Alex deigned to slip her own small hand into. They chatted amicably while they walked the few blocks to Alex’s house. Once she found out Maggie was a detective, Alex wanted to know all about her job. So Maggie recounted the tamest stories she had, finding the moments of humor and inspiration in a line of work that could be all too bleak at times.

When they finally made it back to Alex’s apartment, the little Alex’s jaw dropped at the size of the bed. “Can I jump on it? Please, just two bounces?”

Maggie barely remembered not to tell her it was her own bed and that she could do whatever she wanted. “Oh, um, that’s probably not the best idea… What if you got hurt? How about you come help me find you something to eat.”

“Fine,” Alex whined. “Can we get pizza?”

“Some things never change,” Maggie muttered under her breath. “Let’s see if we can’t get you something healthier, okay?”

“Okay. But no brussels sprouts. Or green beans. Or peas. They’re yucky.”

Maggie rolled her eyes. “Fine, fine.” Eventually she got Alex to agree to eat some baby carrots with the promise of mac and cheese to come.

While she stood over the stove, stirring the noodles, Alex sat dipping her carrots in peanut butter. “Are you married?” she asked suddenly with all the enthusiastic curiosity of a young child who suddenly needs to know something.

“Nope,” Maggie replied, still stirring.

“Do you want to be married?” Alex asked—persistent as her older self.

“Maybe one day, yeah,” Maggie admitted, wondering whether Alex would remember any of this
“Once they got the serum.

“Hmm, I don’t think I want to get married. Boys are gross.” Maggie choked on nothing and coughed quite a bit at that. “Are you okay? Do you think boys are gross too? Do you have a boyfriend?”

Maggie stalled, draining the noodles before she answered. “Well, I have friends who are boys. They’re not all that bad, especially when they grow up a little bit. But no, I don’t date boys. …If I got married, it’d be to another girl.”

Alex seemed to consider that for a moment before nodding. “That’s nice. My best friend is named Katie. Maybe she and I will get married instead. She always shares her fruit snacks.”

“Maybe you will,” Maggie replied with a broad smile, wondering how much different the world could be if people were just open about things with kids from the start.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Alex asked, her curiosity apparently still running wild.

“I do,” Maggie conceded.

“What’s her name?”

Maggie hedged her bets. “Her name is also Alex, actually.”

“I have a friend named Alex too. But no Maggies.”

“That’s ’cause we’re special,” Maggie said, winking conspiratorially.

Alex giggled. “What does she do? Do you love her? Does she have a dog? I want a dog, but my mom said we can’t get one because we’re too busy.”

“Lots of questions, kid! Uh, she’s a scientist, but sometimes she helps me with my detective work. She’s very smart. I do love her. She does not have a dog, though I think she wants one. And I’m sorry, but it’s good to wait and make sure you have enough time to pay attention to a puppy. He’d get bored sitting home alone all day while you’re at school and your parents are at work! Now… what would you name your dog?” Maggie asked, thinking about how she could find some alternates to propose to Alex when she got back into her own, adult body.

“Uhm, I don’t know. Maybe Spot? But only if he had spots. Or Buddy? Because he’d be my friend.”

“Those are great names!” Maggie beamed. She dropped her voice. “Can I tell you a secret? Do you know what my girlfriend wants to name her dog?”

“No! What is it?” Alex whispered back.

“Gertrude!” Maggie laughed.

Alex paused and cocked her head to the side as if considering her options. “That’s a good name,” she declared. “I think I’ll name my dog Gertrude too.”

Maggie’s face blanched. Apparently even at 3 or 4 years old, Alex was wedded to that ridiculous name for a pet. She would be the laughing stock of the dog park. Deciding not to acknowledge that terrible decision, Maggie just scooped out a bowl of mac and cheese, realizing only after seeing the incredulous look on Alex’s face that it was far too much food for a kid and having to take half of it out again.
After lunch, they walked over to the park, where they were joined by Winn and Kara, both of whom were way too excited about seeing what young Alex was like. Kara spent nearly half an hour regaling her with tales of Supergirl’s heroics, ignoring Winn and Maggie’s eye rolls. They took a while to play with the Frisbee and soccer ball Winn had picked up on his way over, finding that the young Danvers was quite good at soccer but couldn’t throw a Frisbee straight to save her life. It was only after getting hit three times—first in the shins, then in the back, then in the shins again—that Winn finally called it quits. “Maybe we try a new game?”

But when Maggie looked down at Alex, she noticed that the little girl was trying to stifle a yawn as she hid the gesture behind Kara’s back. Seeing that it was already after seven and the sun had begun to set a little while ago, she suggested that they go back to her place. Alex protested, but eventually relented with the promise of a movie.

Maggie offered up all of the options in the bag that J’onn had packed, and it was soon decided that they would watch Brave, which Alex had never seen. Even though she seemed utterly entranced by the story, before it was over, the young Alex’s head had drooped down, and eventually she settled down on the couch, curling up into a little ball with her head in Maggie’s lap as her breathing evened out. Kara squealed and took about a hundred pictures, then rushed and got a blanket, then took even more photos. The adults stayed up to watch the end of the movie, which they were all rather invested in, then switched over to Friends—none of them wanting to disturb the sleeping child.

A couple of hours later, they got the call from J’onn: the serum was ready and could they bring Alex back to the DEO. Kara carefully picked up the sleeping girl, cradling her softly in her arms. After a sharp warning from Maggie, she promised to walk at a human speed with Maggie at her side. Deciding that he would get out before adult Alex decided she wanted to kill Winn for having seen her as a kid, Winn parted ways with the women at the front doors of the DEO.

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An hour later, Alex was back to normal, if a bit disoriented. “What happened?” she asked.

“Do you remember anything?” Maggie checked.

“I have some pictures to help jog your memory,” Kara giggled.

“Let’s wait on those til tomorrow?” Maggie suggested, earning a loud sigh from Kara. “But really, do you remember anything?”

“Not really,” Alex admitted. “I just, I’m really craving fruit snacks.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites! I'll be out of town with basically no computer until Sunday, so I'll continue to take prompts, but probably won't get to them for a few days
Director Sanvers - Alex in the Lab

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Could you write something where Maggie is watching Alex doing lab work at the DEO? I feel like we just don’t get enough scientist Alex, which sucks, because I love badass Alex, but I love scientist Alex too.

A/N: This is a follow up in a lot of ways to Chapter 13, since so many people commented or messaged me about adding a second part to that one. You don’t need to have read it, but I suspect this chapter will make more sense if you do. Hope you enjoy (and don’t mind that I’ve combined the two prompts again)!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Months after the long week Maggie and Lucy spent together in their apartment trying to help Alex, to show her how much she was loved even when she couldn’t see it herself, Alex had finally begun cutting back on her hours out in the field—a long overdue change that J’onn had been pushing for; after all, Alex had tallied more field hours since Kara had come out as Supergirl than any other agent by a wide margin. She started getting back to her lab more and more, to the kind of work that had first gotten her recruited by the DEO and that had taken up more of her time before the arrival of Supergirl and Alex’s personal investment in each and every mission.

Of course, Alex still fretted every time she wasn’t out in the field, knowing that if anything were to happen to Kara she would feel personally responsible, knowing that her mother would find her personally responsible, even though she barely respected the solder side of Alex’s job as it was. But Kara, Maggie, Lucy, and J’onn were all there to push her back into the lab every time a strike team rolled out on a new mission. Alex still went into the field, of course, but she was limited to the same number of missions as the rest of the DEO agents—a number that was low enough to allow for recovery, for therapy sessions, for time away from the violence and death that too often characterized their work.

So Alex grumbled her way back to the lab, only ever pushing if she believed the mission was dangerous enough to warrant an agent with a rank as high as hers to lead Alpha Team. And in those cases, J’onn conceded, though he still made Alex promise to sit out an extra mission later in the week, to make an extra appointment with her therapist, to take an extra hour of leave to spend time at home with her girlfriends (though that last one he couldn’t exactly mandate, but it was the easiest to talk Alex into doing).

Even with taking on fewer field missions, Alex’s reputation as the biggest badass at the DEO stayed relatively untarnished. Only one cocky, relatively young agent dared to make a snarky comment about her sitting out and staying back in the lab. And, well, let’s just say that Lucy Lane was more than happy to have to send herself to Pam for the paperwork and formal warning—so long as assholes like Peterson knew exactly what they’d be up against if they ever spoke in anything other than glowing terms about Alex Danvers. Because Lucy (and Maggie) could see the difference the split time was having on Alex’s mental health. They watched as little by little Alex began to return to them, began to crack a smile now and again without it seeming forced, began to speak passionately
about her work again, began to get out of bed and eat breakfast and even accept her girlfriends’ praise for the progress that those small steps constituted.

So the following week, when another telekinetic alien who had been imprisoned in Fort Rozz for a relatively minor offense began stirring up trouble on the outskirts of the city, Alex trusted the agents she had worked to train to go out into the field alongside her sister, while she stayed back in the lab working on a new elixir that mimicked the properties of Kryptonian DNA to help humans heal faster and more efficiently. They would never heal at the rate at which Kara or Clark could, but Alex hoped to be able to treat her agents more quickly, to staunch wounds that might otherwise prove fatal or to expedite the healing process on trickier surgeries.

Lucy and J’onn texted Maggie to let her know that Alex was staying behind for a mission—something they had taken to doing when Lucy had to be out at the dessert base and wouldn’t be around to check in on Alex, make sure she wasn’t beating herself up for not being there for Kara—for, as she saw it, not being strong enough to be there for Kara. Since the day was relatively slow for Maggie, she decided to pick up some burgers and bring lunch to Alex.

One veggie burger, one cheeseburger, and an extra large order of fries in hand, Maggie knocked on the door outside of Alex’s lab. She had learned pretty early never to throw open the door without giving some sort of notice. After a close call with a laser being shot across the room, Alex made Maggie promise to be a bit safer.

“Maggie?” Alex called out from inside.

Maggie cracked the door open ever so slightly. “Yeah! I come bearing lunch. Is it safe to enter?”

“Yeah, yeah, let me just finish up over here, but it’s all safe.”

Maggie ducked inside, shutting the door behind her. She found Alex across the room, hunched over a notebook as she scrawled complex formulas and notes across the page in her thin blue pen, before moving back to peer into what Maggie was certain was an exorbitantly expensive microscope, then back to the page. After a few minutes, Alex finally pulled herself back, rubbing her eyes slightly. She ran her fingers through her wavy hair, pushing it out of her face as she shrugged off her lab coat and threw out her gloves.

“So, what’s my genius girlfriend working on today?” Maggie asked as she settled into the one table at which food was allowed in the back corner of the lab.

Alex just shook her head at the designation. “Please, I’m sure my mother would have already figured it out. This wasn’t, I mean, I’m still struggling, you know, and it’s just, it’s moving. But it’s moving really slowly.” She tried to draw her attention back to the positives, to all of the things that she had accomplished, as her therapist had taught her to do.

“Hey, Alex,” Maggie whispered as her hand came to rest on top of Alex’s, “first of all, you’re doing work that has literally never been done before. Second of all, I’m smart, right? I’m not dumb. I did science at the college level and got As and Bs. But the stuff you’ve got scrawled all over your notebook and whiteboard? Al, that stuff is so high level it’s…I don’t even have an apt comparison! You make me feel like a kindergartener that was just handed Gertrude Stein. So please don’t beat yourself up over the fact that your progress isn’t going as fast as the insanely high expectations you’ve set for yourself. You’re doing groundbreaking work, and you’re actually getting places. That’s what matters.”

“Right, yeah, no, I get that. Factually, I understand it.”
Maggie slid Alex’s burger toward her. “Well, to help you see even more how great you are, want to tell me a bit more about your work? Try to help me understand?”

Alex grinned. Coming in and having Alex play teacher was one of Maggie’s favorite pastimes. As it turned out, Alex quite enjoyed getting to explain her work. The last time she’d had anyone to listen was Kara when they were growing up. But Maggie seemed genuinely interested, which made it so much better.

“Well, I’m still working on that serum that would expedite blood cell coagulation and skin cell regeneration to speed up the healing of wounds. Right now, it works on the blood cells, so the wounds scab really fast, but actually getting the skin cells to regenerate faster is proving much more difficult, which leaves scabs that are torn open again so easily, which means this is basically useless,” Alex huffed out.

“Hold up, that is not useless! Isn’t the scabbing going to help keep people from suffering huge amounts of blood loss?”

“Yes,” Alex conceded.

“And isn’t that going to help keep agents alive, especially if this serum becomes something they can bring out into the field?”

“Yes, but if they have to keep fighting, the cuts will open right back up again if they put too much strain on the skin,” Alex countered.

“Okay, but they wouldn’t have gone right back into action if they were dying or dead, now would they?”

Alex bit back a wry smile. “I’m seeing your point, Sawyer.”

“Mmm, you know nothing turns me on more than hearing you admit that I’m right.”

“And you know that nothing is a bigger turn off to me than having to admit that I’m wrong,” Alex teased back, finally biting into her burger and grabbing a handful of the fries.

“Semantics, semantics. I can be right without you being wrong. I’m only right now because you’re work is so right, even if you can’t see it. Boom, now we’re both right. And we can both be turned on…and do nothing about it because you’re at work.”

“Alas, the perils of a work lunch,” Alex laughed. She knew she needed to learn to rely more on her own sense of self worth than on other people’s words to find value in her work, but for now? For now she felt lighter than she had in a long time. There was something about the way Maggie in particular could find the absolute best in her work and get her to admit it.

“Do you want a lab cheerleader? I’ve got the rest of the day off if I want it. Captain pointed out that I need to take a few hours off before Friday from all the overtime I pulled last week.”

“Wouldn’t you be horribly bored?” Alex asked, looking at Maggie skeptically.

“You really don’t look all that serious with a mouth stuffed full of fries, Danvers,” Maggie teased. “But, no, I wouldn’t be bored. There’s something amazing about watching your mind in action.”

Blushing, Alex nodded her head. “It would be nice to have someone who knows what I’m talking about and already knows how to use a pipette around here to lend a hand.”
“Ooh…helping? See, I just offered to watch your cute butt in action…” Maggie deadpanned, cracking up only at the annoyed look on Alex’s face. “Yes, yes, of course I’ll help you. Finish lunch for me first?”

Alex nodded, stealing a few of the fries off of Maggie’s side while Maggie was distracted with her veggie burger.

They spent the rest of the afternoon hard at work together. Alex found herself falling into an easy rhythm with Maggie, their bodies moving in sync as Maggie seemed to keep up with the rapid, sometimes frenetic movements of Alex’s mind without her having to explain them. And Maggie, well, Maggie was just blown away by the speed with which Alex could correct course when something didn’t work, the way she pushed herself and drove herself to do better, to think outside of the box when her serum wasn’t improving.

This was exactly how Lucy found them late that afternoon when she dropped in to pick Alex up at the end of the day and let her know that the field mission had gone off without a hitch. But, once she got the news out, she was immediately distracted by the sight of her girlfriends standing side-by-side in matching white lab coats, their hair pulled back and safety goggles on. And sure, they looked nerdy as hell, but they also had complex formulas mapped out across the whiteboard—Maggie’s handwriting evidencing her presence and her assistance at points—and were grinning cockily at her, like they had just spent the day building something that might have impressed Marie Curie and Albert Einstein—and Lucy had no doubt it would have. And that image was enough to drive her a little bit crazy, to remind her of just how in love she was with those two nerds.

“Take off the coats and goggles, wash your hands, and meet me in the car in ten,” Lucy ordered, her voice low and commanding.

“But we’re making progress,” Alex whined, motioning at the board.

“You just admitted we were at a decent stopping point,” Maggie pointed out.

“For coffee,” Alex clarified, “not to leave.”

“What if I promise you something so much more energizing than coffee if you will get your asses out of those coats and back into our bed?” Lucy growled.

Maggie’s goggles and lab coat were put away before Alex could even come up with a counter-argument. But looking into the eyes of her two beautiful girlfriends, knowing that they were both looking at her like that because they thought she was smart, because they thought she was doing something worthwhile, because they thought that her lab work could be just as important as the way she wielded her gun, her knife, her bare hands—well, that helped spark something in her chest that was beginning to feel alive again, no matter how rare. And Alex wouldn’t give up a moment like that for anything.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments and kudos while I was traveling these past few days! Let me know your thoughts/send prompts on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites or in the comments.
Body Swap

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Could you write a fic where Kara and Alex end up swapping bodies?

Hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Kara!” Alex scolded, slapping Kara’s wrist (and trying to hide her own wince at the effort). “What have I told you about touching stuff in my lab?”

“Don’t do it,” Kara parroted back, handing over the small metal rod. As Alex took it from her, both women felt warmth pulse through it.

“Dammit, Kara,” Alex grumbled. “Now we have to do tests to see if something just happened.”

Kara at least had the courtesy to look chagrined, though when nothing showed up on their tests, she stuck her tongue out at her big sister. “See, nothing bad happened!”

“Hmph, still. Get out of my lab before something does.”

“Yeah, yeah. You love me. Now wish me luck! I’m off to go turn in my nine-thousandth draft to Snapper.”

“Good luck!” Alex yelled at Kara’s retreating form as she went back to testing the rod, trying to figure out what it did (other than heating up, apparently).

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The next morning, Alex woke up at her usual 6am start time. Stepping out of bed, she promptly put her foot through the floor, yelping as she jumped up and out of the floor and then shot up much further than a human should have. As she looked around the apartment, she managed to determine that it was Kara’s place, though she had a bit of trouble as she kept looking through the walls instead of at them. Very carefully, she tip-toed across the room, pulling out the extra pair of lead-framed glasses she knew Kara kept in her top drawer. Once she had them on, she began to feel a bit more in control, even though she did crush the bathroom door handle.

As much as she was, at this point, expecting it, looking into the mirror and seeing Kara’s face still came as an unpleasant surprise. Nothing like a gigantic problem to start the day… She reached for her phone to text Kara, but it wasn’t by her bedside. She tried to think of where Kara might have left her phone, but eventually resigned herself to the fact that it would be faster to just walk somewhere than to try to guess how Kara’s mind worked when she was flying back late at night after a fight.

Grumbling, she made her way back to Kara’s room to find clothes that weren’t sushi pajamas to wear over to the DEO. She eventually settled on a nice pair of navy pants with a white button up tucked into them and a brown belt. Seeing all of the options right out in front of her, Alex made a mental note to compliment Kara on the soft butch aesthetic she was rocking more and more recently.
Across town, Maggie was shocked to find herself awake before Alex for a change. Smirking, she decided to thank the other woman for the amazing night Alex had given her. Sliding her leg between Alex’s, Maggie pulled herself up on her elbows and began kissing Alex’s neck and down to her collarbones.

“Mmm, Lena,” Kara sighed, still half asleep.

“Lena?” Maggie snapped, popping her head up from its gradual descent and glaring at Alex’s still closed eyes.

Hearing an unfamiliar voice shocked Kara all the way awake. Blinking rapidly, she squeaked, “Maggie? What are you doing here?”

“What the fuck do you think I’m doing here?”

Kara took in her surroundings and promptly pulled the covers up to her chin, concealing a body that was most definitely not hers. “Why am I naked? Why are you naked?” she yelled, pushing Maggie away from her with a strength that was noticeably human.

“Alex, seriously, what the fuck is going on?” Maggie asked, now voluntarily moving away from the woman in bed with her and grabbing her shirt off the floor.

“I’m not Alex! It’s me, Kara!”

“What? Oh my god, I just tried to have sex with my girlfriend’s baby sister,” Maggie winced, her head buried firmly in her hands.

“No! No, we are most definitely not doing anything of the sort!”

“The lady doth protest too much, methinks,” Maggie teased, gently swatting at Kara until she realized that they were both in a state of partial (or total) undress, and even though the body was nothing new to Maggie, it was certainly not the same when it wasn’t Alex inside it.

“Not true! I was just, I thought it was part of a dream, that’s all.”

“Oh, of course. So…is that a common dream for you?”

“Shut up,” Kara whined, burrowing her head under the comforter. After just a second she popped back up. “Oh no! Alex!”

“What? Oh!” Maggie exclaimed, finally realizing that Kara’s being in Alex’s body realistically meant that Alex would be in Kara’s super-powered body with no idea how to control her strength. “Should we go to your apartment?”

“Yeah, I mean, that’s where I went to sleep last night, so realistically that’s where I’ll wake up today.”

Maggie nodded, turning to get up and get dressed. “Avert your eyes, little Danvers. No need to see my ass—perfect as it might be.”
Groaning, Kara ducked back under the covers, trying to ignore what must have happened in the bed the night before for them to have both woken up without any clothes on.

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On their way to Kara’s apartment, Kara got a text on Alex’s phone from J’onn instructing her to report to the DEO immediately. “I think I know where Alex is,” Kara muttered, showing the text to Maggie, who turned the car around and took them back to the DEO.

While going through security, they saw Winn and a few of the new recruits who Maggie vaguely recognized from her lunch visits to Alex. Kara promptly waved, asking each of them (by name) how they were adjusting to the new job. To say they looked startled would have been an understatement. Agent Danvers took turns with Director Henshaw and Director Lane in leading their drills, and she wasn’t exactly a smile-y person. Winn dared to say something: “You okay there, Alex? Did Maggie slip something into your coffee this morning? Or did you, ya know, start your morning off right?” he asked with a teasing wink.

“Eww!” Kara squealed.

“Schott,” Maggie growled, “on Alex’s behalf, let me throw out some general threats: If you ever imply anything about my girlfriend and me ever again, so help me, I will demonstrate all of the most painful ways to incapacitate an attacker to our new recruits using you as my acting attacker.”

Winn gulped and nodded, scurrying along to his desk. The rest of the recruits hustled behind him, yelling out that they would be ready to go in the training room.

Before they could have any more confusing encounters, J’onn arrived with Alex in tow—Kara’s face looking surlier than Maggie had ever seen it. “How many times have I told you not to touch the things in my lab?” Alex scolded, pointing her finger at Kara.

“Oh…so that’s what happened?” Kara asked, looking sheepish.

“Ladies,” J’onn cleared his throat. “Unless you would like to explain your very different personalities to everyone at the DEO, I think we should move this somewhere more private.”

Alex and Kara both nodded.

“I, uh, I should really get to work. But please let me know if there’s anything I can do, okay? I can always come back—say I’m helping with a case or something,” Maggie added, feeling guilty as she caught sight of the time.

“Maggie!” Alex exclaimed as if just realizing that her girlfriend was there too. She swept Maggie into a very tight hug that stopped just shy of being actually bone-breaking.

Maggie smiled but put a hand up to stop the kiss that was coming her way; it was too weird to have Kara’s face coming at her, even if it bore an expression that was recognizably Alex’s.

“Right, sorry,” Alex mumbled. “We’ll go get this fixed before anything awkward can happen.”

“Ha!” Kara snorted. “Yeah, should’ve thought about that before you went to bed last night.”

Alex blushed scarlet, and Maggie tripped over her own feet in her hurry to get away from the DEO before a super-powered Alex could find out any more about exactly how awkward the morning had gotten.
After the meeting with J’onn and what amounted to the world’s shortest training session in how not to accidentally crush things, Alex was sent on her way to CatCo to cover for Kara with the promise that J’onn would at least handle any Supergirl emergencies until they could get back to normal. Despite Alex’s whining that she would be the most help to everyone if she could stay back and work in the lab, Kara shoved her out the door, insisting that she couldn’t skip work her very first week back. Seeing the pout she had given many times over, Kara promised Alex that she would at least call James to fill him in on the situation. Alex finally stormed out of the DEO, leaving J’onn and Kara alone to gather the troops to fix their situation.

“Ponytail!” Snapper growled at the sight of Alex stalking through the elevator doors.

“What’d you call me?” Alex asked, her voice low and dangerous.

“It’s almost 10! Get in here for the editorial meeting unless you want to be hitting the pavement again, Danvers.com.”

Alex’s upper lip curled up into a near-snarl that was rather uncharacteristic on Kara’s face. Luckily, Snapper had already turned his back on her and missed the defiant gestures being thrown his way.

Throughout the meeting, Alex nodded at what looked like the appropriate moments, making a mental note to poison this Snapper man the next time she had the opportunity. Suddenly she noticed everyone looking at her and snapped her attention back into the meeting.

“Do you need me to repeat that, ponytail?” Snapper asked, his tone laced with condescension.

Biting back an angry retort, Alex nodded, trying to find an excuse that sounded right for Kara: “I just want to be sure I have all the details correct.”

“I said, go to L-Corp and interview Lena Luthor to get her take on that new tech startup that’s buying up space in downtown National City.”

“Yes, sir,” Alex nodded curtly, realizing that her movements might be a bit too military for the setting but not caring enough to soften them for Snapper’s benefit. It would do the man some good to be a bit intimidated.

After the staff meeting, she made her way to Noonan’s for an early lunch, finding herself starving after skipping breakfast. The waitress, recognizing Kara, simply checked, “The usual?”

Not wanting to raise suspicions, Alex nodded and paid the rather exorbitant cost for what she hoped was at least a large meal. When the waitress came back to her table, she was not disappointed. A BLT with extra bacon, an order of fries, a latte, and three cookies appeared in front of her, along with a takeout bag full of sticky buns. Despite her initial disgust at the sheer amount of food being placed in front of her, Alex soon found that with Kara’s metabolism it was just right, and she was grateful for the afternoon snacks she had to look forward to.

After Noonan’s, Alex braced herself for the interview she was sure to stumble through with Lena. She knew that her sister had a pretty close friendship with the CEO, but she wondered whether it would translate in an interview. Should she try to be friendly? Should she stick with professional? She figured she’d let Lena take the lead.
“Ms. Luthor, Kara Danvers is here for an interview,” Lena’s newest temp assistant informed her.

“Please send her in,” Lena replied, smiling at the thought of another afternoon with Kara.

Alex poked her head around the door. “Good morning…” she hesitated, unsure of whether to call the woman Lena or Ms. Luthor.

“What’s with the formalities, Kara?” Lena teased, making Alex grateful that she hadn’t tried out Ms. Luthor. “Come, sit down,” Lena said, gesturing at the couch.

Alex nodded curtly and shuffled forward, sitting gingerly on the edge of the couch.

“Is everything alright? You seem…out of sorts.” Lena sat on the couch next to Alex, resting her hand gently on the blonde’s shoulder.

Alex couldn’t exactly tell her the truth and admit that she was terrified of breaking what was surely a very expensive couch if she sat all the way on it. “Oh, I, uh, just dealing with Snapper this morning.”

“Ugh,” Lena groaned. “That man is awful. I don’t know how—or why—you put up with him.”

Alex smiled a bit, deciding that she might like Lena after all. “It’s my job,” she shrugged.

“Still, with your writing skills, I’m sure you could be out of there if you ever wanted a new job,” Lena complimented Kara, smiling softly at the blonde sitting next to her.

“Yeah, well,” Alex said, making a point of fiddling with her glasses as she knew Kara was prone to doing when flustered.

“You’re so cute when you don’t know how to take a compliment,” Lena teased, leaning in slightly toward Kara.

This time, Alex’s blush was genuine. She hadn’t been out of the closet long, but she was fairly certain this was flirting, that this was a lady flirting with another lady, who happened to be her sister, whose body she happened to be inhabiting. She cleared her throat, “Well, uh, anyway, the interview!”

“So is there a real interview this time?” Lena asked, arching her eyebrow. “It’s not just another excuse to come have lunch with me?”

Alex wondered how often that happened, but decided she needed to stay focused. She would discuss everything with Maggie at home. “Ah, no, this is a real one. Snapper sent me and everything. He wants your take on the new startup in town.”

“Ah, you mean the man-child with his ragtag group of wealthy, Stanford-educated, hoodie-wearing tech bros who think apps are the solution to poverty and unemployment?”

Biting back a smirk and a snarky remark that she suspected would be a bit out of character for Kara, Alex nodded and laughed softly.

Lena rolled her eyes and gave a more diplomatic response, talking about the pros and cons of having new groups in the area. Alex listened as the woman spoke, finding herself impressed with the nuance in the response and the delicate way she balanced the need for L-Corp to have an amicable working relationship with other tech companies in the area with a more-than-reasonable critique of the exact way this startup was approaching some of their policies.
“Did you want to write any of this down?” Lena asked, noting that the other woman was just looking at her with what she thought might be admiration in her eyes.

“Right! Yes. Yes, I will do that,” Alex exclaimed, pulling out a pen and a notebook from the canvas bag she found at Kara’s desk.

“Don’t worry,” Lena chuckled, placing her hand on Alex’s forearm. “I can type up my responses and send them to you if you’d rather just enjoy a nice lunch date.”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Alex managed to get out, trying to ignore the fact that Lena’s fingers were still on her arm. She wondered whether this was typical. Did straight women do this together? Had she just been closed off to all forms of physical affection out of some internalized sense of homophobia, worrying that she enjoyed it too much? I mean, she did enjoy it, only now she realized she enjoyed it the perfect amount.

“How was the rest of your day yesterday? You said you were going to see your sister, right?”

“Oh, yep! It was good, fine, nothing that eventful. Saw Alex. She’s great, as usual.”

“She and Maggie are still doing well?”

Alex was shocked to hear how much Lena knew about Kara’s life and her friends and family, wondering at the sincerity evident in Lena’s tone, even when she was asking about a woman who had arrested her for a crime she didn’t commit. “Yeah, they’re doing well. Really happy.”

“I’m so glad to hear that,” Lena said, squeezing Alex’s hand and smiling broadly.

Alex felt like she was messing up Kara’s friendship by leaving this friendly touching all one-sided. It wasn’t like she had any information ready to ask Lena about certain things. So she very carefully, very gently laced her fingers into Lena’s, hearing Lena’s heart rate speed up but seeing a smile that seemed to indicate that she was doing something good. She tried not to think about what a racing pulse meant for that platonic/romantic line Lena and Kara seemed to be hovering over. She searched her memories, trying to think of anything she had heard Kara say about Lena. “So…have you tried any new brunch spots lately?”

“I have!” Lena’s face lit up. “Two actually. One is very healthy, lots of vegan options, so probably not your style, unless you wanted to bring your sister’s girlfriend. But the other one was this old 1950s style diner that I think you would love. It’s a bit outside of the city, but I could drive you down one weekend. Unless, of course, you wanted to fly there…on a bus,” Lena teased, biting her lip as she forced back a smirk.

Alex gritted her teeth. She knew that Kara was bad at keeping her secret identity secret, but she didn’t realize just how lame her cover-ups could be. “I think a drive down with you sounds great,” she forced out, trying to keep her tone light, to not let on that the comment had bothered her.

“Does this Sunday work for you?” Lena asked.

Alex checked Kara’s calendar, noting a coffee date with Mon-El at 10am. “Hmm, yep! Totally free. Shall we say…oh, 10 o’clock?”

“That works for me,” Lena smiled.

“Perfect, it’s a date!” Alex heard Lena’s heart race again, though she was saved from further speculation by the sound of a knock on Lena’s door.
Checking her watch, Lena noted the time. “Shoot, Kara, I’m sorry to kick you out, but I’ve got some potential investors coming in for a meeting in just a few minutes. I’ll type up my notes and send them to you within the hour, though, I promise.”

“Right, thanks, Lena. I appreciate your taking the time,” Alex replied, standing quickly to take her leave.

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Back at the DEO, Winn had finally figured out a way to reverse the body swap, and Kara was anxiously awaiting Alex’s return. Truth be told, she hadn't minded spending the day in Alex’s body —awkward morning interactions aside. Sure, she almost threw up when she tried eating her normal lunch, and she actually got hurt when she stubbed her toe (though, for once, the table was left intact), but at least she didn’t have any powers to adjust to like Alex did. Walking down the halls as Alex, though, that was another story. Agents that she would normally stop and have a conversation with suddenly ducked into corridors and busied themselves on tablets, nodding respectfully when Alex walked past them but never lingering to talk.

When she saw her own body walking through the DEO doors, Kara couldn’t help the broad grin overtaking her features. J’onn waved Alex over to them and brought both women back to the lab where Winn was waiting.

“Are you two ready to switch back?” J’onn asked.

“Wait! Actually, really fast, can I try flying?” Alex asked.

Despite his annoyance at having to wait, J’onn was happy enough to let Alex experience the joys of flying for just a bit. “You’ll need a chaperone, which is to say, me, to accompany you.”

“That’s fine!” Alex rushed out, too excited by the prospect of flying to care about her over-eager attitude.

“Alright, then, follow me. You’ll need to put on the suit, though.”

While Alex went to change, Kara texted Maggie, letting her know that Alex was getting a chance to fly before they changed her back. Maggie quickly replied that she was on her way over.

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“This is amazing!” Alex yelled to J’onn as they zipped through the sky. After a few rocky starts and one bad crash landing that would have been very painful had Alex still been human, she had finally gotten the hang of the whole flying thing. Sure, she couldn’t exactly turn on a dime, nor was she willing to try breaking the sound barrier just yet, and her landings were still a little too hard—often breaking earth beneath her feet—but the actual being in the air part? That was amazing.

Eventually, though, J’onn knew they needed to get back to the DEO and complete the swap. Better to start now in case there were any problems or if the device Winn built didn’t actually work. One day was doable, but more than that would start to raise suspicions. Alex reluctantly agreed and followed J’onn back to the DEO, managing to land inside without even cracking the floor tiles.

“Nicely done, Danvers,” Maggie praised, grinning at the sight of her girlfriend in full Supergirl attire.

“Why thank you,” Alex laughed, giving a small bow. “Now, ready to go back to seeing me in my normal body? Even though I can’t fly…”
“I can’t wait, babe,” Maggie replied honestly.

A few minutes later, the two women emerged from the lab with J’onn and Winn in tow. “Is that really you now?” Maggie asked the woman in Alex’s body.

“It’s really me,” Alex nodded.

“Oh, thank god!” Maggie wrapped her arms around Alex’s solid body, kissing her on the cheek. It was good to have her girlfriend back.

“It’s good to have both of you back,” J’onn declared. “Agent Schott, good work today.” Winn beamed and followed J’onn out of the room happily.

Rounding on Kara now that they were basically alone, Alex thought back to her interview with Lena—from the flirty touches to the flying comment, there was much to discuss. “First of all, you have to cancel your coffee with Mon-El for this Sunday because you have brunch with Lena instead. But, more importantly, you have got so much explaining to do!”

“I didn’t kiss her back! As soon as I realized it was Maggie I stopped everything,” Kara blurted out, holding her hands up.

“You what? Wait, what happened with Maggie?”

“What about me?” Maggie asked, poking her head out from behind Alex.

“What did you do to my sister? And what did you do to my girlfriend?” Alex asked, rounding on both women in turn.

“Oh, I, uh, I left something back at the precinct. Good to see you in the right body, babe!” Maggie yelped, quickly heading for the door.

“Yeah…I hear children calling for help! Supergirl emergency, gotta run!” Kara yelled as she shot up and through the secret exit of the DEO, leaving Alex with her arms crossed, alone in the middle of the room.

Chapter End Notes

Find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites with any prompts or questions! I'm also finally back home with my own computer to respond to the lovely comments you all left this past week.
Before Alex could rethink her outfit again, she heard a knock at the door. “Hey!” she waved, opening the door all the way to let Sawyer in. She let her eyes glance down to appreciate Sawyer’s look. They had on gray, slim cut jeans, tucked into scuffed up black motorcycle boots, and a white henley that was just fitted enough to show off their sculpted physique.

Alex looked up when she heard Sawyer laughing softly. “You still too busy checking me out to hear me?”

Alex blushed scarlet. “Oh, uh, I was just, uh, admiring your shirt. It’s nice. It’s, um, very clean looking.”

Biting back a smile, they nodded. “I did wash it special for you, Danvers.”

“Er, right, yes, well. Um, please come in. How are you?”

“I’m good, excited to finally have a night off. And a night with you of course,” they added smoothly, kissing Alex gently on the cheek as they walked farther into the apartment. The first thing they noticed was the prominence of Alex’s massive bed—a sight that had their mind in the gutter faster than they could chastise themselves to be more chivalric.

Alex, having clearly noticed where their attention had been diverted, cleared her throat. “Right, uh, we can start our night in the living room,” she explained, blushing furiously again as she realized how forward her phrasing had sounded. “I mean, we can, you know, eat and watch our movie in the living room,” she clarified, motioning to the sofa they had walked past on their way in. “I’ll let you pick the movie, since I’m very sweet like that.”

“So sweet, Alex, so very sweet. That’s definitely what I was thinking about you two nights ago when I watched you bring a literal grenade to a fight,” Sawyer teased.

“Yeah, well…we won, didn’t we?”

“We did,” Sawyer conceded with a grin. They had a feeling this woman could be the death of them, and they couldn’t wait.
“What’s for dinner?” Sawyer asked, pulling Alex out of her head.

“Oh! Uhm, well, there was theoretically going to be paella…but now pizza is on its way.” Alex blushed, hoping Sawyer wouldn’t notice the missing smoke detector or the lingering smell of smoke that she hadn’t quite been able to fan out the kitchen window.

“Pizza is always great. Plus, it’ll go well with the wine and brownies I brought.” They placed a bottle of red and a small tray of gooey looking brownies on the counter.

“Ooh, where’d you get them?” Alex asked, knowing that would be Kara’s first question when she raved about what were certain to be delicious desserts.

Cocking their head to the side, Sawyer laughed softly. “I baked them, Danvers. Think I can’t bake?” they teased.

“No! No, no, no, that’s so not what I meant. I just, they look really good. That’s…very impressive.”

“I think you’ll find there are a lot of very impressive things about me,” they flirted.

Alex bit her lip in response, trying not to let her mind stray too far from the present as she thought about all of the things that Sawyer might just prove to be exceptional at doing. Trying to bring herself back into the present, Alex cleared her throat. “I pulled up Netflix if you want to look for something to watch? You’re the guest, so it’s your choice. I’ve also got some DVDs in that cabinet over there if you don’t see anything you like.”

Sawyer nodded, making their way over to the couch and motioning for Alex to join them. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’ll take you up on the offer to choose, but I want you to like whatever we watch too,” they clarified.

“So considerate,” Alex teased, sitting down next to Sawyer and immediately wondering whether she might be a bit too close for what was the very beginning of their first date.

Sawyer began clicking through Alex’s Netflix homepage. It was always fascinating to see what other people had listed; they were convinced it was one of the best ways to get to know a person. “You, uh, you like musicals, Danvers?” Sawyer asked, noting the long line of musicals in the “recommended for you” section.

“Er, my sister loves them. I like some…but not nearly as much as her. But you don’t have to like them! That’s fine too.”

“I’m just screwing with you; musicals are fun. Not always a fan, but give me something like Chicago any day.”

“I love Chicago!” Alex squealed. Clearing her throat and making a solid attempt at lowering her voice, she explained, “I really like the music in it. Also, I swear, my love of the ‘Cell Block Tango’ dance was a pretty early indicator of my sexual preferences.”

“Nothing like attractive, dangerous women, huh?”

“Nothing like attractive, dangerous people,” Alex clarified.

“Very smooth,” Sawyer grinned, throwing their arm around Alex’s shoulders. “All this talk of the song…should we bite the bullet and watch Chicago tonight?”
“Sounds great,” Alex nodded.

As they queued up the movie, the buzzer rang for what Alex hoped was the pizza. She ran over and buzzed the guy up, finding Jessy, the usual delivery boy who had gotten to know Kara far too well with the inhuman amount of pizza she ate.

“Kara’s big sister!” he called out as she opened the door. “And Kara’s big sister’s…friend? Date?”

“Shut up, Jessy,” Alex grumbled, handing the man a twenty and waving off any attempt at change. He knew better than to think the Danvers sisters would ever tip him anything other than generously, even on the days when they might get pizza delivered twice.

“You know I’m just going to ask Kara about date night pizza, right?” he asked, a broad grin on his face.

“Shut up, Jessy,” Alex repeated, biting back a laugh because truly, only her sister would make friends with her pizza guy, who was fairly decent, even if Alex didn’t like to admit it.

“You know you love me!” he yelled over his shoulder as he made his way back to the elevator.

“Get outta here! No one likes you, Dan!” Alex teased back, laughing as he grinned and waved.

“Did you just make a Gossip Girl joke?” Sawyer asked.

“Did you just recognize a Gossip Girl joke?”

“Touché.”

After a moment of silence, they both cracked up at the slightly ridiculous situation, then made their way over to the pizza.

“I didn’t know what you like, so I ordered half cheese, half veggie. I’ve never seen you eat meat, and you seem to like sort of healthy food…”

Laughing, Sawyer nodded, “I’m good with both. For the future: no meat and no regular milk, but you’d be surprised at how great vegan ice cream has gotten in recent years.”

“Um, no thanks in advance on that offer to share.” Alex made a fake gagging noise at the idea, earning an exaggerated eye roll from Sawyer.

“Your loss,” they tossed back, pulling two slices onto a plate. “Should we eat before the movie?”

“Yeah, if you don’t mind.”

“If it means getting to talk to you more, I’m perfectly happy.”

Alex blushed and busied herself with her plate, trying to get herself out of schoolgirl crush mode before going over to the table.

Over dinner, they talked about anything and everything, learning about each other’s childhoods and joking about the things that had happened this past week. Alex talked about missing being close enough to the beach to go surfing every morning, and Maggie admitted that the ocean still freaked her out—in a good way, though—from having grown up in a landlocked state. Maggie reflected briefly on her years in Gotham and working alongside Batman and Batwoman, though she figured she’d save the point about Batwoman being an ex for a later date, and Alex talked about fighting aliens with Supergirl, leaving out the fact that she had also grown up with Supergirl in her pre-hero
days.

While they were talking about their college years, Alex mentioned going through a bit of a party girl phase after finishing undergrad in just over two years and being left feeling unfulfilled somehow, as though she were still failing to live up to expectations.

“I feel ya,” Sawyer commiserated. “I mean, I wasn’t huge in the party scene, but I had some of that anxiety that comes from putting so much pressure on yourself to be perfect and to make the absolute most out of everything, especially when you’re not some rich white dude whose whole family has done the college thing already.”

“And of course it never helps when you’re trying to figure out who you are as a person at the same time,” Alex laughed drily.

“Cheers,” Sawyer toasted, holding up their cup of water. “So, did you come out in college, then?”

“Yeah, finally bit the bullet then. I mean, I think I knew in high school. In retrospect, I was totally head-over-heels in love with my best friend, but she had a boyfriend, and I was too busy to date anyone really. But in college, there was this really sexy, out and proud dyke—her word, which I think she even had on a poster hanging on her wall—living just one floor below me next to my lab partner. And she took one look at me and just went, ‘Oh, cool! You’re gay too.’ And at first I panicked, right, because…no? Not me! Totally looking for someone else. But then I’m like, wait, this very attractive woman is looking at you and letting you be part of her club. And damn, did I want to be part of whatever club she was leading.”

“So, bam, just like that?”

“I mean, it took a couple weeks and some gin, but yeah, it was sort of a domino effect there.”

Sawyer laughed. “So is this some story where you get the girl too?”

“Ah…not so much. We went on a coffee date, and I was a little too fresh off the boat for her liking. Still got nervous about being out in public and holding hands. But we stayed friendly enough. What about you? Come out in college too?”

Trying to figure out how much to say, Sawyer paused for a moment, taking a bite of pizza as they thought about whether it was worth it to open up to Alex. Truth be told, they like her…a lot. Enough that it sort of freaked them out. But also enough that Sawyer thought maybe they should open up for a change; after all, the whole refusal to be vulnerable was exactly what had driven her ex away. “For the lesbian part, it was in high school, actually,” they finally corrected. “Didn’t go super well… moved in with my aunt. Parents were a little too Catholic for the level of gay I was bringing to the house. I came out as non-binary in college, though. Finally had a girlfriend who let me realize that being butch didn’t have to be the furthest end of the gender spectrum I could reach while still being a lesbian. The rest, as they say, is history.”

“I’m really sorry about your parents; that’s fucked up, and I know there’s nothing I can say to make it better, but I really do appreciate your trusting me enough to open up. If there’s ever anything you want to talk about, or if, you know, you just wanna come over and spar or watch shitty television, my door is always open…theoretically. I mean, I use my lock and stuff. But, like, the offer still stands, you know?” Alex trailed off, blushing at the realization that she had started to ramble in earnest.

Sawyer bit back a smile at Alex’s response. It was nice to not get those godawful pitying looks in return or the suggestions about what they might do to restore ties with their parents. Just knowing
that Alex, even this early in their relationship (or friendship, or whatever it was), was there for them—that was more than enough. “Thanks, Al.”

“Any time,” Alex replied, smiling softly. “Now, unless you’re trying to get all the embarrassing details about baby gay Alex, I suggest we move this to the couch and get Chicago started.”

“Oh, but you can’t just dangle something as enticing as embarrassing stories in front of me and expect me to just drop it!”

“Maybe later…I’m talking date five or six. Once I’ve proven myself to be such a smooth and competent partner that you won’t care.”

Laughing, Sawyer nodded, “I mean, you’re already being smooth with the whole suggestion that we’re gonna have a date five or six.”

“Yeah…well,” Alex huffed out, significantly undercutting the cool factor she had begun building. Trying to move past it, she shuffled over to the couch, motioning for Sawyer to follow her.

As they settled in, Alex pulled out a blanket. “If you wanna share or something, otherwise I can go find a second one.”

“I think we can share. Come on in, I think it works better if you cuddle into me,” they explained, pulling one of their arms back as Alex slid into their side, resting her head on Sawyer’s shoulder as Sawyer pulled the blanket around them.

After jumping back up to turn off the lights, Alex snuggled back into Sawyer and hit play on the movie. They stayed like that for a while, barely moving as they both tried to play it cool with the newfound proximity. When “Cell Block Tango” came on, Alex nearly held her breath, hoping that Sawyer wouldn’t notice her heart pounding against her ribcage or the way her breath was just a little too shallow. It wasn’t her fault that this song may or may not have played an integral role in her figuring out her own sexuality, and now she had this sexy ass human next to her, touching her, running her fingers up and down her arm, raising goosebumps in their wake.

Sawyer knew it was too early to be thinking about Alex the way she was, even if the whole system of rules for dating that magazines like Cosmo put out for women was absurd and sexist bullshit built on patriarchal notions that women’s bodies were items to traffic in and mustn’t be handed over too early lest the dear man lose interest. But still, they wanted to be respectful of Alex. Plus, they didn’t exactly have the confidence just yet to go through what they did and didn’t like in bed, to wait and see how Alex reacted to things like their binding or otherwise always being in tight sports bras. But god, Alex was so close, and so warm, and her one hand was resting just so on their hip, and if they just rotated Alex ever so slightly…

As the song came to a crescendo and the prisoners came forward to dance in the line of red backlit cells, Alex debated the merits of pausing the movie to get her hormones under control before she spun in Sawyer’s arms and just kissed them. People kissed on a first date, right? And people made out on first dates. Hell, Alex had even fucked on first dates, not that she wanted to go quite so far today. She wanted to respect Sawyer’s wishes and whatever timeline they chose to follow.

When the song ended, both of them cleared their throats, giggling slightly at the awkwardness. Alex hit pause. “Want to grab the wine and dessert? I’m so excited to try your brownies.”

“Yeah, definitely. Hopefully you like them.”

“I’m sure you’re delicious.” Blushing furiously, Alex corrected, “I’m sure they’re delicious. The
brownies. The brownies you baked. Because that’s what we’re eating. Do you like wine? I’m gonna have some wine.”

Sawyer swallowed their laugh. They were feeling exactly the same way, so it wasn’t like they could make fun of Alex for it. And, more importantly, they wouldn’t want to make fun of Alex for it.

When they both had glasses of wine and the platter of brownies set up on the coffee table in front of them, Sawyer turned to Alex, who hadn’t said a word after her wording mix up. “Hey, Alex?”

“How?” Alex asked, studiously avoiding eye contact as she chastised herself for surely making them uncomfortable.

Sawyer debated what to do, trying to figure out how to make Alex feel alright about what she had said. It hadn’t made them uncomfortable, and, honestly, it just reflected what they were thinking too. They shifted closer to Alex, making sure the wine was set firmly on the ground. “Can I kiss you?” they asked before they could censor themselves.

Eyes wide and hopeful, Alex looked up. She found no trace of mocking in Sawyer’s expression, so she nodded slowly, carefully, as though any sudden movements might ruin the moment. She licked her lips as Sawyer leaned forward, pausing to make sure that Alex really was okay. Alex finally closed the distance, closing her eyes at the feeling of Sawyer’s lips on her own.

As they both moved forward at the same time, they banged teeth and noses. But rather than let the less-than-graceful movement turn into some awkward moment that would hang over them for the rest of the night, Alex just smiled and shrugged it off: “Guess this means we need to practice. Luckily I don’t mind.”

Sawyer grinned and leaned back in to meet Alex. This time they met smoothly, kissing softly for a few moments until Sawyer lightly sucked Alex’s bottom lip between their own, coaxing a small whimper out of Alex that spurred them both on. Alex soon had her hands in Sawyer’s hair and her teeth dragging across their lower lip, as Sawyer let one of their hands drop to Alex’s waist as their other came up to cup Alex’s cheek.

After a few minutes, they pulled back, both panting slightly but looking beyond pleased with themselves. Alex bit back a grin at the faint trace of lipstick that had been left smeared around Sawyer’s mouth. She didn’t say anything yet, figuring that they’d probably do that again before the night was over.

And sure enough, they did. Once they finished their brownies, which were even more delicious than Alex had predicted, Alex found Sawyer’s free hand and cupped it in both of hers, tracing gentle patterns to match the ones being traced on her own shoulder. They managed to make it to the end of the film with only one short bathroom break, which lasted a little bit longer thanks to some kissing.

As the credits rolled, Alex looked unsure about what to do. She didn’t want to make any assumptions, but she also very much wanted to kiss Sawyer a little longer. Finally, she asked quietly, “Do you, uh, do you need to go home? Or did you want to maybe stay a little longer?”

Grinning, Sawyer answered with a chaste kiss that promptly turned less than chase as Alex surged forward. At some point, Alex found herself on her back with Sawyer on top of her. They carefully skirted around boundaries, always stopping just shy of crossing lines, toying with shirt hems and letting fingers glance quickly across sensitive areas, never stopping or even lingering. Alex gasped as Sawyer’s thigh came to rest between her legs, while their tongue teased her lower lip.

Feeling herself getting far too excited for the amount of clothing they were wearing, Alex shuffled
back to the edge of the couch, quickly quelling Sawyer’s fears that they had gone too far too fast. There really wasn’t a diplomatic way of saying that it had been a very long time since she had gotten laid and that she was just a few hard thrusts away from coming even with her jeans still on, so she settled on reassuring Sawyer, “You didn’t do anything wrong. I just, I want to try to take my time with you, and it’s getting increasingly difficult for me to remember why I thought that was such a great idea.”

Sawyer grinned and nodded. “I know what you mean. Well, on that note, can I offer you a very quick kiss goodnight?”

“Of course,” Alex nodded, still smiling when Sawyer pulled back from their last kiss.

Eventually they made it to the doorway and, with a promise to text Alex to let her know that they had gotten home safely, Sawyer was on their way out the door. Before they had even gotten to their motorcycle, however, they sent: “I had a lot of fun tonight. Can I take you out on a second date this Sunday afternoon, barring crime, of course?”

“Absolutely!” Alex sent back, not worrying in the slightest about the rules on how long she should have waited to reply.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Prompt from a very special lady: So, I would like to hear about how Maggie tries to protect Alex from things she knows will cause her anxiety after the whole kidnapping/nearly drowning episode. Like making sure she doesn’t touch credit cards or always making sure she’s in the bathroom talking with Alex while Alex showers and all that. And Alex doesn’t notice because she’s just stuck in her own head until suddenly it clicks or she catches Maggie doing it or something. And then Alex thanks her with smooches or Maggie gets a chance to take a break from being the strong one. Hope you enjoy, dear!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Maggie’s never been particularly good at dealing with her own emotions. That’s not to say that she lets them get the better of her; no, she works through them, over them, around them. She doesn’t think she’s Catholic enough anymore to call it repression, but sometimes it feels that way—at least that’s a word that’s been thrown at her more than once during breakups. To Maggie, it’s just the easiest way of coping; it’s moving on without being held back. It’s what she had to do as a 14-year old who found herself without a home. To have let those emotions—the feelings of hurt and betrayal that stung, that lurked so close to the surface—overcome her? That would have been the end. So she soldiers on, ever in control. She flirts with anger—that’s one emotion that has helped her in the past, helped her to push herself harder and do more just to prove everyone else wrong—but the others are subsumed into that anger, feeding it but never burning brighter than it.

With Alex? She lets herself feel love, lets herself get just close enough to something soft, something that tugs at parts of her she’d long ago left to die. And it brings its own host of new emotions—foremost among them, protectiveness. Because dammit, she was not about to let this woman get hurt, and least of all for being herself.

After Rick, though, Maggie isn’t quite sure which emotion to let win: the anger or the protectiveness. She knows there’s fear buried under that anger, but the fear is about her, is about whatever she felt, and she isn’t what matters right now. It’s Alex, always Alex, needs to be Alex. Because Alex is the one who spent hours locked in a tank, who carved into her own skin to try to wire herself into the surveillance cameras, who watched her cage fill with freezing cold water, wondering whether anyone would ever find her and, if they did, if she’d even still be alive.

Even though Alex puts up a strong front, Maggie rushes to keep anything away from her that might trigger her, that might draw her back to everything she had endured while she was away, while she was distracted, while she wasn’t good enough.

She tries to be methodical about it. What are the obvious things? Small spaces. Credit cards. Cameras. Water. Maybe blonde men. She takes it upon herself to help Alex avoid these things, or at least to be with her whenever she needs to deal with them.

For weeks after the accident, Maggie takes it upon herself to pay whenever they go out to eat. It’s not like she’s being particularly chivalric; they have a joint bank account. But she doesn’t need Alex to
fish through her wallet and realize that she still hadn’t ordered a new card, to remember why she needed to in the first place. She sends Alex articles about how studies show that paying with cash, rather than card, does wonders for savings habits. She starts withdrawing cash for their week in advance. Alex laughs about it, trying to convince Maggie that she appreciates it, but honestly, her money is only ever spent on food, motorcycle maintenance, and leather jackets, but she goes along with it. It’s nice to see Maggie thinking so clearly about their future together.

Water is a little trickier, but Maggie tries as best she can to make sure Alex at least doesn’t have to be alone with it. She starts shifting her hours at work to better match Alex’s, ensuring that they can wake up together and go to bed together. When Alex needs to shower, she’s there too, playing it off with jokes, with flirting, with suggestions about saving resources. And the few times when Alex has really just wanted to get in and out without the time that washing one another takes? Those times Maggie sat in the bathroom with her, insisting that she really just needed to finish telling Alex this story and it absolutely couldn’t wait. And Alex is okay with it because really, it wasn’t like she tried to find time away from Maggie. What’s wrong with prolonging the honeymoon period a bit longer?

Maggie makes a point of keeping Alex in her own apartment with its open floorplan, unlike hers, with its doors and the small, windowless bedroom (good for sleeping in; bad for preventing nightmares these days). She’s had the whole place scanned three times for good measure, making sure that no bugs survived the DEO’s initial scouring of the place.

The idea that Rick had been following them, watching them, for so long puts Maggie on edge constantly. She feels like she’s undercover with the amount of time she spends looking over her shoulder and making mental notes about anyone she thinks she might have seen before.

One afternoon, as they’re walking home from an early day at work, it starts raining. And not just drizzling, but storming. Which of course means that people are running and bumping into them—the perfect situation to put Maggie on high alert. She has an arm around Alex as she maneuvers them down the sidewalk, desperately trying to keep Alex away from the masses of bodies running for cover. And she hasn’t been sleeping, hasn’t even been resting with the way her mind is constantly on alert, constantly watching for whatever threat might be next, because there’s always something; serenity is a privilege she can’t afford.

So when a blonde man who looks just a little too much like Rick runs straight into her and Alex, while she’s already trying to balance the crowds and the rain, she snaps. She shoves his chest that is still far too close to them, too much in their space, too unapologetically present, and tells him to back the fuck away from them. And he scoffs and rolls his eyes and tells her to calm down—because that’s always the response to a woman’s anger, to a woman of color’s anger. Calm down. Relax. Don’t overreact.

But Alex notices this, notices the way that Maggie is constantly tense, the way she twitches when people get close to Alex. When they get back to Alex’s apartment, Alex takes note of how quick Maggie is to get her the fluffiest towels she owns and a pair of warm, dry pajamas. It’s when she tells Maggie that she just wants to shower really fast to get warm before she puts on pajamas that it finally clicks for Alex. Because Maggie, who already had pajamas on and looked ready to snuggle in bed, is suddenly stripping out of her dry clothes and following Alex to the bathroom, insisting that she should probably shower off too.

“Maggie,” Alex begins, her voice soft. She’s trying to figure out how to tell Maggie that she sees her, that she sees what she’s been doing, that she appreciates it but also thinks it might be coming at the cost of Maggie’s own mental health, and that she can hold herself together, that they can hold themselves together, without one person having to be the strong one all of the time. “Maggie, I can shower on my own now. At first, I needed you there. And I didn’t know how to ask for you, but you
already knew, were already there for me. But I don’t need you to stop everything you’re doing to shower with me or to just sit on the sink counter when I need to bathe. And I don’t need you to punch every blonde guy on the streets, though the guy today totally deserved it.” Then it dawns on her that Maggie hasn’t let her pay for anything with a card either, and she swears she feels her heart melting just a little bit at the level of concern it evinces. “And I can deal with my credit cards too.”

Shrugging her shoulders, Maggie just nods. She doesn’t know what to make of Alex’s apparent self-sufficiency. It wasn’t like she wanted Alex to be weak, to need her, but she doesn’t know if she’s stepped over a line in trying to protect her, if she’s made Alex feel like Maggie thinks she’s too weak to deal with the aftermath.

Alex swears she can hear Maggie’s thoughts spiraling. She was never one to be great with emotions—especially other people’s emotions, save, maybe, for Kara—but she had learned Maggie’s, and she could see her girlfriend questioning everything she had done for the past month. “I love you,” Alex whispered, stepping in close to Maggie, wrapping her arms around the other woman. “I love you so much, and I don’t want you to feel like you can’t need help too. What happened with Rick? That happened to you too. He sat in front of you, toying with you, dangling every moment of intimacy we had ever shared in front of you. And that, that is it’s own kind of fucked up abuse. And if you need to break or cry? I’m here for you too. Because we’re a team now. It’s not just you guiding me out of the closet or me showing you what a real high tech lab can do.” She pauses to smile, to wait for Maggie to chuckle softly, thinking back to their first meeting. “We’re in this together, Mags. Always.”

And so, for the first time since Alex dragged her ass out of the recovery bed in the DEO, Maggie lets herself break—just for a moment—lets a few sobs wrack through her body as she melts into Alex’s body. And even if it’s over fast, even if she’s soon pulling herself back together, she knows—and Alex knows—that it’s enough. It’s Maggie’s way of showing that she might not change everything about herself, that she might never be a highly emotive person, but that she’s willing to share whatever she does have with Alex, her partner.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and talk about how great it is to get Cat Grant back on our TV screens
Prompt from iamdeltas: If you’re still taking prompts, could you write a fic where Alex gets to act like a mentor to a girl who wants to go into bioengineering/something else bio related? I really love scientist Alex, and I really like the idea of Alex working with kids. ^_^

Plus requests for more of Jessie (see chapter 8: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24077343)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“What if they don’t like me?” Alex asked, worrying her lip between her teeth as Maggie adjusted her collar.

“They’re going to love you, Danvers, just like I do…well, not just like I do, but they’re gonna think you’re cool at least,” Maggie replied.

Alex shrugged, trying not to show just how stressed she was.

“Come on,” Maggie nudged her. “Badass Agent Alex Danvers is not afraid of high school kids.”

“I’m not afraid.” Alex pouted. “I just want them to like me.”

“You work with aliens, and even if you can’t tell them exactly which agency you work for, you still get to be a federal agent who fights crime and does crazy smart stuff in her lab. If that isn’t enough to impress them, then they’re just trying too hard to look cool.”

“Would you know from experience?” Alex teased, picturing an 18-year old Maggie in a beat-up leather jacket absolutely refusing to be impressed by anyone. Of course, knowing what she had gone through, Alex couldn’t fault Maggie for having that attitude.

“Psh, I didn’t have to try to be cool; I just was. Now what about you, Danvers? These are the smart nerds that got chosen for a summer program at NCU, so, ya know, basically little mini-Alexs. Just think about how impressive 30-year old you would seem to 17-year old you.”

Blushing slightly, Alex brushed off the compliments and grabbed her keys. With a kiss goodbye, she was out the door and on her way to the university’s main campus to meet Jessie, Winn’s new professor girlfriend who had asked if she wouldn’t mind coming to the career panel for NCU’s summer program. Each year, the university brought together high-achieving high students from across the state who would be the first in their family to attend college. For six weeks, the students took classes and met with faculty and admissions officers to learn about how to apply to college and fill out the financial aid forms and talked with current students about their experiences and what they wished they had known starting university, and with professionals in the area about what type of work they do and how they got there. Alex had been more than happy to volunteer (and she certainly didn’t regret her decision), but she found that she was more nervous than she had expected to be.
“Alex!” Jessie called out, waving her up to the front of the room. “How are you?” she asked, pulling Alex in for a quick hug.

“Good, good. How’s the program been going?” Alex asked, looking around at the groups of high school students milling about.

“It’s been great! They’re such a great group of kids. I mean, they always are, but this year in particular we’ve got some really interesting students. You’ll love them!”

“I just hope they like me back,” Alex joked, though there was more than a grain of truth in her statement.

“Oh please, if they can put up with me as a philosophy professor for two weeks already, they’re going to fall over themselves lining up to talk to you, Dr. Space-Alien-Bioengineer-Agent!”

Before Alex could reply, another professor with the program was pulling Jessie away to help greet a few more participants for the career panel. “Go, grab a coffee, find a spot at the front table! I’ll be up to moderate the questions soon enough,” Jessie called back to Alex on her way to the door.

Alex shuffled over to the coffee table, debating the merits of texting Maggie for a last minute boost of confidence before they got started. But by the time she had gotten through the line, one of the staff members was calling all the participants up to the front table to do introductions and get the Q&A started.

“Good morning, all!” the woman called out to the crowd of students. She seemed far too enthusiastic for 9am. “If you can all take your seats, we’ve got a great group of National City’s finest who are here to answer your questions. And, if we can’t get to you during the hour we have allotted for Q&A, don’t worry; we have another hour scheduled for you to mingle over coffee and snacks.” A sound of general approval ran through the crowd at the mention of food, but they quickly settled back down, looking up to the front to assess the panel of adults assembled before them.

Alex listened as Jessie, who had now taken over the mic, went down the line of panelists introducing everyone. She was impressed at the sheer breadth of careers; Jessie had really done a fabulous job of finding jobs that could fit a whole range of interests and possible majors. First up was an accountant, then a special education teacher, followed by Alex, who was sitting next to a journalist. Down the line were a political campaign manager, a lawyer, and a pediatrician.

“Now, I know we don’t have every career represented, but hopefully you’ll be able to find areas of overlap. Plus, you don’t stop having friends when you grow up, so you might just find that these wonderful people have friends and colleagues who do exactly what it is you want to do! Now, if you’ll all give the panelists your undivided attention—that means cell phones off!—I’ll give them a couple minutes each to introduce themselves and tell you what they do in their own words, then we’ll open it up for questions.”

Alex paid attention as the people before her spoke, trying to stay calm in advance of her own turn. There was something about teenagers that just made her a little nervous; perhaps it was the memory of how catty people could be during high school, especially to her slightly different foster sister. She managed to get out a few sentences that she thought sounded alright, earning a broad smile and a thumbs up from Jessie and a flurry of movement from some students who looked excited enough about having her there.

During the Q&A, Jessie did a good job of making sure that panelists got about an equal number of
questions, so Alex only had to answer a few on her own—the first of which was (as perhaps should have been expected) whether she had ever met Supergirl. Her nod and smile garnered loud gasps of surprise and awe. Luckily the other questions were a bit more substantive, covering what she had studied in school and whether it was hard to find time for lab work if she was out fighting crime all the time.

Toward the end of the hour, one student asked about work-life balance, and Jessie directed it to the whole group. The responses varied by profession, with almost everyone conceding that the early years of their career were a lot more work-heavy and that they had to learn to find that balance as they went on. As a follow up question, another student asked about making friends and dating people after school; even though she blushed while asking it, Alex noted how many of the other students looked interested in hearing the answer.

As the pediatrician began talking about his wife and children and the friends he had made in medical school and then at his daughter’s play group, Alex began to get nervous. When the campaign manager talked about her fiancé and the difficulty of keeping up their relationship while she traveled with the candidates, Alex started tapping her foot in anticipation. She was still so new to this—new to letting her guard down long enough to make friends; new to being out and honest with herself; new to having successful, loving relationships. Could she possibly be the right person to answer this question? Did she want to be the spokesperson for “the gays,” and, hell, was she even qualified to do so?

Before she could even figure out the answers to those questions, Jessie was motioning for her to begin, to give some sort of answer after every single person before her had talked about maintaining close friendships for years and their straight marriages and engagements. “Well, I, I think I might have had a bit more trouble than everyone else,” she tried joking. “As an agent, I can’t always talk about my work, and sometimes I have to be gone for weeks at a time.” She didn’t add that she wasn’t even being honest now about the exact agency for which she worked, even if they knew that she worked with extraterrestrial life and technology.

“Especially when I was first starting out, I found it was easier to keep to myself. I had my sister, who is still my best friend, and sometimes we hung out with her friends, but I didn’t do too much socializing on my own. But recently, I started realizing how much I missed those close friendships many of you probably have. It can be easier when you’re in school, when you’re with people your own age every day—though, of course, sometimes it’s not! And that’s okay too. But I started opening up again, letting people back in, becoming friends with and dating people who worked in similar jobs and understood the unique set of demands. And, well, I’m not married. Or engaged. Not yet anyway. But I’ve got a girlfriend, and she’s a detective, and we’re, well, we’re really happy together. So yeah…” she trailed off, trying to keep her heart rate steady as she exhaled slowly. When she caught Jessie’s eye again, the woman was grinning and very subtly motioning to the audience, where Alex could see a few of the students beaming at her.

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Once the formal questions had ended, Jessie directed everyone to the next room, where more coffee had been put out, along with trays of bagels and pastries. Jessie ran to grab Alex before she could get swept up in the crowd.

“Hey! Alex!” Jessie whispered, waving excitedly at Alex.

“Hey!” Alex called back, weaving through the crowds of students that had gathered to get back to the hallway. “Was that, uh, was it okay?”

“You were brilliant! Seriously, I could not have asked for a better answer to that last question. I
mean, I would never have put it on you to give it or asked you to come out, but to admit that there
are difficulties in adulthood is so important. And then to give these kids hope for a future outside of
what they’re seeing far too often on TV, I mean, seriously, Alex, I don’t know how to thank you.
I’m sure you’re going to have some starstruck students lining up to talk to you.”

Blushing, Alex shook her head at what she was fairly certain was undue praise. But when she turned
around, sure enough there was a small line of students waiting for her.

“I’ll grab you something to eat,” Jessie said, patting Alex’s shoulder and winking before walking
back to the food table.

“Uh, hey!” Alex waved, not quite sure where to start. “Did you want to follow up about any of the
questions from in there?”

The first few just wanted to gush to her for a couple of minutes about how cool her job seemed and
how amazing it was that she got to help Supergirl. The last three, however, seemed more interested
in a longer conversation, so she asked if they might want to go sit at one of the tables along the sides
of the wall.

Once they were settled in, one of the students offered a handshake with her name, “I’m Anika.”

“Nice to meet you,” Alex smiled. “Are you interested in bioengineering too? Or maybe the federal
agent side of the work?”

“Well, sort of the bioengineering. I really like biology and health stuff, but I also like the research
part. And it sounds like you get to combine research with other things. But really, I want to be a
doctor for the new alien species that are here on our planet. I mean, they have all these formal rights
now, but it’s not like we’ve got much in the way of services that cater to them. Since it would all be
new work, I feel like I would get to do a lot of research too, you know?”

Alex nodded. “That sounds like an amazing idea that’s filling a real need in society. My mom does
some work like that, but her work is almost all research, and I get to do a little bit, but not nearly as
much as a whole career devoted to it. You know, if you want, I might be able to put you in contact
with a few aliens who remember what health care looked like on their planet and might be able to
give you some ideas. Obviously you’re still young, and you have time to change your mind, but it
might be nice to get to hear from the people you want to serve?” she offered.

“That would be amazing!” Anika gushed. But then she hesitated. “I don’t live too far outside of the
city, but my mom works on weekends. I mean, I really want to be able to meet them, but it just might
take a little while to find a good time for the meetings.”

“That’s okay! And, you know, my office does have things like cars, and superheroes, so arranging
for a ride to a coffee shop in National City wouldn’t be too difficult. Plus, you’re what? One year
away from college? We’re looking to start a new program for interns—paid interns, I should add—
for some of our less confidential labs. If you stay local and are still interested, it might be a nice way
for you to get a bit of experience in the field and see if you like it. Plus, you might just get to meet
Supergirl.”

Anika smiled and agreed that it sounded like a great opportunity. She jotted down her email for Alex
and left with another thank you, leaving Alex with the other two students, who had returned from
their trip to the food table.

“You two interested in biology too?” Alex asked.
“Uhm, not really,” a young girl in skinny jeans and a white t-shirt admitted.

“We, uh, well, we’re both queer, and so, I don’t know, we thought it might be nice to meet a grown up who’s also part of the community,” added the second student. “I’m Jay, by the way. They/their pronouns. And a flaming homosexual, if that wasn’t obvious,” they added as they pretended to toss their hair over their shoulder.

Alex grinned. “Nice to meet you, Jay. And you?” she asked, looking to the other student.

“Ah, Candace, sorry. She/hers. Just a boring old lesbian.”

“Nothing boring about it!” Alex laughed. “I mean, hell, it took me nearly 30 years to figure out and admit that I was a lesbian, so it’s gotta be something,” she joked, suddenly feeling more at ease with these students who were, in many ways, so far ahead of her.

“So…what’s it like being a grown up with a partner?” Jay asked.

“Uh, it’s pretty amazing, to be honest,” Alex gushed, happy to have the opportunity to share a bit about Maggie. “First relationship that’s ever felt like a partnership, something where I’m happy to see her everyday, you know.”

“Yeah,” Candace agreed, looking dreamy.

“Do you have someone?” Alex asked.

“Girl, she’s had someone for, like, three weeks, and I swear they’re about to go full-on U-Haul stereotype on me!” Jay exclaimed, cackling in glee at Candace’s eye roll.

“Shut up, Jay. You’re just jealous.”

They shrugged. “Maybe. But it doesn’t matter whom I date; I’m always going to have time to make fun of your fall first, ask questions later attitude.”

“Well, as long as she makes you happy, that’s what’s important,” Alex chimed in.

“She does,” Candace confirmed with a smile and a faint blush.

Catching sight of the time, Alex sighed. “I don’t want to hold you up; I’m sure there are some people you want to talk to about careers. But, if you ever want to chat or need anything, I’m always there, and my girlfriend is way better than I am about some of this stuff, so I’ll go ahead and offer her services to you as well. Did you get my email on the contact sheet that Jessie handed out?”

They both nodded and thanked her for taking the time to talk with them. Alex didn’t say it, but she couldn’t help but feel that the privilege was all hers. After a quick check in with Jessie and a few more brief conversations with students, Alex headed back out to her motorcycle to go to the DEO. Before she left, though, she pulled out her phone to fire off a text to Maggie: “Guess who’s the popular kid now? Also, they’re adorable. Can we be, like, gay aunts to all of them???”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Also, a TOC is to come this weekend for some of the less descriptive titles!
Body Swap Round 2

Chapter Summary

Requests for more of the body swapping from Mmjohns, D.R., Rj, and a couple anonymous folks on Tumblr

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once Kara saw how easy it was to switch places and then go back with the body-swapping device they had recovered weeks ago, she decided it was time to get a bit of revenge on Winn for some of the pranks he had pulled on her over the years. The number of times he’d sent her to pull snakes named things like Fluffy, Spot, and Mr. Cuddles out of trees was already in the dozens, so, she reasoned, she was perfectly justified in her search for a bit of fun at his expense.

For a while, she was simply planning to swap him and James, but with Cat Grant back in town, she didn’t want to jeopardize James’ job like that. She thought about Alex, but she suspected her sister might never forgive her (by which she obviously meant stop allowing her to eat all of the potstickers and the best slices of pizza).

While she was lounging in Alex’s lab one night waiting for some kind of emergency, the answer came to her in the form of a one Maggie Sawyer strolling through the door. Maggie always seemed so unflappable, and there was nothing like a good prank to show a new significant other that they were truly accepted as part of the gang. So she asked Maggie if she might go pick up the small metal rod from Alex’s office, where it was being stored for further testing, and take it to Winn.

Maggie shrugged at the odd request, but figured she could at least be helpful while she waited for her girlfriend to be done for the night. “Schott!” she called out, pulling him out of his coding daze.

“Wha—?” he asked, spinning around in his chair.

“Here,” Maggie said, offering the metal rod.

Without quite realizing what it was—after all, it had been quite a few weeks, and his eyes were still tired from looking at a screen for hours on end—Winn reached out and grabbed the other end of the rod, only realizing his mistake when a furious looking Alex grabbed the rod from both of their hands and rounded on Kara, who was pouting behind her.

“Kara! You could have gotten someone seriously injured!” Alex yelled.

“No! I planned it well enough. We know how to switch everyone back, and you even said that Maggie has off work tomorrow. So boom. No real harm done. Just a few hours of payback tomorrow morning for all those calls from Fluffy and friends.”

“And Maggie? What’d she do wrong?” Alex asked, gesturing toward her girlfriend.

“Nothing! We’re showing her how welcome she is in our group, ya know! It’s inclusivity at its finest.”
Alex rolled her eyes. “Schott, get to the lab and get this ready to switch you back. Based on the data I’ve gathered so far, it should work preemptively.”

“On it,” Winn nodded, sticking his tongue out at Kara when he thought no one would notice.

“Now what do you have to say to Maggie?” Alex demanded of Kara, looking very much the part of the responsible big sister.

“Sorry for trying to let you in on the fun,” Kara mumbled cheekily.

“Kara,” Alex warned.

“Fine, just sorry,” Kara conceded.

Chuckling, Maggie waved off the apology. “It’s alright, little Danvers. I know your intentions were…well, not bad at least.”

Alex just rolled her eyes at the exchange before hurrying back to the lab to check in on Winn’s progress.

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“Now you two just grab hold of the rod together for a few seconds, and we’ll be set. Alright?” Alex instructed, motioning for Maggie to touch the other end of the device.

“Got it, Danvers. Really not rocket science,” Maggie laughed.

After a few seconds of their holding it, Alex shrugged. “I guess we’re probably fine.”

“Perfect, now are we still on for dinner?” Maggie asked, hooking her arm into Alex’s.

“Of course. Now you two, don’t get into trouble tonight,” Alex said sternly, glaring at Kara and Winn.

“This wasn’t even my fault,” Winn whined.

“Not this time…but there’s always next time.” Alex’s glare was softened only by the loving look she threw Maggie as she was led out of the DEO and off to dinner.

---

The next morning, Maggie stretched out, feeling aches in places she didn’t quite expect. Sure, the sex had been a little rougher than usual last night, but still, these were unexpected locations. She rolled over to check in on Alex, only to be confronted with her own face.

Maggie’s loud gasp woke the person next to her, who startled and immediately managed to get themselves tangled in the blankets. “Who’s there?”

“I don’t know. Who is in there?” Maggie asked, as she looked down and surveyed her body—or rather, Alex’s body, which she was now occupying.

“Okay, Alex, please don’t kill me,” came Maggie’s voice, “but this is me, Winn.”

“Why did we still switch?” Maggie asked.

“I don’t know! And where is Maggie? Do you think she’s in my body?” Winn began panicking.
“Oh, right, sorry, you don’t know. I am Maggie. Just in Alex’s body, which means that Alex should be the one in your body.”

“Oh god, that’s even worse,” Winn wailed. “She’s gonna kill me for not getting this properly fixed. Wait…how did Alex even get involved?”

“Shit, didn’t she grab that thing while we were both still holding onto it?”

“You’re right! But, I mean, we just need to get her from my apartment and all go to the DEO. It should be as simple as all of us grabbing onto the device again.”

Maggie shrugged. “Worth a try. We should call Alex to give her a warning.”

“I call not it!” Winn yelled, putting his finger to his nose.

“You’re such a child. Give me my phone to call…well, to call you, I suppose.”

“’Lo?” Winn’s voice crackled through the speaker of the phone.

“Alex,” Maggie began, “I need you not to panic, okay? But we all swapped bodies.”

“What do you mean?” Alex barked out, looking down and finding a body that was most definitely not hers. “Why am I even a part of this shit?”

“Remember how you touched the device to take it away from us?” Winn asked. “Yeah, well, we all switched.”

“Okay, who’s whom? I hear my voice and Maggie’s voice.”

“I’m Maggie, in your body, Alex.”

“And I’m Winn, but in Maggie’s body,” Winn explained.

“Don’t even think of looking at her,” Alex growled. “Meet me in the DEO in ten.”

“Uh, Alex,” Winn chimed in, “I don’t live as close to the DEO as you do. Maybe make it twenty?”

“Fine,” Alex snapped. “You get there faster and start getting the device ready to switch us all back again.”

“Okay!”

Alex ended the call quickly, tossing the phone onto the bed. Quickly surveying her surroundings, Alex noted the proliferation of cartoon character collectibles and superhero memorabilia, as well as the high tech computer station she could see set up in the living room. She was surprised to find that, outside of the bedroom, Winn’s apartment was fairly subdued and not as childish as she had expected. She fumbled through his drawers and found a pair of boxers, jeans, a t-shirt, and a hoodie to throw on. Studiously avoiding looking at Winn’s body, Alex tried to dress herself as quickly as possible, not really needing to know what was going on under Winn’s cardigans and khakis.

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By the time Alex got to the DEO from Winn’s apartment, Winn had everything set up for them to switch back. “Hurry! Before J’onn notices,” Winn hissed.

They all took hold of the device and then…nothing.
“Why isn’t it working?” Alex growled.

“I don’t know! Maybe because there are three of us instead of just two…”

“Does this mean I don’t get my body back for a while?” Maggie asked.

“It means I need to get back to work at least,” Winn whispered, quickly pulling his voice back up to normal volume at the sight of J’onn striding through the door. “As I was saying, Alex and I are just going to head on down to her lab. Bye, Winn!”

“Right, yep,” Maggie nodded, striding down the hallway looking as confident as she could muster.

“Wait,” J’onn commanded. “Alex, Winn, Maggie, you do remember that I can read minds, correct?”

“Uh, yes,” Winn nodded.

“And that when you’re basically screaming your thoughts, it’s almost impossible for me not to hear them.”

“Mhm,” Alex agreed, thinking back to how J’onn had already known about her struggle to come out and her new relationship with Maggie.

“So then it shouldn’t come as a surprise that I hear voices shouting from your heads about hiding from me before I realize that you’ve all switched bodies, correct?”

The three stood around awkwardly shuffling their feet as they conceded that, yes, it made sense that J’onn already knew.

“Good. Now get down to the lab and get to work. I can’t have my agents compromised. We’ll talk about how this happened when you’re done. I would like to reprimand you in your own bodies.”

“It was Kara’s fault,” Winn whined.

“Don’t think that she won’t be hearing from me as well. I will ask you, especially you, Alex, to consider why you thought it was a good idea to go home without checking in with me first.”

“Yes, J’onn,” Alex nodded. “We’ll get to work now.”

J’onn nodded and dismissed them to the labs.

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After many hours of testing (and failing), they were all frustrated and hungry and so not in the mood to deal with an amused Kara. She strolled through the door, biting back a laugh at the sight of Maggie with her hair tied back in the world’s sloppiest braid, Alex pacing and not taking control of the testing, and Winn looking angrier and butchier than he had ever looked, standing with his arms crossed and his stance wide.

“How’s it going?” she teased.

“Not now, Kara, not now,” Alex grumbled.

“I’m surprised you’re still all swapped. So, just to get this straight: Winn is in Maggie’s body; Alex is in Winn’s body; and Maggie is in Alex’s body?”

“Yeah. And, well, we don’t actually know how to get everyone back when there are three of us,”
Winn explained.

A look of remorse flashed across Kara’s face. “I’m so sorry! I really, I would never have done anything if I’d known that it wouldn’t be an easy fix.”

“I know, Kara,” Alex admitted. “But right now, I need to be a little annoyed.”

“Right, yeah, of course. Can I do anything to help?”

“Keep crime down, so I don’t get called in at work,” Maggie chimed in, thinking about just how bad it would be to send Winn out in the field as a detective. Sure, he held his own out assisting Guardian, and he’d be much better at anything technological than she would, but her reputation would take quite the hit if she went running away from the bad guys yelling, “Not a red shirt! Not a red shirt!”

Kara nodded solemnly. “I will, I promise. Also, um, J’onn suggested that maybe I should treat you guys to an early dinner, so I placed an order for a ton of pizza.”

They thanked her, recognizing how apologetic she seemed. Maggie volunteered to get the pizza and bring it back to the break room.

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Even though they had spent the whole day together, Maggie still startled at the sight of herself slouched uncharacteristically on the sofa. “Uh, hey, here’s the pizza.”

When Winn dove straight for the pepperoni, he found his hand smacked away. “No meat in my body!” Maggie corrected him.

Winn giggled, “In more ways than one,” earning a glare from Alex in his own body. “Anyway… scientifically, I’m super curious about something.”

“What, Schott?” Alex snapped. “Know that you’re treading on thin ice.”

“Well, you hate mushrooms. I love mushrooms. Will you eat one for me and tell me what you think? Like, how much of your hatred of them stems from a mental block?”

Rolling her eyes, Alex popped a mushroom off the veggie pizza and popped it into her mouth. “Okay,” she sighed, “it’s not awful. It tastes…different in your body. But I still don’t like the texture.”

“Fascinating! Man, there are so many other things that would be amazing to test,” Winn trailed off, looking lost in the possibilities.

“Yeah, well, you and James can go switch bodies and try all the things you want. I need Maggie back in her own body without it having undergone any weird experiments.”

“Fine,” Winn conceded, grabbing a second slice of the veggie pizza after having found that it tasted better to Maggie.

Once they had eaten their fill, they made their way back down to the lab to keep working on a solution. After a few more failed attempts, Alex sat down with Maggie to let Winn take the lead, hoping that perhaps switching out would open up a space for fresh ideas.

“It’s weird being a little taller,” Maggie whispered to Alex, trying to stay quiet, since Winn looked rather focused on the task at hand.
“What? You can finally reach the top shelf in my kitchen,” Alex teased back.

“Not my fault you didn’t design your kitchen to be properly accessible,” Maggie grumbled.

“I’ve got a sister who can literally fly. Sorry I didn’t think about dating someone vertically challenged,” she laughed, earning a gentle shove.

“Also, why do your ribs hurt, Danvers?”

“Oh, I, uh, might have gotten a little bit more banged up in that mission on Wednesday than I let on,” Alex admitted.

Maggie scowled. “C’mon, if you’re not gonna be careful, you can at least be honest.”

“Yes, yes, you know I try.”

Shrugging, Maggie rested her head on Alex’s shoulder, wondering if it was weird now that it was Winn. She giggled at the idea of what any of the other agents would think if they caught the great Agent Danvers cuddling into Winn, resident tech genius. “Ya know, I look pretty good. I can see why I was your big gay awakening,” Maggie laughed, gesturing over to her own body.

Winn was bent over the table, fiddling away with something that sparked every time he touched it to the metal rod. Having wanted to avoid getting in trouble with Alex and Maggie for spending any amount of time looking at Maggie’s body, he had thrown on the outfit that was still on the floor from the night before, but he had given up on trying to hook a bra and just pulled back on the tank top that Maggie had slept in. Now, with the leather jacket off, Alex realized she could see pretty much everything from her vantage point.

“You do,” Alex whispered back, letting her eyes rake up and down Maggie’s body as Winn stood back up and turned around, showing off Maggie’s impressive shoulders and ass.

“Not that I’m complaining about the view I get from looking down,” Maggie joked. But when she turned around, Alex-as-Winn was stumbling out of the chair and jogging toward the door.

“Danvers!” Maggie yelled, chasing after Alex.

She finally caught up with Alex, who had locked herself in the unisex bathroom. “Alex,” she whispered as loudly as she dared. “I didn’t mean to objectify you! I’m not, I’m not trying to be creepy, okay? Can you please just let me in so that we can talk.”

“No!” Alex called out, Winn’s voice cracking mid-word.

“Please,” Maggie pleaded.

“I’m not mad at you, okay? Now please just leave me alone.”

“Then what is wrong?” Maggie asked. At this point, a few people were starting to notice her in Alex’s body pressed up against the bathroom wall. “Alex,” she hissed, “people are staring! Please just let me in for a minute. I need to see that you’re okay.”

“Fine,” Alex grunted, cracking open the door just enough to let Maggie slip inside, then slamming it shut and locking it.

“What’s wrong?” Maggie asked again, her voice soft and gentle—a tone that Alex reserved for Kara and Maggie only.
“I…I objectified you,” Alex admitted, her cheeks coloring brightly.

“Alex, I basically asked you to. When I told you to look at me, I figured you would. Just because you’re in Winn’s body and Winn is in mine doesn’t mean that you can’t still be physically attracted to that body. I know it’s not cheating or anything,” Maggie explained, hoping that she had managed to hit on whatever concern it was that Alex had and assuaged it.

Alex swallowed harshly, the Adam’s apple bobbing prominently. “I am still…physically attracted to you,” Alex whispered. “But now it, uh, it shows,” she admitted, looking anywhere but at Maggie.

“What do you…?”

“I’m hard! I have a fucking boner,” Alex hissed, needing Maggie to just get it.

“Oh…oh!” Maggie tried to bite back her laughter, but couldn’t help letting out an amused snort. “I suppose I’m flattered, Danvers. Even after all these months, one peek at my chest is all it takes,” she teased.

“It’s not funny!” Alex protested. “And I don’t know how to make it go away!”

“Didn’t you used to date people with dicks?”

“I’m not about to go give Winn’s dick a handjob,” she hissed.

“Ew, not what I meant. Don’t need to think about Winn. Or maybe you should—that might make it go away! Think about anything gross and totally non-sexual. Like…that big slug-looking alien we fought. Or that moldy tupperware of tofu stirfry that I accidentally left in your fridge for a month.”

Alex cringed, but tried to focus her attention on the least sexy things she could imagine. “You go back to the lab,” she instructed Maggie. “I don’t need Winn finding out and thinking he has a right to tease me. I’ll be back soon…I hope.”

Maggie nodded, and with another small chuckle, she was off.

A few minutes later, Alex rejoined them in the lab, her voice gruffer than usual as she tried to preempt any questions about where she had gone. Luckily Winn had been far too busy and frustrated by his failures to notice that she had even left.

“Your phone is ringing, Winn,” Alex interrupted his work a few minutes later, annoyed by the incessant beeping coming from her pocket.

“Shit! James. I told him that I would come out with him tonight for, you know, Guardian stuff.”

“I don’t know how to do the tech stuff!” Alex exclaimed. “What am I supposed to do? Just sit in the van?”

“You’re smart; you’ll figure it out, I’m sure,” Winn offered up, not taking his eyes off of the device.

“I’m smart, but I’m not going to magically understand what it is you do with James. And oh my god, this man won’t stop calling.”

“Hey, don’t hate on James!” Maggie protested.

“Hello,” Alex answered the phone.

“Emergency right outside the DEO, man! I could use a little back up,” James barked through the
“Right outside the DEO?” Alex checked.

“Yeah, just come out the front door! Can’t miss us. Supergirl is busy across town. Need your help,” James grunted, and the sound of metal on metal clashing could be heard through the phone.

“On my way.” Alex confirmed. She hustled out of the room, grabbing her favorite stun gun and a regular old baton on her way to the door.

“Get her some backup,” Maggie hissed at Winn, who was already halfway out the door of the lab.

Winn nodded, grabbing a handful of DEO agents in case the problem couldn’t be solved by James alone.

By the time the group made it to the front of the DEO, James was zip-tying the hands of two of the criminals, while Alex-as-Winn had her knee pressed firmly into the back of a burly white man as she cuffed him and spat out his rights.

“Damn, Schott,” one of the younger, cockier agents whistled, “I didn’t think you had it in you to ever do something non-technological in the field.”

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me,” Alex growled back. “And unless you want to end up on your back, I suggest you stop talking.”

Winn bit back a smile as the agent nodded, not letting his confusion show as he hightailed it back into the DEO.

“Maggie, can you call NCPD and tell them to pick these guys up?” James asked, looking at Winn in Maggie’s body.

“I got it,” Maggie offered, stepping outside to give Winn and Alex a moment while she explained the situation to James.

“Thanks,” Winn mumbled. “You could’ve explained that it was you.”

“What? And let that little asshole get away with underestimating you? Not on my watch, Schott.”

Winn was practically glowing as he wrapped his arms around Alex, who allowed it for a couple of seconds. “You’re the best.”

“Yeah, well, don’t mention it. Seriously, don’t.”

“Fine, fine.”

“Now go and repay me by figuring out how to get us into our own bodies.”

“Aye aye!” Winn saluted and jogged back to the lab.

---

Around 2am, they finally came up with what they hoped was a solution. “Ready?” Alex asked, looking back to J’onn for his approval. After this morning’s threat of a stern talking to, she didn’t want to add any fuel to the fire.
He nodded, and the three of them moved forward, all taking ahold of the device.

With a flash of heat, they found themselves thrown back into their own bodies, stumbling backward with the force.

“All are…yourselves?” J’onn asked.

Each of them nodded in turn, looking down to make sure everything was in working order.

“Good. It’s been a long night, so I’ll let you go with just a warning this time. Take it as the gift that it is.”

“Thank you!” Alex smiled, receiving a small wink and a grin from J’onn in return.

Yawning, Winn headed for the door, while Alex and Maggie trailed behind.

“Should I come back to your place, Danvers? Let you get another look at this outfit? It did so many things for you earlier today…”

Blushing, Alex knocked her shoulder into Maggie’s. “I hate you.”

“Nah, you love me.”

“Maybe.”

Chapter End Notes

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Ms. Smith called out for Alex after AP Bio, “Alex, would you please stay for a moment?”

“Oh, sure,” Alex nodded, throwing the rest of her things into her backpack and sitting back down while she waited for the rest of the class to leave. Given that it was the last class of the day, she didn’t have to wait long for the room to clear out.

Winn, her lab partner and, if she was being honest, her good friend, hissed, “Have fun, teacher’s pet!” before making his way to the door to meet up with Kara for a newspaper meeting. He hadn’t really been interested in joining, but he was very interested in spending more time with Kara, so somehow he found himself serving as the IT guy for Ms. Grant’s club, which she ran with an iron fist.

“Thanks for waiting, Alex,” Ms. Smith began. “We have a new transfer student this year who has asked to be placed into this AP course, but her grades simply do not reflect a student ready or capable of succeeding in my classroom. She’s spent this first week in the Honors course and seemed exceptionally lost during lab today. I told her that I would find her a tutor, but frankly, I don’t even know that she belongs in Honors, let alone AP. I remember you mentioning that you needed additional academic service hours for National Honor Society, and I wanted to see if you might be willing to serve as a tutor for me.”

“Oh, uh, yeah, sure. I’d be happy to help the new student. When should we meet?”

“She’s coming to talk to me in just a few minutes. Would you like to stick around to meet her?”

Alex shrugged, “Sure, I have some time today.” It was still early in the year, and unlike Ms. Grant’s newspaper club, most organizations hadn’t started meeting just yet. “Who is the new person?”

“Oh, I’m sorry!” Ms. Smith shook her head and laughed at her own forgetfulness. “Her name is Margaret Sawyer, though I believe she goes by Maggie. She’s new this year, just moved to Midvale from somewhere in the Midwest.”
Alex nodded like she didn’t already know exactly who Maggie Sawyer was, like the whole school didn’t know all about this new girl. Sure, the stories didn’t all add up—sometimes Alex suspected that the other students were going more on conjecture and increasingly dramatic retellings of gossip than anything else—but she had seen the girl around school before, watched her strutting down the hallways in beat up leather jackets, her jaw clenched and her hands balled up into fists in her pockets. She knew the new girl sat alone at lunch by choice. She had heard she got kicked out of her old school for fighting; apparently she broke a guy’s jaw. She had also heard from more than a few people that the girl was a “dyke,” that the guy she’d punched was the boyfriend of the girl she’d tried to kiss. She didn’t know what to make of the uncomfortable swooping sensation she felt in her stomach every time she heard about the girls this Maggie Sawyer had kissed, dated, punched men over.

When Alex tuned back into the conversation, Ms. Smith was explaining what they had been doing in the Honors course this week. It was simple enough, and she nodded along, chastising herself for zoning out in the first place.

“Oh, Maggie, you’re just on time!” Ms. Smith waved at the new girl, who shuffled into the room, eyeing Alex suspiciously. “Maggie, this is Alex Danvers. She’s in my AP Bio class, and I thought she might be able to tutor you, help get you caught up with the rest of the class.”

Maggie nodded and said nothing, but Alex swore she saw Maggie’s jaw tighten upon hearing that she would be receiving a tutor. “I have to go and pick up a few worksheets that I thought you would find useful, so why don’t you and Alex exchange contact information while I’m gone. Then you and I can meet, Maggie?”

“Okay,” she nodded.

As soon as Ms. Smith left the room, Maggie rounded on Alex. “Look, I know you’re just doing it because your teacher asked you, and you’ve probably never said no to a teacher in your life, but I don’t need a tutor. I’ll tell her that you’re helping me or whatever, but I don’t want your help.”

Alex was taken aback by the girl’s gruff demeanor. “I, are you sure? I mean, I have to tutor someone for my NHS hours anyway, and I really like bio. I wouldn’t mind helping you to catch up, maybe even getting you caught up enough so you can get into the AP class like you wanted to take.”

“I don’t need your charity hours, Danvers. I’m not behind, and I don’t need your help.”

Alex bristled at the implications, even as her stomach clenched at the use of her last name. “Whatever, here’s my number.” She shoved the index card on which she had scrawled her name, phone number, and email address at Maggie. “Call me when you fail your first assignment.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes at this girl. Who the hell did she think she was? Where did she get off on assuming that she would fail? Before she could tell her off, Ms. Smith walked back through the door.

“Ladies, I am so sorry, but we have a last minute faculty meeting about the statewide evaluation that is apparently being moved up to this month. Alex, would you mind just walking Maggie through the labs we’ll be covering? My lesson plans are on my desk. Maggie, we can find another day to meet. I’m so sorry for cancelling on you like this.”

“It’s fine,” Maggie mumbled.

“Happy to help,” Alex chimed in, managing a small smile.

Once Ms. Smith left again, Maggie swung her backpack over her shoulder. “Later, Danvers.”
“No! I was given specific instructions, so you’re not going anywhere.”

“Excuse me?” A look of surprise mingled with anger flashed in Maggie’s eyes.

“You heard me. We’re going to go through these experiments. If you don’t know what you’re doing in the lab, you could get really hurt.” Not that she cared about whether this insufferable woman got hurt. “Or you could hurt all of your classmates.”

“I already took this stupid fucking class back at my old school,” Maggie growled. “I don’t need help doing something I’ve done a thousand times already.”

“Clearly you don’t remember your last class all that well if you need a tutor from week one,” Alex snapped back. Other than her own mom, she wasn’t used to being told she was wrong or not enough in such a consistent way.

“I’m just getting used to this school, that’s all,” Maggie muttered through clenched teeth. She didn’t need to explain to Alex that she didn’t want to be a stand-out student again, couldn’t deal with the burden of attention that came with being noticed anywhere, couldn’t risk anyone looking at her long enough to tell that something was wrong with her, different about her.

“Fine, well, come get used to the lab equipment with me. I am very serious about lab safety,” Alex demanded. She looked so serious, crossing her arms and glaring at Maggie from behind waves of long auburn hair. The sight almost made Maggie laugh. Almost.

“Whatever,” Maggie conceded, throwing her bag back down on the ground. If it would get Alex off of her case for a while, it would be worth it.

Nodding, Alex grabbed Ms. Smith’s lesson plans, thumbing through the pages to see what experiments she had them doing. “If you’ve already taken this class, I assume you know the basics of a lab, right? You know how to use the Bunsen burners and how to adjust the microscope lenses and how to die cells properly?”

Maggie shrugged. She didn’t need to tell Alex about how Eliza Wilke had been her lab partner and how she’d not even been allowed close enough to the girl to see what was going on with their experiments after the incident.

Groaning at Maggie’s unresponsiveness, Alex asked, “Who’s your lab partner?”

“James,” Maggie answered quickly, smiling for the first time since Alex had met her.

“Olsen?”

“Yeah.”

“Cool, he’s dating my sister. Which means that I care extra about his wellbeing and his not losing both eyebrows to some freak lab fire started by an inconsiderate lab partner. So we’re going to go over exactly how we use all of the equipment here.”

Maggie bit back a laugh at the image of an eyebrow-less James. She hadn’t expected to like him. With his booming voice and his ability to make everyone laugh, she had assumed he was popular, would be just like all the popular kids back home. But after school ended the first day, he had jogged up to her while she waited for her bus and given her his number. “I know how rough it is as the new kid—I transferred here last year—so if you ever need anything, just give me a call, alright?” Maggie hadn’t planned on calling him, even if she appreciated the offer, but the next day he had continued to be nice to her. Claiming the seat beside her in history and bio, he asked if she might want to grab a
bite to eat after school. Suspicious as she had been, Maggie accepted the offer and found herself having a wonderful time. James even opened up about being bullied for not looking like everyone else at his old school, which had also been out in the Midwest—Kansas, not Nebraska, but he still seemed to get it. She didn’t tell him that her difference went beyond the color of her skin, but she suspected that he might not hate her. He might not like her, but she didn’t think he’d be the type to turn on her. Then again, she didn’t think Eliza would either. So she kept her mouth shut.

“Yeah, alright. Go on then, Danvers, teach me.”

Alex’s breath caught at the sight of the smirk playing about Maggie’s lips. She schooled her expression into a neutral, slightly annoyed one. After all, this other girl was a nuisance—nothing more, nothing that should be exciting to her.

As they went through the different machines, Alex was genuinely surprised by how much Maggie already seemed to know, at least when it came to the names and functions of everything. But when she asked her to use the equipment, the other student often froze and fumbled, never quite getting it right.

With each fuck up, Maggie grew increasingly withdrawn and frustrated. Seeing this change, Alex stepped in. “You’re clearly smart, right, I see that now. But have you actually taken this class? It seems like you read the textbook without ever stepping into a lab.”

Maggie shrugged. “Our school didn’t have a big fancy lab like this one. And when we did labs we had to take turns, so I didn’t actually get to touch most of the stuff.” It was partially true.

Nodding, Alex switched her approach, going back to the basics and giving a thorough demonstration, rather than just a verbal explanation, of everything she described. Maggie seemed to get it better this way, and was soon picking up on things much more quickly.

“Well, do you want to do one of the more advanced labs with me? I bet seeing you be successful at something like that might help convince Ms. Smith that you could move up to AP.”

“Yes, alright,” Maggie replied. “Just…why do you want to help me?”

Alex shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s my job?” She wasn’t actually sure why she cared about helping this somewhat surly student do better or switch into her own class.

Maggie raised her eyebrows at that. She didn’t quite buy it; if it were just a job, Alex would have ended the lesson after she went over all of the basics. It was enough to ensure that she wouldn’t maim Alex’s sister’s boyfriend or seriously injure herself. But it wasn’t a point worth pursuing.

Shaking her head, Alex redirected the conversation back to the labs. “Okay, my favorite thing is titration. I know it’s chemistry, but whatever, applicable skills, ya know? Wanna see how long it takes to turn an analyte pink?”

Maggie actually laughed at that. She couldn’t help it; Alex looked so freakin excited by the idea of turning something pink in the lab. “Whatever you say, Danvers.”

Alex blushed, but began moving around the lab, collecting her solutions and preparing a buret. As she moved, she explained exactly what they were going to do. Maggie recalled reading about volumetric analysis in a chemistry textbook, though she definitely had never done this lab or even seen equipment like it in Blue Springs. Maybe her classmates did it during February, when she had been out “sick” from school for a couple weeks while she settled in with her aunt across town and let some of the hateful gossip die down at school. Well, no, she reasoned, they were taking bio, so they
probably didn’t do a chemistry lab. Only Alex would think it was “fun” to mix all of her sciences.

“Do you know what to do now?” Alex asked. Maggie shook her head. This equipment looked expensive, and she didn’t need Alex to think she was dumb. Glad to see Maggie finally being open enough to admit when she didn’t know something, Alex smiled. She tried in vain to explain exactly how titration worked, but eventually she moved around the table to take a more hands on approach, figuring it was the best method with something as delicate as titration. “Do you mind if I…?” Alex gestured with her hands to Maggie’s, trying to make sure it would be okay to touch her.

“Oh, uh, sure,” Maggie stuttered. She figured Alex must not have heard the rumors about her. Otherwise there was no way she would come this close, no way she would touch her, no way she would let herself be seen this close to the known dyke when she might be declared gay by association.

Alex gently wrapped her hand around Maggie’s and showed her how to slowly open the buret, only letting the smallest amount of the titrant drop down into the analyte, lest they overshoot the subtle build up to the reaction entirely. She couldn’t help but notice how soft Maggie’s hands were under hers—so much softer than Rick’s. Rick, the guy she really wanted to like. Rick, the popular boy who had been able to overlook how different Kara could be her first year at the school. Rick, the one who had asked her out and kissed her on the beach, leaving her smiling outwardly but feeling absolutely nothing.

Maggie hoped her hands weren’t trembling under Alex’s touch. It had been a long time since she’d let someone this close, had let someone touch her without worrying about it turning into pain. She listened to Alex as she chatted excitedly, describing everything that was happening as they worked. “And now, we’re getting close, so we’ll be really careful about adding just a drop at a time, okay? And you need to really observe the analyte to watch for the start of the reaction. It can be different, depending on what you added, but this time we’re looking for the start of a really pale pink, okay?”

Maggie nodded, and let Alex continue guiding her motions, though she also felt herself being allowed to take control as Alex’s hands simply rested on hers—there to take over if anything went horribly wrong, but otherwise allowing her to be in charge.

“Hey! I see a little pink!” Maggie exclaimed, not caring that she sounded like just as big of a nerd as Danvers.

“Awesome! So now, let’s jot down all of these numbers; we’ll need then for the calculations.” Alex stepped back, trying not to notice the way her body seemed to miss Maggie’s warmth. Once Maggie had all of the numbers written out, Alex asked, “Want to see what happens if you fuck up and overdo it?”

“Yes!”

“Do you need me to, uh, help you?” Alex asked.

“Sure,” Maggie answered. She definitely didn’t need help, especially help fucking up, but she already missed the feeling of Alex curved around her. She didn’t want to dwell on the implications.

Alex moved back around Maggie, wrapping her arms around to guide Maggie’s hands back to the buret. They opened the valve all the way and watched as their analyte went from a very light pink to a hot pink in seconds before Alex quickly stopped the flow of the titrant. “And that’s how you know you went too far,” Alex laughed softly by Maggie’s ear, her breath catching slightly when Maggie spun around and found herself just centimeters away from Alex.
Hearing the hitch in Alex’s breath, knowing that it could only cause more trouble, more pain, Maggie bolted, grabbing her bag and yelling a hurried thanks over her shoulder.

Staring after Maggie in confusion, Alex tried to figure out what had gone wrong. Had she crossed a line? Everything had seemed okay until it wasn’t. She shook her head and began cleaning up the rest of the materials.

When Ms. Smith came back, Alex had finished cleaning up the lab and was sitting at one of the tables working on her homework.

“Oh, Alex, I didn’t mean to imply that you had to wait for me! And you cleaned up the whole lab—so conscientious.”

“It’s okay, just getting started on my homework. I’ve got to wait for newspaper to finish up anyway.”

“Ah, Ms. Grant—never a moment’s rest with her.”

“Nope,” Alex chuckled as she shook her head.

“So how was Maggie?”

Deciding not to mention how things had ended, Alex answered, “Good. I actually think she would be fine in AP. Her old school didn’t have much in the way of lab equipment, so we went over everything in here, and she picked it all up really quickly. She even did a successful titration with me. And yes, I know that’s chemistry, but I sort of miss chemistry classes,” Alex admitted, laughing at how nerdy that sounded. “As far as the course material, I think she probably knows it; she just seems…shy, sort of slow to open up?” Alex wasn’t sure why she cared so much about knowing that Ms. Smith understood that Maggie was smart and competent, though she suspected it had something to do with how everyone but Ms. Grant had really underestimated Kara when she first began.

“Well, how about this? They have their first big test at the end of next week. If she gets an A, I’ll let her into the AP course on a probationary basis. You’ll probably need to tutor her to catch her up, but if she took as much bio as she claims to have taken, it shouldn’t be impossible.”

Alex nodded, thanking Ms. Smith before heading out to pick up Kara and Winn from newspaper.

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“How was newspaper?” Alex asked, once Kara and Winn were settled in her car.

“So good!” Kara squealed. “Ms. Grant is promoting me from copyeditor to reporter this year! Most people have to wait until junior year to be reporters, but she told me that she suspected I would be extraordinary!”

Winn laughed from the backseat. “Yes, Kara, tell us more about how in love you are with Ms. Grant.”

“She’s a teacher!” Kara grumbled indignantly. “That would be so inappropriate.”

“I’m not saying that you’re trying to sleep with her,” Winn explained. “But everyone has a teacher crush! Just look at the way Alex followed around the AP Chem teacher last year.”

“Excuse me?” Alex interrupted, choking on her soda. “I did not have a crush on Ms. Weiss.”
“Oh, you 100% did,” Kara chimed in, glad that the teasing had moved away from her.

“She’s just…really smart. And funny. And she wore such cool outfits. And she let me do more advanced experiments in Chemistry Club.”

“Mhm, and you joined Chemistry Club why again?” Winn asked.

“Because chemistry is fun!” Alex retorted.

“Yeah, and you had so much free time on your hands…”

“Whatever,” Alex grumbled. “You joined it with me.”

“Uh, yeah, cause why would I let you beat me in chemistry?” Winn teased back. “Also, I’m not above admitting that I would have followed Ms. Weiss just about anywhere. Those leather jackets, man, am I right?”

Kara rolled her eyes, while Alex thought about another person in a leather jacket that had her a bit distracted. Not that she had a crush on Maggie Sawyer. She didn’t even have a crush on Ms. Weiss. Alex Danvers didn’t get crushes—not even on the boys she was supposed to like.

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The next afternoon, Alex got a text from an unknown number. “Hey, this is Maggie. Smith told me about the deal you made with her about the first test. You didn’t have to do that for me.”

Alex narrowed her eyes. She had just been trying to help; after all, Maggie seemed adamant about wanting to be in the AP class, and if she were as smart as Alex suspected, there was no reason why she shouldn’t be allowed to move up. “Just doing my job. Now you do yours and get an A on that test, so I don’t look dumb.”

A few minutes later Alex’s phone buzzed. “Want to quiz me? Make sure I don’t mess up your perfect reputation?”

Alex couldn’t help a laugh. “Fine. Come over after school tomorrow?” She would have invited Maggie tonight, but her mom was strict about having friends over on weekdays. She suspected that tutoring would have been an exception, but she didn’t need to explain that Maggie was probably smart enough not to need tutoring because what did that even make their study session?

“Meet you in the parking lot at 3 tomorrow,” Maggie replied.

Chapter End Notes

Find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and let me know if you want to see more of this AU there or in the comments :}
Sanvers High School AU Part 2

Chapter Summary

More high school AU starring Maggie/James and Alex/Winn brOTP, plus Kara being generally excellent

Chapter Notes

Wow, I loved how enthusiastic the response to Part 1 was, so here's part 2! I've got another 7 pages written for a part 3, but let me know if you’d rather see that tonight or the Sanvers strap on smutty one-shot that I wrote yesterday go up next. I'm down to post either one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

During free period, Maggie and James sat chatting and sharing a bag of M&Ms. “What do you know about Alex Danvers?” Maggie asked, figuring she’d chance her luck.

“Oh, uh, she’s my girlfriend’s older sister. She’s crazy smart, like, I think she could give some of the teachers a run for their money. Well, maybe not the literature teachers as much, but math and science for sure. She’s super protective of Kara, which is really sweet. She punched three different guys Kara’s first week at the school for making fun of her. Almost got herself suspended, but I think she worked some deal where she got to do community service instead, which basically just meant calling the hours that she already spent volunteering with setting up labs and tutoring service instead of fun.”

Maggie laughed, glad to hear that Alex probably wasn’t that put out by tutoring her at least. She hadn’t expected the punching from Alex, though perhaps when it came to family, some people felt a strong sense of loyalty.

“Why do you ask?”

“Oh, uh, she’s tutoring me in bio,” Maggie admitted.

“But you get perfect scores every time we grade each other’s homework.”

“Hmm, yeah. But you’re the only one that knows it.”

“Oh, okay, well, I’m sure she’ll have you doing college-level-bio any day now. Have fun,” he laughed.

“I’m supposed to go over to her house after school today.” Maggie hesitated, needing to get some sense about what Alex already knew about her. “Do you, um, do you know how much she’s heard about me? I’m not stupid; I know people talk about me, and I know most of it isn’t good. But she just, well, she doesn’t seem to care, which makes me think she doesn’t know.”

“Oh, she’s not super tapped into gossip, but she’s probably heard it all. She just wouldn’t be the type
“Really?” Maggie asked. She didn’t believe it.

“Look at her friends. Her little sister was adopted and didn’t really fit in when she started. Winn was mocked from his very first day for being too geeky, too childish, too girly. She’s not exactly the type to pick her friends based on what other people say.”

Maggie nodded, considering everything James had said. “I mean, she didn’t ask to be my friend; she just offered to tutor me.”

“Right,” James nodded. “Still, not many people get an invitation to the Danvers house.”

Maggie shrugged, quickly shifting focus to the game of paper football she and James had been playing earlier.

While they flicked the folded paper back and forth between finger goal posts, ignoring the glares from the study hall moderator, James debated saying something about the rumors Maggie had referenced. They had spoken quite freely about all the racist bullshit they had put up with out in their original high schools, but James had heard the other rumors, even if they didn’t bother him. He wondered about the extent to which Maggie thought Alex would care.

Finally he decided to say something, if only to assuage her fears. “Maggie, um, about the rumors?”

“Hmm,” Maggie grunted.

“Well, the rumors about the girls…” he trailed off, trying to figure out how to bring it up without scaring her off.

“What about them?” she snapped. She knew this was too good to be true. Her budding friendships could never last.

“Just that…Alex really wouldn’t be the type to care if they were true. I mean, like I said, look at her friends.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes. James had said something about people calling Winn girly, but otherwise, she knew Kara and James were together, and nothing about Alex screamed gay (except perhaps that hopeful little voice in the back of Maggie’s head). “What do you mean?”

“It’s not my place to out people, but appearances aren’t everything.” James shrugged, hoping that Maggie would understand the implications behind his words, even if he wouldn’t explicitly tell her that Winn was bi and Kara was pan. Those identities were theirs to reveal (or not), but Alex hadn’t loved them any less for it.

Maggie, to her credit, understood the meaning of James’ words. She shrugged and went back to football, feeling like Alex at least wouldn’t hate her.

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“Wanna go to the movies tonight? There’s a new scifi movie out. We can smuggle candy in and point out all of the inaccuracies,” Winn offered, grinning broadly.

“Can’t today, sorry. Maybe tomorrow night?” Alex offered. “I told Maggie I would tutor her in bio tonight.”
“No worries, we’ll find a time. But that’s nice of you. Does she need the help?”

“Honestly? Probably not. But she wants to move up into AP with us, and she’ll only get to if she gets an A.”

“Ah, makes sense. How is she?”

“Huh? Um, fine, I guess. Why?” she asked, scowling at Winn.

“She’s new, it’s not like I know much about her, except all that shit people said before she even got here.”

“Well, yeah, but, I don’t even know if any of that is true. She’s sort of rude, but it’s not the worst. She calls me Danvers. I just, I don’t know, it sucks that people aren’t giving her the benefit of the doubt. Like, I think she’s really good at bio, but she’s just not letting it show.”

“Wow, you really seem to care.”

“What? No. Shut up.”

Winn laughed. “Alright, alright. She’s cute, though.”

Alex felt a pang of something that felt suspiciously like jealousy shoot through her, something suspiciously like what she experienced when Vicky Donahue went off and ditched her for a boyfriend who held her hand in public and kissed her at their lockers. “Yeah, well, I heard she doesn’t like boys, so I wouldn’t try anything,” she snapped.

Biting back a knowing grin, Winn conceded, “I wasn’t going to, don’t worry.”

“Not worried. Just wouldn’t want you to get your feelings hurt again.”

“Ouch, you wound me,” he joked. “You have to admit, though, even if she would never want to date me, she looks good. Like, really good.”

Alex shrugged. “I don’t know. Her dimples are cute, I guess. If you’re into that sort of thing.”

“Into adorable people?” Winn suggested.

“Into women,” Alex clarified, looking down at her notes, even though she had long since finished her homework and was now working on next weeks’ assignments.

“I mean, there’s nothing wrong with that…” he suggested, thinking back to the long nights he had spent with Alex after her big fight with Vicky, the nights when she hadn’t wanted to face Kara and her innocent questions about why everything had fallen apart so quickly. He’d had his suspicions back then, had even explicitly come out to Alex, hoping to show her that he was open and wouldn’t judge her. But she’d shut down, and that had been the end of those conversations. She was always fine when he wanted to talk about a cute boy, but it was different when the conversation came anywhere near her.

“Hmm, well, tell that to my mother,” she laughed bitterly. “Not that I am. Not that it matters.”

“She didn’t get mad at Kara.”

“She never gets mad at Kara. Plus, Kara is dating the perfect, charming boy. No offense,” she added, thinking about how hard Winn had fallen for Kara and how crestfallen he had been when she told him that she only thought of him as a friend.
“I’m over it,” he said, waving off Alex’s apology. “I’m just saying, don’t sacrifice your own happiness because you think your mom won’t be proud of you. If I thought it would be a dangerous situation, that would be different, but I really don’t think she’s like that.”

Alex shrugged. She didn’t need to dwell on what her stupid feelings for Vicky might have meant, and she certainly didn’t need to have all of these thoughts racing around her head when Maggie came over to study—and only to study.

Sensing the shift in mood, Winn returned to the movie, listing off some of the most implausible elements he noted just from the trailer. Alex was soon sufficiently distracted and managed not to think about Maggie at all until she was walking to her car where Maggie was meeting them.

Even though she was perfectly on time, having spent only a couple of minutes after class talking to Ms. Smith, Maggie was already waiting on a bench. Alex waved to her as she jogged the last few feet. “Hey, sorry, I hope you weren’t waiting long.”

“No, just wouldn’t want to keep a lady waiting, ya know?” Maggie grimaced as she said it, already worrying about how Alex might take her words.

To her credit, Alex just grinned. “Well, we’re both stuck waiting a couple minutes for my sister.” A few minutes of small talk later, Kara bounded up to them, James in tow. “Hey, Alex! You must be Maggie! I’m Kara,” she said, sticking her hand out. “Can we drive James back to our place too? Eliza said he could come over, but his car is in the shop.”

Alex shrugged. “Yeah, that’s fine. Just throw whatever’s in the backseat into the trunk.”

Kara quickly obliged, tossing her own sketchbooks and art supplies into the box Alex had designated as hers in the trunk, then less carefully throwing Alex’s running shoes and sweatshirts into the back. “All clean!” she declared. Then, “Shotgun!”

James laughed, kissing her on the cheek as he squeezed himself into the backseat. Maggie jumped in next to him, smiling cheerfully at the familiar face. By the time Alex was backing out of her space, Kara was already fiddling with the radio, trying to find a station she liked.

“Alex! It’s our song!” she squealed.

“Your song, Danvers?” Maggie asked, her attention having been caught.

“Nothing,” Alex brushed it off. “Kara likes to sing, and every so often she convinces me to join in.”

“Excuse me, you have an amazing voice. Don’t downplay it,” Kara chastised her sister, though Alex just sat there blushing, gripping the steering wheel tightly enough for her knuckles to turn white.

“I think we should definitely get to hear it,” Maggie teased.

“Maybe later,” Alex replied gruffly, relaxing slightly when Maggie didn’t push the issue and Kara began belting it out on her own. Of course, she immediately tensed when one of Tegan and Sara’s new songs began blasting from the radio. She cursed their newfound mainstream popularity. She didn’t want Maggie to feel like she was directing the song at her, like she was trying to out her. Of course, it was a ridiculous thought; the song played on the radio at least once a day, and Kara was the one in charge of the music.

In the backseat, James put a comforting hand on top of Maggie’s when he noticed how tense she had gotten. She appreciated the gesture, even though she worried it might somehow draw attention to her.
Kara didn’t seem perturbed in the slightest, and continued to sing along with the lyrics until the song ended and the station shifted to some old school rap, at which point she transitioned right along with the DJ and began rapping, earning a hearty laugh from James.

By the time they got back to the Danvers, everyone was relaxed from having laughed so hard at Kara’s perfect rendition of “Baby Got Back.” Kara dragged James into the living room, calling dibs so that they could watch a movie on the big TV.

“Uh, we can try to study in the kitchen if you don’t mind the noise, or we can just head up to my room,” Alex offered, trying not to notice the way her heart raced at the thought of having Maggie in her room.

Maggie gulped. “Whatever’s easier. Your house, your rules.”

At the sound of a musical beginning, Alex grimaced. “Upstairs it is, or we won’t even be able to hear ourselves think.”

“Okay,” Maggie nodded and followed Alex, trying not to dwell on the fact that she was following a very cute girl up to her bedroom. It didn’t mean anything. Alex was straight. She kept repeating that to herself, hoping it would sink in eventually.

Chapter End Notes

Find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
The enthusiasm/sheer number of comments was:
1. amazing
2. super motivating
3. convincing enough to get me to post a long af part 3

Hope you all enjoy!

Upstairs, Maggie grinned at the sight of all of Alex’s textbooks, many of which she suspected had been purchased voluntarily. She tried to fight away the blush that threatened to overtake her cheeks at the photographs of Alex in a tight wetsuit, clutching a surfboard and a trophy, at what she assumed were numerous surfing competitions.

Alex interrupted her musings, calling out, “Alright, I’ve got everything all set up. I already had some flashcards for that chapter, so we can start with them and see how you do. Then, if you’ve got your own notes or cards, we can move on to them?”

“Sounds good,” Maggie agreed, kicking off her shoes and sitting down across from Alex.

Within half an hour, they had already made it through Alex’s deck without Maggie having gotten a single one wrong. “You don’t even need help,” Alex laughed.

Maggie blushed. “I may have studied a lot last night. Wouldn’t want you thinking that I couldn’t keep up.”

“Well, you can do more than keep up. Is there anything you actually need to review? ’Cause right now, I’m fairly certain you’re getting an A+ on that test.”

Shrugging, Maggie answered honestly: “I’m pretty okay with all of it. I mean, I’m sure if I need to catch up with the AP class, it’d be nice to have your help, but this is honestly all a repeat of stuff I did last year.”

“Works for me. Do you want to do any other homework? Or…I don’t know, I guess we could just hang out.”

“The concept sounds so foreign to you,” Maggie teased.

“Yeah, well…whatever. I don’t have a ton of friends.”

“I have to assume that’s voluntary. I mean, you’re smart. You’re funny and even nice when you want to be. You’re athletic,” she added, gesturing toward the surfing trophies, “and pretty.” She bit her cheek, berating herself for having said something so obviously gay. “And, um, ya know, I think Rick likes you.” She didn’t add that she already hated Rick. It definitely wasn’t about the way he followed Alex; it had more to do with the way he sniggered at her whenever she walked by…and maybe just a little bit about the way he pined after Alex.
“Ugh,” Alex grimaced. “That didn’t work out. I mean, he’s nice enough, and he was really sweet to Kara, but there’s something that just, I don’t know, it didn’t click.”

Maggie tried to quash the hope surging in her chest. She knew what Alex meant about things not clicking with boys, but maybe it was just this boy, maybe Alex had felt things click with other boys. She realized she should have responded. “Oh, yeah. I mean, I’m sure you’ll find someone.”

Alex shrugged. “It’s whatever. Certainly not with any of the boys around here.”

“I, uh, yeah...yeah,” Maggie stumbled over her words, trying to find something to say that wasn’t, “Have you tried girls?”

Clearing her throat, Alex asked, “What about you? See anyone you like? Any of the...guys around here?”

Maggie made a noncommittal noise, not wanting to answer that she would never be attracted to the boys but that she was increasingly intrigued by the woman sitting across from her.

Alex sat there, looking at Maggie expectantly. With a shrug, Maggie figured it was now or never. At least James was downstairs and would help her get home if need be. “Boys don’t, uh, do it for me. So no, none of the guys here have caught my eye.”

She braced herself for the worst, but Alex just nodded. “They sort of suck anyway.”

Maggie let out the breath she had been holding as she tried to slow down her heart rate. “Mhm, yeah.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Alex asked, wondering if it was okay to ask, if it was okay to want to know.

“No,” Maggie shook her head.

“Okay,” Alex mumbled, unsure of where to take the conversation now. In a move she would come to regret deeply, she then proceeded to ask, “Any girls you like in Midvale?” She promptly turned bright red and stuttered out, “No, no, nope, no. Pretend I didn’t ask. Sorry, I shouldn’t have. I’m just gonna stop talking. We can watch some television?”

“It’s fine, I mean, you asked about boys. What’s different now?”

Alex wasn’t sure how to answer that. Because Maggie had a point; on the surface, there was nothing different now. But somehow this question felt so much more invasive. If she were being really honest, she might also admit that it felt like the stakes were higher, like she had an answer she really wanted to hear now. “Uh, I guess nothing is different. I just didn’t want to pressure you.”

“Thanks,” Maggie mumbled. “I don’t know, there’s maybe someone, but it doesn’t matter. I shouldn’t get into all that shit again.”

“Again?” Alex asked.

“I just...I liked someone back in Blue Springs. Turns out she was straight. And didn’t much care for the fact that I liked her. It was a whole big fucking shit show, and now I live in Midvale with my aunt. And I don’t want your pity,” she growled.

Alex wasn’t really sure how to respond. Nothing about what had happened to Maggie was fair. “Can I, can I hug you?”
Maggie shrugged, and Alex slowly scooted across the floor until she was next to Maggie. She threw one arm around her shoulder, drawing Maggie in close to her. She figured she’d leave Maggie one side for escape, remembering how Kara had panicked when Alex first tried to hug her, feeling trapped and being reminded of the confines of her small pod where she had spent years in the Phantom Zone.

Swallowing back tears, Maggie dropped her head onto Alex’s shoulder, mumbling a thank you that she wasn’t sure Alex heard. They sat like that for a while, Alex tracing circular patterns across Maggie’s shoulder and upper arm, while Maggie sought to recenter herself using some of the breathing techniques she learned at the yoga classes she attended with her aunt at the community center.

“If you, well, if you ever wanted to ask that girl out, I’d kick the ass of anyone who tried to give you shit about it,” Alex finally offered when it seemed like Maggie was ready to talk again.

“Thanks, Danvers, but I don’t need you getting suspended. I hear last time you got out on a bit of a technicality, pleading out of your crimes, huh?” She didn’t add that Alex’s words meant the world to her, that someone she knew for less than two weeks would already be willing to risk her surely perfect academic record for the weird new girl.

Alex laughed. “Let me guess: James told you?”

“Yeah, yeah he did.”

“Hmm, as far as boys go, he’s not so bad. Winn too.”

Maggie nodded, even though she hadn’t talked to Winn yet.

“So, um, want to tell me about her?” Alex asked, ignoring the twisting feeling in her gut at the idea of Maggie gushing about some other girl.

Letting out a shaky breath, Maggie shook her head. “It doesn’t matter; she…I don’t know, she doesn’t think about me like that.”

“Oh really? I have it on good authority that lots of people think you’re pretty cute,” Alex said, forcing out a laugh.

“So is she,” Maggie whispered. “She’s really pretty.”

“Hmm, that’s nice,” Alex nodded.

“But she’s also really smart. And I think she’s pretty cool too.” Maggie wondered how obvious she was getting.

“Ah, that’s, well, they all sound like great characteristics.”

“Yep, but, like I said, it doesn’t matter. Wouldn’t want to risk it.”

“But maybe you should,” Alex blurted out. She wasn’t sure why she was pushing Maggie toward someone else. She wasn’t sure why her heart was racing with the stupid hope that Maggie was talking about her. She wasn’t sure why all she wanted to do was kiss this rude, adorable, confusing girl sitting next to her when just earlier today she was insisting to Winn that she wasn’t gay.

Maggie bit her lip at the sight of Alex’s gaze flicking down to her own lips. Could Alex possibly know that she was talking about her? Could she want it too? Maggie shifted slightly, turning to face
“She makes me want to do stupid things,” Maggie whispered, just a few inches away from Alex now.

“Maybe you confuse the hell out of her, make her want to do things she swore weren’t for her,” Alex whispered back, moving slightly forward.

Before anything could happen, Kara was barging through the door and asking what pizza toppings they wanted. Maggie jumped away from Alex at a speed that made Alex seriously question whether Maggie might be an alien like Kara.

“I better head home! Got some studying to do, ya know. Wanna ace that test,” she blurted out, shoving her feet back into her shoes and grabbing her bag before racing down the stairs.

Catching sight of Maggie bolting out the front door, James chased after her. “Maggie!” he called, “Maggie! Please wait!”

“What?” she asked, her voice cracking as she came to a stop at the edge of the yard.

“Take a walk with me?”

“Kara’s going to want to know where you’re going.”

“I’ll text her. Tell her that I’m going to walk down to the pizza place to pick it up, save some money on delivery costs.”

“Why are you being so nice?” Maggie demanded, her heart racing and her head swimming. Why was this popular boy being nice to her? Why was a pretty girl leaning into her and making her think that maybe she wanted her too?

“Because I care about you,” James answered as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. “Something is obviously wrong. You look like you’re about to cry, and you just took off from Alex’s home without any ride back to your place, even though I know it’s a 45-minute walk.”

“Yeah, well, walking is good for you.”

“Not with a bag full of heavy textbooks.”

“Builds character.”

“According to my mom, so did my bout with food poisoning, but it doesn’t make me ever want to do it again,” he laughed, finally getting a small smile from Maggie. “So,” he began again, “want to tell me what happened?”

“I almost kissed her,” Maggie admitted, slumping down and sitting on the curb.

“Wow, okay, that’s…good? What happened?”

“Kara burst into the room, and I bolted. Because how could I ever think that she wanted me back? She’s pretty and smart and perfect and probably straight.”

“Well, how did you get to that almost-kiss?” James asked, settling himself in next to Maggie, only to have her stand up and begin pacing, then walking again. He walked along with her, guiding her in the direction of Kara’s favorite pizza place as they went, and listened as she talked about her afternoon with Alex.
“Look, obviously I’m no expert on the nuances of women flirting with other women, but I don’t think you were misreading it that much. I mean, maybe Alex would have freaked. But it would have been because she’s Alex, not because of you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, it’s just, it’s more Alex’s story to tell. But she fights so hard to be perfect for her mother. Ever since her dad died, her mom puts a lot on her—stuff that she’s never expected or even asked of Kara. And Kara’s adopted; she’s got so much shit to deal with on her own, it isn’t like I want to see more being asked of her, you know? But because of those differences, Alex, well, she feels like she has to be perfect, like she could never compare to Kara. And so when it comes to doing something different, something less than ‘perfect,’ whatever it means, she’s always going to panic a little.”

Maggie mulled over James’ words. It was a lot to take in, but she sort of understood, felt like she got Alex a bit better now, why she had college-level science textbooks lining her shelves and beat herself up over not liking Rick the way she was “supposed to.”

They walked for a little while in silence, then Maggie shifted the conversation to something lighter, to talk of television shows and movies. She wasn’t ready to go back to their earlier conversation, though she did allow James to bring her back to the house.

“I come bearing pizza,” James yelled out in his booming voice as he walked through the door. Kara came barreling down the stairs, followed shortly by Alex, whose eyes were rimmed in red as though she had spent the time while Maggie was away crying and trying to hide it. She startled slightly at the sight of Maggie, but quickly hid her reaction, gritting her teeth as she came back downstairs.

A blonde woman with wavy hair came through the doorway leading to the kitchen. “Thank you, James,” she said, smiling at him as she gestured toward the table that had been set while they were out.

“No, no, you’ve done enough. Alex, can you grab the pitcher of iced tea and the water from the kitchen?”

Alex nodded and made her way into the kitchen, while Kara joined James at the table. “Is this a new friend, Kara?” the woman asked.

“Oh, sorry! She’s Alex’s friend.”

Alex, hands full of drinks, stumbled slightly but quickly recovered. “Mom, this is Maggie Sawyer. She’s new to Midvale. Maggie, this is my mom.”

“Mrs. Danvers, it’s so nice to meet you. Thank you for having me over.”

“Oh, please, Eliza is fine,” she said, waving her hand.

Maggie grimaced at the name, but quickly covered it with a forced smiled. “Well, thank you, really. Alex has been helping me to catch up in bio. She’s really quite brilliant.”

Alex blushed and ducked her head. “Not like she actually needs the help,” she mumbled. “She’s going to ace the test anyway.”

Eliza looked between the two girls, both of whom were blushing a faint pink and avoiding eye contact as they complimented one another. Biting back a grin at the idea that Alex might finally be
moving on from that Vicky girl, she grabbed a slice of pizza and motioned to the basement door. “I have to finish writing up a few reports, so I’ll be down in the lab. Maggie and James, you’re welcome to stay as late as your parents will allow. Kara and Alex, be good hosts. Clean up after dinner and don’t forget to offer your guests dessert.”

Alex nodded her understanding and grabbed a seat as far away from Maggie as possible at the dinner table, reaching out for a single slice of pizza that she set on her plate but only picked at.

Not knowing what she had interrupted, Kara asked: “Why did you have to run, Maggie? You know you were always invited to stay for dinner.”

James cut in, seeing the way Maggie was shaking ever so slightly. “Oh, she had gotten a text asking her to come home, but once she explained that it was for school, her mom told her to stay.” Kara looked appeased, though Maggie cringed, knowing that Alex would hear it as the lie it was; she already knew that Maggie lived with her aunt, not her mom, and would be able to tell that Maggie had bolted for other reasons.

“I was just nervous,” she mumbled, hoping that Alex would understand the meaning there, while Kara would accept it as her just wanting to get home if her “mom” needed her.

Alex glanced up when Maggie spoke, still reeling over the girl’s abrupt departure and what it meant. Once Maggie left and she finished fending off the most pressing of Kara’s questions, she shut her door, locking it behind her. Trying not to cry, she had called Winn, asking him just to talk to her for a little while, keep her distracted. He had, of course, asked what happened with Maggie. Because he knew, always knew, when Alex wasn’t alright. When she finally broke down sobbing, she managed to get out, “I think maybe you were right. About stuff. About me. This morning. But it doesn’t even matter because she ran off, and I looked stupid. And I hate all of this, Winn, I fucking hate it.” He had tried to comfort her, offering to come over with ice cream and old Star Trek DVDs. She thanked him, but figured that tonight she just sort of wanted to be alone. Wanting to hear the crying end, at least, he regaled her with stories of his worst dates and attempts at flirting—most recently with a very cute boy from the prep school down the road who had kissed him then insisted that he was straight and they were just “bros doing favors for other bros.” That earned a watery chuckle from Alex, which eased Winn’s worries quite a bit. They hung up only when James got back with pizza. Had Alex known that Maggie would be with him, she might not have come down at all, but now it was too late. Now she was stuck at a table with a woman who confused her, who insisted on upending her assumptions about who she was and what she wanted, who left her confused and upset without a real goodbye.

“Alex, come on, you’ve gotta eat! Otherwise you’re gonna be exhausted surfing tomorrow morning,” Kara chastised her big sister.

“I’m going, I’m going,” Alex muttered, shoving her slice of pizza into her mouth.

“Do you surf every morning?” Maggie asked, wanting to somehow break the awkwardness that had developed between them.

“No,” Alex replied curtly.

“Oh, okay. So, uh, just weekends?”

Alex shrugged.

A rather confused looking Kara interjected, “If the weather’s nice, she’s out there every weekend, plus once or twice during the week if she isn’t up til all hours of the morning getting ahead on
homework and correcting her teachers.”

Maggie laughed. It was everything she had come to expect from the other girl, even in the short time she had known her. Alex, however, just glared at Maggie, trying to figure out why she had just waltzed back in like nothing weird had happened.

James managed to keep conversation moving at the table, engaging Kara enough for her not to notice that Alex was deadly silent, while Maggie was only chiming in with pleasantries. Once they had finished eating, Kara asked if they all wanted to play a board game with dessert, but Alex cut in: “No, Maggie was saying earlier that she really needed to get home, so I think we’ll pass tonight.”

Maggie winced at the unsubtle directive to leave. “Uh, yeah, should make sure everything’s alright at home.”

“Aww, okay, maybe next time?”

“Maybe,” Maggie muttered, smiling at Kara but unwilling to chance a look back at Alex. “Thanks for your help, Alex. I, uh, I appreciate it.”

“Yeah, well, you’re gonna be fine on the test. Didn’t really need my help,” she replied coolly.

Maggie sucked her lower lip between her teeth and nodded, shuffling toward the door as she called out her goodbyes. Once she got outside, she gulped in deep breaths of fresh air, finally free of the stifling atmosphere of the dinner table. She called her aunt, only to be told that she had been called into work and wouldn’t be around to give Maggie a ride home until later. “Could your friend drive you back to our place? Or if she can give you a ride to the hospital, they think the rush will only last another couple of hours.”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Maggie lied, gritting her teeth as she thought about the long walk home in the dark. Just as she was preparing to leave, the door opened up.

“Hey,” Alex said quietly.

“Hey.”

“I, uh, I wanted to make sure you were alright getting home.”

“Uhm, yeah, just leaving now.”

“Is your aunt coming for you?”

“No, I’ll walk. It’s not so bad, just a couple of miles.”

“Maggie!” Alex exclaimed. “No, that’s ridiculous. I can, I can drive you.”

“It’s fine. I don’t want to be a burden.”

“Just shut up and accept the offer, okay, Sawyer?”

Maggie’s heart fluttered at the new nickname, but she didn’t dare comment on it. “Okay. Thanks.”

Alex yelled in to Kara that she was driving Maggie home and would be back soon, shutting the door and pretending that she hadn’t heard Kara’s request to pick up some ice cream on the way back. She was really going to go broke one of these days with the amount of food she got roped into “picking up” for the little alien.
The first few minutes of the ride were spent in complete silence. Finally Alex broke it, asking, “Why did you run out like that?”

Figuring in this case honesty really was probably the best policy, Maggie admitted, “I got scared. I panicked.”

“Why?”

“Why? Really, Alex? Because, because I’m stupid that’s why.”

“We’ve established through tutoring that you’re not stupid.”

“Oh my god, don’t be so literal. I’m stupid for falling for you! I’m stupid for thinking that I had a chance with the first girl in this stupid fucking town that so much as talked to me. And it wasn’t like you even talked to me because you chose to; you talked to me because the bio teacher told you to. And you’re friendly because you’re a decent person. And you’re willing to get close to me because I didn’t do something stupid like make a move on you. And now I’m losing my only friend here because I couldn’t help noticing how pretty and great you are.”

By the time Maggie finished, she realized the car was pulled over and in park, though they were only halfway to her house. Biting back bitter tears, she swallowed heavily. “I thought so. I’ll go.”

Before she could get her door open, though, Alex had a hand on her wrist. “You were right; you are dumb.”

“Fuck off,” Maggie muttered. It was enough to be turned down and left to walk home; she really didn’t need to hear about everything else that was wrong with her and why she had misread the situation.

“You’re dumb because you can’t see that I feel the same way,” Alex explained. Before Maggie could ask questions and try to construe that somewhat straightforward statement in any number of ways that would make it mean that Alex didn’t like her as anything more than a friend, she unbuckled her seatbelt and surged forward, kissing Maggie.

Pulling back after just a second, she asked, “Does that explain anything?”

Wordlessly, Maggie pulled Alex back toward her, kissing her in earnest this time. Alex swore she saw stars; everything that had felt wrong about kissing Rick was suddenly right with Maggie.

Eventually they pulled away, both of them grinning this time. Alex put back on her seatbelt and began the drive back to Maggie’s place. “That was, um, nice for me. Did you like it?” she asked, suddenly nervous that maybe Maggie had more experience and better experience.

“It was perfect, Danvers,” Maggie said with a smile. “But, I think I did it all wrong.”

“You asking to practice?” Alex laughed.

Chuckling, Maggie shook her head. “No, no, well, I mean, yeah totally! But what I meant was, I should have taken you out on a date first. If you want to. I mean, maybe this was just a kiss for you, and that’s fine too.”

Cutting off Maggie’s rambling, Alex chimed in, “I’d like to go on a date with you. If you’re still asking and not just rambling.”

“We’ll celebrate your A and your transfer into AP bio.”

“Don’t jinx it!”

“Please, you’ve got the world’s best tutor—no chance of you not getting an A.”

“Yeah, well, now I might be a little distracted around my tutor.”

“Hmm, but you’ll be up against my self-control. You haven’t seen me before finals.”

Maggie chuckled. “Alright, alright. We’ll see how long you last against my dimples.”

“Looking forward to the challenge.”

Chapter End Notes

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A few weeks after the drag show, Alex blurted out, “Would you do that again?”

“Do what?” Maggie laughed, knowing Alex would work her way up to whatever it was she wanted to ask.

Blushing, Alex realized that her question really only made sense if Maggie knew everything that was going on in her head up until that point. “Uh, right. Well, you know how you dressed in drag a few weeks ago?”

“Mhm,” Maggie nodded. “Do you want me to put the outfit back on?”

“Not, um, not the full outfit necessarily.”

“So which part of it do you want?”

“The part we had fun with,” Alex mumbled, her cheeks tinged with pink.

“See, I think we had fun with all of it.”

“Maggie,” Alex whined.

“I think it would be hot if you said it, Alex.”

Taking a deep breath and looking slightly above Maggie’s head, Alex rushed out, “I want you to go out packing again.”

Maggie bit her lip, feeling her body tingle in anticipation. “Yeah? I’d do that for you. Is there any place in particular you want this to happen?”

Alex nodded, but didn’t say anything.

“Is there a particular scenario you’re hoping to act out?”

Again, Alex nodded.
“Babe, you’ve got to work with me a little bit. What about this? You tell me your fantasy, then I’ll give you one of my own. And trust me, I’ll make it kinky.”

“Okay,” Alex finally gave in, recognizing just how lucky she was to have a girlfriend like Maggie. “Well, um, I just, I’ve been thinking about how I used to be, you know, back in grad school. And I wondered how different things might have been if I would have been out or had more confidence or any number of things.”

“Alex,” Maggie chimed in, her voice soft, “please don’t beat yourself up over the past. Look at you: you’re incredible and successful. We’ve all done things in the past that we aren’t particularly proud of, but it doesn’t define us.”

“No, I know! It’s not that. I just, well, I was thinking about how back in grad school, I used to go out and have this awful anonymous sex, but there was also something a little bit liberating about going out with a guy—maybe it was a date, more likely it was just meeting drunkenly in a bar or a club—fucking, and then leaving without it needing to turn into something. Don’t get me wrong, I’d take what you and I have over that shit any day, but there’s something sort of...sexy about the idea of you and me meeting in some bar and being, you know, so attracted to each other that you just had to take me then and there, even though we knew we’d probably never see each other again. Does that make sense? Or is it stupid? It’s probably stupid.”

“Hey, no! No, please don’t go to that place where you think that just because I didn’t interrupt you I don’t agree with you. I’m happy to, really. I think it sounds hot, Danvers.”

“Really? You wouldn’t just be doing it for me?”

“No, I wouldn’t do something I didn’t want to do. And beyond just not not wanting to do it, I really do want to do this with you.”

“Okay!” Alex grinned. “So, um, should we plan details in advance, or is it a surprise?”

“Hmm, let’s move this to the bedroom and think there,” Maggie offered with a smirk, and Alex followed her happily.

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The next weekend, Alex found herself alone in a bar in downtown National City—not the alien bar, no, nowhere their friends might see them. It’s more upscale than they would usually frequent; if they’re going to fuck in the bathroom, they reasoned, they needed somewhere it wouldn’t be disgusting and, preferably, where individual bathrooms were an option. But it’s also popular enough to be crowded and noisy—the perfect conditions for slipping away unnoticed and continuing on unheard.

Dressed in a nicer black dress with heels and her hair curled softly, Alex spent the first ten or so minutes sipping her glass of wine and fending off male suitors until finally Maggie arrived. In black pants, a white button up, suspenders, and black dress shoes with her hair down, she looked like perfection to Alex.

Maggie pulled out the seat one over, smiling softly and nodding at Alex before returning her attention to the specials menu and flagging down the bartender. She ordered a beer and lifted her glass to Alex in a polite toast before turning back to her own drink.

After a few minutes of silence during which Alex fought to stay in character, to keep her eyes off of Maggie’s pants and the bulge she could just make out, Maggie cleared her throat. “How’s your night
been so far?”

“Eh, nothing special. Yours?”

“Just got out of work. Needed a little something to decompress. I’m Maggie, by the way.” She offered her hand to Alex, who took it gently.

“Alex. What do you do?”

“Lawyer.”

“Ah, very fancy. Long night at the firm, or the courtroom, or…?” Alex trailed off, leaving the possibilities open.

“Courtroom today. Finally got back a not guilty verdict on a case I’ve been working for months now,” Maggie explained, a small smile playing about her lips.

“Congratulations,” Alex offered a toast of her own glass, her voice low. “Sounds like you deserve some kind of celebration. Join me for a drink?”

“Isn’t that what we’re doing now?” Maggie joked.

“Now see, I was offering you the seat next to me—something I’ve denied too many men in here already—but if you’d prefer to keep things as they are…”

“No, no. I know how to accept a flattering offer.” Maggie slipped into the seat next to Alex, angling her body toward the other woman as she let her gaze flit down to Alex’s lips before returning to meet her eyes. “So, what do you do?”

“I work in politics. Just in town for the weekend, then back to DC Monday morning.”

“So is tonight about business?” Maggie asked.

“Today was about business, and tomorrow will be about business, but no, tonight is about me.”

“And what does a night about Alex look like?” Maggie’s voice was low and husky, and it made Alex want to quit the act and just fuck already.

“I think tonight it might be about helping you to celebrate,” Alex flirted back.

“I appreciate the offer, but I don’t know that a round of drinks is all I want to celebrate. After all, a few months is a lot of pent up stress I’m looking to rid myself of tonight.”

“I think I know a few ways you could do that. If you’re up for the challenge, come find me in the back,” Alex purred, slipping off the stool and sauntering toward the back of the bar.

Maggie quickly paid for their drinks and hurried toward the back, not wanting to seem desperate, but also not wanting Alex to think their game was over. When she got to the back, though, she didn’t see Alex. While she was looking around, a hand slipped around her waist and gently gripped her hips.

“You came.”

“Of course,” Maggie breathed out.

“Good,” Alex murmured, her breath hot on Maggie’s ear. “Tell me if I’m misreading the situation.”

Taking control, Maggie spun into Alex. “You’re not,” she husked, moving forward and capturing
Alex’s lips in a heated kiss.

After a minute of breathless passion, Alex drew back. “Not out here. I work in politics,” she offered by way of an explanation. “Bathroom?”

Maggie took Alex’s hand and let herself be guided to the single-stall restroom. As soon as they got inside and Alex had locked the door, she had her arms around Alex’s waist, picking her up to deposit her on the marble counter by the sink. She had to hand it to Alex, the woman had done her research when it came to a nice bathroom to fuck in.

Alex leaned forward and kissed Maggie deeply, running her tongue across Maggie’s bottom lip and sucking softly at first, then harder. Wrapping her legs around Maggie’s waist, she drew the other woman in closer, carding her fingers through Maggie’s hair and tugging lightly, earning a low moan.

“Alex,” Maggie panted, letting her hands drift up Alex’s thighs, pushing up and under the hem of her dress.

Alex slid down from the counter, pushing Maggie up against the door as she trailed hot, bruising kisses down Maggie’s jaw and neck as her hands wandered. When she came to the bulge in Maggie’s pants, she couldn’t help the needy whimper that escaped her lips.

“Feel something you like?” Maggie asked.

“Fuck me,” Alex growled, undoing the button and zipper on Maggie’s pants. With a small nod from Maggie, she pulled out the toy and stroked up and down the length, watching as Maggie’s jaw dropped at the sight.

Not wanting to carry lube around with her, Maggie ripped open one of the lubricated condoms she had purchased specifically for the evening and rolled it down the dildo. “Bend over,” she ordered, grinning at the loud whine Alex let out as she bent down, gripping the counter and sticking her ass out.

Maggie pushed Alex’s dress up and over her hips, groaning at the sight of Alex bare and dripping for her. “You okay?” she asked, needing to be sure.

“Yes,” Alex breathed out. “Now please just fuck me already.”

Slowly, Maggie slid inside of Alex, gradually pumping in and out of the other woman until the full length was buried inside of her.

Alex moaned at the sensation, bucking her hips back into Maggie until the woman got the hint and sped up. The speed was good, but Alex wanted the desperation that one night stands so often brought. “Harder,” she growled.

Maggie gripped Alex’s hips hard and pulled back, then thrust hard back into Alex. “Like that?”

“Yes,” Alex panted. “Yes, yes, yes,” became her mantra as Maggie fucked her hard and fast. Maggie whimpered each time the base of the toy hit against her sensitive clit, but tried to keep her focus on Alex. She let one hand leave Alex’s hips as she moved up to roughly palm Alex’s breasts through her dress, groaning at the feeling of Alex’s hard nipples pushing against the fabric.

When Maggie wrapped her other hand around Alex’s waist and snaked her fingers down to rub fast circles against Alex’s clit, Alex tossed her head back in pleasure, catching sight of the two of them in the mirror. “Fuck,” she exhaled.
Maggie looked up from her view of Alex’s ass to see where Alex was looking. She smirked at the sight of them in the mirror, feeling a gush of wetness soaking the harness as she got lost in the image in front of her. She could see Alex’s cheeks and chest flush with pink, the woman’s breasts bouncing obscenely with every thrust.

Meanwhile, Alex was lost in the sight of Maggie, still fully dressed in her black pants, her crisp white shirt with the suspenders styled just so. She looked powerful, commanding, and every thrust just made Alex wetter. She was pulled out of her thoughts by the sound of Maggie’s whispered command: “Come for me.” And then Alex’s muscles were clenching around the dick, her grip tightening on the counter, her back arching into Maggie’s grip, and she was tumbling over the edge, biting into her own arm to keep from crying out. Maggie held her up until her body stopped shaking, keeping Alex’s ass flush against her hips as she fought to keep herself in the moment, focused on Alex, not on the heat coiling low in her abdomen or the delicious pressure of the toy against her pussy as Alex’s hips rocked through the aftershocks of her orgasm.

When Alex finally slumped forward, Maggie carefully pulled out and threw out the condom. She tucked everything back into her pants and carefully fixed her shirts and did up her zipper and button, looking almost as presentable as she did before coming in the bathroom.

Alex drew herself up and pulled her dress back down around her hips. With a few runs of her fingers through her hair, and a quick touch up with her lipstick, she figured she looked as put together as she could hope for, having just been thoroughly fucked. Clearing her throat, she asked, “Did that help relieve any of that pent up stress?”

“Mm, yes, it was a nice celebration. And you? Was that adequate entertainment for the evening?”

“I’ll remember National City fondly,” Alex purred, her lips curling into a playful smirk. Strolling out of the bathroom, she tossed a kiss and a wink over her shoulder at Maggie, who was grinning and shaking her head at Alex, wondering how she ever got this lucky.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites, though I’ll be pretty much offline until I see the season finale after work tomorrow

I've got three smutty chapters all written, though they need a final copyedit. Let me know which one you'd like to see first, though I'll probably get two out tomorrow afternoon: Director Sanvers Netflix and Chill; Supercorp Fantasy Fulfillment; or NB!Sawyer and Alex's First Time
Alex as a Boobs Girl

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Can we get a chapter about Maggie or Alex just being like a serious ass or boobs girl like to the point where one of them is stumbling and getting super distracted and handsy/making raunchy comments idk I just think it would be really funny and the other would act embarrassed but lowkey love it ya know

There will be one of the promised smut chapter(s) after work tonight, but I couldn't look at the comments/votes on AO3 and Tumblr after I found a spoiler in one :( 

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Since coming out, Alex had fancied herself an ass woman. After all, even as a “straight” woman, she had definitely caught herself staring at (and appreciating) Maggie Sawyer’s ass as she walked out of the DEO and to her date with another woman, a date that caused a pang of something she refused to call jealousy to shoot though her. And it didn’t help that Maggie seemed to have an endless supply of skinny jeans and leggings that fit her perfectly, giving Alex a clear view of the curve of her ass.

Once they started dating, once Alex was allowed to drop her hands low while they were making out, she couldn’t help but feel like her closeted self had still known what was up, had still been able to recognize something phenomenal in front of her.

But after the first night when they took their shirts, then bras off, leaving themselves both bare-chested and staring at each other in wonder, something started to shift. Because Alex had never really taken notice of boobs before. She had her own, but she didn’t think about them as some great asset; they were just the things on her chest that sometimes made men’s gaze fall a little too low to be professional. Maggie Sawyer’s boobs, on the other hand, well, they were a different story. Because, god, was Maggie responsive when Alex touched them—tentatively at first, but growing increasingly bold with every whimper and moan. And when she tried to duplicate the attention Maggie had paid to her own chest, kissing around the whole area, then focusing her attention on and around Maggie’s nipples, she could have died happy. Because Maggie—the same Maggie who had been so in control every night that she told Alex they should take things slowly, that she would leave, go back to her place, leave Alex desperate and whining and wet—that Maggie suddenly had her hands buried in Alex’s hair, dragging her closer, as she let loose a series of low moans, gasping out obscenities with every flick of Alex’s tongue against her hard nipples.

Since then, since then Alex had definitely noticed Maggie’s boobs. She noticed and appreciated them, even on the days when Maggie wasn’t quite dressed to have them appear. Like when her whole upper body was taken over by that oversized police windbreaker, which Alex blamed in large part for her delayed realization about the wonder of boobs.

When they were down at the alien bar and Maggie left her leather jacket in the group’s booth while she and Alex played pool, Alex noticed. Instead of standing behind Maggie to watch her bend over, she stood on the other side of the table, watching as Maggie’s v-neck dropped lower, giving her an amazing view down the other woman’s shirt. As soon as Maggie noticed that Alex’s jaw was on the floor, she made it a point to toss her hair over her shoulder with each turn, to casually lean forward
while Alex was trying to line up her own shots. It meant Alex lost every single game of pool they played, but she didn’t even care, barely even noticed. She didn’t notice much of anything outside of Maggie until Brian’s cousin came up to their table and asked if Maggie might want a drink, clearly directing his question at her boobs if the direction of his ogling gaze was any indication. And then Alex was with it enough to shove him away from the table and tell him to “fuck off.” Alex got to ogle because Alex respected the hell out of Maggie (and also because she had asked first, had asked if it made Maggie uncomfortable when she told her how amazing she looked).

Of course, Maggie was slightly less okay with it when Alex suddenly realized that other women also had chests. She didn’t think Alex was doing it on purpose, but she had the sudden urge to remind Alex where women’s eyes were when they were out together. Because the witness who was very interested in talking to Alex, and only to Alex, had shrugged off her cardigan to give her statement, leaving her in a low-cut shirt that had drawn Alex’s attention immediately. Sure, she remained a consummate professional, as always, but Maggie noticed the way the witness licked her lips and grinned each time Alex’s gaze fell. And then when they were out for happy hour with the whole gang and Lena walked in wearing a work dress with low v-neck that showcased absolutely everything, she watched as Alex’s gaze dropped along with her jaw. And when she looked across the table, looking for someone else to appreciate the frustration of seeing their girlfriend stare at someone else, she found Kara’s gaze trained firmly on Lena’s chest as well. In fact, she watched Kara flick her eyes back up to Lena’s face only when attention was being paid directly to her. The rest of the time she spent with her eyes down just a little too low, her lower lip pulled in between her teeth. Apparently it was a Danvers women thing, Maggie thought. Great, just great.

During yoga that week, Maggie was glad to see that Alex’s gaze had returned to her chest and only her chest after their little post-drinks conversation. It wasn’t that Maggie was jealous per se, but if Alex was going to blatantly ogle someone in public, she’d rather it was her. A very embarrassed Alex quickly agreed, apologizing profusely. She had never noticed these sorts of things, and that comment about feeling like a teenage again? Apparently sometimes she was also going to feel like a stereotypical teenage boy.

Which meant that during yoga, Alex could barely help herself from watching Maggie bend over and stretch, each new pose giving her new and better views of her girlfriend. But when they got into pairs to work together on some advanced poses and Maggie paused to stretch out in upward-facing dog, a bead of sweat running down from her neck, over her collarbones, and down the valley between her boobs, Alex suspected she had stared. She knew she had even licked her lips. She did not, however, realize she had begun talking until it was out, until she had husked, “God, I want my mouth on you,” and watched Maggie—cool, unflappable Maggie—blush a delicious shade of red as she hissed out: “Not here!”

Alex was terrible throughout the rest of yoga, barely holding poses for the required number of breaths and consistently missing directions. When it came time to gently hold their partners, Alex let her hands wander, turning those guiding touches into hot caresses that left Maggie flushed from more than just the exertion of exercise.

Maggie wanted to be mad at Alex—really, she did. But she also remembered what it was like when she first noticed other women’s bodies. And sure, she might have been more discreet than Alex, who was practically drooling across from her, but she suspected that she might not have been with a girlfriend. So she leaned over to Alex and whispered, “If you can put your eyes back where they belong and behave properly through the rest of this class and our grocery shopping, I’ll let you touch them as much as you want when we get home.”

And apparently such an offer was all the incentive Alex needed.
Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt from LeapYearBaby29: Kara has some dirty fantasies but is embarrassed to ask Lena. But Lena gets them out of Kara and she makes it reality. (Dirty Fantasy: Make one up! But Kara is submissive and Lena is dominant!) May be to smutty but I hope you can write it and put in some Smut! ;) You can decide if they're a couple or just friends but we're having a conversation that started to be about sexual fantasies.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At first Lena had teased Kara about her near encyclopedic knowledge of old school rap lyrics. It had started one night at the bar, when Kara broke out into a perfect rendition of Naughty by Nature’s O.P.P., though Lena had assumed it was a fluke—one song she knew perfectly as a kind of party trick. But then she came home and found her belting out “It Wasn’t Me,” which quickly led into a barrage of Ludacris and Eminem. Distracted as she was, it took Kara almost five full songs to notice that Lena had gotten back to the apartment.

Blushing, Kara ripped off the DEO-issued special headphones that allowed her to actually block out the rest of the world (and, sometimes, replace it with music). “Uhm, how much did you hear?” she squeaked.

“Oh, enough,” Lena grinned. “So tell me, Ms. Danvers, what is your fantasy?”

“What?” Kara asked, her voice high pitched.

“Were you not just rapping Ludacris? I believe I heard you suggesting the library before you pulled off your headphones.” A broad grin had spread across Lena’s face at this point.

Kara stammered. Sure, she and Lena had been dating for a little while now, and they had absolutely gotten to know each other’s bodies intimately, but they were still new. They hadn’t gotten into the land of role play and fantasy—certainly not in the explicit terms that had flowed freely from Kara’s mouth during her sing-along.

“We don’t have to talk about it,” Lena reassured Kara. “Just know that I’m a very open person, if you catch my meaning. I’m not here to judge you. Worst case scenario? I say no, or we try it and I don’t like it. Best case scenario? I make your dreams come true. I’d say it’s worth the risk, but I suppose it’s your choice…”

Kara debated; on the one hand, dreams maybe coming true, but on the other hand, maybe she would be laughed at forever. Not that she thought Lena would actually laugh at her, but still, she had been on this planet long enough to absorb some of the shame around anything outside of perfectly normative sexual habits.

“Okay, what if we work up to it? We can both share. Does that sound okay?”

Kara nodded, but waited for Lena to begin.
“Alright, well, I like to be on top, I mean, dominating, not just physically on top.”

Kara grinned and bit her lip because she knew that, she had witnessed the change that would come over Lena in the bedroom when she took a bit more control of the situation. “I like it when you do that too. Also, um,” Kara hesitated, blushing a brilliant shade of red. Lena came over to sit next to her, pulling Kara’s hands into her own lap and stroking her finger across them. Taking a deep breath, Kara blurted out: “I’d maybe like you to spank me.”

Lena felt a rush of heat run through her. Trying to keep her tone neutral, she nodded. “I would be fine with that, more than happy to help.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Do you think you’d want to be on my lap, on the bed, across my desk…?”

Looking slightly overwhelmed, Kara backed off: “Um, maybe your lap to start? I don’t know. Can we come back to that question later?”

“Of course,” Lena reassured her, placing a gentle kiss to Kara’s cheek.

“Your turn,” Kara reminded her.

“Right. Um, I like desperation play.”

“What’s that?”

“Well, it can be a lot of things, but I’d like to fuck you until you’re so close to coming, but then make you wait. And maybe we repeat it a few times, so that you’re dripping and begging me to let you come. And then I’d decide if you were good enough to deserve an orgasm.”

Kara was silent, and Lena immediately began to panic, worrying that she had crossed a line. “I mean, we don’t have to do it! Obviously I enjoy sex the way we’re having it. It’s just a thing, you know, a thing I’ve done. In the past. Don’t have to do it again.”

Kara silenced Lena with a kiss. “I don’t have words, that’s all. I don’t have words, but I’d let you feel how wet the thought of you doing that to me made me. If you want.”

Surging forward, Lena captured Kara’s lips in a passionate kiss, letting Kara guide her hand beneath her pants to where she was soaked and waiting for Lena.

Lena pulled back. “Your turn. Tell me a fantasy. Let me make it come true for you. Please.”

Figuring that Lena had shared her own stuff, Kara forced the words out: “I want to touch myself. For you. With you. I want you to tell me what to do. And maybe, I don’t know, maybe you can tell me when to come too, since it sounds like something you’d like.”

Chest heaving with want, Lena nodded. “Should we play now?” She wanted it, wanted it so much. But she wasn’t going to push Kara into something she had only just now voiced.

“Would you?” Kara asked, trying to disguise the hopefulness in her voice, push it down into a neutral tone, as though she were asking an everyday question, like whether Lena might like to get dinner or if she would put on the laundry.

“Say ‘red’ if you want to stop, okay?” Kara nodded eagerly. “Then go to the bedroom. I’ll be there in five minutes, and I want to find you naked and dripping. But you can’t touch yourself. Just think
about everything I’ll do for you. If you’re not wet enough for my liking, I’ll make you wait.”

Kara whimpered and nodded, scurrying off to the bedroom, where she promptly threw off her clothes and jumped onto the bed, sprawling out, before deciding to look slightly more appealing for Lena. She propped herself up on some of the pillows and clenched her hands against her stomach to fight the temptation to touch herself. She was fairly certain that the knowledge that Lena was coming to tell her what to do was enough to make her drip, but she suspected Lena wanted more. So she let her mind wander, thinking back to last weekend when they had cancelled brunch with the Superfriends because they simply could not drag themselves out of bed long enough to get dressed. Then she thought about what Lena had said, the desires she had expressed. The idea of Lena being that demanding, that in control, had her hips bucking involuntarily as small whimpers made their way out of her mouth.

When Lena came in, she found Kara, eyes squeezed tightly shut and hands gripping the comforter as her hips thrust into the air, desperate for relief. “Are you ready for me?” she purred.

Kara’s eyes flew open, and she could swear she felt her pupils dilate even further at the sight of Lena in her black stilettos and black dress pants with only a black lace bra on top. Theoretically, she understood that Lena had been wearing that outfit, that she had simply taken off her blazer and blouse. But the look was entirely new. And the way Lena was looking at her, drinking her in as she pulled blood red lips between her teeth—it was downright predatory.

“Yes,” Kara whimpered.

“Oh, I don’t think you get to answer that question. I think only I’ll be able to tell if you’re really ready for me.”

Kara felt her abs clench, and the sight of Lena strutting toward her nearly had her coming without a single touch.

When Lena got to the bed, she spread Kara’s legs and carefully drew one finger up the length of Kara’s pussy, smirking at just how wet Kara had already gotten for her. “Good girl,” she purred. Kara’s whole body shivered at the compliment. She waited for further instruction, not daring to move or even speak. Of course, she knew she could opt out if she ever wanted to, but she didn’t. God, she didn’t.

“Play with your nipples for me,” Lena instructed, standing back up and leaning against Kara’s dresser, giving herself a perfect view of the bed.

Kara quickly obeyed, rolling the already hard nipples between her fingers and tugging them hard enough to edge along the line between pleasurable and painful.

“You can make noise,” Lena explained, grinning when Kara sighed in relief. “Now use one of your hands to touch your abs, your thighs. I want you to be everywhere but where you want to be.”

Kara dropped one of her hands down her stomach, daring to let her fingers just barely graze across the top of her short curls before moving to the side and caressing the insides of her thighs. She could feel the sticky residue where her arousal had spilled out of her.

“Tell me how much you want it,” Lena demanded.

“So much. Please, Lena.”

“I don’t quite believe you.”
“Please,” Kara whimpered. “I’m so wet. I need to come. I need you to let me come.”

“Good,” Lena purred. “Now take one finger and run it through your folds.”

Kara obeyed, groaning at finally being allowed to touch herself. Her whole body shook as she circled her clit.

“Uh uh, not yet. I want you to make sure your finger is nice and wet, then I want you to taste yourself.” Switching out of the low, powerful voice she had been using, she added, “Remember, you can always say no if you don’t want to do something or don’t want to play the game at all, okay?”

Kara nodded, but she still wanted to play. Once she thought her finger was sufficiently coated in her own arousal, she drew it back up, flicking her tongue out to lap up the excess before taking it between her lips and sucking it clean. She moaned loudly, thinking about all the times Lena had done that, the way she would lick every drop of Kara off of her own fingers after she had finished fucking her.

Biting back a moan, knowing that would ruin the illusion of perfect control she fought to maintain, Lena turned her attention back to Kara. “Now I want you to fuck yourself. Just one finger for now. If you beg enough, maybe you can add a second one.”

Kara quickly obliged, dropping her finger back down between her legs and sliding it inside herself, groaning at the fullness that wasn’t enough, wasn’t even close to enough with how wet she was. But she would play along. Because it was something, and she could recognize it as a gift she was being given. So she fucked herself, slowly at first, but building to a steady rhythm. “Please, Lena,” she whispered, “please let me add another.”

“All right.”

“Hmm, I’m not convinced yet.”

“Please, I’m so wet. I’m not as good with my hands as you are. You do things to me that no one else can. Please, please just let me fuck myself a little more,” she begged.

Smirking, Lena nodded. “Only because you asked so politely.”

Kara groaned loudly in relief at the feeling of a second finger working inside her. With both of them fucking her hard and fast as she kept up a punishing pace, she could feel herself rapidly approaching the edge. She tried to keep her palm off of her clit, knowing that she was maybe supposed to ask first, knowing that the thought of having to ask just pushed her even closer to coming.

“Lena,” Kara panted out, “Lena, can I, can I come?”

“You’re so good to ask me, baby girl. So good. Can you wait a little longer for me?”

Kara nodded. She wasn’t sure she could wait, but she would do it for Lena.

After another minute, Lena decided that Kara would be allowed to come, but she wanted to challenge her a little first. “I need you to fuck yourself a little faster. Let your palm hit your clit with every thrust. Can you do that for me?”

Whimpering, Kara nodded, picking up her speed and dropping her palm back down. She could feel heat coiling low in her abdomen and her muscles tensing, stringing her taut as she fought back her orgasm. “I can’t last much longer,” Kara gasped, wanting so badly to last for Lena, to prove that she could be good.

Lena stalked over to the bed, getting on her knees in front of Kara, then dropping her hands down so
they were around Kara’s shoulders. “Can you look at me?” she purred, coaxing Kara to open her eyes, which she had squeezed shut as she tried to keep control over her body.

As she forced them open, Lena watched Kara’s abs contract, tensing as her hand moved at an astonishingly fast pace. “You’re so good, Kara,” she praised, earning a loud cry as Kara bit her lip, clearly forcing herself to stay in control. “Now come for me, baby.”

Kara didn’t need to be told twice, and with a final thrust, she was falling over the edge as her vision flashed a bright white.

As she calmed her heart rate, she was vaguely aware of the feeling of a wet heat between her legs, but it was only opening her eyes that allowed her to see that it was Lena’s tongue lapping up the arousal that had gushed out of her when she was finally allowed to come.

“How are you?” Lena asked, her voice still low and seductive as she looked up at Kara from between her legs.


“I’m glad. You were so good for me today. I bet next time we can make you wait a little longer. Would you like that?”

It sounded like the most exquisite kind of torture. “Please.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

I might get another smutty chapter up tonight - time will tell!
Chapter Summary

Prompt 1: Omg!! Thank you so much for continuing writing nonbinary Sawyer!! They are sooo amazing!! Would you write their first time with Maggie? Maybe them navigating their likes and dislikes? Thank you! Your writing is amazing!!

Prompt 2: Ah that's so exciting that you're planning to write more non-binary Maggie!! Hmm... maybe their first time and Maggie being nervous about alex seeing them binding. Or maybe a flash back of maggie coming out at work--like people's reactions and questions, etc? Thanks!!

Chapter Notes

Alright, it was pretty much a toss up between Supercorp and NB!Sawyer and Maggie, so I've got you all both tonight :) Tomorrow will see Director Sanvers Netflix and Chill plus maybe a few of the smaller prompts I've gotten if I get out of work on time for a change

I hope you enjoy the chapter! And, just to sort of throw it out there as part of responsible writing, this is one character’s experience; I don’t mean to imply that it should be taken as the standard/definition for sex with a non-binary partner! Communication = Better Sex (goes for everyone, tbh)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They had been dating for over two months at this point, and Alex couldn’t have been happier with the way things were going. Sawyer made her feel cared for and loved, even if they still hadn’t said “I love you” yet. They both felt it, but neither wanted to jump into anything too quickly. Despite their busy schedules, after the formality of their first few dates, they soon learned that if they wanted to see each other with any regularity, they would need to find time whenever they could. That meant that early morning coffees, midday lunch breaks at Noonan’s, late night excursions to make out in each other’s living rooms—they were all valid dates.

Around the time of their one month anniversary—they both noted the date, though neither was cheesy enough to try to celebrate it—Sawyer found themselves at Alex’s late one Friday night, propped against the wall by Alex’s door with Alex’s lips attached to their neck. It was supposed to be a goodbye, but it had quickly morphed into a full-blown make out session. It wasn’t an uncommon occurrence, if they were being honest, but something that night felt different. It might have been that the clock had long ago struck 2am and was creeping up to 3am at an alarming pace. It might have been the rather lengthy sex scene in the movie they had watched had left Sawyer feeling rather handsy and Alex flushing a deep red. Or perhaps it was their unacknowledged anniversary driving them together. But no matter the reason, Sawyer found their will to leave draining out of them with ever nip of Alex’s teeth against their throat, the pull of her hands against their ass.
“Spend the night?” Alex husked. “We don’t have to do anything more, but I worry about you out on your bike this late.”

“Alright,” Sawyer nodded.

“Really?”

“You’re really?” they laughed.

Grinning, Alex tugged them back toward her bed. “I have some pajamas you can borrow. Oversized t-shirts and boxer shorts for days,” she joked.

Suddenly Sawyer was acutely aware of what sleeping over would entail. Realistically, they had already been in their binder a little too long to be healthy. On nights when they knew they’d be out with Alex, they often switched into a tight sports bra instead, but tonight they had been running late and just threw on the clothes that were in their locker at the precinct.

Seeing the way Sawyer had frozen across the room, Alex moved slowly toward them. “Hey, are you okay? If you don’t want to stay over, that’s okay too. I don’t, I wouldn’t want to pressure you.”

“No, no, you’re fine. You’re perfect,” Sawyer reassured her. “I just, I, um, well, as I’m sure you’ve maybe figured out, I, uh, I bind my chest.” Alex nodded, indicating that she was following but wouldn’t interrupt until they were done. “Um, I can’t, it’s bad for you to sleep in it.”

“Oh, I mean, I won’t look if you need to change, but if you’re not comfortable with me seeing you without it yet, that’s okay too.”

Sawyer bit back a grin at Alex’s thoughtfulness; they shouldn’t have expected anything less from the woman they had come to care for so deeply, but somehow, after the bad experiences they’d had in the past, it still seemed shocking that someone could be so considerate without having to be instructed first. “Could I maybe just use your bathroom to change?”

“Yeah, of course. You know the way,” Alex smiled, handing over a big gray t-shirt and a pair of navy boxer shorts.

When Sawyer got back, Alex was already in bed in red flannel boxer shorts and a white t-shirt. She was, in a word, adorable.

“Now, I’ll have you know, I’m a cuddler,” they warned with a laugh.

“Excellent. Now get in and spoon me,” Alex teased back, getting under the covers and holding them up for Sawyer.

Of course, being the first time both of them had been that close with that much skin exposed, they spent a lot of time trying to breathe very quietly and pretending they were asleep until Alex finally broke the silence, whispering, “Are you actually sleeping?”

“Well, if I were, I wouldn’t be now,” Sawyer retorted.

“Either way, I now have a conversation partner.”

They quickly began chatting, talking about anything and everything. Sawyer brought up the binding again, explaining to Alex that they did eventually want to do more than the desperate making out that had come to consume most of their evenings, but they just needed a little more time. Alex was perfectly understanding, even if she had spent more nights than she would care to admit with her
own hand moving frantically between her legs after Sawyer went back to their place.

“Can I ask you something?” Alex asked.

“I could be an asshole and point out that you just did.”

“Hmm, but you know I’d hit you with a pillow.”

“Fair enough. So go ahead.”

“I just, we spend some really late nights together. You know that, obviously. But, um, well, from medical school, I know that binding for long periods of time can put a lot of strain on your body.”

“Ah, yes, my M.D/PhD/agent/genius girlfriend,” Sawyer teased.

“Shut up,” Alex grumbled. “I don’t mean to ask you something that makes you uncomfortable. You don’t have to answer. But I just, I wanted to make sure that you know that, like, if you need to leave earlier, or if you need to take it off or something, I’m not, I don’t know, I’m not going to get mad or judge you or anything. I care about your health more than anything. So I guess it’s not really a question, but just, a voicing of my concerns. Which is probably stupid because I’m sure you’ve already thought of all of these things.”

“Hey, Alex?”

“Yeah?” Alex replied, her voice small and nervous.

“You’re okay. I don’t always bind. Sometimes I wear a sports bra instead. In fact, most of the time that’s what I’m wearing. Like, at work. I can’t really go chasing down a suspect with all I’ve got at a moment’s notice if I can’t quite catch my breath. And if I know we’re gonna have a long night in, I might just wear that.”

“Oh, okay. And you’re okay with that?”

“Yeah. I mean, everyone’s experience is different, but for me, it’s more of an aesthetic thing. I feel better, but more important to me is that I think I look better like that, like, when things are just flatter. But I don’t need them to be perfectly flat. If I’m going out in a suit or a tux or something, I’m definitely going to bind because it completes the look and makes me feel my best, but if I’m at the gym or just hanging out with my friends or my girlfriend, I’m okay with things being relatively flat.”

Alex nodded. “Have you, um, have you ever considered having surgery? Sorry, is that something I can ask?”

“We’re dating, and you’re being respectful, so yes, it’s something you can ask. If we had just met, no, definitely not the first question that should be coming out of your mouth.”

“Right, okay. I just don’t want to fuck up.”

“And that’s why talking is so important.”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded.

Sawyer pulled Alex closer and continued: “As far as surgery: I’ve thought about it, yeah. But I realized that it wasn’t for me. I mean, I have friends who are non-binary who have done it, and I have friends who are trans and haven’t. It’s a personal choice. But I just, I don’t always hate them. It depends on the day, on how I’m feeling, on how much I can disassociate a body part from a
gendered identity. Because it shouldn’t have to be female just because our culture says it is, you know? And they can still feel good if I can know that it’s just part of my body, not an essential part of some bullshit binary system. Do you get that?”

“I think so, yeah. Or at least, I want to. I’m trying. I’ve been reading a lot.”

“Of course you have. Nerd,” Sawyer teased, placing a kiss to Alex’s forehead. Eventually they fell asleep like that, Alex curled into Sawyer’s side.

Thanks to conversations like that one, times when Alex had demonstrated again and again her respect for Sawyer, their body, and their boundaries, Sawyer felt perfectly comfortable when, over a month later, they found themselves in just a sports bra and boxer briefs straddling a lace lingerie-clad Alex.

“I need a break if we’re not going any further than making out,” Alex panted out, feeling heat pulsing between her legs as her hips bucked up involuntarily, seeking out Sawyer’s body.

“I don’t mind doing more,” Sawyer husked, their lips dropping to Alex’s chest, earning a loud moan from Alex.

“Are you sure? Don’t do it just for me,” Alex managed to get out, keeping her voice steady as she looked straight up into Sawyer’s eyes.

“I promise. I want you, Alex, a lot. And you promise you’re okay with it too?”

“I put on the only lingerie I own for you. Yeah, I’m sure. And we can always stop if we need to,” she added, feeling like it was more for Sawyer’s benefit than her own, given that she could have been ready for this many weeks ago.

“Right,” they nodded. “In that case, can this go?” they asked, motioning to Alex’s bra.

“Yes,” Alex hissed, lifting up and flinging the garment off.

“And if I had wanted to do the honors?” Sawyer laughed.

“Next time.”

They might have said something witty in response, but suddenly they found themselves very pleasantly distracted by the sight of Alex’s breasts so close to their face. Alex slowly guided their hands to her chest, holding one of her hands over theirs as she helped demonstrate how she liked to be touched. Sawyer moaned at the feeling of Alex’s nipples hardening under their touch.

Alex dropped her head down to the pillow as Sawyer gave careful attention to both of her breasts, first with their hands then with her mouth—tentative at first, but growing bolder as Alex laced her fingers into their short hair, pulling them closer and holding them tight against her.

Afterward, Sawyer wouldn’t be able to answer what drove them to be so bold, but with Alex’s nipple in their mouth, her abs warm and clenching under their hands, her hips bucking up into theirs, they blurted out: “Can I taste you?”

Before they could start apologizing, Alex drew them up to look at her directly while she spoke: “Fuck, yes.”

With a desperate whine, Sawyer nodded and dropped to their knees between Alex’s legs, moving only to pull off the final layer of lace, whimpering again at the sight of the soaked fabric. It didn’t
really feel like the moment for teasing, so they got right to it, licking a slow path up Alex’s pussy, gathering more and more of her arousal on their tongue with each stroke up.

“You’re so good,” Alex whimpered, adding a touch of intimacy to the moment as she threaded her fingers through Sawyer’s, holding their hands tight against her stomach. She whimpered loudly upon catching sight of Sawyer looking up at her through thick lashes, their pupils blown wide with lust.

“I want you inside me,” Alex whispered, “if that’s okay with you.”

Nodding, Sawyer carefully slid one finger inside of Alex, pumping slowly in and out of her.

Biting her lip and feeling slightly embarrassed, Alex spoke up again. “Um, could you maybe add a second finger?”

“Oh, sure! Sorry!”

“No! Don’t apologize! Sorry, I just, yeah, sorry. Everything is really good. You’re really good. Am I taking too long?”

Pulling back, Sawyer grinned. “You’re fine. Trust me, I am enjoying every second of being down here, okay?”

“Yeah, alright,” Alex nodded, closing her eyes in pleasure when Sawyer resumed their ministrations, gently swirling their tongue around Alex’s clit, then adding in a second finger and picking up the speed slightly. They experimentally curved their fingers up, dragging them down Alex’s front wall, which earned them a low groan and a gush of wetness.

Sawyer kept up their pace, as Alex’s hips thrust ever more erratically against their fingers and mouth. When they sucked Alex’s clit between their lips, Alex panted out, “Don’t stop! Please, please don’t stop,” which petered out into a breathy mantra of “please.”

Feeling heat coiling low in her abdomen, Alex struggled to keep her breath as her back arched off the bed and her muscles tensed. As Sawyer hooked their fingers forward and circled her clit with their tongue, Alex finally crumpled back to the bed, her body trembling as waves of pleasure crashed across her.

With shaky hands, Alex finally drew Sawyer back up her body. “You. Are. Amazing,” she grinned, kissing Sawyer between every word. “So good. So, so good.”

Sawyer grinned and allowed Alex to draw them down into a sloppy kiss. “Can I do anything for you?” Alex asked.

“Um,” they hesitated.

“We don’t have to! I just, you made me feel amazing, and if there’s anything I can do, I want to, ya know?”

They nodded. “Can I just ride your thigh?” They hoped it didn’t seem weird.

“Of course, Alex nodded, slotting her right leg between Sawyer’s. “Let me know if you want me to touch you.”

“Anywhere but my chest is good. Not feeling that tonight.”

“Okay, thanks,” Alex smiled, glad to have the clear instructions. She wrapped her arms around
Sawyer and drew them down into a deep kiss, pushing her thigh up and flexing, hoping to give Sawyer everything they needed.

Grinding against Alex’s thigh, Sawyer soon found themselves panting, their tongue slipping into Alex’s mouth as their kiss grew desperate.

Alex tried to keep herself under control. It wasn’t necessarily Sawyer’s intention to have their thigh pressed up against her pussy, to be dragging it against her with every thrust. It wasn’t their fault that Alex was so fucking turned on that even unintentional pressure had Alex hovering on the edge, holding her breath as she sought to regain some semblance of control over her body. But then one of Sawyer’s hands slid down to her chest, gently tugging at one of her nipples, as her thigh dragged deliciously through her wetness. And suddenly Alex was hurtling over the edge, her hips stuttering against Sawyer’s as a whimpered “fuck” slipped past her lips.

Of course, Sawyer didn’t mind in the slightest, finding the sight of Alex coming beneath them as hot as it had been the first time, and they told her as much, whispering filthy things against Alex’s skin that only drove her to push against Sawyer harder. When Alex dropped her hands down to their ass, pulling them closer, urging them on harder, faster, Sawyer felt like their whole body was electrified, each touch sending waves of pleasure pulsing through them. With a hard thrust, they finally came with a low groan, shuddering against Alex as their head dropped to her shoulder.

“You’re so fucking sexy,” Alex managed to get out, rolling over to face Sawyer.

“So are you,” Sawyer returned, grinning up at Alex.

“I just want to hear that noise you made over and over again.”

“Mm, I think that could be arranged.”

“Yeah?”

“Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

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Director Sanvers Netflix and Chill

Chapter Summary

Director sanvers prompt: Netflix and chill!!! Pretty much they’re watching a movie and they get all soft and cuddly and well kissing and some lovely smutty-ness ensues (reason is up to you), it’s soft and very intimate!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Movie night in their household was always a bit of an event. Between a detective, the Director of the DEO’s desert base, and the second-in-command at the DEO’s city base, finding time alone was a challenge, though they tried to carve out one night a week for a date night with all three of them. This Friday, they had finally secured a night when none of them were on duty or even on call. So, after a delicious dinner that Maggie had prepared with Lucy’s help and Alex’s loving support from the sidelines, they happily settled in for a movie.

Alex brought out several boxes of candy for the film. Since she wasn’t particularly useful in the kitchen, she took it upon herself to at least buy the snacks for movie night, and she had to say, she was fairly certain she had outdone herself this time if her girlfriends’ expressions were anything to go by.

“Hot cocoa?” Alex offered.

“Yes please!” Lucy yelled from the bedroom where she was changing into pajamas.

“Me too! With almond milk!” Maggie chimed in.

“Yes, dear,” Alex replied, laughing that Maggie still reminded her. It was one time—one time!—that she had messed up and served Maggie a hot chocolate with skim milk, and the woman still wouldn’t let her forget.

While Alex prepared the cocoa, Maggie set up the movie and Lucy lit the fireplace, adjusting the logs until it was crackling perfectly, casting the room in a warm glow. Even though it wasn’t “Nebraska cold,” as Maggie continually reminded her California girls, National City had been going through a bit of a cold spell, and they had even gotten a few days of light snow. In honor of the weather, Maggie decided that they should watch Carol again. After all, there was snow in the movie. It didn’t matter that the movie seemed to make it into their rotation no matter what the season was—Maggie claimed it was one of the best lesbian movies of all times (and, having been out the longest, she would know); Alex insisted that the cinematography and score were gorgeous enough to justify watching it on near repeat; and Lucy, well, Lucy was pretty honest about her aesthetic appreciation of Cate Blanchett and those cheekbones.

Within a few minutes, a tray was set out in front of the sofa loaded with boxes of candy and three steaming mugs of hot chocolate. Alex sat down in the middle of the sofa, holding her arm out as Lucy snuggled into her side. Maggie hurried back carrying a stack of fleecy blankets. After flicking off the lights and grabbing the remote, she curled into Alex’s other side, draping two blankets over all of them.
“Ready?” Maggie asked. Receiving nods from both Lucy and Alex, Maggie hit play and settled in to watch the movie.

They sat in rapt attention through the first half of the movie, moving only to drink their cocoaas and grab handfuls of candy. Around the time they got to the scene in Waterloo, though, Lucy began shifting restlessly, her hand lingering on Alex’s stomach and thighs. She let out a small whimper at the sight of the two characters moving together. Even though Maggie and Alex had come to expect this reaction from Lucy, it still made Alex bite her lip and force back a moan, while Maggie just rolled her eyes at her girlfriend’s antics.

Maggie, however, couldn’t help but get choked up during the custody hearings. Normally she could power through, but today, she felt the need to pause the movie for a minute. She’d had a rough week, dealing with a few domestic abuse calls and some bias-related crimes, and seeing a woman’s child being forcibly taken from her simply because she loved women broke her heart.

“I’m so glad we live now,” Maggie whispered. “I know it’s not perfect—I’m not blind—but I just, well, I like that I could find you. I like that we can have an apartment together and that, in most places in California, we only get glares because there are three of us, not because we’re all women.”

Normally Lucy would have teased Maggie a bit for her rare moment of sentimentality, but she sensed that there was more to today’s short speech than just the movie.

Alex leaned forward, wrapping her arm around Maggie and drawing her closer. “I’m just glad you were brave enough to come out in a place that wasn’t California, that you were strong enough to help me find my own way out of the closet, even if it took time.” She kissed Maggie’s cheek, then closer to her mouth, then finally let their lips meet. Turning back toward Lucy, she pulled her in closer as well. “And you, all those years in the military, I mean, you’re strong too. You were both so brave in situations that weren’t ideal, in situations that were more like Carol’s.”

“You were brave too, Al,” Lucy added, her voice soft as she carded her fingers through Alex’s short hair. “You’ve had to be strong enough for Kara your whole life. Coming out—that was just a new type of strength.”

Maggie nodded in agreement. “You’re brave, Alex, even when you don’t give yourself credit for it. Both of my girls are.” She leaned over and pressed a soft kiss to Lucy’s lips. She had intended to draw back and press play again, but when she went to move, Lucy’s fingers pulled her back in as she let out a soft whimper at the increased pressure.

Sensing what was happening, Alex combed Lucy’s hair over her shoulder and began kissing her way up and down Lucy’s neck, whispering loving comments against her skin. She let her free hand drift up and under Maggie’s shirt, curling around her back as she ran her fingers up and down the soft skin.

Making sure that Alex didn’t feel left out, Lucy pulled back from Maggie, moving the other woman’s hand to her bare thigh, as she reached out to Alex, moving the redhead up from her neck. “I love you, Alex. I love that you and Maggie let me in, let me in to your lives and your home.”

“It’s our home,” Alex interjected, not wanting Lucy to feel like she was an extra added in at some later time. “It’s not us and you. It’s all of us. Always.”

Ignoring the feeling of hot tears threatening to fall, Lucy leaned forward and met Alex in a kiss, running her tongue across Alex’s lip and moaning softly when she was granted entrance. Maggie could feel the exact moment when Lucy’s tongue slipped into Alex’s mouth by the feeling of Alex’s grip tightening around her side.
“I know we’re all very flexible, but perhaps we should move this to the bedroom,” Maggie suggested, grinning at the pouts being sent her way by both of her girlfriends.

“Fine,” Lucy conceded, offering a hand to Alex to help her off the couch, where she had gotten rather cozy in the blanket nest.

“I don’t get a hand up?” Maggie asked, her voice tinged with mock indignation.

Laughing softly, Alex bent over and scooped the woman up into her arms bridal style. “Better?”

“Much,” Maggie whispered, taking the opportunity to kiss and suck at Alex’s neck and collarbones as she was being carried to the bed.

After carefully setting Maggie down on top of their bed, Alex slowly pulled Maggie’s flannel pants off, checking in that she was okay with it, only to receive a very enthusiastic “yes.” As Alex ran her hands up and down the newly exposed skin, Lucy removed Maggie’s shirt, dropping her mouth down to the woman’s chest and taking a nipple into her mouth while her hands touched as much skin as they could find.

Alex kicked her pants off as she settled in between Maggie’s legs drawing her arms around Maggie’s hips as she kissed across Maggie’s boyshorts where a rather noticeable wet patch had developed.

Maggie whimpered at the sight of her two girlfriends tending so carefully to her needs. She tugged at Lucy’s shirt. “Off?” she whispered, and Lucy quickly complied, leaving only her boxer shorts on.

None of them talked about why tonight was about Maggie; they knew, had known since the first time they all watched Carol together and Maggie had broken down crying. It had been the first book she’d ever read where the lesbian gets a happy ending—not quite the storybook happy ending, but close enough. Her aunt had purchased it for her during the first week she spent with her, the first week she spent after her own parents had kicked her out of her home. But the hopeful ending didn’t erase all the pain that came first, all the pain that came from living in a society and among people who couldn’t recognize difference as anything other than intolerable.

So Maggie let herself be touched and held and loved by her girlfriends, knowing that she would return the favor, that there were nights when both of them needed something more, and she would be there for them. They would take care of Alex on nights when she felt like she had failed Kara, had failed to protect her bulletproof baby sister the way her mother expected her to, the way she expected herself to. They would hold Lucy close after her trips away, her time spent among old, white generals who couldn’t be convinced that the reversal of Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell was a positive change. But tonight—tonight was about Maggie.

“Can these come off?” Alex whispered, her fingers laced under the waistband of Maggie’s boyshorts.

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, her lips soon recaptured by Lucy’s as the woman’s fingers tangled in her hair.

Alex gently tugged the last barrier down and, shedding her shirt, settled back between Maggie’s legs. Slowly at first, she ran her tongue up and down the length of Maggie’s pussy, moaning softly at just how wet Maggie already was for them. After a few minutes, she felt Maggie’s hands in her hair, urging her closer, and Alex let her tongue dip into Maggie. “You taste so good,” she whispered.

Maggie whimpered at that, bucking her hips up and into Alex’s mouth. With a grin, Alex took Maggie’s clit gently between her lips, flicking across it with her tongue.
As Maggie began to whimper and writhe more insistently, Lucy dropped her lips down to Maggie’s chest, sucking at Maggie’s breasts, feeling her nipples harden under her tongue.

With a low, murmured, “Fuck,” Maggie came, quivering under her girlfriends’ tongues, her hands buried in the comforter as Alex licked her through it.

When it seemed like Maggie was done, Alex crawled back up to her, kissing her deeply to let Maggie taste herself on Alex’s lips. Having decided that it wasn’t fair that Alex got all the fun, Lucy maneuvered herself down toward Maggie’s lower half and gently licked between Maggie’s thighs, cleaning her up, then letting her fingers ghost up and down her opening. “Can I?” she asked, earning a chorus of whimpers from both Maggie and Alex.

As she dipped two fingers inside of Maggie, slowly working her way into a rhythm that had Maggie thrusting up to meet her, she leaned up and drew Alex into her with her free hand. Alex bent over and captured Lucy’s lips in a heated kiss, sharing the taste of Maggie between them.

Watching her girlfriends make out on top of her, Alex’s hands trailing up and down Lucy’s bare torso, Maggie whined and panted, pumping her hips harder and faster against Lucy’s fingers.

Taking the hint, Lucy increased her speed as she moved her thumb around to put pressure on Maggie’s clit. Maggie teetered on the edge, watching her girlfriends with bated breath.

“Come for us, Mags,” Lucy purred, her voice low and raspy.

And with a strangled cry, Maggie fell back into the pillows, waves of pleasure crashing over her as Lucy worked her through her orgasm. Lucy drew back up to kiss Maggie, make sure she still felt safe and loved. When Maggie dropped her head back down to the pillows, she caught sight of Alex, sucking Lucy’s fingers clean, while her own fingers circled her clit.

“Need something, Danvers?” Maggie asked, a teasing grin playing across her mouth.

Blushing a faint pink, Alex pulled her hand back. “No, no, just watching.” Sensing further protests coming from Maggie, Alex dropped down to the pillows and curled around Maggie. “I just want to cuddle you, that’s all.”

“That’s all until tomorrow morning,” Lucy promised, kissing Maggie and then Alex softly as she pulled the comforter up and around them. “I’ll get the fire. Then I want snuggles when I come back.”

“Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

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Post-Manchester

Chapter Summary

Prompt from Kidfish: I don't know if your still taking prompts but could you maybe have the gang react to what just happened in Manchester. Since Orlando, I've been paying more attention to the news when things like this happen. It makes me sick, especially since it feels like I can't do anything, living in the united states

Chapter Notes

T/W for mentions of violence, bigotry, Islamophobia

Maggie and Alex were snuggling up with a movie when the first AP News notification pinged. Maggie debated not looking. With the sheer number of “breaking news” items that came in everyday, the noise alone made her tense. She assumed it was yet another story about something Russia-related that Trump or Flynn had covered up.

“Do we look?” Maggie asked.

“We’ll be distracted if we don’t,” Alex admitted, getting up to grab her phone. Maggie deserved a bit of time away from it all. Even though she was with the Science Division, just by virtue of being a member of the city’s PD, Maggie had to deal with the repercussions of the new presidency and the impact it was having on daily life much more than Alex did. She knew that J’onn dealt with the brunt of the heat being directed toward the DEO, but for once Alex was glad that they still had the reputation for being a kind of alien Guantanamo, even if J’onn had taken great strides to improve conditions. The President didn’t have to know, didn’t need to find out that they were trying to protect aliens as much as they were fighting to stop the ones who meant to do harm to earth and all of its residents—human and alien alike.

“Two dead at an Ariana Grande concert in Manchester,” Alex read out.

The tension loosened in Maggie’s shoulders. “Okay. That’s not good, but it’s not as bad as I thought.”

“Yeah,” Alex agreed, curling back into Maggie as they hit play.

Half an hour later, their phones pinged again. “My turn,” Maggie muttered, turning around and pulling her phone down from the coffee table. “Oh, fuck.”

“What?” Alex asked, suddenly on high alert.

“Now police are involved in the concert. Apparently it’s more than just two people dead. It’s multiple people dead and even more injured.”

“Shit,” Alex murmured, shaking her head.
They put back on the show, though neither of them were paying much attention to it. The phone’s pinging again was almost welcome—a sign of more information coming through. Alex grabbed it, reading out: “At least 19 dead following a possible terrorist incident in Manchester.”

Maggie bit back the tears that stung her eyes. Alex knew, though, of course she knew. She swallowed her own anger, her fear, her frustration, and pulled Maggie into her arms, stroking her hair. They both went through their mental checklists of friends and family members, trying to think if they knew anyone in Manchester. No, not this time. It didn’t make it any less of a tragedy, nor did it make it any better, but at least it removed the immediacy. They had known people in Orlando. Had friends in Charleston. Knew people near San Bernardino and Newtown and Santa Barbara. It had meant that they spent the first hours desperately trying to get in contact with them, wishing beyond hope that there had been something, anything, they could have done to prevent it.

But no, they were never preventing. They were always reacting. Always following up and checking for survivors. Always treating injuries—physical and mental. Always donating and defending.

As the details poured in overnight, Maggie braced herself for the looks she would get the next day. The scowls and glares and murmurs that she shouldn’t even live in “their” country. It didn’t matter that she was born here. It didn’t matter that she wasn’t Muslim. It didn’t matter that terrorism was terrorism and didn’t have a religion. Because those people? Those people wouldn’t listen. They wouldn’t call domestic terrorism what it was. They wouldn’t call the acts of mass violence perpetrated by their own white boys terrorism. They were isolated incidents. They deserved compassion. They deserved treatment for mental health issues.

Alex swallowed down angry tears and the yells that threatened to break free. Because anger was all she had left. She couldn’t help feeling like over and over again she was failing, failing to do anything except read notifications and react. Sure, she donated when she could, and she listened when people who knew more than her spoke, and she worked as an ally to the Muslim community to push back against people who used these attacks as an excuse to perpetuate even more hatred. But it always seemed like too little, too late.

At least when their own election had happened, it felt like she had tried. She had campaigned and knocked on doors and raised money. She had voted and brought her friends out to the polls as well. And when the vote went the other way, she had mourned, but then she had fought back. She had been out there from day one, taking to the streets, hand-in-hand with her girlfriend. She had used her position of authority to protect as many vulnerable populations as she could. She had called senators and representatives and demanded that they vote against legislation mired in hatred and bigotry. It didn’t stop the administration, but dammit, she felt like she had done something. Anything.

But when tragedy struck across the world—even somewhere as close as the UK, somewhere that seemed similar enough to America to catch the attention of the popular media and conservatives, who would tweet out their prayers and their condemnations of Islam without giving a second thought to the backlash it would cause for their own Muslim constituents—Alex felt useless.

And so they mourned. And they yelled. And they cried. And they sparred and took their anger out on punching bags and wrapped each other’s bloody hands. And they took Kara to the lot full of old cars and kept an eye out for media while she was allowed to vent her own frustrations—something the public was never to see, never to hear of, never to even imagine. And they brought James and Winn over for dinner while Kara went to Lena. And they fought to hold together whatever small community they had even as the world seemed to crumble around them.

Tomorrow they would fight. They would donate to the organizations offering relief. They would push back against whatever conservative narratives were being spread. They would publish news
that sought to tell the truth. They would get out in the streets to serve as allies to the communities
being targeted in the wake of the attack. They would resist. Tomorrow.
Body Swap Round 3 - Cat and Kara

Chapter Summary

Becarefulcontentspriceless: Body swap for Kara and Ms. Grant

Hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

Ally McBeal reference in there for those invested enough in Calista Flockhart's career to catch it ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Within a week of learning about the existence of the DEO, Cat Grant was being led on a tour by a rather reluctant Alex. Sure, Alex had come to respect Cat during their time working together in the trenches (aka Dollywood), but she still didn’t take kindly to reporters other than her sister strolling the halls of the DEO. Of course, being personal friends with the President tended to get one places—namely, the heart of secret government organizations. And, being a “friend of Olivia” meant that Cat was basically free to roam as long as she had supervision, which came in the form of an easily distracted Supergirl.

It wasn’t Kara’s fault that she was so excited by the prospect of spending additional time with her mentor, who had been missing for quite some time. And maybe she was fangirling just a little bit. And maybe she wasn’t quite paying attention while they were walking through the alien artifacts room. And maybe they absolutely should have had Alex accompany them to ensure their safety. But she hadn’t, and Cat Grant was sifting through technology from other planets without a care in the world while Supergirl rambled about everything that had happened during Cat’s time away, even though Cat had obsessively kept up with all things related to both Kara and Supergirl (even in the Himalayas).

When Kara finally turned her attention back to Cat, she grabbed the whole load from her hands and shoved it back into the box, chastising the older woman for not being careful. “This stuff could be dangerous!”

“You can be dangerous,” Cat countered, “yet here I stand.”

“That’s different and you know it,” Kara retorted, putting her hands on her hips and attempting to invoke some semblance of authority.

“Perhaps,” Cat mused, “but nothing bad happened, now did it?”

Kara shrugged but hurried Cat back to the main area, knowing that Alex would kill her if she let anything happen to Cat (or let Cat happen to anything).
The next morning, Kara woke with a start to a warm arm snaking around her waist and pulling her against them. When she tried to jump out of bed to assess the situation, she felt heavy, as though gravity had a significant pull on her body. She settled for twisting around, only to find a rather gorgeous Black woman staring back at her with a sleepy grin. “Good morning, beautiful,” she murmured, kissing Kara warmly on the lips.

“Who are you?” Kara squeaked, still startled. The woman looked vaguely familiar, but no one she could place.

Furrowing her brows, the woman glared back at her. “C’mon, Cat, you were gone for a year, not a lifetime. Don’t pretend like you don’t remember me. Lifelong friend. Old roommate. Occasional lover,” she teased.

Kara twisted her face—or rather, Cat’s face, she corrected, guessing what had happened—into what she hoped was a comforting smile. “I know, I know. Weird dream, that’s all. Still confused. Um, I really need to get to work!”

“It’s a Saturday, don’t you get a day off,” the woman asked, nuzzling into Kara’s neck and pulling the blankets up around them.

“Big interview…with Supergirl!” Kara exclaimed, hoping Cat would be that excited about talking to her.

“Ah yes, your hero. Go get ’em, tiger! Then come back to me? We can get Thai and watch old reruns of Ally McBeal.”

Kara forced herself to smile as questions about Cat’s personal life raced through her head. “Yes, absolutely! I’ll be here.”

She scrambled out of bed, embarrassed to find Cat in nothing but an oversized t-shirt and trying not to look as she pulled on the clothes that were blessedly folded in a perfect stack on the dresser. Noting the purse that was surely worth more than her rent, Kara grabbed it, throwing the phone she recognized as Cat’s inside of it and racing to the door.

“In that much of a hurry to leave?” the woman asked, rubbing sleep from her eyes and trying not to look hurt.

“Just don’t want to keep the Girl of Steel waiting. But I promise, relaxing night in tonight.” The woman smiled softly and nodded at Kara. “See you tonight!” Kara yelled, “Love you!”

It was only when she made it out the door that she realized that might have been the wrong thing to say. Just because she yelled “Love you!” to her friends and sister upon leaving, perhaps Cat did not. Realistically Cat did not. If she still had her powers, she would have looked back through the door to gauge how bad the reaction was, but alas, she was left to wonder. She’d probably have to tell Cat, but now wasn’t the time to dwell on the horrible things that would happen.

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Over in the “rent-controlled side of town,” Cat woke up to an insistent banging on the door.

“Wake up! I know you’re in there! I come bearing donuts!”

“Who in the fuck would think I might eat fried dough and sugar this early in the morning?” Cat grumbled as she pulled herself up, only to launch herself across the room, taking out the dresser with her momentum. She pulled herself up and looked in the mirror, finding her former assistant staring
back at her. Well, there was all the confirmation she needed about Kara’s being Supergirl. She had been 99.99% sure, but any doubt about it just came crashing down. Let’s see her try to deny it now, Cat mused.

The pounding on the door had gotten louder, echoing in Cat’s now super-powered ears. She threw on the hipster glasses Kara wore, figuring she should keep the disguise up in case the woman knocking didn’t know her secret. She was pleasantly surprised to find that the glasses kept her vision normal, and she could stop accidentally looking through furniture. She made a mental note to ask Kara why that was.

“Hello?” she asked, swinging open the door in a huff of annoyance.

“Kara! I’ve been so worried,” Lena rushed in, sweeping Kara into her arms, then pulling back to inspect her for any injuries. “You’re not hurt, are you?”

“Uh, no,” Cat answered. She wondered why the young Luthor was at Kara’s door this early in the morning. “Did we have plans?”

“When have you ever been annoyed about surprise donuts?” Lena laughed.

“Ah…yes, okay,” Cat reasoned, trying to figure out how Kara would act in this situation. She should probably be more excited, but she couldn’t bring herself to plaster a smile that big on her face without her piping hot latte and its necessary dose of caffeine in her system. “Um, how are you?”

“Better now that I’m with you.”

Cat tried not to let her reactions show. She had noted how often Kara’s articles included quotes from Lena Luthor; perhaps they had grown to be friends over the course of many interviews. It wasn’t unheard of… “Mm, you flatter me.”

“Always,” Lena flirted, biting her lip.

That was…unexpected. “Any plans for the day?”

“I’ve got to run into the office this morning—hence the early donuts—but I thought we could try that new Persian restaurant for a late lunch? You can invite Alex and Maggie if you’d like; I think I remember Maggie saying she had wanted to try it too.”

“Sure, yes. I just…I will call my sister.”

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

Cat nodded. “Just tired, that’s all.”

“Well then, I’ll let you go back to sleep for a little while. The donuts will still be here when you wake up.” Cat tried her best impression of the Sunny Danvers smile, earning a smile back from Lena in return. “Text me when you’re really awake,” Lena teased. After grabbing her coat and purse, she turned around, pulling Cat in for a firm kiss before leaving.

Cat really needed to get caught up on Kara’s life.

---

Realizing that Cat would be waking up in a super-powered body—something that Alex was so going to kill her for—Kara quickly grabbed Cat’s phone, grateful when the thumbprint scanner
worked. As she walked down the stairwell of the mystery woman’s apartment building, she dialed her own number, hoping Cat would answer. Before she brought the phone up to her face, she noticed the contact name that had been given to the number: “Kara/Supergirl.” At least she had gotten her name right….

“Yes, Kiera,” Cat drawled.

“Ms. Grant! I can explain what happened! Just stay where you are.”

“Hmm, yes, I wasn’t planning to leave. Don’t need to break any more of your IKEA furniture.”

“Oh, um, yeah, so, Supergirl and you switched bodies…”

“Yes, Kara, we did. You and I did switch bodies,” she repeated, needing Kara to give up the damn charade already.

“Right…yeah. There’s no denying it anymore, huh?”

“No, Kiera, there is not.”

“Yeah…it’s not that I don’t trust you. It’s just, I just—”

Cat interjected: “I’m the Queen of All Media, and the last thing you needed was the media publicizing your identity and putting everyone you love at risk. That about right?”

“Um, yes. That would, that would be it.”

“Very well. Now chop, chop! There will be a driver downstairs. Just give him your address. Oh, and don’t try to make small talk. It will confuse him.”

Rolling her eyes, Kara muttered her understanding as she headed toward the curb. “Wait! You owe me an explanation of where I am! You know my secret now, so I definitely get to find out who I woke up in bed with.”

Cat nearly blushed (though she’d deny it to her dying day). Quickly recovering her composure, she shot back: “Yes, and you can tell me how long you’ve been dating Ms. Luthor.” She hung up while Kara stuttered incoherently on the other end.

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Sitting side-by-side on Kara’s couch, Cat and Kara waged a battle of wills over who would crack first. Kara had quickly briefed Cat on what had happened and texted Winn to have the device ready to switch them back. Winn told her he would have it ready around noon, which left them with a couple more hours in the wrong bodies.

They continued to sit in silence. Of course, Kara was finally the one to break it. “So…who did I wake up next to this morning?”

“Really, Kiera? You call yourself a reporter, but you fail to recognize one of the state Supreme Court justices?”

“Rao, That’s why she looked so familiar! Since when are you sleeping with Judge Raddick?” Kara asked, thinking back to all of the CatCo galas where she’d been shocked to find the judge’s name among the distinguished guests. Of course, other politicians, CEOs, and philanthropists had all been in attendance, so it wasn’t a huge shock, but she was a more consistent guest than just about anyone,
save for Cat’s male suitors.

“Renee and I have been close friends since Metropolis. We lived together while I was just starting out at the Daily Planet and she was finishing up law school.”

“Mhm…and do you wake up curled around all of your close friends?” Kara teased.

“Well, no. Hillary, Madeleine, and I get our own rooms for visits,” Cat conceded.

“So are you…?”

“I’m as straight as Supergirl apparently.”

Kara blushed. “Um, you aren’t going to out Supergirl are you?”

“No, Kara, I wouldn’t do that to you. Unless you wanted to make it a big issue of CatCo Magazine? Think of all the celebrities we could get together. You. Ellen. Younger Ellen. Ruby. Cynthia. I can picture it now! A whole Pride month issue. We’d sell out by morning.”

“Not yet, Cat.”

“Cat? How bold.”

“Oh, um…sorry, Ms. Grant.”

“I suppose we’ve both seen each other naked at this point. We can probably drop the formalities.”

“We have not! I closed my eyes.”

“Of course you did,” Cat laughed. “So tell me about Lena.”

“Er, well, it’s not been going on for very long. Just a few weeks. I mean, I liked her for a while before then, but it took me a long time to admit it—to her and to myself.”

Cat made a quick dash for the box of donuts and returned to the couch, curling up to listen to the story. When Kara reached for one, Cat swatted away her hand: “Not in my body! Some of us don’t have superhuman metabolisms and work hard to look that way at 50.”

“Fine,” Kara grumbled. “But that means you have to tell me more about Renee first.”

“Ugh, deal,” Cat caved, figuring the conversation would have happened while they were killing the time anyway. “She was one of my only real friends in Metropolis. The Daily Planet was still a real old boys club, so I needed a few female friends. As you know, Lois and I didn’t exactly get along, but then this brilliant woman answers my ad looking for a clean, polite, quiet roommate. In reality, she was clean, but she was neither polite nor quiet. Well, maybe quiet during her finals. But she called me out on all of my shit, which, as it turned out, was a good thing. I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone quite like her…” Cat trailed off, looking almost dreamy.

“And you dated?”

“Well, not quite. We both dated plenty, but no one seemed to last. One day I caught her sneaking her date out of the apartment early in the morning. And, well, her date was a woman. A stunning woman, as is only appropriate for a woman like Renee. My shock made me say stupid things, which led to a bit of a fight and then a long conversation about why I was so surprised. We sort of let it go for a while. We stayed close friends, but she didn’t talk much about her dating life anymore. One night, I came home a little inebriated after a rather terrible date, and I suggested that perhaps I should
try women instead. Nothing happened that night, but the following night, when I was sober, she asked me about it. One thing led to another and, well, you know how the story goes.”

“So you…dated?”

“Kiera, I thought your generation was all about the hook up culture. Why do you insist that we’ve dated?”

Kara didn’t want to admit that she needed something close to a relationship to appear before she told Cat that she might have said, “I love you” to her fuck buddy. “I just…when you talk about her, it sounds like you really care.”

“Oh, I do! We’re close friends, and she’s been there for me longer than just about anyone.”

Kara grinned. “And she always came to your CatCo events.”

A small smile snuck across Cat’s face. “Yes, she did. Even the ones I told her would be boring. She always said that if I had to endure it, I might as well have someone else there too.”

“Maybe you two should date…” Kara suggested, looking up at Cat. She wondered if her big doe eyes were as effective on Cat’s face.

“Hmm? Oh, that’s not how we work.”

“Well, um, maybe you should, I don’t know, prepare yourself for a conversation about it? Tonight?”

“What did you do, Kiera?” Cat snapped.

“I told her you’d get Thai and watch old TV reruns,” Kara explained.

“Oh, okay. That’s fine.” Cat breathed out a sigh of relief.

“Uhm, also I maybe told her you loved her,” Kara rushed out in one breath.

Cat’s face switched rapidly from confusion to shock to anger to shock again to even angrier to what looked almost like desperation. “Excuse me?”

“Um, what was it you wanted to know about Lena?”

---

“Is that really Ms. Grant?” Winn asked, cocking his head as he looked at Kara.

Popping her hip out and pressing her hand to it, Cat glared at him. “Yes, Winslow, it is really me. Now turn on the machine and send me back, since these two won’t let me test any of my powers,” Cat griped, motioning at Alex and J’onn, who stood with their arms crossed, scowling at the real Kara.

“Right,” Winn said, quickly handing over the device.

As soon as Cat was back in her own body, she found herself being shepherded out of the room and off to J’onn’s office to sign countless NDAs, each of which she would contest on principle.

Alex glared at Kara. “How could you?”

“I didn’t know! Can I make it up to you with Persian food and lesbian gossip?”
Alex pursed her lips. “It better be damn good gossip.”

Chapter End Notes

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Lena was nervous. Lena was panicking. Because Winn was out of town for a tech conference, and she desperately needed someone as smart as her who would be able to keep up in the lab, and he had suggested Alex. But Alex wasn’t just another genius. She was also the older sister of her best friend. She was also the sister of her best friend who she had the biggest fucking crush on. She was also a highly trained agent that probably knew how to kill her hundreds of different ways. And now they were supposed to spend an entire day together getting things ready for her meeting on Monday to pitch a new device that might work toward the same end goals that Biomax had but following proper protocols.

Across town, Alex was being shuffled out of her door and away from her very warm and very cuddly fiancée by her nervous sister. “Alex, please!” Kara whined. “Can’t you just behave for me?”

“You know, I might be in a better mood if you left me alone with Maggie for another half an hour,” Alex huffed back.

“Ew, baby sister here.”

“Am I not dragging my ass across town to help your big gay crush out with her project? See, I’m moving.”

“Yeah, yeah, keep moving. And she’s not a crush. Don’t say anything like that to her!” Kara suddenly hesitated, as though she were wondering about what it would mean to leave her sister and her best friend in a room together.

“I’m going. Look, she’s saved you and the city more than once now; I owe her this much,” Alex admitted. “Tell her I’m grateful, and we’re watching horror movies only for the next month.”

“I’d never admit that you have human emotions,” Kara laughed, poking her sister in the side. “Want a ride over there?”

Alex hesitated. On the one hand, she should take her bike. On the other hand, a ride with her sister meant she’d be early enough to get coffee. “Alright, make it quick.” Before Alex could even finish
her sentence, Kara had her tucked into her chest and was soaring across the city, basking in the warm morning sunlight and the quiet of a city still waking up.

“We have arrived!” Kara announced, giggling at Alex, as she blinked rapidly, trying to adjust to the sudden change in surroundings.

“Okay, yeah, you’re way too chipper for 7am. I’m going for coffee. Tell your friend I’ll be up soon.”

“Lena,” Kara corrected. “You know her name.”

“Yesss,” Alex whined. “I’ll be good once I have caffeine.”

“In that case…” and in a minute Kara was back, clutching a steaming hot latte with an extra shot of espresso. “Play nice!”

Grumbling, Alex made her way into L-Corp. After giving her name at the front desk, she was handed a badge to access the elevator and asked to wait for Ms. Luthor. Alex nodded and paced around the lobby, looking over the design sketches that hung on the wall alongside write ups of each of the inventions and any awards they had garnered.

“Ms. Danvers,” Lena said, hoping that she wouldn’t startle the other woman.

“Alex is fine. This is all very impressive,” she admitted, motioning at the awards adorning the walls.

“Ah, well, thank you,” Lena replied, bowing her head slightly. “Never enough for mother, but, what can you do? Apparently genocide is the only thing that would have been enough,” she said, laughing darkly.

“I’ve got an MD and a PhD, and I’m still desperately seeking approval from my own mother, so I’m probably not your best bet there,” Alex joked back.

Lena grinned, glad that for once she wasn’t getting pity. It probably helped that the large-scale, interplanetary deportation had been Alex’s father’s grand “solution” to her mother’s genocidal scheme.

“So,” Alex began, “Winn says you’d like a second set of eyes.”

“Yes, preferably connected to a relatively intelligent human being,” Lena laughed, earning a smile from Alex.

“Of course. Lead the way.”

As they walked, Lena gave Alex a quick overview of the project. It helped that Kara had already briefed Alex and that Alex had been following the Biomax coverage, so she already knew the general goal, while Lena just had to explain how she was tweaking the design to make it work without taking over a human’s consciousness. Of course, at this stage, they weren’t going for a fully autonomous AI system; Lena understood that the problem stemmed from the work that went into giving the bots life of their own.

Alex nodded along as Lena talked, interjecting with questions whenever she didn’t understand the motivation behind a specific decision or wanted clarification on a process. Each time Alex spoke, Lena had to bite back a grin at the eagerness with which Kara’s older sister was accepting her and believing in her work.

They spent hours together in the lab, driving each other to new and more creative solutions, passing
tools back and forth, cursing when things didn’t work. When they were both comfortable with the amount of progress that had been made, knowing that Lena only needed to show promise, not perfection, for the investors, Lena ordered a late lunch for both of them, insisting that they needed a break.

Once the food arrived and they had settled down, the conversation grew stilted for a few minutes as they tried to find their way back to the rhythm of a normal conversation—one not held in bits and pieces over microscopes and computers.

“So, uh, gone on any more lunch dates with my sister lately?” Alex asked.

Lena promptly choked on her sandwich and had to gulp down large sips of her water before she could respond. “Um, what? We, uh, we haven’t seen too much of each other this week.”

“Ah, right, Kara did say you were busy getting ready for Monday’s big meeting.”

Lena nodded, looking very nervous about the direction the conversation was taking. Alex debated letting it go, but she and Maggie had bet Winn that they could get the two idiots together faster than he could, and Alex wasn’t going to pass up an opportunity to win. So she kept talking: “Of course, Kara doesn’t think you should be worried in the slightest. According to her, you’re basically the prettier, smarter Steve Jobs. A 2.0 model, if you will.”

Blushing furiously, Lena stammered, “Oh, well, you know, she’s just being sweet. As she always is. You’ve seen where we are. Obviously I’m not completely ready.”

“No, not completely,” Alex concurred, “but you’re quite a bit further along than Biomax ever was. And you haven’t killed anyone in the process. I think.”

“I have not,” Lena confirmed, not wanting Alex’s girlfriend to come arrest her again. Deciding she’d like the conversation to shift away from her, Lena asked, “How’s Maggie?”

“She’s great!” Alex grinned. “Did Kara tell you the news?”

“No, what news?”

“Ah, I suppose if you haven’t seen her much this week, that makes sense. We’re engaged!” Alex wasn’t one to get overly excited about a relationship, but she couldn’t help her enthusiasm when it came to Maggie.

“That’s amazing!” Lena gushed, smiling broadly at Alex.

“Thank you. We’re excited. It’ll probably be a longer engagement as we work through everything, but still, it’s good to know, to know that we want to spend forever together.”

“Yeah,” Lena nodded, smiling softly.

“What about you?” Alex ventured. “Anyone special?”

“No, no. Too busy. Work and familial vendettas. It all adds up.” She tried smiling, but it looked more defeated than anything.

“Ah, well, I’m sure you have people lined up around the block if you ever decide you have the time.”

Lena made a noise, but didn’t say more.
Alex finally decided to just come out with it. “Do you like my sister?”

“What?” Lena asked, eyes darting as she searched for a way out of the room, out of the conversation.

“I mean, I know I’m new to the gay thing, but I can’t help thinking that there, how does Maggie talk about certain ‘friends,’ oh right! I can’t help thinking there isn’t a heterosexual explanation for the way you two act around one another.”

Lena blushed bright red. “I, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“We don’t have to talk about it, but c’mon, cut the crap. You know, I used to get this defensive about my friendships with women, if people joked that we acted like a couple. And I can’t help but notice that straight women never seem overly defensive about it. They’re the ones who make the jokes… because they don’t have anything to fear, anything to hide from a society that would make them villains if suddenly their jokes weren’t jokes.”

“How very… astute,” Lena commented drily. “You are correct, I suppose, I’m not straight.”

“And the crush on my sister?”

“Would be irrelevant if it existed.”

“Hmm, okay. I’m just saying, Kara doesn’t eat vegetables, but I’ve seen her posting so many photos on Instagram of the two of you drinking vegetable juices and eating at all vegan restaurants and smiling like she just won the damn lottery. And I’m telling you, she isn’t smiling at the food. I’d know: I take her out for burgers after your fancy food dates.”

Lena hummed and looked down at her lap. She didn’t dare look up lest Alex see the hope growing. “So, um, back to work?”

Alex nodded, figuring she would give Lena some time off of the hard conversations. She just hoped she had made some solid strides in the right direction.

After a few more hours, Lena finally felt comfortable enough with their progress to call it a day. They were both slightly hunchbacked from the hours spent craned over small screens and even smaller bots, and they were in dire need of some relaxation.

As if reading Lena’s mind, Alex asked, “It seems like time for celebration. What do you normally do to relax?”

Lena didn’t want to admit that she’d normally call Kara and ask if she were free for dinner, so she shrugged. “Whatever works. You’re the guest; it’s your call.”

“Well, I’m always a fan of the shooting range.”

Grinning, Lena nodded. “I do have one in the cellar here…”

Alex smiled back. No wonder the woman was such a good shot. No wonder she managed to take out villains and assassins with no formal training or tactical gear. “Lead the way.”

Chapter End Notes
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NB!Sawyer and Body Dysphoria

Chapter Summary

Would you consider writing Sawyer having a tough time dealing with their chest dysphoria and their period? Thank you sooo much for writing Sawyer!

A/N: I know this prompt jumped the line, but based on a couple of messages I got from other folks, it sounded like this one would be good to post in a time-sensitive way. I hope you enjoy!

TW for a NB character experiencing dysphoria related to their chest and period

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sawyer could hear the knocking on their door but couldn’t bring themselves to get up and answer it. The knocking just kept getting louder. Incessant. Theoretically, they knew it was Alex. They knew it was Alex because they’d managed to send a text this morning before things went even more to shit. But they weren’t sure they wanted Alex to see them like this just yet. Because they had been dating for a couple of months, but so far, Alex had seen cocky Sawyer, funny Sawyer, sexy Sawyer, sometimes even angry Sawyer. But she hadn’t seen Sawyer when the world and their body seemed to be insisting that they were Maggie. Margaret. She hadn’t seen the moments when Sawyer broke down, when everything was a little too much and they weren’t the perfectly put together human they pretended to be for the world.

“Sawyer, please,” Alex pleaded from the door.

Sawyer debated answering it, but that would involve getting up, moving, becoming ever more concretely aware of the physicality of this body that felt so fucking off today. They pulled out their phone and texted Alex instead: “I’m fine. You go have fun. We’ll do something this week?”

They could hear the ding of Alex’s phone when the text came through. Then they could also hear the sigh she let out. “Please? I don’t have to stay, but please let me see that you’re alright? I brought cookies…I’ll let you eat all of them if I can just come in and put them on a plate for you. I’ll leave right after if you want.”

Figuring it was worth not stressing their girlfriend out any further, not alienating the woman who was too supportive, too caring, too good for them any further, Sawyer yelled out: “It’s unlocked.”

“Oh.” In a second, Alex was through the door, her eyes sweeping across the apartment, looking for signs of anything that had gone wrong. She came over to Sawyer and carefully, without touching them in case that wasn’t okay right now, pried the half-drunk glass of Alex’s scotch out of their hand. “Let me replace that with cookies, alright?”

Sawyer shrugged. They didn’t like scotch; they had it for Alex. True to her promise, Alex placed a small tray of cookies in front of Sawyer instead. “This is probably a dumb question, but how are you?”
“It’s not dumb,” Sawyer mumbled. But they didn’t expand.

“Can I sit next to you?” Alex asked, gesturing at the other end of the couch.

“Okay.”


Sawyer shrugged again, so Alex grabbed a glass of water and placed it in front of them, then put on water for some tea, just in case. She found that tea helped most situations. Sawyer would make it to drink after their morning meditation on the days when things were tough, so she hoped maybe it would help today too. Once the water boiled, she prepared a teapot with some of the peppermint tea Sawyer had picked up last week and set it out on the coffee table in front of the couch.

“I don’t deserve you,” Sawyer mumbled.

“I know it’s bad to tell someone they’re wrong, even though it’s one of my favorite pastimes,” Alex chuckled, “but you are not right. You are a wonderful partner, Sawyer. You’re fun and sweet and considerate. You know how to cook and have expanded my horizons far beyond takeout. You’re a terrific shot and have actually taught me a thing or two, even with your shitty local police-grade gun. You’re also just freakin’ awesome, ya know? Like, you’re one of those people that you see and just think, damn, I want to know them. And I get to! And that’s amazing. Because you’re amazing.”

Sawyer didn’t respond verbally, but they inched closer toward Alex, turning their blanket fortress into a portable blanket nest. They sat in silence together for a little while until Sawyer figured out what it was they wanted to say to Alex. They cleared their throat, and Alex immediately shifted her attention to them.

“Um, so, thanks for coming. I don’t know, I feel stupid. But I just, today isn’t a good day.”

Alex nodded, wanting to show that she was listening without interrupting.

“Right, well, um, I got my period, which is already something that often makes me feel uncomfortable in my body. Because, right, we turn it into this big feminized ritual. Like, you become a woman when you get it, and I don’t identify as a woman, yet here I am…still having it. And then it makes my chest bigger, but I can’t bind and I can barely wear a sports bra because I’m so sensitive there because of the damn period. And so it’s like this whole fucking shitshow cycle. And then my insides feel like they’re exploding because of the cramps, but I don’t want to get outside to try to exercise them away, and I can barely even get up to go get Advil. And, yeah…” they trailed off, already berating themselves for unloading all of that onto Alex.

“I’m sorry. That sounds like it really sucks. But you have me here for as long as you want me. And that means that I’m at your service. Need Advil? I’m cramp-free today and happy to get it for you. Want a back rub or a foot rub if you’re okay with touch? I got you. We can order takeout, and I’ll deal with the delivery person, so that you can stay here or do whatever makes you feel most okay. And if that okay isn’t enough, I’m here to listen, okay?”

Biting back tears, Sawyer nodded. They weren’t sure why Alex was still here. They weren’t sure why Alex was being so kind and understanding. They weren’t sure why they weren’t hearing the typical responses—even the well-intentioned but tone-deaf ones. But they didn’t want to question it right now; they just wanted to bask in it, to let Alex’s care work toward making them feel more whole, more right.

“How about we start with that Advil,” Alex suggested. “Or did you already take some?”
“Alright, two Advil coming right up,” Alex announced, jogging to the bathroom and returning with the pills and the heating pad she knew Sawyer stored under their sink from the morning she had woken up here with her own period. “Do you want the heating pad?” Alex asked, getting an enthusiastic nod back. She found an outlet to plug it into and handed it over to Sawyer, who gratefully accepted it, slipping it under their oversized sweatshirt and moaning in relief at the contact.

“Do you want any food yet? I mean, the cookies are here, but I know you’re into the whole ‘voluntarily eating vegetables’ thing,” Alex teased.

“Sorry for making sure you don’t die of scurvy,” Sawyer joked back, grinning for the first time since Alex had walked in. And even though it was gone with the next stabbing pain that cut through their abdomen, it still felt like progress. “I’m not too hungry yet.”

“Alright. Let me know if you wanna do anything. I may or may not have packed up some games when you said you weren’t doing so well.”

That caught Sawyer’s attention. “What’d you bring?”

Alex drew her backpack around to the front of the couch, and Sawyer noticed that it was absolutely bulging. “We’ve got: cards for some good old fashioned poker or gin rummy; Taboo, though we’d just be practicing for next game night instead of competing with anyone; um, I also packed my super old GameCube and a handful of games if you’re into it.”

Sawyer gave Alex a disbelieving look. “Really? And it still works?”

“Oh yeah! I mean, Winn might have given it a tune up or two over the years, but it’s great. I brought over Mario Party, Simpsons Road Rage, one of the Harry Potter games, um, Zelda, and let’s see, oh Pokémon Colosseum.”

Laughing at the range, Sawyer had to ask: “Who chose these games?”

Without hesitating, Alex replied, “Me, duh.”

“Well, I’m down with anything, but maybe we start with one that’s easy to jump right into?”

Alex nodded and pulled up the Simpsons game and Mario Party. “Your choice.” Sawyer motioned at the Road Rage box. “Simpsons it is.”

They spent the next couple of hours racing each other and destroying as many trash cans and mailboxes as they could, cackling with glee every time they nudged each other off course. The medicine had finally kicked in, and with the help of the heating pad and an Alex Danvers-sized distraction, they were feeling better, less aware of their body as they got lost in the gameplay.

Once they were tied at some ridiculously high number, Alex paused the game. “Time to get food in you.”


“You know I’ll eat pretty much anything.”

“We both know that’s not totally true,” Sawyer laughed. “But I could go for Indian food if you’re up for it.”
Alex nodded and pulled out the menu. “The usual?”

“Yes please!”

Without having to ask, Alex pulled out her own phone and called in their order, giving her own phone number for when the food arrived. “We’ve got 30 minutes. Want to switch games?”

And so they spent their afternoon taking turns kicking each other’s asses at nearly 20-year-old video games and eating a bit too much takeout and even napping for a little while. And that evening, Alex went back to her place because she knew Sawyer wouldn’t let her sleep on the couch but wasn’t really up for snuggling in bed. But she left with the promise to return the next morning with coffee and bagels. And she left the GameCube behind “just in case” Sawyer decided to become a Pokémon master overnight. And she gave very specific instructions to Sawyer to call if they needed anything, even if it was just hearing Alex’s voice or getting to vent for a little while.

And even though Sawyer didn’t magically feel completely better, and their cramps were still acting up every now and again, they were hopeful about tomorrow. They were fairly confident that the cramps wouldn’t be so bad, wouldn’t constantly draw attention to what was happening to their body. They were fairly sure that they wouldn’t be so sore and would be able to bind or put on a tight sports bra and go for a run long enough to sweat out some of the worst feelings. And if nothing else, they knew that Alex would be back tomorrow, would be there to listen and share food and act like a huge nerd who, as it turned out, had a near-encyclopedic knowledge of the Pokémon universe. And that could be enough to get through the night.

Chapter End Notes

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There’ll be more of Sawyer this weekend, plus the ardently requested first date follow up to the HSAU. Maybe a chapter of smut if the promised thunderstorms keep me inside and off my bike all weekend too!
Chapter Summary

So many requests for the date from the HSAU (See chapters 21-23) from T, KoalaBearz, Bambambamboo, LenaLuthorChokeMePlease, recklesslove, and some anonymous folks – I heard your request for the first date, and I offer you this! Hope you enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Congratulations,” Ms. Smith said on Friday afternoon, smiling at Alex.

“For…?”

“Your hard work tutoring Maggie really paid off. She got a perfect score on the first test, so she’ll be joining your AP class.”

Alex grinned but felt that she needed to correct Ms. Smith’s assumptions. “There was really almost no tutoring needed. She already knew all that stuff, so she’ll be great in AP. I mean, I think she wants to go over a few things, but I’m sure she’ll be just as good at the new material.”

“I trust your judgment, but do let me know if you need any material from me or if you find that you no longer have time to serve as a tutor.”

Alex nodded as she packed up her books. There was no reason to admit that she would rather sacrifice any number of hours of sleep to tutor Maggie, so long as they got to spend those hours together.

As she walked to her car, she tried not to think too much about the fact that tonight would be her first date with Maggie, her first date with a woman, her first date that she was looking forward to. She hadn’t told anyone except Winn and Kara yet, though she assumed James probably knew from Maggie. There was no need to say anything just yet. What if it all went poorly? What if she totally messed up? What if she found that she wasn’t ready for all of this just yet?

She ended up taking the long way home, driving long, lazy loops through the surrounding neighborhood as she tried to get herself in the right headspace for their date. She was excited. That much she knew. Maggie had invited her over to her place with the promise of a home-cooked meal. Alex wondered if the offer was made in part to spare her the gossip that would come the second they were finally seen out together—not as friends, but as a couple. Not that they had established what they were just yet. They were just two girls. Going on a date. And hopefully kissing.

After nearly an hour of pacing around her room trying to find the right outfit, Alex heard Kara crashing through the front door chatting excitedly about her latest assignment for the newspaper. “Kara!” she yelled down the stairs. “Come help me!”

“Alexandra,” her mom snapped, “inside voices!”

“Sorry, Mom,” she mumbled.
Kara came trundling up the stairs and into Alex’s bedroom, grinning broadly at the sight of numerous outfits strewn across Alex’s bed. “Are you excited?” she squealed, glad to finally see her sister going out on a date.

“More like nervous,” Alex grumbled.

“It’s gonna be great! Maggie seems so cool. I’m sure you’ll have lots of fun.”

Alex shrugged, not wanting to point out that she wasn’t worried about Maggie being cool and fun. “I don’t know what to wear.”

“Ooh!” Kara loved a challenge, though she suspected tonight was more about being casual and comfortable than dressing to impress. Sifting through Alex’s closet and the clothes that were already out on the bed, she began handing different items to Alex to put on.

A few minutes later, Alex stood in front of Kara in skinny jeans and brown boots with a white henley. “Is this too casual?”

“Hold on!” In a moment, Kara was back with a brown faux leather jacket. Alex had gotten it out at the mall with Kara one day last year, but after a group of boys started talking about how it was “gay,” she had stored it in the closet, assuming that after a few months her mother might have donated it to Goodwill. Alex slipped the jacket on and looked up to Kara for her approval. “Perfect.”

“You sure?”

“Absolutely. She’s going to love it.”

Alex nodded, looking so serious that she might have been mistaken for a soldier heading to battle.

“Hey, Alex?” Kara called.

“Hmm?”

“Remember to have fun.”

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“You must be Alex,” a young woman announced as she swung open the door.

“Um, yes,” Alex nodded, trying to covertly wipe her palms off on her jeans.

“Tía, don’t embarrass me!” Maggie called out, shoving her way into the doorway and smiling at Alex. “Hey, come on in.” Alex looked to the other woman for approval. Seeing no sign of annoyance, she stepped forward and inside. “Alex, this is my Aunt Maria. Maria, this is Alex Danvers.”

“It’s really nice to meet you,” Alex said, offering her hand. She didn’t know what to call this woman, unsure of the last name and very nervous that she was already screwing up. The woman was so young—young enough to be Maggie’s sister, probably.

Guessing Alex’s fears, Maria added, “Maria is fine. It’s nice to meet you too. Good to finally put a face to the name. Maggie hasn’t stopped talking about you,” she laughed, ignoring Maggie’s red-faced protests. Alex smiled and followed Maria toward the living room. “Maggie, why don’t you go check on dinner?” She said it like a suggestion, though Maggie heard it for the order it was.

Once Maggie was out of the room, Maria shifted her attention to Alex. “What are your intentions
“Huh?” Alex froze. She had definitely never been on the receiving end of such a talk. “I, um, I…” Alex stammered.

Maria laughed softly. “Sorry, I don’t mean to play the role of the mean sitcom dad, but I do want to make sure that you’re here for the right reasons. I don’t know how much Maggie has told you about Blue Springs—and it certainly isn’t my story to tell—but I won’t sit back and watch her be hurt by another person claiming to be her friend.”

Setting her jaw Alex looked back up at Maria and answered earnestly, “Hurting Maggie is the last thing I want to do. Even if, um, dating doesn’t end up being the right thing for us, she’s still my friend, and that matters more than just about anything.”

“Good,” Maria nodded, seemingly satisfied as the smile she wore when she opened the door returned to her face. “Sorry to have caught you off guard; I just can’t deal with watching my little Maggie get hurt again.”

“What are you two talking about?” Maggie asked, poking her head through the doorway, a wooden spoon in hand.

“About your most embarrassing childhood stories,” Maria yelled back, earning a loud grumble from Maggie.

“Food is ready if you can find it within yourself to stop gossiping for a few minutes,” Maggie huffed. Laughing, Maria stood and motioned for Alex to follow her to the kitchen, where a small table was set for two.

“Are you not joining us?” Alex asked.

“And third wheel your date? Not a chance. I’m actually taking my food to go; I got stuck with the night shift today.”

“I’m sorry. Where do you work?”

“I’m a nurse down at the hospital. Luckily Midvale isn’t quite Chicago. That’s where I did my residency the first year after I graduated,” Maria explained. “So it shouldn’t be too hectic.” She turned her attention back to Maggie. “Be good. Call if you need anything, and I mean anything. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

“Yes, Tía. Have a good night,” Maggie said, offering her a container with what Alex assumed was her dinner.

“Love you, Mags,” Maria added, kissing Maggie on the cheek. “It was nice meeting you, Alex. Hopefully next time we can talk more. I’d very much like to get to know you better—outside of the bits and pieces I hear from Maggie, of course.”

While Maria gathered her things and headed out the door, Maggie prepared two plates. “Are you okay with red sauce?”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Alex nodded.

“I make mine a little spicy. Try first?” Maggie held out a spoon with a small amount of sauce on it for Alex to test.
Feeling a little silly but also like she might be in one of the romcoms Kara adores, Alex leaned in and tasted the sauce. “Oh my god, that’s amazing!” she gushed. “How is it so good?”

“Secret recipe,” Maggie winked. “And lots of garlic.”

Alex laughed, thinking about how different this version of Maggie was from the one she saw in school that first week, the girl who stalked down the hallways with her head down and her fists in her pockets, always ready to fight, always ready to run.

Maggie set out two plates with ravioli and sauce, then put down a bowl with salad in the center of the table. “Dinner is served,” she announced with a flourish, spinning the towel she had used to hold the hot saucepot.

“Before dinner,” Alex mumbled, blushing a faint pink as she leaned over and kissed Maggie briefly on the lips. “It’s good to see you.”

Maggie grinned, glad to see that Alex didn’t seem to be having any doubts about being into girls or into her or into the idea of them dating. At least not yet. “Aww, it’s like we haven’t seen each other every single day.”

“Shut up,” Alex grumbled. It was true. With Maggie getting transferred into AP bio, her whole schedule had shifted so that not only did they share the same science class, but the same English class and lunch period as well. Maggie was quickly welcomed to their lunch table as she joined Kara, James, Winn, and Lucy. Lucy, Kara, and Winn were all in the grade below Maggie, Alex, and James, so other than Winn’s AP Bio class, they only saw each other at lunch. Despite Winn’s laughable (but adorable) attempts at giving Maggie some version of the shovel talk, Maggie liked the younger boy, especially since he had welcomed her to their lab group since there were an odd number of students in the class now.

Maggie just grinned at Alex and motioned for her to sit down. Over dinner they talked about classes and the clubs Maggie might want to join. They soon made it to the topic of colleges and what they wanted to do when they grew up.

“I think I want to work with the police. Or maybe the FBI. I want to do forensics, maybe work as a detective or something,” Maggie answered.

“But you’re so little,” Alex blurted out. “Sorry, not that you can’t, but just, it’d be sort of adorable.”

“You’re not exactly big and bulky yourself,” Maggie retorted.

“No, but I want to work in a research lab. The gangly awkward look is sort of their aesthetic.” Maggie laughed loudly at that comment. Alex continued, “I’m sure you’ll be very intimidating. All your criminals will just have to look down while you’re marching them away in handcuffs.”

“Oh shush,” Maggie laughed. “You know I can be intimidating when I want to be.”

Alex thought back to the other girl’s first week at the school and conceded that yes, she did know how to project an air of confidence that screamed, “Don’t fuck with me.”

“Anyway, I thought maybe we could watch a TV show or a movie? Or we can play a game? I don’t know. I don’t have a car, so we’re a little limited.”

“I drove my car here, but I’m also happy to just hang out with you,” Alex answered honestly. Her few dates with Rick had been so scripted. They went to the same Italian restaurant that everyone took their dates to, then they went to the town’s only movie theater where Rick had them sit in the
back row and tried to make out with her through the movie. It was nice to be on a date where things just felt natural, like an extension of them hanging out but suddenly they could let their fingers touch in the middle of the table or kiss each other hello or flirt openly—none of which she had any inclination toward doing with Rick.

“Well then, maybe we move to the living room? That’s where the TV and all the games are.”

“Sounds good.”

Once they had put their plates in the dishwasher and cleaned up the table, they headed out to the other room. Catching sight of the stack of games on the shelves, Alex added, “My sister is going to love you! You should see our game nights.”

“Oh really? Sounds like a good time. Maybe you’ll have to invite me over to one.”

“Tomorrow night. Come over?”

“Wow, already asking me on a second date, huh? Must have done something right with that dinner.”

Alex blushed, but kept on course. “The food was amazing,” she laughed. “But I’m serious about the invitation. And yeah, I mean, I’d like to go on another date with you if you want to as well.” She really hoped she wasn’t the only one who felt like the night was going well.

“That sounds amazing,” Maggie answered, stepping closer to Alex and smiling up at her.

“Really?”

“Yeah, really. It’ll be good to hang out with your friends outside of school.”

“They’re not just my friends, Maggie. They like you too, ya know?”

Maggie just shrugged. She wasn’t used to being liked, wasn’t used to having friends. She used to have friends, but they had been quick to abandon her as soon as Eliza started talking about what had happened between them, which convinced Maggie that they must never have been friends to begin with.

Eventually they settled in with the marathon of Rizzoli and Isles currently playing on TNT because, as Alex teasingly explained, “You need to get ready for you future career.” They were also happy enough to watch something that didn’t require their full attention, as they found their conversations from the commercial breaks extending into the show as they talked about their favorite characters and guessed who the real criminal likely was as well as who the show would try to pin it on first. Alex was also incredibly distracted by the feeling of Maggie’s hand in her own—something that had happened toward the end of the first episode when they scooted closer together.

“Is this show…is this show really gay?” Alex asked, earning a loud laugh from Maggie.

“I mean, technically no. But subtextually? The gayest. It’s called queerbaiting, but I mean, it’s still a fun show to watch.”

“And they’re hot,” Alex added, pulling another laugh from Maggie.

“You’re such a quick study to the whole gay culture thing,” Maggie teased.

“Yeah, well, I guess I have a good tutor too.” She stuck her tongue out at Maggie.

Maggie bit her lip. “Should we, uh, go over any other aspects of the lesbian lifestyle?”
“That is the cheesiest pickup line ever,” Alex declared, laughing loudly.

“Whatever,” Maggie sulked.

“I didn’t say it didn’t work…” Alex trailed off, the teasing grin having been replaced with an earnest (if slightly nervous) look as she licked her lips.

“Oh. Right, yeah!” Maggie leaned forward, waiting for Alex to meet her, not wanting to push anything on Alex before she was ready. But in a moment, Alex was meeting her and kissing her more like she had in the car. After a bit of nose bumping and teeth clashing, they finally got used to the other person’s movements and were soon proceeding more smoothly. Slowly, tentatively, Alex moved one of her hands from her lap to Maggie’s waist, which earned her a warm hand between her shoulder blades, pulling her slightly closer.

Maggie was fairly certain this was the best moment of her life. Unlike the car kiss that had been so surrounded by drama and her own fears, this one was happening in the midst of an amazing date with a very pretty girl who seemed genuinely into her—something she didn’t believe would happen, at least not until college.

Alex still couldn’t believe how much better this was than kissing boys. When she felt Maggie’s tongue tentatively dipping between her lips, then pulling back, she worried a bit. After all, there had been nothing worse than having Rick stick his tongue down her throat. She had no idea what the appeal was in that type of kissing; it was slimy and wet and unpleasant at best. But when Maggie tried again, it was soft and gentle, more like a caress of her own tongue with Maggie’s that was over soon enough that she actually missed it. It felt intimate in a way that wasn’t off-putting, and Alex found herself wondering what would happen if she tried back. But maybe she only knew how to do it wrong. After all, Rick was the only other person she had kissed. And just because she thought he was terrible didn’t mean that she would be any better.

But then Maggie was doing it again, and Alex didn’t want to seem like she wasn’t into their kiss, so she tried it back, keeping her motions small and slow enough not to feel sudden or jerky in the way that Rick’s always had. And her efforts earned her a small whimper in return that sounded like the best noise Alex had ever heard in her life, a noise that stirred something inside her, leaving her feeling warm all over with heat radiating out from low in her abdomen. And suddenly she was surging closer to Maggie and wrapping her other arm around her, letting out some sort of squeaking noise when Maggie threaded her fingers through Alex’s hair.

Eventually a loud gunshot on the television startled them apart. Once they realized it was only the show, they calmed down, then laughed as they took in their slightly disheveled appearances. Alex’s hair was sticking up slightly in the back, while Maggie’s shirt was noticeably wrinkled. Their cheeks were pink and their lips swollen, and they sat side-by-side breathing heavily.

“That was, um, I would do that again,” Maggie managed to get out.

“Yeah, yeah, me too,” Alex added, nodding fervently.

They rejoined their hands as they sat watching the end of an episode they had almost completely missed. “I guess I should probably start heading home,” Alex said, looking disappointed as she noticed that it was already after 10. Her mom wasn’t big on curfews, but she also didn’t want to make a bad impression on Maggie’s aunt or have to explain just yet where she was for so many hours to her mom, who just knew that she was going to hang out with Maggie, not that it was a date. It wasn’t that Alex would never tell her, but she had wanted to be sure that it wasn’t just a fluke. Maybe that first kiss would have been great, but then they’d try again and it would be as bad as kissing boys (it hadn’t been, not even close). Or maybe she or Maggie would realize that they were
better as friends and that their witty, flirty banter didn’t translate super well into actually dating (it did, actually, and it made time fly by on their date). So now she needed to think about how she would tell her mother, but that could all wait for another day.

“I’ll walk you to the door,” Maggie offered, standing up and grabbing Alex’s coat from the closet.

“Thanks.” Alex shrugged on her coat and fished her keys out of her pocket. “I guess, I guess I’ll see you tomorrow for game night. If you still want to come over?”

“Of course,” Maggie nodded, leaning in and pressing one last kiss to Alex’s lips before she could leave and second-guess everything.

Smiling dumbly, Alex nodded and promptly stumbled over her own feet as she turned for the door. “Can we, um, can we pretend that didn’t happen?”

“Sure, Danvers,” Maggie laughed. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

There may be more of this HSAU, especially since I know recklesslove had a few prompt ideas and I've got a few of my own. Maybe we'll see more of this AU this weekend?
Sanvers High School AU Part 5

Chapter Summary

Requests for more HSAU, including Eliza, the Superfriends, and being out at school - here you go! Enjoy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dating Maggie was, well, in a word, amazing. It was easy and fun and just felt right. And kissing Maggie? Alex could do that that all day long. Sure, she still had to work on the whole coming out thing, but right now the most important thing felt like spending all of her time with Maggie, which really made finding time for the whole one-on-one conversation with her mother a little difficult.

People at school were gradually figuring it out, though Alex made sure to keep it quiet lest it stir up any bad memories for Maggie. Of course, this time they had a group of very loyal friends who would gladly beat the crap out of anyone who so much as looked at the couple the wrong way. So when Rick made some snide comment about how he figured there must have been a reason why Alex didn’t fall over herself to be his girlfriend and, of all the reasons, this one was pretty hot, James was there before Maggie and Alex could begin to threaten him on their own. “Don’t act like that, man. Don’t remind Alex of every single legitimate reason she had for not wanting to be with you.” And James’ deep voice coupled with his bulging muscles made Rick back down pretty quickly. As for the others? Well, between Kara and James prowling the halls, muscles out from their morning track workouts, Winn reminding everyone that he was a tech genius who could hack into their computers and make very public every single thing they’d ever searched online, and Lucy somehow being intimidating without ever doing more than arching an eyebrow, Alex and Maggie didn’t have to worry too much.

Maggie had quickly been accepted as a regular in their weekly game nights, and she and Alex were a force to be reckoned with when it came to Taboo, managing to tie Alex and Kara’s earlier record. So the next weekend, it was no surprise that Maggie was over at the Danvers, huddled in between Alex and James as the group laughed at Lucy’s terrible drawing skills that left her team at quite a disadvantage in Pictionary.

“I hate this game,” Lucy whined, throwing down her marker after no one guessed her clue…again.

“Luce,” Kara began, her voice gentle, “I mean, what even is that?”

“She,” Lucy corrected, “is a ballerina.”

“Oh! I can see the bun now!” Maggie exclaimed, looking genuinely pleased at having recognized any part of the drawing.

Winn and Kara just shook their heads, clearly displeased at the team distribution. After all, Winn wasn’t much better, which left Kara as the only talented artist on their team. Of course, Alex stuck to stick figures, but she and Maggie were in sync enough that they managed to still guess about half of her drawings.
“Whatever, let’s play a new game,” Lucy suggested.

“Any suggestions?” James asked.

“Truth or Dare!” Kara yelled out. Having come to the planet as a teenager, she felt like she had missed many formative experiences—foremost among them, middle school sleepovers full of silly games like truth or dare. Of course, people still played in high school, but now it was more often paired with drinking games and hooking up.

Alex groaned but acquiesced to Kara’s request. After all, she could rarely say no to her little sister. Eventually everyone gave in, though they insisted that if they had to play, they were getting snacks first. James offered to drive anyone who wanted to come with, and he quickly found his car packed with Kara, Winn, and Lucy. “Did you two want to come?” he asked.

“We’re okay,” Alex laughed, waving him off. Snack shopping with Kara was always an experience. And putting her and Winn together just made them both act even crazier. There were already two stores in town that wouldn’t let the lot of them back in without adult supervision after Winn had rigged the self checkout scanners to announce comic book catchphrases instead of the product names when items were scanned and Kara had accidentally knocked down an entire end display of soup cans while having a shopping cart race. Luckily Lucy was pretty good about reigning everyone in, while James just laughed at the lot of them.

Once they drove off, Alex pulled Maggie back inside and toward her room, fully intent on making out until the rest of the group returned. But she thought that perhaps she should give Maggie other options. “Did you, um, did you want to watch something, or, I don’t know, we can talk?”

“We haven’t stopped talking for hours. And we talk when I’m not at your place,” Maggie teased, stepping into Alex’s personal space. “Unless you’d rather talk?”

“No,” Alex quickly answered, shaking her head as she pulled Maggie in all the way and pressed their lips together. They stood like that for a while, pulling each other close and trying to keep their hands out of one another’s hair to avoid having it be too obvious what they had been up to while everyone was out.

Just as Alex slipped her tongue into Maggie’s mouth, Maggie pulled back. “Are you going to tell your mom about us?”

Alex blinked a few times, trying to figure out what had happened. “What?”

“Sorry, it’s a little sudden, but just, we’re at your house all the time. And I see your mom a lot. And I don’t want to, I don’t know, have her think that I’m some terrible person sneaking around with her daughter. That’s already happened sort of. I just, I want to do this right. And I’m not trying to push you to come out faster, it’s just, yeah,” Maggie trailed off.

Alex took a deep breath and sat down on the bed, patting beside her for Maggie to come join her. “I, yeah, I am going to tell her. And I want to tell her soon. Trust me, the last thing I want to do is hide you. I mean, I was happy to have my friends and classmates know that we’re together. It’s just, I always worry about disappointing her. Not that there’s anything wrong with being gay! But…I don’t know. I feel like I never live up to her expectations. And then whenever I want to tell her, she’s always at work or working from home.”

“She is a busy lady,” Maggie agreed, smiling to make sure Alex knew she wasn’t mad.

“Right. But I promise, I will tell her this weekend. I know she’s at work late tonight, but if she comes
home before game night ends, I’ll talk to her, okay? Otherwise tomorrow.”

“I don’t want you to do this just for me, though, Alex.”

“It’s not!” Alex rushed to reassure Maggie. “I want her to know. You’re already such an important part of my life. I mean, sorry, I don’t want to sound like I’m pushing things too fast. But I mean, I like you. A lot. And spending time with you is great. And I wouldn’t want you or my mom to think that I didn’t tell her because I was ashamed or something. It’s just…nerves. And timing. Because it also requires me dragging myself away from you for a while.”

“So smooth, Danvers,” Maggie teased. “Let me know if you need anything, okay? Do you want to practice?”

“I was planning to just blurt out, ‘I’m dating Maggie. Kay, bye!’ Is that not appropriate?”

Giggling, Maggie shrugged. “I suppose it gets the point across. But she might have questions.”

“Ugh, yes, I know. But as long as she’s chill, I’ll be fine dealing with the questions.”

“And you don’t think that she’ll, um, that she’ll be mad at me do you?”

Clasping Maggie’s hands between her own, Alex shook her head. “No. Not at all. I know that she and I don’t always get along that well, but I don’t think she’s like that. I’m sure she’ll want to talk to you a little—same way your aunt did with me—but she won’t be mean. She’s always been nice to James, and she trusts Kara and me enough to let us have the people we date over to the house even when she isn’t here.”

Maggie nodded. She was nervous still, but she certainly didn’t want to put that on Alex.

“For now…” Alex trailed off, grinning and batton her eyes in an exaggeratedly flirtatious manner, “we do still have the house to ourselves.”

“Yeah, and what did you want to do about that?” Maggie laughed, and Alex gently shoved her down to the pillows.

Biting her lip, Maggie tugged gently on Alex’s shirt, drawing her down to kiss her. She tried not to get carried away by the thought that they were actually in Alex’s bed and that she was technically lying down in Alex’s bed while they made out. But then Alex twisted around so that she was no longer uncomfortably craning backward to kiss Maggie, which left Alex half on top of Maggie with their legs stretched out and tangled together.

“Is this, is this too fast?” Maggie managed to ask, trying to keep her breathing in check as her heart thundered in her chest.

“I mean, we’re still just making out, right? And we’ve done that a lot. I just, we’re just getting more comfortable. I mean, I wouldn’t want to get a crick in my neck from bending over to kiss you, would I?”

Maggie laughed. “No, we couldn’t have that happen.”

Content that Maggie was no longer worried, Alex lowered herself again, quickly finding Maggie’s mouth and tentatively sucking Maggie’s lower lip between her own, which earned her a needy whine that Alex was desperate to hear again and again.

A while later, they heard the front door swing open as a cacophony of voices flooded up the stairs.
“We’re home!” Kara yelled from downstairs.

“Be down in a minute!” Alex yelled back, returning her attention to Maggie’s mouth.

“We should go back,” Maggie murmured against Alex’s lips, though she didn’t stop kissing Alex.

“In a minute,” Alex promised, determined to use her last minute to the fullest as she ran her tongue across Maggie’s lower lip.

“Alex,” a voice called out as Alex’s door swung open.

Maggie squeaked, and Alex jumped, and Eliza cleared her throat. “Perhaps I should have knocked first.”

Just as Maggie began stammering out her apologies, and Alex began stumbling over her words, insisting that there was an explanation and she had been meaning to say something, Eliza held up her hand. “I’m not mad, okay? I’m a little surprised. And that was not necessarily something I wanted to see. I am, after all, still your mother. But I am not mad, nor am I going to kick you out of my house, Maggie, or ground you, Alex. But, Maggie, would you mind leaving Alex and me for a moment? The others just got back with what looks like enough ice cream to feed the state of California, and I’m sure they’ll be only too happy to share.”

Maggie gulped and nodded, shooting an apologetic glance at Alex as she made her way out of the room and down the stairs, desperately trying not to have a panic attack among all of her new friends. James, of course, noticed right away that she was hanging back in the living room while everyone else chatted excitedly in the kitchen as they made their sundaes.

“Hey, what’s up?” he asked.

“I, um, Eliza, Alex’s mom, she, um, she maybe just caught us making out. In Alex’s bed. And Alex hasn’t told her we’re dating yet. And she said she wasn’t mad, but I think she’s probably mad. I mean, she has to be mad, right? And she’s going to yell at Alex, and Alex will dump me because her mom told her she has to. Then I’ll have to move again, and maybe my aunt will decide that it isn’t worth the trouble of inheriting a teenager.”

“Maggie,” James cut in, carefully laying one of his hands on top of hers, which he noted were trembling. “Can you breathe in and out with me? That line of thinking sounds a lot like catastrophizing. I know that everything feels like maybe it’s going to spiral out of control, but I promise, Eliza isn’t like that.”

Maggie tried to listen and tried to follow his advice and tried to practice the breathing techniques she had learned to control her anxiety, but right now, panic seemed like a really appropriate response to the situation.

“You know how I know that Eliza isn’t like that? She walked in on Kara and me once too. And Kara is the baby, the one that Eliza feels like she has to protect at all times. And I didn’t have a shirt on, and I was so sure she was going to throw me out onto the street and tell me to stay away forever. But she didn’t. I couldn’t make eye contact with her for a few weeks, but she was fine. And Kara didn’t get in trouble; she just had a long talk with Eliza. And I know, I can imagine that being gay probably makes it feel even worse, but I promise we’re all here for you if anything happens, even though I really don’t think it will.”

Upstairs, Alex sat on her bed, trembling as she tried to get words out. Finally she whispered, “I wanted to tell you. I was going to. Tonight even. I’m sorry,” she whispered, blinking back tears.
“Sweetheart, it’s okay. I’m glad that you trusted me enough to want to tell me. I know that I’ve been busy with all of the grant applications due this month. I haven’t really been there for you lately either, and I’m sorry.”

“You’re not mad?” Alex asked.

“No, I understand why you hadn’t told me yet, dear. And even if you needed more time to feel comfortable, that would have been fine too.”

“But, I mean, you’re not mad about the thing, the thing that I hadn’t told you yet?”

“No, Alex, why would I be mad?”

Alex shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know. It’s not, not everyone is okay with it.”

“Your being gay would never make me upset. I would have been upset with myself if I thought I had made this into a household where you couldn’t be open about these sorts of things. I can tell that Maggie makes you happy, that you’ve been smiling more these past few weeks.”

“You knew?” Alex asked.

“Oh course I knew. But it wasn’t my place to say.”

“Thanks,” Alex murmured, burying her head into her mother’s shoulder as she tried to get her breathing under control.

After a few moments, when it seemed like Alex was doing okay, Eliza pulled back slightly, keeping an arm around Alex’s shoulders. “Now, I know we have rather lenient guidelines in this house when it comes to your and Kara’s dates, and those aren’t going to change now just because you’re seeing someone,” she reassured Alex, anticipating the protest at how unfair it was that Kara was allowed to have James over whenever she wanted. “But I do need you to be safe. And just because you can’t get pregnant from having sex with another woman, you can still get plenty of STDs and STIs.”

“Mom!” Alex cried out, jumping across the bed. “We’re not doing that!” she hissed.

“Not yet,” Eliza corrected her. “And maybe it won’t be for a long time, but that doesn’t mean you shouldn’t have all of the information you need to be protected.”

Alex blushed a flaming red color. “Can we do this when all of my friends and my girlfriend aren’t downstairs?” she pleaded.

“Fine. I will do my research so that I can be best informed about what information I should pass along to you,” Eliza concluded, patting Alex’s knee as though the conversation they were having wasn’t making her daughter feel like she was about to spontaneously combust from embarrassment.

“Oh. Can I go downstairs now?”

“Whatever you want, Alex. But I think I’m going to come downstairs to make sure Maggie knows that I don’t hate her. I suspect she’s probably down there panicking without you.”

Alex gulped, thinking back to Maggie’s experiences with Eliza and her own family. “Can you, um, can you be extra nice to her? She hasn’t had the best experience with…parents.”

Anger flashed across Eliza’s eyes, but it was quickly replaced by concern, and she nodded, following Alex downstairs to where everyone but Maggie and James was still chatting in the kitchen.
Alex quickly made her way to the living room, where Maggie had her head resting on James’ chest as he told terrible jokes to try to distract her.

“Hey,” Alex waved, smiling at Maggie to try to communicate that everything was okay.

“Alex, Dr. Danvers,” Maggie said, shooting up to her feet.

“Eliza is still fine,” Eliza explained. “I just came down to make sure you know that I’m not upset with you. I’m glad to see how happy you’ve made my Alex. I could tell you not to hurt her or any number of things, but I’m fairly certain you wouldn’t do any of them intentionally. So I’ll leave it at a hearty welcome. I hope you feel as welcome here as James does, and that includes knowing that I’m happy to have you here whenever you want. Well, except perhaps on school nights, unless you’re working on homework before dinner.”

Maggie nodded. Internally, she debated the merits of pinching herself to see if this was real, but she thought that would look a bit odd, so instead she managed to repeat her thanks to Eliza and wave goodbye when she made her way back down to the lab.

“Is that real?” Maggie asked.

“Told you so,” James whispered, nudging Maggie and smiling at her before heading back to the kitchen to join Kara.

“Seriously, how did that situation end that well?” Maggie asked.

“Speak for yourself. Tomorrow I have to have an extended discussion with my mother about lesbian safe sex practices. She’s already talking about getting diagrams from her labs and bringing home latex gloves and something called a dental dam,” Alex cringed, making Maggie laugh.

“But things were okay otherwise?”

“Yeah, I… I shouldn’t have been that worried. But I’m glad she knows about you, even if that’s not the way I would have chosen for her to find out.”

“It was not ideal…”

“No, not quite.”

Chapter End Notes

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Body Swap - Alex, Maggie, Lucy

Chapter Summary

Request from recklesslove: If you're keen to continue the body swaps, I'd love to see Lena and Kara, or Lena and Maggie swap. Ooh or Lucy and Maggie but Lucy doesn't realise she's been body swapped and wakes up with Alex and just kinda goes with the making out that Alex initiates until Alex calls out Maggie's name or something.

Request from Iamdeltas: Could you do a bodyswap with Alex and Lucy? I miss Lucy and I want her to be in on all these bodyswap shenanigans!

Chapter Notes

A/N 1: Sooo, since I can’t realistically keep having people swap with the same device and not notice that it’s the same metal rod and immediately switch themselves back, I changed it up and added a new alien to combine these prompts. It’s established Sanvers, but has a lot of pre-Director Sanvers elements to it

A/N 2: This got really long...like almost 7k long. I debated breaking it up into 2 parts, but I figured I’d be nice and let you have it all as one. Enjoy!

“Danvers, on your right!” J’onn’s voice crackled through Alex’s comms as she rolled to her left to dodge the attack. But as soon as she was out of the way, the attack stopped. This attacker—Alex didn’t think human, though he looked humanoid—seemed intent on getting to her and her team, rather than seeking random destruction, which was, to be honest, more disconcerting.

“We’re sending in another team, do you copy?” J’onn barked.

“Yes, sir,” Alex got out before having to sprint away as he moved the car behind which she was crouched without even having to touch it.

A few minutes of cat-and-mouse-style dodging later, the other team showed up with Lucy in command and Vasquez on her second. The attacker paused his assault, looking up to survey the new additions. A wicked grin spread across his face at the sight of them, and he seemed to focus in on Lucy this time.

Lucy found her gaze drawn up to this new villain, and something inside of her felt as though it had shifted, leaving her weak and dizzy. As she crumpled to the ground, being saved from a nasty concussion only by Vasquez’s quick reaction, the villain snapped his fingers and was gone without a trace.

“J’onn, we need a med evac!” Alex yelled into her comm as she rushed across the alleyway toward Lucy and her team. “Luce, Lucy, are you okay? Stay with me,” Alex called out, checking all of Lucy’s vital signs.
“Ma’am, you go track him down. I’ll make sure she’s okay until the med team shows up,” Vasquez added, placing a comforting hand on Alex’s arm.

Alex nodded and jogged off to survey the area. With no sight of him, she called Maggie’s work phone, figuring NCPD should get a fair warning. But there was no answer. She tried Maggie’s cell and heard an unfamiliar voice answer. “Have fun!” the anonymous person cackled, then hung up.

Alex quickly called J’onn, explaining that she suspected their villain (or another one, it didn’t really matter) had gotten to Maggie. She instructed Winn to trace Maggie’s cell phone and was on her motorcycle the second she got coordinates from him.

Breaking just about every traffic law, Alex raced across town, desperate to get to Maggie and make sure she was safe. When she got to the coordinates Winn had specified, she glanced around, trying to find her girlfriend. Spotting a police cruiser, she jogged across the street, only to find Maggie slumped forward in her seat.

She tried not to panic, schooling herself to remember her training, remember every step to make sure that Maggie was alright. While calling in for another med team, she threw open the door and undid Maggie’s seatbelt so it wouldn’t be cutting into her neck. She carefully sat Maggie back up in the seat and began checking her vitals, grateful to find that she had a pulse—weak but steady, there.

Within minutes, the med team had arrived and took over, though Alex hovered on the periphery, pacing as she tried not to let her desperation and fear show. One of the medics came over to Alex to explain what was going on. “It looks like she got hit with whatever Director Lane did. Same symptoms, but I’ll have you know that Director Lane is already coming to again.” Alex looked slightly relieved, though she wouldn’t be okay until she watched Maggie wake up, was able to run tests on her herself and ascertain that no serious damage had been done.

Since she wasn’t allowed to be next to Maggie just yet, she settled for barking orders into her comms, demanding that whoever the hell this alien was be made priority number one, given that he was targeting specific individuals related to the DEO. She didn’t mention that he also seemed to be going after the women in her life—her girlfriend, one of her only close friends, and herself, though he seemed to be content to let her wait while he attacked the others.

“We’re going to take Detective Sawyer back to the DEO’s med bay. She’s showing signs of progress, but it’s better to treat her there, okay?” the medic confirmed with Alex while the rest of his team loaded Maggie into the ambulance. Alex was pleased to see signs of life and slight movement coming from the stretcher. She nodded and quickly hopped on her bike, trailing behind the ambulance all the way to the DEO.

While Maggie was in with the doctors, Alex paced around command central, demanding answers that no one had yet. The other agents quickly learned to skirt around the central area, following the winding hallways to and from the back rooms lest they incur Agent Danvers’ wrath for not having caught their mystery man yet.

Eventually J’onn came out and guided Alex back to his office, asking her in a calming voice to please sit down.

“Why?” Alex snapped.

“We are doing the best that we can to catch whomever did this, but that means you need to trust that all of your fellow agents are doing their best.”

“Well their best isn’t good enough.”
“Maggie and Lucy have both woken up, and all initial tests show no long-lasting results. There were some anomalies in their CT scans—they’re displaying slightly different patterns of brain activity than we would normally expect—but it’s nothing too concerning to the doctors. They want both women to report back daily for the next week, but otherwise they are free to leave our care.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded. “Does Lucy have someone to stay with her through the night?” Alex definitely didn’t feel comfortable having the woman go all the way back to the desert base, but she worried that she would try to stay on her own tonight. And what if something happened? Alex wouldn’t be able to live with herself, especially given the gnawing suspicion that somehow these attacks were tied back to her in some way, that her mere existence had put both of these women in danger.

“I’m not sure, but she is welcome to stay with me if she needs somewhere,” J’onn offered. Knowing that it was a kind offer that Lucy would most definitely turn down, Alex shrugged. “She can come back to my place. God knows I’ll be up all night checking in on Maggie anyway.” J’onn nodded and smiled at Alex. He wouldn’t say anything to embarrass her, but he was rather proud of the woman she had grown up to become.

Strolling into the med bay, Alex found both Maggie and Lucy sitting side-by-side on examination tables. “Alright, I hear you two are free to go!” she cheered, trying to sound happy and enthusiastic. The unimpressed looks on both of their faces suggested that she wasn’t all that successful at masking her anxiety.

“Free to go with supervision,” Maggie clarified.

“Yes, that’s why I’m here,” Alex added.

“Enjoy your freedom,” Lucy announced melodramatically, reaching out her hand to Maggie as though she were Jack letting Rose go in Titanic.

“Oh knock it off,” Alex shushed Lucy, swatting her hand down. “I’m here for you too. Get your butt off the bed and follow me.”

“Aye, aye, captain!” Lucy winked.

“Did they give you something?” Alex asked, trying to figure out what had gotten into Lucy.

“Nah, it’s just nice to be back in the city. I mean, the desert base has its perks. Weird, covert operations feel. Vasquez’s sassy comm commentary. A resident mascot in the form of that weird bat that always attacks Kara. But still, good to be back, even if the first thing that happened to me was some freak attack thing.”

Alex threw an arm around Lucy. “It’s good to have you back, Luce.” Catching sight of Maggie who was staring at them curiously, Alex added, “Oh, I assume you’ve met Maggie, my girlfriend?”

“Oh please, we’re old friends. Hours together in the med bay will do that to ya. Proud of you for finally strolling on out of that closet and snagging yourself a hot girlfriend in the process,” Lucy teased, nudging Alex with her shoulder.

Alex grinned at Maggie before turning back to Lucy. “What do you mean ‘finally’?”

“Oh, honey,” Lucy drawled, earning a hearty laugh from Maggie. “It’s okay, everyone has their own timelines.”
Alex grumbled but was soon distracted by Maggie’s arms around her. “Take us home? Please,” she pleaded, feeling rather restless after spending so many hours stuck on the examination table.

“Damn, buy your third a drink first,” Lucy whistled, winking at the blushing couple.

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By the time they got back to Alex’s apartment, Alex was truly starting to believe Lucy’s suggestion that she and Maggie had become fast friends, if the way they worked in unison to tease Alex mercilessly was any indication.

“I hate you both. Get into pajamas and get into your beds,” Alex ordered when they got back upstairs.

“Whatever, mom,” Lucy teased, sticking her tongue out at Alex. “Also, I don’t have pajamas with me. So either let me borrow something or don’t complain about me sleeping in the nude.”

Alex stammered and blushed at the image that appeared unbidden in her mind. “Uh, right, yes, shirt. And shorts. Yep.”

Maggie furrowed her eyebrows, looking after Alex, who was, at the moment, tripping on her way to the closet. Clearly nothing had happened between Alex and Lucy, if Alex’s big gay panic moment was any indication, but it sure seemed like there was some unresolved sexual tension between them. She made a mental note to get the full story later.

Alex quickly returned with three t-shirts and three pairs of boxer shorts, distributing them so that everyone had pajamas.

Without hesitating, Lucy pulled her shirt over her head, exposing her tanned and toned upper body to Alex and Maggie. Maggie felt guilty for staring (and, she suspected, drooling) until she looked over and caught sight of Alex’s jaw on the floor as she took in the image of Lucy standing there in only a bra.

Lucy bit back a grin at the sight of the two women trying to hide their staring. Figuring she would push her luck, see how far it would go, Lucy reached her arm behind her back and unclipped her bra, noting how both Alex and Maggie studiously turned around and looked at the floor the second her bra fell away. Shrugging, she pulled the shirt on over her head. “I’m decent!” she called out.

“Well, actually, pants…” she trailed off, pulling them off to put on the boxer shorts.

Of course, Alex had turned around again as soon as Lucy called out that she was decent, only to find Maggie with her back to Lucy totally topless changing into her own pajamas and Lucy’s ass stuck up in the air as she bent down to kick off her pants. The high-pitched squeak she made quickly drew Maggie’s and Lucy’s attention back to her, and the sight of both of them, who were still only in oversized t-shirts—her oversized t-shirts—was nearly enough to do her in. She was far too gay to be dealing with this. Stammering and blushing, Alex quickly excused herself, grabbing her own pajamas and running to the bathroom to change, as she had assumed everyone else would do.

When she came back out into the living room, everyone was blessedly dressed. Lucy had wrapped a blanket around herself and was curled up on the couch, while Maggie prepared a pot of tea in the kitchen. “Type?” Maggie called out.

“Chamomile,” Lucy chimed in.

“Peppermint,” Alex added. She wondered at the domesticity of the scene, but quickly shook it from her head. Lucy was only in for the night, and beside, what was she even thinking about? The three
of them playing some weird version of house?

Unaware of the odd train of thought running through Alex’s head, Lucy asked if they wanted to watch something, and Maggie and Alex both agreed. Soon they were all settled into the couch under the blankets watching old Law and Order reruns with mugs of tea.

When Alex noticed Lucy starting to slump down as her eyes drifted shut, she carefully grabbed the mostly empty mug and placed it on the end table. She nudged Maggie to head to bed, while she busied herself with turning off the television and helping Lucy get comfortable with pillows under her head and a blanket wrapped around her. “Night, Luce,” she murmured, fighting off the sudden urge to kiss Lucy’s forehead.

Alex shook her head and made her way to the bathroom. Once her face was washed and her teeth brushed, Alex hit the last of the lights and climbed into bed with Maggie. “I’m so glad you’re safe,” she whispered.

“Me too. Thanks for getting to me so quickly. The medics told me everything that happened,” Maggie explained. “I love you.”

“Love you too.” With a quick kiss goodnight, Alex let herself be wrapped up in Maggie’s arms and pulled in to snuggle.

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The next morning, Alex rolled over in Maggie’s arms, grinning at the sight of her girlfriend sleeping peacefully. After the day they had had yesterday, there was no better way to wake up. Well, okay, maybe one better way…but they had company—company that was currently passed out on the couch. Alex settled for a few light kisses to Maggie’s lips, primarily as a way to remind herself that Maggie was alive and well and breathing.

Seeing Maggie’s eyes blinking open, Alex smiled. “Morning, sleepyhead.”

“Mm, morning,” came the response, followed by a large yawn. Lucy blinked her eyes open, startling slightly as she realized that she had somehow ended up in Alex’s bed. And that Alex was kissing her. Perhaps she was dreaming still. It wasn’t exactly uncommon, though ever since Alex had been moved to the downtown based those dreams had grown much less common. Of course, the news of Alex’s coming out brought back certain thoughts, but she largely kept on top of it, especially when she knew she’d be seeing J’onn.

But then Alex was leaning back in and smiling softly and stroking her cheek, and Lucy gave herself over to whatever this was—be it a dream or a fantasy or one of those things coming true. Because Alex was holding her, and Alex was deepening the kiss, and Alex was slowly rolling on top of her and tracing her hands down her side.

“Alex,” Lucy gasped.

“God, Mags, I love you,” Alex murmured into Maggie’s neck.

“Wait, what’d you call me?” Lucy asked, her eyes snapping back open.

The commotion woke Maggie, and she was soon flinging herself up and off of the couch at the sight of Alex very clearly in bed with another woman. Very clearly on top of another woman with her lips on her neck and her hands somewhere she couldn’t see. “What the fuck?” she snapped.

Alex jumped off of Maggie’s body and spun around, catching sight of Lucy standing next to the
couch and glaring at her. “Sorry! I just, I just wanted to wake up my girlfriend, didn’t mean to get you too.”

At that Maggie glanced back at the bed, finding...herself? She ran the few lengths between the couch and Alex’s bed. “What the fuck? Why are you...why are you me?”

Lucy surveyed someone in her body speaking to her. “Where’s a mirror, Alex?” she demanded. As soon as Alex motioned to the doors of her closet, Lucy was up and moving, dragging her doppelganger with her. “Huh,” she declared, standing in front of the mirror and running her hands along a face that was not hers.

“What?” Alex asked, feeling very out of the loop.

“It would seem that we switched bodies.”

“No way!” Alex declared. “We’ve got that damn device locked up under so many degrees of security now.”

“What device?” Lucy asked.

“It, it doesn’t matter. Let me call J’onn.”

A few minutes later, Alex returned with bad news. “So, the device is still safely locked up, which means that we don’t have any clear answers on how to switch you two back, but J’onn thinks it has something to do with the attacks you sustained.”

“Weird,” Maggie mumbled. “So I take it we need to go to the DEO?” Alex nodded. “Good thing the NCPD already gave me off for today after yesterday’s attack. Would be a little weird to show up in a new body.”

“Or we could switch places for the day,” Lucy offered.

“Yeah, well, you already made out with my girlfriend,” Maggie shot back.

“Hey, wait. Why didn’t you say anything?” Alex asked Lucy, confusion written across her face.

“Oh, um, I don’t know,” Lucy shrugged, figuring now was not the time to admit that she thought it was one of her many recurring dreams about Alex or that she had even dared to hope that somehow Alex had decided to let something happen between them.

Maggie narrowed her eyes at the lack of explanation, becoming increasingly curious about whatever it was that had transpired between these two before she met Alex.

“But you, you’re okay?” Alex asked, turning toward Maggie in Lucy’s body.

“Yeah, thanks,” Maggie muttered. “Just confused, but I suppose that’s what working in the Science Division is all about.”

Alex laughed humorlessly. “Ah yes, fun times with aliens. Never a dull day.”

Maggie shook her head. “I’ll get breakfast started if you want to put on the coffee.”

Lucy tried to figure out how to back away from the situation, feeling as though she were intruding on a very private, domestic moment.

Alex nodded and walked toward the kitchen. “Can I, can I kiss you good morning?” she asked,
unsure to whom she should direct the question. She just wanted to know that her Maggie was okay and also to reassure Maggie that she wasn’t going to cheat on her. She couldn’t imagine what it must have been like to wake up to that image, especially since she knew that she had acted a bit flustered around Lucy the night before.

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, turning to Lucy to see if she was going to object.

Of course, after nearly having to admit to Alex that she fantasized and dreamed about her on a semi-regular basis, Lucy wasn’t going to say no to anything that demonstrated how okay she was with Alex’s relationship. But when Alex pulled Maggie in, when Alex pulled in someone that looked just like her—was her, physically—and kissed her softly, lovingly, something inside Lucy broke a little, wondering about how different things might have been if they had met a bit later. And when Maggie deepened the kiss slightly, needing to remind herself that Alex was still with her, hadn’t gone running off at the first sign of something better, the moment her shiny veneer wore off, Lucy felt heat rush through her body, coming to rest between her legs as she chastised herself for the inappropriate reaction to what wasn’t her moment with Alex.

“I, uh, I’m gonna go change,” Lucy added, quickly shuffling into the bathroom.

Alex pulled away, blushing slightly for having gotten a little lost in the kiss while Lucy was still right there—Lucy who she had accidentally made out with that morning. She shook her head and quickly pulled out her own clothes, figuring she should get dressed as well so that they could get to the DEO as soon as possible. Maggie did the same, but as soon as she stood in front of Alex in only underwear, she realized that it wasn’t exactly her body she was showing off. And those weren’t her breasts that Alex was staring at. Maggie cleared her throat, getting Alex’s attention.

Blushing, Alex looked up and into Lucy’s eyes, reminding herself that it was still Maggie, but she probably shouldn’t be looking. It was all very confusing. Because inside was a woman she loved, was a woman who was comfortable with the fact that she loved her and loved her body and loved making love to her body. But that wasn’t the right body. But that body was also doing things to her. Because no matter how much she tried, she couldn’t quite distract herself from the way her pulse was racing or how her underwear felt uncomfortably damp. And that felt a lot like cheating on Maggie in some weird, fucked up way.

By the time Lucy came back out from the bathroom, Alex and Maggie were both fully dressed and sitting on the couch sipping coffee as they watched the news, looking for any sightings of their mystery man. Lucy poured herself a mug and grabbed a bagel, joining them but sitting in the armchair, apart from the couple.

“Any updates?” Lucy asked.

“No,” Alex shook her head, rubbing her temples at the stress headache she could already feel building. “Hopefully J’onn will have some answers, and maybe the med team or R&D will be able to come up with some solution to get you two back to normal.”

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As it turned out, no one was having any luck getting them back into their own bodies. Alex paced across the DEO, giving orders to anyone she could find to track down their attacker. Just as she was giving up hope, the man himself popped in front of her with a loud crack.

“You!” Alex growled, drawing her alien gun and aiming it at him. “Tell me how to reverse this!”

“True love, or maybe it’s just lust, how should I know?” he laughed, catching Alex’s gaze as she fell
to the floor unconscious. Before anyone could apprehend him, he was gone with a flash. But J’onn had gotten a good look at him this time, looked into his thoughts. And he recognized the thoughts, even if the exterior was different. It was the same Music Meister who had come to attack Supergirl before portal-jumping into another earth. Only this time, it seemed as though his targets were all of this earth. He tried to figure out what the objective could be, given that his purported goal was to promote love however he saw fit, no matter how unethical the means. Though he also remembered that in the end, his goal seemed to have been pure mischief more than anything else. He shook his head and carried Alex down to the med bay.

When J’onn arrived with Alex he found a scene of total chaos. It seemed that when the Music Meister (or whatever name he was using these days, since musicals didn’t seem to be his M.O. this time around) had knocked out Alex, both Maggie and Lucy had passed out again as well. J’onn quickly provided the doctors with a summary of what had transpired upstairs, then left them to their work.

This time, all of the women were kept overnight for observation. Even though Alex grumbled at first, she was secretly glad for the separate beds to keep herself from growing any more confused.

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The next morning, Alex was woken up by a lab technician by her bedside wanting to check her vitals. “Good morning, Maggie,” he announced.

“What?”

“Sorry, Lucy! I forgot for a moment that you two had switched. The body thing is still rather disconcerting.”

“But I’m Alex,” Alex insisted.

“Oh, uh, let me go get the doctor…” the lab tech trailed off before turning and running for the back at full speed.

When the doctor came back, she quickly went to each one of them. Finally she announced, “It would seem you’ve all been switched again. Director Lane is in Agent Danvers’ body. Detective Sawyer is in Director Lane’s body. And Agent Danvers is in Detective Sawyer’s body. Any questions?”

“Yeah, how the hell are we getting back to normal?” Alex growled.

“I promise we’re working on it,” the doctor assured Alex, looking uncomfortable at having to deal with Agent Danvers, who was notoriously awful as a patient.

“And until then?”

“Until then you are not to be out in the field, Agent Danvers. You three will rest,” J’onn’s booming voice rang out through the room as he strode toward them.

“Sir,” Alex began to protest.

“This is not negotiable. Think about how awful you would feel if you irreparably harmed Detective Sawyer’s body because you weren’t used to fighting in it.”

Everyone saw the way Alex’s shoulders slumped at that, the fight slowly draining out of her body. “How’d you know it was me in Maggie’s body?”
“Your thoughts are still your own, Alex, and they’re rather…distinctive.”

Lucy and Maggie laughed, earning an offended glare from Alex. “Can we at least go back to my place?” She had no desire to spend any more time being poked and prodded by doctors who couldn’t do a thing for her.

“You may,” J’onn conceded, “as long as you all stay together and report back to the med bay each morning for testing.”

“Fine,” Alex grumbled, quickly standing up and throwing on a sweatshirt as she motioned for Lucy and Maggie to follow her.

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Back at Alex’s apartment, the three women tried to come up with ideas for how to switch back over dinner.

“What if we try the body swapping device we have?” Alex suggested.

“Is that the metal rod looking thing?” Lucy asked.

“Yeah.”

“They already tried when it was just the two of us. Didn’t work.”

“Hmm.” Alex looked forlorn. It wasn’t that she hated being in Maggie’s body, but she wanted to be back out in the field, and there was something odd about bickering with herself.

“Did the mystery Music Meister man say anything when you saw him today?” Maggie chimed in.

“Nothing useful. I mean, something weird about true love, but then he was giggling like a madman and everything went black.”

Lucy blushed a fantastic scarlet color in Alex’s body, wondering if there was some way that the villain had seen her thoughts. But no, she reasoned, he had locked in on her the second she arrived, long before she was alone with Alex. Another voice in her head reminded her that she had arrived to save Alex, so the redhead may well have been a high priority in her thoughts. But then, why her? Vasquez was there, and Lucy suspected that Vasquez also harbored quite the crush on the elder Danvers sister. Trying to distract from her racing thoughts, Lucy asked, “But you’ve met this guy before, right?”

“Barely,” Alex answered. “He showed up at the DEO, took out Kara with just a look, then hopped through a portal and went to another earth. For some absurd reason they didn’t let me come with them to save Kara, so J’onn and Mon-El were the only ones to really meet the guy, and only one of them is still around. I guess back then, the Music Meister was trying to get ‘true love’s kiss’ to happen, which is why he put them all in a musical. I don’t know, it’s confusing. But Kara kissed Mon-El, and Barry kissed Iris, and they all woke up again.”

“Did he tell you true love’s kiss would fix it?” Maggie asked.

“No, he said something about true love or maybe just true lust, but nothing about a kiss. Also, Kara was just passed out, not in a new body.”

“True lust?” Maggie repeated. “What is this? Some absurd fuck or die shit?”
“Fuck or die?” Alex asked, scrunching her eyebrows together.

“Aww, someone never got into shitty fan fiction,” Lucy giggled, poking Alex in the side.

“What are you talking about?” Alex whined.

Maggie stepped in. “It’s a trope people use in fan fiction. It’s fine, Danvers, you came out late in life. One version is basically to stop someone from dying, they have to fuck another character—normally someone they’ve had a crush on for ages but won’t admit it for any number of reasons.”

“Excuse me,” Alex spat out, choking on her pizza. “We are not going to have sex because some demented Broadway reject told us to!”

“I didn’t say we should,” Maggie laughed. “It just sounds like we’re stuck in some weird story based on his words.”

“Oh,” Alex sighed and shrugged her shoulders. “I just want to get back into my own body.”

“Same,” Maggie added.

“I’m chill. Now I’ve got a whole wardrobe of the world’s tightest jeans and a lifetime supply of leather jackets that fit just right,” Lucy teased. Her comments finally lightened the mood a little, getting Alex and Maggie to laugh.

“And I am getting to experience the world as a short person,” Alex conceded, sticking her tongue out at Maggie.

“What do I get?” Maggie asked, looking at Lucy.

“I’m an amazing dancer, but I think you probably need my head in there too,” she laughed.

“You are basically pure muscle,” Maggie admitted, flexing her stomach and poking at the toned muscle beneath her shirt. Alex tried not to pay attention to the conversation or all the flexing that was suddenly going on as Maggie and Lucy tested out their host bodies.

“Ooh! Push up contest!” Lucy exclaimed.

“No,” Alex protested.

“Hey! You think my body won’t win?” Maggie glared up at Alex, looking almost hurt, though her giggle soon gave her away.

“We are not pre-teen boys,” Alex clarified, rolling her eyes. “We don’t need to have some weird competition.”

“Buzzkill,” Lucy grumbled. “Well, if we’re not doing anything fun, we may as well go to bed.”

“Alright, Alex nodded.

Once they were all dressed and ready, Alex headed for her own bed. “You coming, Mags?”

Maggie looked over at Lucy, who just shrugged, trying to look like she didn’t care. “Okay, yeah,” Maggie called back, hurrying over to the bed.

Lucy stared on as her own body got in bed with Maggie’s. She had to admit, Alex’s girlfriend was rather adorable. Maybe even hot, if she were being totally honest. And she was fun, brought out a
lighter side in Alex that was nice to see. Too often it seemed like Alex was carrying the world on her shoulders, but with Maggie, she got to shrug some of it off for a while. Not that she should be thinking about what amazing girlfriends either of them would make. No, that would be inappropriate.

Over in the bed, Alex tried not to focus on the fact that she was curled into Lucy’s body, tried not to notice how nice it felt or how it made her heart race. “Night, Mags.”

“Night, Alex. Love you,” Maggie yawned.

“You too,” Alex whispered, pressing a chaste kiss to Maggie’s cheek as the other woman fell asleep.

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The next morning, they were woken up by the sound of Kara’s voice booming through the apartment. “Alex! What the heck?”

Lucy sat bolt upright at the feeling of someone’s strong hands on her arm. “What?”

“Well are you on the couch? And why are they…?” Kara shielded her eyes at the sight of Maggie and Lucy curled up in Alex’s bed. “Seriously, does someone want to tell me what’s going on? I left for Metropolis for two days, and I come back to this!”

“Kara,” Alex began, realizing that she was speaking from Maggie’s body and needed to get everything out in the open soon. “It’s me, Alex. There was more body swapping.”

“Oh!” Kara jumped away from Alex’s body. “So…who is everyone?”

“Lucy,” Lucy volunteered, raising Alex’s arm.

“Maggie,” Maggie offered, indicating Lucy’s body.

“And again, I’m Alex.”

“Okay, weird. I thought you hated when we messed around with that device. Aren’t you the reason it’s now under so many layers of security?”

“Yes, I am because it’s not safe to play with it like a toy! But this wasn’t the device. That Music Meister guy, he’s going around in a new body, and he did this to us.”

“Am I singing?” Kara squealed.

“No. No, you are not. I don’t know, he just said something about,” Alex hesitated, “uh, about true love. But then he was giggling and disappearing on us.”

Kara crinkled her nose. “Have you tried kissing? Because that worked for me.”

“Kissing? Why didn’t we think of that?” Alex deadpanned, rolling her eyes.

“Alex, I know it sounds absurd, but he was weird like that. I mean, a kiss saved me from an actual gunshot wound when I was under his spell,” Kara explained.

“It’s worth a try,” Maggie shrugged. Without further preamble, she leaned over and kissed Alex, while Lucy cocked her head to the side at the image of Maggie and herself kissing. It wasn’t an unpleasant sight.

“See, nothing.” Alex didn’t expect results, but she couldn’t help feeling disappointed.
“Well, no, but there are three of you? Did you kiss Lucy?”

“I already did,” Alex sighed. “By mistake! The first morning of the body swap.”

“And Maggie kissed her too?” Kara asked.

“What is this? Kinky geometry?” Alex laughed at the absurd things Kara seemed to be suggesting.

“Alex,” Kara sighed, “it’s his game. I’m not saying you should all make out or do more, which, ew, no, don’t need that mental image. I’m simply saying try kissing. I’ll leave, since clearly you feel weird about it. But then I’m coming back at 9 to walk all three of you over to the DEO and make sure nothing happens to you on the way.”

“It’s across the street,” Alex whined, hating how useless she felt these days.

“So it’ll be a quick walk,” Kara confirmed. “See you then!” And with that, she was out the window.

The three women sat in silence for another few minutes. “So…do we try it?” Maggie asked.

“Try what?” Alex asked.

“Kombucha,” Lucy deadpanned. Seeing the confused look on Alex’s face, she rolled her eyes. “No, Alex, kissing each other!”

“Oh, um, I don’t know.”

“It’s worth a shot,” Maggie offered. “It’s not like it’s the worst way to fix a problem.” Sure, she felt a little pang of what felt like jealousy at the knowledge that Alex and Lucy made out for a bit, but it was mainly the surprise factor there. And maybe, if she were being honest, the fact that she had been completely excluded from it. Because, as she had learned from too many experiences, a threesome could be fun as long as it didn’t become a twosome.

“Fine,” Alex grumbled. Throwing herself into this solution with the same intensity she did all things, Alex grabbed Maggie in Lucy’s body and kissed her hard, leaving Maggie’s head reeling. Within a few seconds, Alex was on her feet and striding across the apartment. Trying to shake the weirdness at kissing herself, she pulled Lucy close and kissed her, ignoring the way her stomach seemed to swoop at the knowledge of whom she was kissing. “Now you two,” Alex instructed, looking at the two dazed women now staring at her.

Maggie shuffled over to Lucy, trying to remind herself that it was okay. It was for the right reasons, and Alex wouldn’t suddenly freak out or accuse her of cheating on her. Lucy looked up into her own green eyes. “Here goes nothing.” She leaned in and pressed a tentative kiss to her own lips, feeling Maggie pull her in, probably just making sure the kiss registered as a kiss, she thought. And then everything was going black.

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Blinking rapidly, Alex tried to figure out where she was. As soon as the doctor saw her struggling, she ran over. “Ma’am, you’re okay. You’re at the DEO. Do you remember what happened last?”

Alex shook her head.

“Supergirl brought you in. She found all three of you passed out in your apartment and carried you here. Let me just check on the others. I’ll be right back.”
Other members of the team took the head doctor’s absence as a sign to move in and check on Alex’s vitals.

“Name?” one of them asked.

“Alexandra Danvers.”

“Oh.” He scurried across the room, grabbing the doctor again.

“Alex?” the doctor asked.

“Yes?”

“Well, it would seem you’re back in your body. We’re going to run some tests to make sure there isn’t any lasting damage.”

A long hour or two later, Alex found herself sitting in front of the doctor with Maggie and Lucy, both of whom were also in their own bodies once more. J’onn and Kara strolled in, intent on hearing the full results firsthand, rather than trusting Alex to admit if she shouldn’t be out in the field just yet.

“They appear to be fine again,” the doctor admitted, looking almost dumbfounded. “Even the CT scans are back to normal. It’s like it never happened.”

“How did you three get back?” J’onn asked.

“Did you try—?” Kara began, quickly getting a glare in return from a blushing Alex that told her all she needed to know. Apparently she had also thought about what it was they tried, as J’onn just nodded and made his way out of the med bay, muttering about things a father didn’t need to know.

“So, we’re free to go?” Alex asked, clearing her throat.

“Yes, but you’re not cleared to go back in the field for at least another 48 hours, and the Director has mandated that you spend the rest of the day at home resting.”

“What am I supposed to do all day?” Alex whined.

“It’s already 3,” Lucy chimed in, motioning to her watch.

“Oh, wow. I guess we were out for a while.” Alex stood and gathered her things.

As the three walked out of the DEO, Maggie figured she may as well mention the gargantuan elephant in the room “So, um, do we want to talk about why that worked when the solution was supposed to be true love?”

“He said it might just be lust,” Alex offered.

“Does that make it less of a thing that should be discussed?” Lucy asked, forcing a laugh.

“Oh, uh, I don’t know,” Alex shrugged.

“Pizza, beer, and uncomfortable conversations?” Maggie suggested.

Lucy shrugged, laughing as she heard Alex mumbling something about switching out her beer for a scotch. She suspected there were worse people to have this conversation with.
Director Sanvers Part 2 (Body Swap Follow Up)

Chapter Summary

Requests from Sarcasticallyinspired, RunToStandStill, genderwow, Lizabeth, Ashkela, and skey for a follow up from the Maggie/Alex/Lucy body swap for the conversation, the start of Director Sanvers, and some smut. I give you everything but the smut here (with a promise of Director Sanvers smut to come once I get around to posting some of the other prompts I’ve been given)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I know we’re supposed to talk and that maybe talking isn’t best done while drunk, but could we maybe all start with a quick shot of something?” Alex suggested once they were all settled in back at her place.

Maggie, normally the one to object to drinking before important conversations, agreed that perhaps one drink wouldn’t hurt, so Alex pulled out a bottle of whiskey and poured them all one finger’s worth, passing them down the table.

“To whatever the fuck we’re about to discuss,” Lucy announced, raising her glass in a toast.

Maggie rolled her eyes, and Alex smirked, but they both tossed back their whiskey like they were first years in college just figuring out how to drink and eager to impress anyone around them.

“Alright, so, um, how do we start?” Alex asked, already uncomfortable about what was to come.

“Let’s start with lust, rather than love, okay?” Maggie suggested. She didn’t really need to get into the question of whether her girlfriend was in love with another woman and had been this whole time. “So, um, Alex, are you attracted to Lucy?”

Startled, Alex blushed and stammered and reached for the whiskey, finding it being taken from her hands and put back on the counter.

“C’mon, Al, we’re all going to have to commit to being honest. Otherwise we may as well just all go home,” Maggie said softly, placing her hand on top of Alex’s. “I’m not mad at you, regardless of your answers, so don’t worry too much.”

Alex gulped and nodded. “Um, I mean, Lucy is, uh, aesthetically pleasing. I think we can all agree on that.”

Lucy preened, even if it wasn’t the best compliment she’d ever received.

“Maybe I should have started,” Maggie began, trying not to grit her teeth at Alex’s reluctance to speak for herself and only herself. “I think Lucy is hot. There, I said it.”

Alex looked shocked for a moment, before shrugging. “Yeah, I mean, yeah, okay. It makes sense. She is.”
“Aww, you’re both so sweet,” Lucy laughed, tossing her hair over her shoulder.

“Your turn, Lane,” Maggie ordered, rounding on her. “You’re attracted to Alex, right?”

“Oh, uh,” Lucy gulped, unsure of how much to reveal. “Yes, I am,” she finally admitted, figuring that they were all willing to be upfront about the fact that they were an attractive group of women who all liked women (and men too, at least in her case).

“And what about Maggie?” Alex asked. “Obviously I’m attracted to her, but what about you?”

Looking appraisingly up and down Maggie’s body, Lucy nodded. “Sure, yeah, she’s sexy.”

“Thanks,” Maggie replied sarcastically, rolling her eyes.

“So, does that take care of the lust bit?” Alex asked, hoping they could call it quits with the conversation.

“No, Alex,” Lucy shook her head. “Lust means you want to bang, not just that you think the other people are hot.”

“So do you?” Alex asked, surprising everyone with her boldness in a conversation she had been, thus far, rather reluctant to pursue.

Lucy froze for a moment. “Do I, um, what? Want to fuck you two? Sure.” She gulped, wondering if she might have pushed things too far.

“I might like that,” Maggie admitted. “Only if Alex was okay with it, though! I mean, I’ve been in, ya know, open relationships before. And I’ve been in exclusive relationships where we had threesomes and been the third in other people’s bedroom.”

Alex’s jaw dropped slightly, impressed at the wide variety of situations that Maggie seemed to have gotten herself into.

“So, uh, Alex, I guess, I mean, it doesn’t actually have to happen, but would you be okay with that? Or, I guess the better question is: would you want to have sex with me?” Lucy winced at her word choice, realizing that she had cut out Maggie inadvertently.

Alex nodded, looking over at Maggie to make sure she wasn’t saying something that would ruin her relationship.

“So, I guess we could leave it at that,” Maggie began, hesitating slightly before she continued, “but I don’t think, I don’t think that’s the only thing between you two.” Seeing the panicked look on Alex’s face, she added, “I’m not accusing you of anything! I just, right, you knew Lucy before you realized you were gay. And it sort of feels like there’s a backlog of unresolved feelings that’s coming to the surface now.”

Alex gulped and nodded. “If we’re moving on to the second question, can we get a second drink?”

“Only if we switch to beer. I want us to still be with it.”

Nodding, Alex got up and pulled three beers from the fridge, popping off the caps, then sliding them down the table. “Should I put in that order for pizza too?”

“I’ve got the app,” Lucy volunteered, pulling up the order form. Once they all got their preferences entered, they turned back to the conversation they had been putting off.
“I, um, I think, maybe, that I’m realizing that my feelings for Lucy back then weren’t entirely platonic,” Alex conceded. “I didn’t have a frame of reference for it, and at first I hated you,” she laughed, thinking back to Red Tornado and the lie detector test and literally being shipped to Cadmus. “But then you came and rescued me. On a motorcycle. In bulletproof armor. And then you were there for my sister, and you were willing to reconsider your stances when you took command at the DEO. So I respected you. But I never let myself think about what else I was feeling, and I think, well, I think I was attracted to you pretty early on, but then, I think maybe I came to like you over time. Once I got to know you as a person. But then you left, and I met Maggie, and I came out, and I had already fallen so hard for Maggie. Maggie, I still love you, and wouldn’t change a thing about what happened between us. Well, maybe not getting rejected that first time, but whatever… Since I had a relationship to go to right away, I guess I didn’t have to fully think back on the other women in my life, think back to what else might have been. Does that make sense?”

Maggie nodded. “That’s sort of why I said no at first. I wanted you to see what was out there, not just to settle with me because I was the first lesbian to give you attention.”

“But I’m not!” Alex insisted, pulling her chair up to Maggie’s. “Seriously, no part of what we have is settling. I adore you, Maggie Sawyer, and it wouldn’t have mattered if you were the first or the fortieth lesbian I met and dated—I still would have felt that way.”

Picking at the wrapper on her beer bottle, Lucy tried not to pay too much attention to the conversation playing out in front of her.

“And Lucy?” Maggie asked, clearing her throat.

“What about Lucy?” Lucy asked.

“How long?” Alex asked, her voice soft as she reached a hand across the table, stopping just shy of Lucy’s fingers as though she were unsure about whether or not she could touch them.

After closing her eyes and taking a few deep breaths, Lucy finally began: “When I first met you, I thought you were a pain in the ass and a traitor to this country. An incredibly hot traitor, but still a traitor. But then Kara came out to me—as Supergirl, I mean—and I thought back to conversations I’d had with Lois and started reconsidering my ideas about my dad and all the positions I had sort of unthinkingly inherited from him. And then, I don’t know, I got to watch you be a fucking badass DEO agent. I watched you save countless lives without a thought for your own safety—you were always putting your sister and J’onn and your agents first. And that was...well, it was inspiring. And hot. Once James and I broke up, I flirted with you, though I’ll assume those attempts went straight over your head if you thought Maggie was the first queer lady to ever notice you. But you seemed so straight, and then you moved to the downtown base, so I didn’t really think about it again until you came out. And I couldn’t help wondering what might have happened if you’d realized earlier. Or if I’d met you later. Or if I’d been more direct with my attempts to get your attention, you know? I would never want to get between you and Maggie, though! You two seem great together, but I just, I don’t know, you said to be honest,” Lucy trailed off.

By the time Maggie felt like she was in control of her emotions enough to look over at Alex, she found that her girlfriend seemed to be on the verge of tears at Lucy’s rather emotional speech. She cleared her throat. “I, uh, I mean, I don’t want to stand in the way of that, if that’s something you both still, well, still want.”
“Maggie!” Alex spun around. “I don’t, no, I would never cheat on you or leave you. I love you, Maggie. I still love you. Always.”

“I mean,” Maggie shrugged, trying to make it seem casual, “if you wanted to see other people too. I can understand that being something that you might want to try. I’m not the only person out there that would kill for the chance to be your girlfriend, Alex, and you have every right to experience that.”

“I’m not into being a homewrecker,” Lucy volunteered, drawing back into herself as she crossed her arms across her chest.

Maggie shook her head. “I didn’t say I wanted to stop being with Alex. Unless, of course, she wants to, well, break up.” Maggie’s voice cracked but she chose not to acknowledge it. “You two clearly have a history, and I don’t want either of you to have to live with those what ifs forever. I don’t need Alex to carry around regrets over missed opportunities for the rest of our time together.”

“Are you…are you telling me to date Lucy too?” Alex asked, pulling her eyebrows together as she tried to figure out what was going on.

“I’m saying I would understand if you wanted to, Alex.”

Taking a large gulp of her beer, Alex blurted out, “I might like that, but I wouldn’t want to do it without you.”

“What?” Lucy and Maggie both asked.

Before Alex could respond, the pizza delivery boy was calling to say that he was locked outside the apartment building, since the buzzer was broken. Lucy volunteered to run downstairs for it, leaving Alex and Maggie alone to talk about Alex’s thoughts.

“What do you mean?” Maggie asked, taking Alex’s hands in her own.

“I mean, if I’m going to date Lucy, I don’t want to try to juggle the two of you like competing relationships. I don’t want to feel like I’m cheating on you. And I know that you’ve done open relationships, but that doesn’t feel like something that works for me. But if, I don’t know, if somehow we were doing this together—monogamously—I might, I don’t know, I might want to try it.”

“So you mean we would both date Lucy…all three of us would be, like, a three-person couple?”

Alex seemed to hesitate, but then nodded. “I don’t know, according to Buzzfeed it’s in now,” she laughed. “But seriously, I just, I don’t want to sacrifice the closeness we have now, and I think that if I tried to date Lucy separately, we would…grow apart. Slowly. But maybe you’re right, maybe I shouldn’t let Lucy hang around my neck as this possibility I never got to explore. But if you don’t want to try, then I’m fine not trying. Because, Maggie, you matter so much to me. You said you didn’t want to imagine your life without me—and I know, then, you were talking about friendship or something, I don’t know, it was all very confusing for me—and I feel the same way. I don’t want to have to go on without you, Mags.”

Maggie blinked back tears at the honesty in Alex’s statement. “Look, I don’t know Lucy that well. We don’t have history. All we have is the past few weird days. Sure, we spent a lot of time together, including all that time in the med bay before you got hit by the Music Meister guy too. And I’ll admit, she’s fun and funny, and I could see having a crush on her and wanting to date her if we weren’t together. But we don’t have the kind of emotional intensity you two do, so you need to
know that going into whatever it is we might try.”

Nodding, Alex pulled Maggie into her chest, hugging her close. “I know. But I also, if we do
something, I want you two to…cultivate that same type of relationship. Because if it doesn’t work
between two of us, it doesn’t work between any of us.”

“We have pizza,” Lucy called out from the doorway, balancing two large boxes as she maneuvered
through the door.

“I’ll get the plates!” Maggie volunteered.

“Another round of beers?” Alex asked, getting a chorus of “yes” and “please” in return.

“So…what’d you two talk about while I was gone?” Lucy asked, wondering if she wanted to know
the answer.

Figuring there was no use beating around the bush anymore, since she’d already gotten the heavy
emotional walkthrough out of the way with Maggie, Alex blurted out: “What do you think about
dating both of us? Monogamously.”

“Uhm, like, a triad?”

Alex looked confused, but Maggie chimed in, “Yes, exactly. I know you and I don’t really know
each other that well yet, but, well, Alex thinks we should try.” She quickly added, “And I’m not
opposed to the idea. I think, well, you’re someone I could see myself dating. So if you’re up for it, I
am too.”

Trying to process everything that had just come at her, Lucy nodded slowly. “So…all three of us?
We’d date? And do those things that come with dating?”

Alex flushed red but nodded.

“I guess…I guess I’d be willing to try. I mean, I’m new to your whole thing. I don’t want to jump
right in to whatever level of domesticity you’ve got going on without me. So, you know, dating for
now—not necessarily in a long-term, committed lesbian relationship yet.”

Maggie nodded. “I still want to get to know you better.”

“Right, yeah, I think that’s for the best,” Alex chimed in. “So, well, we have pizza. Should we go
ahead and call this date number one?”

“We’ve spent the past few days in one another’s bodies making out with each other and seeing each
other naked. I think we’re past the first date,” Maggie laughed.

“Hmm, is that your way of suggesting you’re getting lucky tonight?” Lucy flirted.

“You can only hope to be so lucky,” Maggie teased back, sucking her lower lip between her teeth.

Lucy suspected that she and Maggie were going to get along well and that this attempt at whatever it
was they were going to do? Well, it might not be so bad.

Chapter End Notes
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Sanvers - Alex and Depression

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Alex pretty much refuses to accept that she is very depressed and it becomes noticeable to Maggie because she starts working out more and harder, Maggie notices maybe that alex’s knuckles are scabbing an comforts her and stuff

T/W for depression

Chapter Notes

A/N: This ended up in the present tense. Your guess is as good as mine as to how it happened, but I think maybe it works?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex notices that it’s becoming increasingly difficult to get out of bed in the mornings. She remembers the feeling from her years in grad school, and from the months after she killed Astra, and then again when she’d abandoned her father once more to Cadmus. And she knows how she’s dealt with it in the past: one-night stands and drinking and clubbing her way to failure during grad school; copious amounts of alcohol and throwing herself into ever riskier missions after Astra; more booze, really, it’s the common factor here, after abandoning Jeremiah. But then Maggie was prying bottles and glasses out of her hand, telling her that she had had enough to drink, reminding her of the millions of reasons why she was loved.

But now, now she doesn’t know exactly what’s wrong, and she can’t figure out why it’s hard to get out of bed, why every interaction feels like a struggle. Because there’s nothing obvious. She hasn’t killed anyone lately or abandoned a family member. She isn’t failing outwardly. So, she reasons, it’s obviously not depression or any sort of mental disorder, despite the suggestions Maggie keeps making. She doesn’t need the DEO-issued psychiatrist or the “really great” therapist that Maggie still sees on a monthly basis. Because she doesn’t have issues. She’s just tired and upset and quicker to anger and tears, which just make her even frustrated.

But she’s promised Maggie she won’t drink so much, especially not when she’s alone. And she’s promised Maggie and Kara that she won’t volunteer for every single mission, especially the most dangerous ones. So every morning she drags herself out of bed an hour earlier, setting her alarm for two hours earlier just to give herself enough time to struggle with getting up. And she drags herself out for a run, pushing herself harder, hitting the hills faster, taking them at a sprint over and over again until she can taste blood in the back of her throat and hear her pulse thundering in her ears and feel her stomach churning and clenching around nothing.

She gets back and showers before Maggie can notice she’s gone. Of course, Maggie does notice. She hears the alarms—both of them—and watches Alex sneak around the house, pulling on workout clothes under the cover of darkness and slipping out the door, not returning for at least an hour, then slipping into the bathroom to wash away all evidence of her time outside—the sweat and grime and
tears.

Then Alex joins Maggie for breakfast, forcing down a piece of toast and a mug of coffee before kissing her girlfriend and pushing herself to make it to the office, to get to her lab, to go on what her sister and her girlfriend consider an appropriate number of missions.

But on her lunch break and whenever the rest of her team leaves for a mission, Alex slips into the DEO gym, wrapping her hands as she has a go at the punching bags, then lifting the heaviest weights she can handle if only to feel something, to feel the strain of her muscles fighting to lift the weight, the slow tear across her palms as the weights dig into her calloused skin, forming, then tearing blister after blister, even through the wrapping. And she treats them, cleaning them with an antiseptic that burns in the best of ways, then applying the regenerative cream she invented for the agents in the field. Of course, it’s not quite as effective when used every single day, and slowly the scrapes remain, her palms and knuckles littered with scabs—reminders of the only kind of work she seems capable of these days.

And after work, she tries to push herself even more, fighting against her body’s desires to curl up and not move. Because if she never stops moving, she doesn’t have to listen to those impulses, she can run from them until they surrender. So she comes home and grabs Maggie, checking that her girlfriend is okay with everything as she pushes her up against the wall, carrying her to their bedroom and throwing her down on their bed. And the first few times, Maggie says yes, of course. Alex seemed restless and off, but not so far removed from her baseline that Maggie thought she might not be able to consent. And the sex had been rough, but not their roughest; desperate, but nothing like the nights after missions when they almost died.

But when the same pattern is happening every night, Maggie stops saying yes, watching futilely as Alex nods and apologizes and chastises herself, then puts on new running shorts and laces up her shoes and takes off again.

Then Maggie watches ever more closely, trying to get Alex to sit down and talk—to her or to a professional. She tries to keep Alex in bed in the mornings to cuddle, but the taller woman slips out of her grasp each time the second alarm rings. She knows Alex—knows that if she pushes too hard, goes beyond suggestions into demands, that Alex will shut down even further, insisting that she’s fine, believing that anything less than fine makes her broken.

But as the days go by, Alex comes home, her body looking increasingly broken, and Maggie finds she can’t keep going on suggestions alone. So when Alex licks her lips and kisses Maggie’s neck and asks her if it’s okay, Maggie doesn’t say no, but she pulls back, holding Alex’s hands in her own. “Let me take care of you tonight?”

“It’s fine,” Alex waves off the offer, trying to maneuver Maggie back toward the couch.

“Alex, no.”

“Oh,” Alex pulls back, immediately ashamed. And within seconds she’s heading toward her drawers, looking for clothes that are, at this point, all dirty.

“Wait, please. Please,” Maggie pleads, needing Alex to look at her.

“What?” Alex braces herself. This—this pausing and waiting and staying in the moment—is exactly what she doesn’t need.

Maggie takes hold of Alex’s hands and guides her to the bathroom. “Can I clean these cuts?”
“They’re clean,” Alex mumbles, shrugging off the concern.

“Well then let me help you relax, let me take care of you.”

And as much as Alex wants to say no, her body craves a moment of rest, of not moving, of breaking down and knowing that someone will be there at the end—whenever the end comes. So she nods her assent.

Smiling, Maggie bends over and turns on the tap to fill the bath, checking to make sure the water is hot but not scalding. “Do you want bubbles?”

Alex shakes her head no.

“Candles?” Getting a shrug but not a no in response, Maggie makes her way into the bedroom and collects the small tea candles that she always finds calming, placing them along the sink—far enough away from the bath that there’s no danger of knocking them in. She helps Alex out of her clothes, replacing them with a set of folded pajamas for when she’s done.

“Can I stay in here with you?” Maggie asks, and Alex nods because she doesn’t think she can bear the thought of being alone right now, not when she’s about to allow her body to stop moving, stop pushing itself to its limits, for the first time in what feels like ages. So Maggie helps Alex into the bath, then sits cross-legged on the fluffy mat in front of the tub and holds Alex’s hands as she relaxes into the hot water. And once Alex has given her permission, she uses a washcloth to gently wash away the flecks of Alex’s own blood still decorating her knuckles, then carefully kneads Alex’s shoulders, helping to ease out some of the tension that’s been building for days. And at some point, Alex starts crying, but Maggie says nothing, not wanting to draw attention to it before Alex is ready. But somehow it feels like progress, like maybe not tonight, and maybe not this week, but maybe soon, Alex will open up, will talk to her, will see someone. And Maggie is ready to be there every step of the way.

Chapter End Notes

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The next morning, Alex rolled over and found herself face-to-face with Sawyer. She grinned as memories from the night before came flooding back—thoughts of Sawyer between her legs, then Sawyer riding her thigh, how toned their ass had felt in her grip. She wondered if she should try to find a shirt or something. As it stood now, she was still completely naked from the night before, and even Sawyer was only in their black boxer briefs and sports bra looking amazing, even if their hair was sticking up at odd angles from rolling around during the night.

“Morning,” Sawyer mumbled, their voice low and gravelly from sleep. Throwing their arm around Alex’s shoulders and drawing her in closer, they pulled back slightly when they realized how much skin they suddenly felt against their body. “Is this, uh, is this okay?”

“Perfect,” Alex whispered. “Let me go put on coffee, then I’ll be right back.” Once she got her robe on, she figured she would brush her teeth…just in case. She was still holding out hope for a little something more this morning.

While she was in the kitchen getting the coffee pot set up, Sawyer came padding in behind her also smelling minty fresh. “Can I help get breakfast on?”

“You’re welcome to help, though I don’t know that I have much of anything to get ready,” Alex laughed. “I was supposed to go grocery shopping today.”

Sawyer smiled. “Nothing worse than the last meal before getting groceries. I may or may not have eaten frozen waffles with nothing on them after running out of peanut butter, jam, honey, and butter. And I may or may not have done that for both breakfast and lunch.”

“Well if you’re used to eating plain waffles, you’re in for the gourmet treat,” Alex laughed, pulling out a box of Eggos and a stick of butter. “Kara finished the last of my syrup, but I think I hid an extra thing of honey back here somewhere,” she mused, rummaging though her cabinets. “Yes! Here it is!” she yelled triumphantly, pulling out the plastic bear.

“Perfect,” Sawyer laughed, pulling Alex in and kissing her softly.

“Mm, maybe we just do this instead of breakfast?” Alex suggested, feeling her knees go weak with every stroke of Sawyer’s strong hands up and down her body.

“What about breakfast in bed? Only if you’re okay eating in the bed!” they added, not wanting to assume that everyone had as lenient of a policy around food outside of the kitchen as they did.
“You’re good. You have met Kara, right?”

Sawyer laughed, thinking back to the younger Danvers. It was true; they could imagine Kara wandering around the apartment, pizza slice in hand, gesticulating wildly as she recounted some story about her latest adventures at either her day or night job. “Fair enough; I’ll get the waffles in the toaster if you want to pour our coffee?”

“Deal.” Alex grinned at how easy things still felt with Sawyer. Sure, there were things she still needed to learn. Especially after last night, she wanted to find out what they were and were not comfortable with in bed so that she could make them feel as good as they made her feel, but she knew that the investment in time and effort to get things right would absolutely be worth it for someone as amazing as Sawyer.

Once they had finished eating their waffles and were just cuddling together with coffee, Alex turned slightly to angle herself toward Sawyer. “So, I was thinking…about last night,” she began.

“Yeah?” Sawyer tried not to let their nerves get the best of them. Alex could have been thinking about it in any number of ways.

“Mhm,” Alex nodded. “I just, I had so much fun. And I, well, I want to know about what you like in bed. What does and doesn’t work for you. Because I want to be able to make you feel good too. But if you don’t like receiving, I mean, I’m fine with with that too because it’s your body!”

Sawyer grinned, running her free hand through Alex’s hair, making the woman sigh in contentment. “Yeah? I think it’s a good idea to have that conversation. Plus, I want to know about you too—what do you like? What don’t you like? Everyone’s got their limits.”

“Right, yeah. Well, um, I liked everything you did last night.”

Maggie bit back a self-satisfied grin. “Yeah? Okay, well that’s good to know. And I liked riding your thigh too.”

“Cool. Is that…is that the extent of what you like done to you or with you?” Alex asked. She would love to do more, but she would never push Sawyer into something they weren’t comfortable doing.

“No,” Sawyer shook their head. “I don’t like penetration—I’ll say that right off the bat. And it’s not just a gendered thing. I’ve never really gotten off on it, even back before I came out as nonbinary. I’m happy to do it for you!” they rushed to add. “It’s not like I think it’s weird that other people like it. Different bodies, different things, ya know?”

Alex nodded. “I, well, as I imagine you guessed from last night, I do like penetration. I don’t need it to come or anything, but it helps.” She was glad that they were able to talk so openly about all of this—or, at least, it seemed like they were. Some of her exes had gotten freaked out by talking about what they did in bed, preferring to leave those things in bed and not bring them up in conversation. And those relationships were never the best, for a variety of reasons.

“I, I mean, I don’t have to, but I do enjoy wearing a strap on. I like being able to have both of my hands free to touch you while I’m fucking you.”

Alex grinned, thinking about all of the fun they might have with that. “I’d like that too. I have some toys that are just mine; I haven’t shared them with past partners or anything. So, if you ever want to do that, I’d be up for it and well-supplied.”

Biting back a groan at the delightful images now running through their mind, Sawyer nodded enthusiastically.
“What about you?” Alex asked, “What else can I do for you, if anything?”

“I mean, I get off on using the strap on, especially if, ya know, things are lined up right or if there’s a bullet vibrator in there.” Alex nodded but didn’t interrupt. “I, um, I personally—and this definitely isn’t for everyone, I know that!—but I actually like oral. I mean, giving, yeah definitely, but also receiving. Not all the time, since, well, there are days when I don’t necessarily like having my whole body on display because I just don’t feel comfortable with it sometimes, but there are also long stretches of time when I’m really down for it.”

Alex felt her abs clench at the thought of being able to go down on Sawyer. Clearing her throat, she tried to sound calm: “Yeah? I’d, uh, I’d definitely be down for that. Respecting, of course, whatever limits you have.”

“I trust you,” Sawyer nodded. Normally they didn’t trust people quite so quickly, but somehow, even just a few months into this relationship with Alex, they already felt like she was someone around whom they could let their guard down without fear of getting hurt—at least not intentionally.

“I’m glad,” Alex smiled. “I want to do everything I can to deserve that trust.”

“But I want to deserve yours too,” Sawyer pressed. Alex deserved an equal amount of consideration. Just because her gender identity aligned with the sex she was assigned at birth, they knew better than to assume that she had an easier time of it, that she enjoyed everything that cis-women were “supposed to” like. “So do you have limits? Things you really don’t like?”

Alex bit her lip, trying to figure out how much of this conversation should be saved for a later date. Because when it came to vanilla sex? Well, not much was off the table. She felt comfortable enough with Sawyer to know that if she ever needed to stop or just wanted to stop, they would stop—no questions asked. But she was also into things that were on the kinkier side, and there, well, there she did have limits. Hard limits. Soft limits. Things that felt great with one partner and awful with another. But maybe now wasn’t the time to bring all of that up, maybe she should wait until after they had fucked more than once.

“We, uh, we don’t have to talk about this,” Sawyer offered, noting the nervous expression on Alex’s face.

“No! Sorry, I just, I’m pretty much okay with most things. I mean, there are positions with a strap on that I do and don’t like, but I feel like we’ll work those out together.” She hesitated before deciding to at least hint at what she was thinking about when she looked so concerned. “I do have some limits, but it’s still early in our relationship, so I don’t know that they’ll be a concern yet.”

Sawyer tried to turn their whimper into a cough as the implications of Alex’s statement came through loud and clear—at least, they hoped they were hearing the right thing. Because they were into safe, healthy, consensual kink too. But with most of their partners either they hadn’t wanted to try or Sawyer hadn’t felt comfortable enough to ask or want to experiment with some of those other arenas for intimacy. With Alex, though? With Alex, Sawyer could see them getting into kink—was, in fact, now desperately trying to drive those images from their mind and be present in the conversation.

Tapping her fingers, Alex tried not to wonder about what was crossing through Sawyer’s mind at her words. Had they realized what Alex meant and been put off by it? Had the implications gone completely over their head and left them confused? Was it possible that they had recognized the meaning and were excited by the prospect of it?

“Right, right, yeah,” Sawyer finally managed, nodding enthusiastically. “Yep, I, I also have those types of limits. That we can get into. In the future—distant or not-so-distant.” They hoped the idea of
a not-so-distant future wasn’t too forward, but if the look of hunger that flashed through Alex’s eyes at their words was any indication, they didn’t think they needed to worry.

Carefully placing her mug down on the bedside table, Alex turned around so that she was fully facing Sawyer. “Can I?” she whispered, leaning forward.

Gulping and trying not to stare at the way that Alex’s robe had fallen open when she spun around, leaving a long triangle of exposed skin, Sawyer nodded.

Looking all too pleased with herself, Alex carefully deposited Sawyer’s empty mug onto the table, then returned her attention to Sawyer, swinging one of her legs over their lap to straddle them. “Still good?” she checked in.

“Yes,” Sawyer nodded. Everything was still so new; they weren’t sure what was and wasn’t okay yet, so, pulling their mouth away from Alex’s lips for a moment, they asked, “Can I touch you?”

“Please,” Alex whimpered, undoing the knot at the front of her bathrobe and letting it fall open, revealing her still very naked body.

Sawyer nearly growled at the sight and let their hands trace the expanse of soft, warm skin. “You feel so good,” they murmured as they trailed hot kisses up and down Alex’s neck.

Arching her back into their touch, Alex tried to keep her hips still, reminding herself that they were only touching, kissing, not necessarily fucking. “Can I touch you back?”

They nodded. “Anywhere but my chest is good today.”

With permission, Alex let her hands roam up and down Sawyer’s muscular back, let her fingers tangle into their short hair as she pulled them closer. Meanwhile, Sawyer could feel Alex’s attempts at keeping her hips still, so they gently encouraged Alex’s movements, letting their hands drop to her ass and pull her forward, into their hips. Alex moaned at the contact, feeling their bodies fall into an easy rhythm as they nipped and sucked at each other’s mouths and necks.

Sawyer groaned at the feeling of Alex’s hips starting to stutter, her movements growing faster, desperate, erratic. They moved one hand to Alex’s chest, taking a nipple between their fingers and tugging gently, earning a low moan in response.

Before Alex could come, she caught the sound of her phone ringing across the room. “I’ll be right back,” she panted, swinging her leg over Sawyer’s lap and taking off to grab her phone.

“Danvers,” she growled, so not in the mood to have her morning interrupted.

While Alex was on the phone, Sawyer checked theirs, noting that they had just missed a couple of text messages from work. As they read through them, they heard Alex slam her phone down on the dresser and curse under her breath. “You okay?” Sawyer asked.

“No. Dead alien. They need me to come help with the investigation.”

“15th and Spruce?” Sawyer asked.

“Uh, yeah,” Alex nodded, surprised that Sawyer had managed to hear her from across the room.

“Yeah, I got the call about it too. Ready to go fight me over jurisdiction?”

“You’re so on. But, I mean, we both know it’s mine.”
“Keep dreaming, Danvers.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Hello first of all u + ur writing are amazing and I have a prompt if u feel like it: teenage
danvers sisters + the struggles of sharing a room. Like it's nice but sometimes u just need
some privacy ya know? For whatever reason... eg each touching themselves the first
time like eg mine was an accident + my roommate was sleeping 5ft away + thankfully I
was quiet + she didn't have superhearing so it was fine idk this seems funny at 2 am
anyway I love ur stories follow ur heart

So, next up in this particular AU will be one (or more) of Alex and Maggie's dates. With
that in mind, let me know what date(s) you might want to see them go on! I'll either
devote a whole chapter to one or give snapshots of a few depending on the variety

It was senior year, and Kara had been with the Danvers for just over three years now and living in
Alex’s room for two years, eleven months, and three weeks of those two years. Because even though
Eliza and Jeremiah had thought they were doing Kara a favor by giving her their reconverted home
office, she had found it just as isolating and disconcerting as her pod had been, bringing up far too
many memories of her time in the Phantom Zone, her years and years spent out of time and place, far
away from any contact with only memories of her own planet’s destruction to occupy her thoughts.

And so after the first night, she started to creep into the hallway at night and sit outside the doors of
the other two bedrooms, content to listen to the even heartbeats of their occupants as she remembered
that she was no longer alone.

Somewhere around day 10, once Alex had come around to the new girl suddenly living in her house
and started to take on her role as not only big sister but also protector and guide, Kara was slouched
outside of Alex’s door dozing fitfully when the door swung open. Alex squealed at the sight of Kara
tumbling into her room. “What are you doing?” she hissed.

“I, um, I…I don’t like to be alone at night,” Kara admitted, looking sheepishly up at Alexandra—no,
Alex, she corrected herself.

“Wait, do you mean you’ve been out here every single night?”

Kara nodded.

“Do you sleep?”

“Poorly.”

“Do you…do you want to sleep in my room? Would that help?” Alex wasn’t sure she was willing to
sacrifice all of her space, but she also knew she couldn’t leave Kara sleeping on the floor of the hallway, so it was a sacrifice she supposed she would be willing to make.

“Are you sure?” Kara asked.

“Yeah, it’s fine. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Are you okay? I have heard of your planet’s diseases, do you have one?”

“No, I just, I needed to pee,” Alex admitted, blushing slightly.

“Oh, I will wait here for you,” Kara declared smiling brightly at Alex.

For the next week or so, Kara crept into Alex’s room each night, finding her big sister holding the covers up and welcoming her. And Alex was happy to help. Sure, Kara’s body temperature was a little too high for it to be comfortable during these summer nights, and Kara sometimes had nightmares that caused her to flail and startle Alex awake a few times a night, but Alex figured it was worth it to be able to soothe Kara back to sleep with a couple tentative pats on the arm when she had nightmares.

Once Eliza and Jeremiah found out, they made it a family summer project to knock down one of the walls in Alex’s room to make it slightly bigger, big enough to accommodate another bed and another desk for both girls to sleep and do their homework. And for almost three years, Alex was content with the situation.

Sure, sometimes she and Kara got on each other’s nerves. Kara’s love of pop music nearly drove Alex insane, as did her desire to decorate her side of the room with splashy colors and “accent pieces,” while Alex was content with the shades of blue theme she had going on over on her side of the room, along with the minimalist aesthetic when it came to decorating.

But overall, they got along. Both of them cared about their schoolwork, and since Kara didn’t need all that much sleep, she never got annoyed with Alex for staying up late to work on schoolwork and outside projects. And when Kara started dating James, Alex was happy enough to cede the living room to them, since more often than not they were playing games or watching movies, and on the occasional night when Kara wanted to make out with James up in their room, Alex got it, she moved her work downstairs.

But during senior year, Alex met Maggie. And Alex came out. And Alex started dating Maggie. Unlike her previous relationships, Alex actually wanted to spend time with Maggie—time that didn’t always involve being in the middle of the living room or with all of their friends. Because for the first time, Alex started to understand what her friends had been experiencing when they couldn’t keep their hands off of each other, even when they were out in public. It was bad enough having to make out with Rick at the end of their dates. Doing more of it? Voluntarily? That just seemed laughable.

But doing all of those things with Maggie? It did more than make sense; it felt urgent. So Alex learned to start locking the door and telling Kara not to come upstairs when she and Maggie wanted to make out for a little while without another person barging in and squeaking before leaving. For the most part, Kara was pretty good about it. She understood wanting to have a bit of time alone with a date, even if it wasn’t at the top of her priority list. It was just something new to adjust to; she had gotten rather used to Alex’s insistence that she would never need to kick Kara out of the room for a boyfriend. And, well, that was true enough. But now she was regularly kicking her out of the room for her girlfriend. And sometimes it got to be a little too regular for Kara’s liking, so she started kicking Alex out to spend time with James, forcing her into the living room with Maggie. Which is how they found themselves having one of their rare fights one afternoon after Kara had flung open
the door and insisted that it was her turn to have the room.

“I’m 18!” Alex yelled. “I should get the room! You’re too young anyway.”

“It’s not like you two are, ya know, doing more than making out,” Kara hissed, trying to keep her voice low enough so that James and Maggie wouldn’t come back upstairs to mediate.

“You don’t know that! We could be.”

“Are you?” Kara asked, suddenly curious. She hoped that she and Alex still told each other everything.

“Well, no,” Alex admitted, blushing a faint red. “But mom gave me the whole talk!” Even though it had been painful to sit through—and even more humiliating when her mother insisted upon opening a dental dam to demonstrate how they work, followed by her explanation of why she was also providing condoms—Alex at least felt fairly confident in her ability to have safe sex with Maggie, even though it would be the first time for both of them.

“Eliza gave me the talk too!”

“Yeah, but you’re barely 16, and it’s not like you’ve used it!”

“So?”

“You’re too young! Besides, you said you were too freaked out about breaking your boyfriend.”

“Doesn’t mean we shouldn’t be allowed to make out with the door closed!” Kara yelled back, getting annoyed at the double standard.

“Maggie and I were already in there,” Alex whined. She didn’t mention that she also had her hands up Maggie’s shirt for the first time, but it was a real driving force behind her anger.

“But you had the room all last weekend.”

“Only because James was away at a track meet.”

Eventually their fight was broken up by Maggie and James, who decided that enough was enough.

“Hey, babe, do you wanna go see a movie?” Maggie asked.

“And we can go get pizza,” James offered.

Kara and Alex relented, deciding that as long as neither of them got the room that night, they’d be happy. Alex knew she was being petty as hell, but dammit, she had been half an inch from Maggie’s boobs, and this all felt like it was a giant stumbling block to ever getting back there again. Of course, that night in Alex’s car after the movies, they ended up making out in her cramped back seat, ignoring the stabbing pains of seatbelts and pens stuffed between seat cushions. And Alex did end up getting to feel Maggie’s chest and have hers eagerly explored in return. Alex hadn’t expected it to be this much fun—if she had known, she definitely would have fought harder for the bedroom—but now she had to get Maggie back home to help her aunt clean up the house for the guests who would be arriving the following morning.

When Alex got back to the house, Eliza had already gone to bed, and Kara was still out with James—probably making out at his house, Alex thought angrily. After the hour or so in her car, Alex was, well, turned on. And it still wasn’t something that she was used to feeling. But she wanted to know
more. So she shut and locked the door and got set up in her bed. Because she had touched herself before, but it hadn’t done too much. It had felt okay, good even, but in a sort of mechanical way. She understood what it was that had made things feel better, but her thoughts kept wandering, and she insistently shoved out any thoughts of women that came unbidden into her mind.

This time, though, this time Alex invited those thoughts. She let her mind drift back to the car, to the way Maggie’s fingers had felt on her back and stomach, the way they had drifted up and pushed under her bra, nervously holding, then squeezing, then caressing her breasts. Not everything had felt great, but once she got the hang of it, Alex was quick to make her enjoyment heard.

With slow, tentative motions, Alex slowly let her fingers crawl down her stomach and under the waistband of her underwear. At this point, she wasn’t quite shocked by the fact that things were sticky down there after a night spent with Maggie, though this was the first time she was doing anything about it. She wondered, for a moment, whether this was acceptable. Should she have checked in with Maggie first? Was she objectifying her girlfriend if she thought about her during? It seemed weird, though, to text that sort of thing—like she wanted Maggie to join in or send something sexual back. Plus, she knew Maggie was busy with her aunt and wouldn’t want anything of that nature to pop up on her screen when her aunt might see it. So she convinced herself that she would ask Maggie about it later and just accept that this was probably okay.

Driving nervous thoughts from her mind, Alex dipped one finger between her folds, finding it much wetter than it had been the last time she had tried this. She circled them back up and around her clit, gasping at how much better things felt now. She wondered if it would be even better if it were Maggie’s hand between her legs, and the thought sent a rush of heat between her legs that had her abs clenching. Thinking back to the diagrams her mother had left with her after their talk, Alex lowered her finger, wondering if it would hurt to try to go inside. It definitely had the last time, but then again, she wasn’t really wet then. And she certainly wasn’t thinking about Maggie then. So she carefully slid her index finger inside herself, marveling at how little pain there was with lubrication. Sure, her mother would probably be very gung ho about sex positivity and self exploration, but it was absolutely not a conversation they needed to have, nor was finding Alex with her hands down her pants a memory either of them should have.

Just as Alex suspected she was nearing an orgasm that might finally live up to the hype it got in pop culture, there was a rattling at the door handle, followed by a loud banging at the door. “Alex! Open up!” Kara whined. “We said neither of us got the room tonight.”

Alex pulled her hand out of her pants as quickly as she could, stumbling to get out of bed and tripping as she tried to find pajama pants. “Hold on!” she yelled.

“Not fair, Alex!” Kara was calling out when Alex swung open the door, panting slightly and praying that she didn’t look funny.

“What do you need?” Alex practically growled.

“Girls, what is going on down here?” Eliza asked, padding down the hallway. “It is nearly midnight.”

“Kara started it!” Alex yelled, feeling slightly childish but also fully justified in her annoyance. She was always the one getting in trouble with Eliza just because she was older, but tonight was absolutely not her fault.

“Yeah, well she took the room for her and Maggie even though we called truce,” Kara retorted,
crossing her arms and looking every part the role of the earth little sister.

“Well, shall we let Maggie go home? It is awfully late,” Eliza said, rubbing her head. She wondered whether she would end up with a call from Maggie’s aunt asking her why she allowed her daughters to have their girlfriends and boyfriends over at all hours of the night.

“She’s not here,” Alex said, motioning to the empty room.

“Then why was the door shut? And why is your heart racing and your face all pink?” Kara objected, pursing her lips and arching her eyebrow as she waited for Maggie to step out from behind the door and prove her right.

Alex flushed a brilliant shade of red as she stammered about just wanting some privacy and “god is that so wrong?”

Gritting her teeth and taking a deep breath, Eliza put a hand on Kara’s shoulder. “Let’s go downstairs and have a midnight snack. Your sister is a little older, and sometimes she might just want privacy for any number of reasons.” Kara glared at Alex, but turned to follow Eliza down the stairs.

Meanwhile, Alex was left alone in the doorway to their bedroom, still flushed scarlet and turned on but utterly unwilling to do anything about it now. The fact that her mother now knew, even if she had been tactful enough not to say anything, and that she may or may not be downstairs with her little sister explaining things she had left out of her sex talk on the assumption that Kara already knew about them from Krypton, made Alex cringe and want to curl up and never face them again. Instead, she settled for turning every single light upstairs off and leaving the door wide open, lest there be any misunderstanding about what she was doing when she got in bed and covered her face, trying to force herself to fall asleep before Kara got back. She listened as Eliza walked back to her own room, then heard Kara come up a few minutes later, heading straight for the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth before bed.

“Alex?” Kara whispered when she got back into the room. Alex didn’t answer. “Alex, I know you aren’t asleep yet.”

“What?” Alex whispered.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Alex muttered.

“I just, I didn’t mean to embarrass you, especially not in front of Eliza. I know, um, I know what it’s like to want privacy…alone. But I didn’t really think about it. I was too focused on our afternoon fight.” Hearing no response, Kara took a deep breath and soldiered on: “Anyway, I just want you to know I’m sorry. I’ll be better about respecting the door in the future.”

After a few minutes, during which time Alex could hear Kara getting into her own bed, then sniffling softly, Alex gritted her teeth together, trying not to dwell on her humiliation. “Thanks for apologizing,” she whispered, knowing it was still loud enough for Kara to hear.

She could almost hear the smile in Kara’s voice at having had her apology accepted. “Night, Alex. Love you.”

“Night, Kara. You’re a pain in the ass. … I love you too.”
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites to let me know about date ideas (I've been in a relationship for 4 years, so our dates are pretty much Netflix and reading/writing in bed together)

ALSO: I may try to get one more chapter up tonight. Your options include: a fluffy/cracky Supercorp one-shot or pure Sanvers smut. I'll let you decide which should go up first
Chapter Summary

Prompt for sanvers, smut in their bar! Maybe a is turned on by b whilst they are playing pool Thanks (:)

Smut seemed to win out in the comments, so you'll get some light Supercorp tomorrow!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hurry up,” Alex whined, pouting as Maggie took her time walking around and around the pool table, surveying all the possible shots before deciding which one to try. Of course, when she bent over, she also provided Alex with a fantastic view of her ass. Once Maggie had gotten her shot off, Alex bent over and whispered in her ear, “Did I tell you how much I liked the new jeans?”

Biting back a smile, Maggie nodded. “You did. In the dressing room. Then again when I got home. Then before we left for the bar. So, I’m starting to think you might just like them!”

“I’m not about to break my winning streak.” Maggie asked, her voice low and seductive as she wrapped her arms around Alex, dipping her hands into Alex’s back pockets.

Alex just laughed and shook her head, leaning over to take her shot, making quick work of another one of the solids. “See, you think it would be faster to forfeit and go home…” she began, pausing to sink a second solid, “but I think it’d be so much faster for me to clear the table and have my way with you right here.”

Maggie gulped, trying not to let the image fluster her that much. “Please, I’m calling your bluff, Danvers. You nearly had a heart attack with how worried you were that we’d get caught having sex in my car. You’re not going to fuck me on the pool table in front of a room full of people,” she hissed.

Holding up one finger to indicate that Maggie should wait, Alex leaned over, smirking cockily as she sank two more solids, leaving her with only one more, then the 8 ball. “I didn’t say it had to be on the pool table, Sawyer. We can leave that in your fantasies, since it’s the only way you’d end up on top here.”

“Ouch, you wound me with the trash talking,” Maggie laughed, trying not to notice how sexy Alex was when she knew she was good at something. It was the same face she’d made the first time she’d
made Maggie come, then again the first time she’d made Maggie come all over her chin and hand.

“Just one more second,” Alex added, watching as the last solid rolled into the back corner pocket. “Eight ball to that side pocket,” Alex declared, motioning toward the pocket on Maggie’s side of the table.

Deciding she wouldn’t make it easy on Alex, she lined herself up directly in Alex’s line of sight and leaned over, undoing one of the buttons on her shirt to make sure Alex got the best possible view. She could see the moment Alex noticed, as her grip on the cue faltered just slightly and she pulled her lower lip between her teeth. Without missing a beat, Ale lined up her shot and quickly sunk the 8 ball.

“Hmm, impressive,” Maggie conceded, not wanting to think about how wet she already was when they still needed to make it all the way back to one of their apartments.

“I am,” Alex smirked, depositing her cue and making her way around the table to where Maggie was waiting. “Now, I believe I said I’d finish this quickly so that I could get to finishing you quickly.”

“Puns, Danvers? Sure know how to get a girl to drop her panties.”

“I don’t need you to drop them; I just need to get into them,” Alex husked.

Maggie didn’t want to admit just how sexy she found this unusually forward version of Alex, but she knew they needed to get out of the bar before they got themselves kicked out or, perhaps worse, found by Kara in the bathroom again. “Let’s go,” Maggie growled, grabbing Alex by the hand and marching her to the door, neglecting to say goodbye to any of their friends in her haste.

But when they got out to the alleyway, Alex didn’t turn left to go to her motorcycle and the street. Instead, she turned right, leading Maggie further back toward the staff entrance but far enough away from any of the lights that they weren’t quite visible.

“What?” Maggie asked, cocking her head to the side.

“Tell me if you want me to stop,” Alex whispered, pushing Maggie up against the wall, being careful with her head, before dropping her mouth to Maggie’s lips.

Maggie thought about insisting that they go home, but she had to admit, she enjoyed the thrill of knowing that they could be caught at any minute and appreciated that Alex was willing to try it again for her sake. So she tangled one hand into Alex’s hair, fisting her leather jacket with the other, and deepened their kiss.

They both froze as one of the regulars stumbled out of the bar, pausing for a moment before continuing on to the street. “Still okay?” Alex asked.

“Just fuck me,” Maggie ordered. “Fast.”

Rarely one to disobey an order (in bed, at least), Alex quickly unbuttoned and unzipped Maggie’s jeans. Slipping her hand beneath the layers of fabric, Alex groaned at how wet Maggie already was. “You’re dripping for me,” Alex whispered, her voice low and raspy in Maggie’s ear.

Maggie bit back a whimper and bucked her hips forward, urging Alex on. Alex quickly caught on and slid her fingers further down, dipping one inside of Maggie as she thrust, slowly at first to let Maggie get used to the feeling, then faster as Maggie began to whine and buck her hips into Alex’s hand.
Even though the thrusts were shallower than Maggie would normally need, the way Alex’s hand was pressed hard up against her clit, maneuvering in the tight space, coupled with the thrill of being so exposed and the heat of Alex’s mouth on her throat, had her nearing the edge in just minutes.

“Mouth on mine,” Maggie hissed, needing something to muffle sounds she wasn’t sure she’d be able to bite back.

Alex quickly moved back to Maggie’s mouth, drawing her into a heated, open-mouthed kiss as she thrust even harder and faster, ignoring the cramp she could feel building in her forearm. She felt her own hips thrust into nothing with every moan and whimper of Maggie’s she muffled with her mouth. As Maggie’s knees threatened to buckle, her hips stuttering against Alex’s hand, Alex dropped her other hand down to Maggie’s ass, holding her up as she came with a strangled cry, riding out the aftershocks on Alex’s hand.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Alex whispered, her breath hot on Maggie’s ear.

“Take me home. Now,” Maggie panted.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt from LeapYearBaby29: Lena knows Kara is Supergirl and uses it to her advantage by teasing Kara every chance she has and make Kara flounder and blush and flush and stutter when Kara comes up with a hilarious excuse as to why she has to leave, why she smells a certain way after saving people from certain situations and among other things. Finally Lena just finds a chance to just tell Kara that she knows she's Supergirl. Add a kiss at the end maybe?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena got it, really, she did. Sure, she had been able to see through the literal pair of glasses Kara called a disguise since their first one-on-one interview, but she could understand the hesitation to reveal a secret identity. She even suspected that, at least for Kara, it wasn’t about her being a Luthor. Maybe the first time they met she was suspicious, but ever since then she had been one of Lena’s staunchest defenders.

The fact that she knew and understood Kara’s reasoning, however, did not stop Lena from teasing Kara at every opportunity she had. When Kara asked her if she liked donuts and she rolled her eyes, explaining that she is human after all, she made sure to look up in time to catch the light pink blush coloring Kara’s cheeks as she acted like being human was the most obvious thing in the world.

When they were having lunch in Lena’s office and both noticed the breaking news alert roll across the television screen in the corner about a bridge collapse, Lena acted like she understood why Kara, who had never once been in charge of breaking news updates for CatCo’s online publication, must absolutely sprint there to get quotes. When she came back that night with an apology donut, Lena casually asked if she could see the article Kara wrote, having already read the coverage CatCo published, which very clearly did not include Kara’s name on the byline. She bit back a laugh as Kara froze for a moment before launching into a near-tirade about how Snapper never gives her credit and always opts for someone else’s more “balanced” takes, though Lena suspected that critique was probably quite real, adding an air of authenticity to Kara’s rant.

The next week during dinner at Kara’s apartment, Kara perked up suddenly, as though listening to a noise only she could hear—a fact that Lena realized was probably true. “I, uh, I totally forgot that I have to pick Alex up!”

“Oh, do you want my driver to take you?” Lena asked, an innocent smile on her lips.

“No, no! It’s fine! I already, um, Alex left me her car to get her…from the airport.”

“Doesn’t Alex drive a motorcycle?” Lena pushed, remembering each time Alex had pulled up outside of Kara’s building on her Ducati.

“Erm, she bought a car. More practical. A Subaru even! Ya know, have pride! Tennis players! Dana Fairbanks lives forever!” Kara shouted, blushing as she listened to herself speak. “Be back so soon!”
Lena just nodded and rolled her eyes, not bothering to point out that the trip to the airport was at least an hour each way, so it wouldn’t actually be all that soon if she were getting Alex.

An hour later, Kara returned. After catching a glimpse of Lena still on her couch, she flew away from the window and into the alley where she had stashed her clothes. After changing quickly, she ran up the stairs, acting like her front door was absolutely the way she, as a human being, entered her apartment.

“Lena!” she exclaimed, as thought she didn’t already know the woman would be waiting for her.

“Kara, wow, you’re back so soon! Did you already drop Alex off?”

“Hmm? Yep. She, um, she needed the car back. So she dropped me off here, actually, then drove herself the rest of the way home.”

“That’s good.” Lena paused, noting the heavy smell of smoke in the air from Supergirl’s adventures with the fire, which she had watched on the news while Kara was out. Sniffing the air, she asked, “Do you…do you smell that?”

Kara sniffed in an exaggerated motion. She could smell a lot of things—the subtle scent of Lena’s perfume wafting over from the couch, the delicious curry her upstairs neighbor was preparing, the pizza currently being delivered to the first floor of the building. “I don’t smell anything,” she declared.

“Really? It smells really strongly of smoke. You don’t think anything’s on fire, do you?”

“Not anymore,” Kara grinned before realizing that Lena was not talking about the fire across town. “Oh, um, you’re right! I do smell smoke! But I don’t think it’s the apartment.”

Lena got up and began poking around the kitchen, acting like she was checking for fires. Kara soon joined her, pretending like she didn’t know the smell was coming from her suit, which was just under her clothes.

“Huh, it’s you,” Lena declared, glancing up mischievously at Kara, who gulped at the attention.

“Me? Oh, um, I don’t think so.”

“No, it’s definitely you. Why do you smell like smoke? I didn’t notice it before you left.”

“Oh! I forgot to tell you, Alex started smoking!”

“Really? Your MD/PhD sister started smoking?”

“Hmm, yes. Yes, she did. Terrible habit. Really awful. I keep telling her she shouldn’t get started, but, ya know, the stress is just getting to her.”

“That’s such a shame…” Lena trailed off, biting back a grin.

When she next ran into Alex at one of Kara’s small dinner party/game nights, she wasn’t at all surprised to see her bickering with Kara. And after Kara made a particularly adamant point, stomping her foot and nearly shaking the apartment, Alex sighed before declaring loudly: “I’m off to go smoke…next to my brand new Subaru…if anyone wants to join me for a cigarette.”

Just to mess with Kara, Lena offered: “I’ll come with you if you want the company.”

“No!” Kara nearly yelled, jumping between them. “Second-hand smoke is so bad for you! You
should stay up here with me.”

“Thanks,” Alex muttered, “I’ll just go get lung cancer without anyone caring about my well-being.”

“Aww, babe,” Maggie teased, “I’ll come outside and risk my health with you.”

Lena opted not to say anything when Alex returned smelling nothing like smoke or tobacco but sporting two very noticeable hiccups on her neck and collarbone.

A few weeks later, Lena was determined to finally say something. She and Kara had been getting increasingly close, to the point where Lena was fairly certain they might have started dating without actually saying anything. Because their lunches, well, they felt more intimate. And their dinners even more so. All too often, Lena found her hand wrapped in Kara’s as they walked down the streets, and she even slept over in Kara’s bed after a particularly long movie night. She could swear that at the end of most nights, Kara looked up at her, then at her lips, like she wanted to kiss her before thinking better of it. Lena had a sneaking suspicion that Kara’s reluctance to kiss her was directly related to Lena’s supposedly not knowing about her secret identity.

Lena had planned to have a mature conversation about it, but Kara kept changing the topic whenever it came around to her “friendship” with Supergirl or the question of secrets. She had meant to just throw up her arms in frustration, but Kara had moved her mug while fidgeting and not answering one of her questions, and Lena soon found the back of her hand slamming into Kara’s coffee mug and sending it flying at her. As the boiling hot contents splattered across her shirt, Kara shot up like she’d been shot.

“Are you okay?” Lena rushed out. Even though she was 99.99% sure Kara was Supergirl, she was suddenly terrified that she had burned a very human woman.

“What? Yeah, just need a new shirt. I’ll go home and get one before the rest of the day!” She worried that if the coffee soaked through any further, her shirt might end up see-through, making visible the House of El crest that sat proudly below the fabric.

“I have a sweater,” Lena volunteered, reaching over to dab at Kara’s shirt with seltzer water.

“It’s fine! I’ll just go!” Kara squeaked.

“Kara,” Lena finally got out between Kara’s rambling excuses. “If you want to go, that’s fine. But if you’re worried about what I’m going to see underneath your shirt, please don’t be.”

“What? I mean, I think I should wait until we’ve kissed before you see anything there,” Kara laughed, before clapping a hand to her mouth as she realized what she said.

“Darling,” Lena comforted Kara, holding onto her shoulders. “I meant the supersuit. I know it’s under there, and I also understand why you didn’t tell me. As far as when it would be appropriate to show me that big crest, well…” And with that, Lena leaned over and pressed a soft kiss to Kara’s lips. When she pulled back, Kara’s expression was a mixture of shock and nervousness and dumbstruck happiness.

“So, um, you know?”

“I know,” Lena confirmed.

“For how long?”

“Oh, I think it’s best for your self-confidence if I don’t answer that one.”
Kara crinkled her nose as she thought about the lecture she’d get from Alex, who had not appreciated having to carry around lighters and cigarettes and drive a rental Subaru instead of her Ducati for the past month. “And, um, the other thing?”

“You make of it whatever you want, Supergirl.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Prompt: So that chapter of welcome to the gayborhood where alex is counting down from 10 while she watches maggie touch herself was probably the hottest thing I've ever read. Could you do a stronger together chap of maggie doing this to alex and ya know extreme praise kink is totally necessary thank you so much you're awesome

A/N: The referenced chapter is Chapter 31 of Welcome to the Gayborhood, Danvers (http://archiveofourown.org/works/9390416/chapters/21740324)

A/N 2: This is straight up porn with little-to-no plot. Enjoy ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I miss your fingers,” read the text message. Alex tried to focus on her work, not to allow her attention to be drawn back to her phone and the thought of Maggie needing her that much during the workday. So she ignored it, only to jump the second her phone vibrated again: “You tasted so fucking good last night.” Alex let out a small whimper, playing it off as a cough when her two lab techs turned around to look at her.

“At work!” Alex sent back, even though she knew damn well that she had done this to Maggie before.

“I’m stuck on desk duty while my partner’s home sick,” Maggie replied. Then: “Can’t a girl fantasize a little? You coming down to the precinct…you on your knees under my desk…your tongue on my clit.”

Excusing herself, Alex stepped out of the lab and into the bathroom. She took deep, steadying breaths, willing her heart rate to even out and her mind to return to the experiments she was running and only the experiments. There was no need for J’onn to grimace at her again as he shook his head, wishing aloud that Alex would think more quietly.

With shaking hands, she managed to type: “If I send you something dirty, will you knock it off until later?”

“What if you send me something dirty now, and I respond, but I know you won’t look at it or reply until you’re home?”

Alex shook her head; Maggie could never just accept her first offer. “Fine.”

“OK…start sexting :)”

Typing as quickly as she could, knowing that she needed to get back to the lab, Alex sent: “All I can think about is you in the harness with the big purple cock taking me from behind. One day I want you to wear the harness all day so that when we get home, all we have to do is unzip your jeans and put the toy in and you’re ready to take me. And I want you to tell me when you leave that you’re wearing it. I want to think about it all day, feel myself soaking through my panties with every
thought about what’s waiting for me at home. And when I get back, I want you to strip me in the
doorway. I’ll be dripping for you. Then I want you to bend me over the bed and fuck me. Hard.
Hard enough that the toy is slamming into your clit with every thrust. Hard enough that you’re barely
hanging on, biting back whimpers, your thighs shaking as you hold back your own orgasm while
you wait for me to finally come for you. Got it?”

Mustering every ounce of willpower that had been instilled in her through years of training at the
DEO, Alex put her phone on silent and tucked it back into her pocket. She took a few deep, calming
breaths and marched back to her lab, knowing that the sooner she finished her work, the sooner she
could go home and relieve some of the aching pressure between her legs.

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As it turned out, the promise of being able to get home and touch herself was a fabulous motivator,
and Alex was out of the DEO in record time once she checked in with J’onn to confirm that there
were no alien threats that required her attention. Which is how she found herself home at 4:30 on a
weekday, marveling at just how light it still was outside when she left the DEO before 6 or 7 at
night.

Of course, whether or not the sun was still up was not Alex’s primary concern. No, she was too
focused on the litany of increasingly explicit messages she had gotten from Maggie during the day,
telling her in lurid detail exactly what Maggie wanted to do to her when she got home. They had
stopped around 4; Alex assumed Maggie must have been called off of desk duty, so she didn’t bother
letting her girlfriend know that she had come home early.

Instead, Alex dimmed the lights and settled into the bed, stripping out of her work clothes and not
bothering to put anything new on. Scrolling back through the text messages Maggie had sent her,
Alex dropped her fingers down to tease at her entrance, not worrying about foreplay when she was
already so worked up from a day’s worth of frustrating build up. She groaned at how wet she already
was, her fingers sliding as she spread her arousal up and around her clit, whimpering at the contact
she’d craved all day.

Dropping her phone to her chest, Alex sped up her movements, swirling her fingers around her clit in
desperate, needy bursts. She could already feel her orgasm building as her legs tensed, her back
arching slightly off the bed before she tumbled over the edge, her body finally losing a bit of the
tension she’d been holding onto since that morning.

Having taken the edge off slightly, Alex picked back up her phone, letting herself enjoy Maggie’s
messages as she teased herself, building herself back up again. She toyed with her breasts, gently
pulling and twisting her nipples to stiff peaks. Dropping her hands lower, she felt the muscles in her
stomach tighten with every filthy thought that crossed her mind. She teased at her thighs, scratching
her nails up and down, leaving faint pink trails across her inner thighs.

She reasoned that she could probably come fairly quickly if she focused on her clit again, but that
wasn’t what she wanted. No, Maggie’s texts were all about fucking her deep and hard, curling her
hands, her cock deep inside Alex, stroking her front wall and making her gush. And Alex needed that—needed that too much to wait for Maggie. So she rolled over and opened her
bedside table, pulling out one of their toys, then, after a moment’s hesitation, she reached back in for
the vibrator as well, figuring if she were going to indulge, she might as well go all out.

Closing her eyes, Alex let her mind drift back to some of her favorite nights with Maggie. Well, a
very specific type of favorite night. Because there were also the nights when she had felt loved and
cherished, when Maggie cooked for her or held her after a rough mission. And those were
wonderful, but today, today Alex was thinking about the times when Maggie had made her beg,
when Maggie had gently, carefully tied her down and fucked her until she swore she was nothing more than a being who wanted, needed to be fucked and filled by Maggie.

As she grew increasingly desperate, Alex coated the toy in a thin layer of lube before lowering it to her entrance and carefully slipping it inside. She groaned at how easily it slid inside her, how wet she must be to take all of it so quickly. Deciding that Maggie deserved some kind of reward for the magic her texts had worked, Alex sent her a photo. All that was visible were her flexing abs, the patch of dark curls, and her hand wrapped around the glistening base of the toy, though it was quite obvious what was happening in the unseen portions of the photo as well. “I miss you,” she captioned it, then hit send before she could second guess her boldness.

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Maggie had left the station a few minutes early, hoping to get home before Alex and get set up with precisely the situation Alex described in a text that had her whimpering at her desk all afternoon. When she got home, however, she noticed Alex’s bike already parked in its spot. Pulling out her phone, she nearly choked, then fumbled her own phone at the sight of the image waiting for her.

Trying to stay calm, Maggie forced herself to walk through the lobby and take the elevator, rather than making a mad dash for the stairs. On the ride up to the sixth floor, she let her eyes rake over the photo Alex had sent, feeling herself grow impossibly wetter at the thought of what she would find when she unlocked the door.

And the sight did not disappoint. Because when Maggie finished locking the door behind her, she looked up to find Alex on that altar she called a bed, writhing and naked and panting loudly enough for Maggie to hear every gasp from the doorway. As she got closer, her knees nearly bucked when she realized that Alex had their biggest dick already inside her and the vibrator teasing at her clit as her hips thrust against the toys. And the sexiest thing? The sexiest thing was the way Alex was watching Maggie, her gaze hungry, almost predatory, as she followed Maggie’s movements, daring the woman to stop her, to finish her.

“Do you want me to make that fantasy you described come true, baby?” Maggie asked, her voice low and thick with need.

“Not if it means I have to stop fucking myself,” Alex answered honestly, arching her eyebrow in an implicit challenge.

“Well then, why don’t we play one of our other games,” Maggie offered. “You look so close…do you think you can last until ten for me?”

Whimpering loudly, Alex clenched her jaw, trying not to come at the offer Maggie was making. “Yes,” she nodded.

“Such a good girl,” Maggie purred, slowly removing her boots and her jacket before climbing into the bed. “Should I be nice? Should I give you ten right away?”

“Please,” Alex begged, beyond the point of caring that she was already begging and they hadn’t even started playing in earnest. But she had been so close to coming when Maggie walked in that door, could have greeted her with the cries of her name spilling from her lips. But she had waited. Because she knew Maggie would want to see. Because she could be Maggie’s good girl.

“Okay, then. Ten.” Maggie smirked as Alex slowed her pace to accommodate the rules, knowing that she’d have to go either faster or harder with each number.
“You know, normally I’d want you to start with nothing inside you…shouldn’t I get something for being generous?” Maggie asked, looking expectantly up at Alex.

Alex bit her lip, trying to focus on anything other than the way her body was humming with desire, pulsing with tension, waiting for release. Turning off the vibrator and letting it drop beside her, Alex made a show of licking her fingers and drawing them around her nipples, pinching and tugging at them, watching as Maggie’s eyes darkened with arousal. “Is that okay?”

“So good, baby,” Maggie praised, watching Alex’s hips jerk off the bed at her words. “Now I want to see you going a little faster, okay? Nine.”

Alex sped up her pace, feeling her walls clench around the toy as she fought back her orgasm. She could wait for Maggie. She would wait for Maggie.

“Eight.” Alex sped up again, biting back a whimper when she watched Maggie take the vibrator.

“Seven.” Alex fucked herself harder, groaning at the force pounding against her clit. “You’re so good for me, babygirl. So good.”

“Six.” Alex went a little faster, needing to keep earning Maggie’s praise. “You’re dripping,” Maggie purred, listening to the obscene, wet noises coming from the toy with every thrust into Alex’s pussy.

“Five, but let me get this one.” Alex nodded, watching with bated breath as Maggie clicked on the vibrator and moved it to her clit. She moaned loudly, clenching all of her muscles as she sought to keep her orgasm at bay.

“Four.” Alex whimpered, her free hand fisting in the sheets as she increased her pace just slightly. She worried that any more would surely push her over the edge.

“Three, and again, let me take the lead,” Maggie instructed, leaning over and nipping at Alex’s spread open thighs, pushing them ever further apart. Alex groaned at every touch, whimpering at the harder bites and the thought of Maggie marking her.

“Two.” And Maggie clicked the vibrator up to a higher setting—to the setting she knew Alex used when she wanted to come fast and hard. Alex could feel her whole body shaking as she struggled to breathe deeply, to keep her body in control. “You’re amazing, Alex,” Maggie whispered, her breath hot against Alex’s inner thighs.

“One.” Maggie drew out the word, feeling a gush of arousal soak her own underwear as Alex bucked and writhed underneath her, fighting to stay in control until Maggie gave her the final count, her last moment of permission. Alex squirmed under the pleasure, under Maggie’s intense gaze, pupils blown wide with lust, breathing shallow and ragged. It was the most exquisite kind of torture.

“Come for me, Alex,” Maggie finally ordered, moaning loudly right along with her girlfriend. Alex thrust into the toys, her free hand clamping down on Maggie’s wrist as she kept the vibrator steady against her clit, her body convulsing around the toy, wave after wave of pleasure washing over her as her mind went blissfully blank.

By the time she came to again, she could feel how soaked her hand was around the base of the toy, but she was still pulsing around it, her body pulling every last drop of pleasure from it that she could.

“You were amazing, so good for me, Alex,” Maggie praised, turning off the vibrator before moving up the bed to wrap Alex in her arms. “Are you doing alright?”

“So good,” Alex panted, “really good. Just need, like, a minute.”
Chuckling softly, Maggie nodded. “Take your time.”

“Mm, still want to taste you,” Alex mumbled as she nuzzled into Maggie’s chest.

Biting back a low whimper, Maggie just nodded again. “If and when you’re ready, baby. You were already so good for me today. I can always take care of myself.”

Suddenly Alex’s eyes, still hazy with lust, were trained on her. “Only if I get to count for you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me in hell or on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Giggling (though she’d deny it if someone called her on it) at some silly joke Sawyer just told, Alex dropped her head to their shoulder. “I’m so happy,” she whispered.

“Yeah? You like this bar?” Sawyer teased.

“Shut up. You know what I mean.”

“Hmm…nope. I think I want you to tell me,” they pressed.

“I’m happy with you. Though now that you’re acting like this…maybe I need to reconsider,” Alex laughed, knowing Sawyer wouldn’t believe it for a second. And of course, they didn’t, laughing softly right back and pressing a kiss to Alex’s cheek.

But before Alex could react, one of the guys from the table full of men looking out of place in full suits in the relatively casual bar sauntered over, leaning into Alex’s space, slipping his card in front of her, and wrapping an arm around her like he had any kind of claim over her body.

“Excuse me,” Alex spat out, picking up his arm and dropping it back at his side before he could even open his mouth.

“I couldn’t help but notice you,” he began, his voice dripping with affected charm that sounded smarmy and utterly unappealing to Alex.

“Mhm…and you couldn’t help but think I must want your attention?” Alex snarked back, glaring at him.

“I’m just saying, I think you can do a lot better than that guy,” he said, casting a glance at Sawyer for the first time since he had sidled up to Alex. But when he looked at them, a sneer crossed his face. “Excuse me, her. Or whatever the fuck you are,” he laughed.

“It’s they,” Alex interjected, crossing her arms across her chest and standing defensively in front of Sawyer. “And they don’t need anyone’s approval, least of all from a jackass like you.”

“Oh god, one of those people with the made up identities. Let me guess, you’re going to tell me what’s politically correct too, aren’t you?” he sneered.

“I only need to say it because some people never learned how to behave in public,” Sawyer bit back, crossing their arms tightly and trying not to think back to the friends and colleagues who had laughed.
off their coming out as nonbinary, telling them they were confused, they were butch, maybe they
were trans, but for now they should probably just be quiet. Because that was the last damn thing they
needed; they had stayed quiet about not feeling right with a female identity for too many years not to
speak up now.

“Oh, the language police. God, I’m scared now!” He rolled his eyes, trying to turn his attention back
to Alex, who clearly wasn’t having it.

“Sure, but I’m also the real police,” Sawyer growled, their voice low. “So why don’t you just go
back with your friends. We don’t need any trouble.” There were thousands of things they wanted to
tell him. To yell at him and tear him down until he felt as vulnerable and exposed as they had been
made to feel. But it wasn’t the time or the place. He had too many friends there to back him up—
friends waving around credit cards and flaunting their entitlement to take up space however they
damn well pleased.

“Oh, don’t worry, I don’t care about you. I’m interested in your friend. You know, the real woman.”

“Here’s the thing though,” Alex began, her voice dangerously low even as she fought to keep her
anger in check, remembering everything Sawyer had told them about not wanting to draw attention
to themselves and not wanting to get aggressive when the system wasn’t designed to protect people
like them against people like him. “I don’t date assholes. And even if I did? You’d never get me into
bed. Because I’ll take them over you any day of the week. So I suggest you take your antiquated
sense of entitlement back to your friends and go enjoy whatever little conservative capitalist circle
jerk you’re hosting.”

He looked like he wanted to say more, but when the bartender approached to ask if anyone needed
his help, the man went back to his friends.

As soon as he was out of sight, Alex spun back around to face Sawyer. “Hey, are you alright? Do
you want to get out of here? Can I do anything for you?”

Sawyer just shrugged. They wanted to be angrier, to be more indignant, but somehow they just
felt…normal, like this was all they could expect. And they knew there were good people out there—
so many individuals in their life had been wonderful and loving and supportive, and they didn’t want
to erase that group of people—but at the same time, incidents like these were still too common, too
commonplace. They settled for nudging Alex with their shoulder. “You did better, ya know? No
threats of bodily harm. Only one crude insult.”

Alex beamed, but then refocused her attention on Sawyer. “That’s because I want to support you in
the best way I can. So tell me what I can do for you, okay? We’ve still got half of that tiramisu Kara
picked up from Florence last night in the fridge…I’m just saying, it’s got your name written all over it.”

Grinning, Sawyer nodded. They knew it might look like ceding space to the assholes, letting them
win, but sometimes they had to put their own comfort and mental health first—something Alex was
helping them to remember. “I just want to run to the bathroom, then we can head out.” They were
grateful that this bar had gender-neutral options and, normally, was a safe space for people of color
and LGBTQ folks.

As soon as Sawyer was in the bathroom, Alex strode across the bar, motioning for the guy who had
been such an ass to come over to her. He grinned up at her like it was his lucky day.

“You finally decide you want a real man?” he asked, raising his eyebrows and lasciviously raking his
gaze up and down Alex’s body.
“Not quite. Here’s the thing: I’m not as well-behaved as my partner is. They just wanted you to go back to your friends and not bother them, which is their right. But I want more. See, they work for the police. I work for one of those unidentified government organizations—black ops, you know the drill—and you were so helpful as to leave me with your business card. Name, workplace, phone number. So I’m gonna be keeping an eye out for you,” she looked down at the card, “Jackson. And if I see something about you harassing someone for their identity—or, let’s just put it out there, for any reason—I will make you disappear. And no amount of money or straight white male privilege will be enough to let you see the light of day again. Got it?”

Normally Jackson was the type to have the last word, but something about this woman seemed serious, determined, almost unhinged, so he nodded and wiped the sweat from his hands off on his pants and hightailed it back to his table, saying nothing when his buddies asked him what had happened.

By the time Sawyer was back from paying their tab and using the restroom, Alex was leaning up against the bar. “You ready to get out of here?” she asked, smiling like she hadn’t just threatened a man with all sorts of unethical things.

“Of course,” Sawyer nodded, grinning as Alex took their hand and led them outside.

They spent the rest of the night curled up on Alex’s couch, eating tiramisu and watching silly YouTube videos. When Alex yawned and made a comment about how tired she was, Sawyer looked up at her with a shit-eating grin. “Threatening to illegally detain people tire you out, Danvers?”

Spluttering and shaking her head, Alex managed to get out, “What? No…I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Danvers…I can read you like an open book. We’ve talked about the whole going Guantanamo act thing you’ve got going, haven’t we.”

Looking bashful, Alex nodded.

“And didn’t we say it’s a human rights violation?”

“Yes, but I wasn’t actually planning on throwing him in a windowless cell…at least not for longer than a day,” she hedged.

“Did you tell him that?”

“No. He deserved to be scared,” Alex declared, crossing her arms and pouting defiantly.

“No one deserves to be scared, Al.”

“But he scared you,” Alex added quietly, wrapping Sawyer up in her arms. “And that’s fucking bullshit. He shouldn’t get to always be the one on that side of the equation, so, well, I just wanted to give him a little taste of his own medicine. It’s not like I’ll act on it, but maybe that threat will stick with him long enough to make him think before he makes stupid, ignorant comments again.”

“Maybe,” they shrugged. “I appreciate that you care, okay? But let’s just…be careful.”

“Of course,” Alex nodded, knowing they would probably talk more about what were appropriate and inappropriate threats in the morning but deciding to be happy for the moment in the fact that she had made Sawyer smile for now, had made them forget for a little while about the world of jackasses out there and get lost in silly videos and puppy pictures. And if making them happy meant not
threatening assholes with life imprisonment, so be it.

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers High School AU Part 7

Chapter Summary

Request for a date chapter from Alice and possible date prompts from Sanversfan (road trip to a concert) and genderwow (prom or maybe an aquarium)

A/N: I already wrote some post-senior prom/first time smut in a flashback scene in Welcome to the Gayborhood (though it’s Alex and Vicky because I decided they deserved a backstory), which you’re welcome to read along with a lot of other smut in Chapter 11 of that fic (http://archiveofourown.org/works/9390416/chapters/21276467). That being said, I’ve got a formal here for these two nerds to enjoy

A/N 2: Tomorrow is my 4-year anniversary with my girlfriend, so I probably won't get another chapter up unless somehow I'm incredibly productive early tomorrow morning.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Even after Alex and Maggie had come out as a couple, they kept their dates fairly low-key by choice. Not wanting to be a burden on her aunt, Maggie worked part time at an ice cream shop in town, but she put most of her money in savings for college. As for Alex, as happy as she was with a relationship for the first time, she still didn’t see the appeal in overly formal dates with a whole litany of things that needed to be accomplished. So she and Maggie kept things simple.

There were the countless trips to the beach, of course. As clichéd as long walks at sunset sounded, Alex loved the opportunity to be alone together. The openness gave them a chance to relax and be honest with each other, walking and talking about topics they might not have discussed if they had been sitting and facing one another.

Slowly but surely, Alex got Maggie to feel more comfortable in the water. Coming from a landlocked state, Maggie’s idea of swimming was mainly confined to swimming in pools or maybe in a lake. But this vast, boundless, living thing? No. That seemed excessive. And dangerous, though she’d never admit to being scared. But when Alex took her hand and slowly led her in, inch-by-inch, always ready to scoop her up and carry her back to safety if it got to be too much, Maggie started to think she might just be okay with the ocean.

And she was definitely okay with the ocean when it meant seeing Alex sunbathing in a bikini on warm days or out in a wetsuit catching waves each weekend. Because even when Maggie stayed out in the sand, hanging out with Kara and James and Lucy as they played an overly intense game of beach volleyball or taking cover under the umbrella with Winn, who burnt too easily to spend a lot of time in the sun, she still appreciated the view. And she appreciated it even more when Alex would come bounding back to her, energized from her swim, and wrapped her in her wet arms, ignoring Maggie’s exaggerated protests as she pressed salty kisses all across her face.

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On weekends when the weather wasn’t as nice, they spent time at one another’s houses. All too often, Alex’s house was jammed full of people, all of their friends lounging about, playing games,
and watching movies. While it was nice to see everyone, sometimes they wanted a bit of time alone too. Not just to make out, though that was an added benefit, but also quiet time to get to know one another better. Because Alex wanted to know everything there was to know about Maggie—even the little things, like what her favorite dinosaur was (stegosaurus because, as Maggie put it, “they were, like, the original badass vegans”) or whether any movies had scarred her for life (The Sixth Sense—having watched it at way too young of an age, she still got scared pulling back shower curtains—a fear not helped by later viewings of Psycho).

Maggie had been shocked to learn that Alex had never seen Buffy, so she set about right away in forcing Alex to start from season one, though, as soon as Alex figured out that the blonde girl was going to be the hero with crazy powers you’d never believe she possessed, she insisted that they needed to wait for Kara and all watch as a group—a request Maggie was only too happy to oblige, having come to care for Little Danvers, even if she could be a bit of a pain when it came to finding time alone in Alex’s room.

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Of course, they did find time to make it out on more traditional dates every now and again. Despite her bad memories from her dates with Rick, Alex soon found herself inviting Maggie out to Breadsticks, an Italian restaurant in town that served as the go-to date spot. It wasn’t that great, but Alex wanted to make it abundantly clear to Maggie that she wasn’t ashamed to be seen with her or with another woman; she wanted to go to the date spot with her very perfect girlfriend and show her off to everyone. Even though they had spent a couple of minutes in the car, readying themselves and preparing for the worst, just about everyone already knew, saving the young couple from comments they didn’t deserve to contend with over dinner. And they had held hands at the table and made each other try their own entrees, and somehow it felt nothing like the forced interactions Alex had endured on earlier dates. With Maggie, she wanted every second of that connection.

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Over Thanksgiving break, Alex talked her mom into letting them drive Alex’s car to LA for a Tegan and Sara concert and spend the night in the apartment her mom’s friends rented out while they travelled. Since Alex was under special instructions to be the only one to drive the car thanks to insurance regulations, she let Maggie DJ their trip, finding herself constantly amused by Maggie’s rather eclectic choices. They moved seamlessly from Billboard pop hits to R&B, then back to some rap and showtunes. It shouldn’t have worked, but Maggie made it fun. About an hour into the drive, they stopped for snacks, picking up bags of pretzels and chips and a tub of Twizzlers that Maggie teased Alex about but still dipped her hand into more times than she would care to admit.

Having never been to an event specifically targeted at queer women before (even if Tegan and Sara had gone mainstream), Alex was shocked by the sheer number of women there with other women, holding hands and kissing unabashedly. She giggled and blushed when a slightly older woman clad in a denim jacket with the collar popped and sleeve tattoos just barely visible through some of the ripped and worn patches winked at her.

They worried that they might not look gay enough, so they made a point of holding hands all night and being particularly affectionate, lest they be mistaken for gal pals in the unironic sense of the phrase. That night after the concert they fought off their exhaustion long enough to make out shirtless for the first time, relishing in the new planes of skin being exposed to longing looks and hesitant, then bolder touches. Without Alex’s fear of Kara’s superhearing (or Maggie’s fear of Eliza’s suddenly deciding that she wasn’t okay with Maggie corrupting her daughter), they let their whines and whimpers and low moans be heard, stopping only when they were both too tired to keep their eyes open any longer.
Over winter break, they spent long days together, ignoring the projects their teachers had assigned—well, ignoring and procrastinating by Alex’s standards, but working tirelessly by just about anyone else’s—in favor of spending time with one another and the rest of their friends. Maggie let Winn teach her how to play some of the games that took too long to play on a short game night, like Risk and Settlers of Catan, and Alex beamed at the sight of her girlfriend bonding with one of her best friends. It helped that the two had gotten to know each other during the lab sections of AP Bio, and Alex loved that Maggie was much better at giving dating advice to Winn than she was, which helped Winn to embrace her even faster.

One afternoon, while Kara and James were up in the bedroom making out in celebration of their one-year anniversary, Alex tried to summon all of her courage. “Hey, um, hey, Maggie?”

“Yeah?” Maggie asked, tilting her head to the side as she paused the movie.

“Um, well, I was thinking…the school puts on, well, um, maybe it’s lame, but the school has a winter formal every year. I’ve been in the past, and it’s not so bad. But I suspect it would be a lot better with a date I really like. Which is my really terrible, uninspired way of asking if you might like to be my date.”

“Really?” Maggie checked.

“Yeah, really.”

“I’d love to.” Grinning back at Alex, Maggie leaned forward and captured her lips in an excited kiss.

By the time of the winter ball—based on and decorated according to Harry Potter’s Yule Ball thanks to a planning committee that veered toward the nerdy/literary side of the spectrum—Alex found herself genuinely excited by the prospect of dressing up, which delighted both Kara and Eliza. She had found a red dress that she thought looked good and brought out the red highlights in her hair, and Maggie had promised that she would wear something complementary, giving no real description of her outfit.

Eliza even took the afternoon off of work to help Kara and Alex to get ready. They all went out to lunch together, then headed out to get their nails done before returning home, where Kara had made Alex promise to let Kara do her hair while Eliza smiled and took pictures of her girls. Alex helped Kara into a royal blue dress, pinning back her curls and assuring her that she looked amazing. Kara, meanwhile, gushed over Alex’s dress and curled her hair into soft ringlets that framed her face perfectly. While Alex and Kara sat in the living room taking increasingly absurd selfies, the doorbell rang.

“Coming!” Kara yelled, bounding over to the door and pulling it open, revealing Maggie and James standing together.

“You look so handsome,” Kara gushed, pulling James inside and yelling out to let Alex know that Maggie had arrived with James. James had on a well-fitting suit with a blue vest to match Kara’s dress.

“Wow,” Alex exhaled, catching sight of Maggie for the first time. She had worn a suit, which Alex somehow hadn’t even thought to imagine. But now she was almost glad it was a surprise; it made the perfection of the whole outfit even better. Because Maggie looked amazing, with a cream blouse
under a tailored black blazer and black pants that tapered at the ankle, drawing attention to the rather high heels she was rocking. She held out a corsage for Alex’s wrist and was elated to receive one in return that matched the color scheme rather perfectly.

“Wow yourself,” Maggie finally got around to replying, having been too stunned to get many words out since her arrival.

“Pictures!” Eliza sang, excited to see both of her girls looking so fantastically happy. She had them pair up—first as couples, then the sisters, then James and Maggie—before pulling the full group together. And for once, Alex didn’t whine or complain about the whole ritual; she wanted to preserve these memories, to have some record of the night.

Once Eliza was finally satisfied with the number of pictures she had taken, the group headed out, having promised to meet Winn, Lucy, and their dates outside the ballroom before the dance. Maggie offered her arm to Alex, beaming when her girlfriend took it, entwining their fingers and giving them a small squeeze.

By the time they headed inside, with Lucy and her date, Susan, and Winn and his date, Jack, Maggie couldn’t help but marvel at how quickly this year seemed to have turned around for her. She had come to Midvale with no presumptions about making friends or fitting in or even being slightly happy. She was a senior, suddenly being thrust into a new school, and she suspected everyone would already have their friends, their groups. Yet Alex Danvers had been there from week one, ready to upend all of her assumptions with a smile (and, often, a sarcastic comment), and somehow she found herself at winter formal on the arm of a gorgeous woman, surrounded by people she actually considered friends—genuine friends. She wouldn’t cry, not tonight, but dammit if it didn’t feel like an occasion that warranted it.

She and Alex spent the night spinning around the dance floor, grinning at the decorations and joining Winn and Jack in pointing out the things missing from the Harry Potter books. They tried not to gag on the overly sweet butterscotch-flavored butterbeer, but eventually gave up and relied on the chocolate frogs to sustain them throughout the night.

As the DJ transitioned into a set of slow songs, Maggie wrapped her arms around Alex’s waist, pulling her close as Alex let her arms drop to Maggie’s shoulders. “May I have this dance?” Maggie asked.

“There’s no one I’d rather share it with,” Alex answered, smiling softly.

“You’re pretty amazing,” Maggie whispered.

“So are you,” Alex replied, grinning. She hesitated before she spoke, wondering whether she wanted to turn a night that had been all about frivolity and young love into something more serious. But when she looked into Maggie’s eyes, she realized that the woman didn’t expect her to keep her mouth shut to maintain some illusion, so she pressed on. “…well, I didn’t really think that I was built for all of this. You know, intimacy. Dating. Being…liked.” They hadn’t said love yet, even though they had danced around it for a few weeks now. “But being here with you? I finally feel complete. So thank you, Maggie, thank you for helping me to figure out who I am and being there to hold my hand every step of the way.”

Taking a deep breath, Maggie closed her eyes before opening them and looking straight into Alex’s gaze. “There’s no one I’d rather have been there for, Alex. There’s no one I’d rather be spending tonight with. Because, well, because I love you, Alex.”

There was a beat of silence before a wide grin broke out across Alex’s face. “I love you too, Maggie
Sawyer.”

“Really?” Maggie asked, needing to check, somehow needing assurances to convince herself that this wasn’t all some dream she had invented to survive the horrors of Blue Springs.

“Really,” Alex confirmed, drawing Maggie even closer and kissing her softly as the song came to a close.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Chapter Summary

Lots of requests for Director Sanvers smut – I included some dating fluff, so the smut wouldn’t feel like it came out of nowhere (there’s a time and a place for that kind of smut, and that time and place is half of the other chapters here tbh)

A/N: This is a follow up to Chapters 35 and 36 of this fic (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24581121), and, if the prompt and the chapter title weren’t obvious enough, it’s NSFW

Chapter Notes

You can thank my girlfriend’s boss for keeping her two hours late at work and giving me a bit of time to finish and edit this chapter.
Thanks for all of the happy anniversary wishes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the weeks following their conversation, Alex, Maggie, and Lucy spent quite a bit of time together — both as a unit and in pairs — as they got used to the new arrangement. A few beers in the first night, they had broken the awkwardness and odd sense of propriety that still seemed to haunt their arrangement by taking turns making out with each other, falling into a comfortable rhythm as their touches turned increasingly needy and fingers teased under shirts and around waistbands. They had ended it there, figuring it would be appropriate to wait a little longer, but at least they suspected they wouldn’t have any… compatibility issues.

The next morning they had all gone out to brunch at the diner down the block from Alex’s apartment, taking the time to get comfortable with softer forms of intimacy — holding hands, casual touches on backs and arms, soft nudges and whispered compliments.

When Alex got a call that morning at the end of brunch about a rogue alien, she insisted that Lucy should stay and hang out with Maggie, that she’d be back soon enough and they should use the time to get to know one another better. Which is how Lucy and Maggie found themselves standing outside of the diner alone.

“So, uh, did you want to do something?” Maggie offered, uncertain that Lucy really wanted to spend time with her without Alex, especially not yet.

Lucy surprised both of them by grinning and agreeing quickly. “Alright, Maggie, wow me.”

Maggie snorted and rolled her eyes, but she still reached out to grab Lucy’s hand. When Lucy remained still, she pulled gently. “Come on, you want a Maggie Sawyer date, don’t you?”

“Fine, yeah,” Lucy shrugged, allowing herself to be led away from the diner.
As they walked, their phones both dinged with a text from Alex in their new group chat: “Have fun!! Remember, if we’re all dating, it’s not cheating, so no guilt.”

“Who’d have thought that Danvers would be the quickest to adapt?” Maggie laughed.

“Considering the many months where she just nodded along with my attempts at flirting, gonna go ahead and say not me,” Lucy joked back.

“Since we just ate, what about a walk? We’ll pick up coffee and get to know each other a little better?”

“Sounds good. Actually, do you like tea? There’s a really good place a few blocks from here.”

Maggie grinned. “Finally, someone who’ll drink tea with me. I can’t get Alex to trade a single cup of black coffee for a black tea.”

“Ugh, tell me about it. Though it did mean that my fancy teas were never stolen from the break room. My peanut butter M&Ms on the other hand…”

“Yeah, you can’t leave her or Kara alone with chocolate too long if you want to have any left when you get back,” Maggie chuckled. Even if they were focusing on Alex, Maggie was glad that the conversation wasn’t stilted or awkward.

As promised, the tearoom really was just a couple of blocks away, and they arrived within minutes. “Lucy!” the woman at the counter called out, walking around to give her a hug. “It’s been too long.”

“I know! Finally back in the city for a little while,” Lucy explained. “Oh! This is Maggie Sawyer. Maggie, this is Grace Wu. We met at West Point; she was just a year above me. After her tour of duty, she came back to take over the family business.”

“Nice to meet you.” Maggie offered her hand to the woman, who shook it with a firm grasp.

“You too,” Grace replied, smiling as she looked between the two women. “So, Luce, is this business or…” she trailed off, grinning at the blush on Lucy’s cheeks. “I think I have my answer.”

“Yes, well, yes, Maggie is my date.”

“Even better to meet you,” Grace added, winking at Maggie before turning her attention back to Lucy. “I’m glad to see you’re finally moving on after James. And with quite the cutie, I might add.”

“Hush,” Lucy shushed Grace, blushing a faint pink as she dragged Maggie over to one of the tables. Once they had placed their order and gotten a pot of tea to share, Maggie asked Lucy about her time at West Point, figuring it was as good a place as any to start.

Over the course of a couple of hours, the two women talked about growing up and the strained (or broken) relationships they had with their families. They moved on to college, where Maggie talked about finally finding a queer community for the first time, whereas Lucy found herself indoctrinated even further into the Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell mentality that her father had so rigorously upheld. They traded horror stories from their days in Gotham and the front lines of battle, respectively, both taking solace in their companionship even as they faced their pasts with dark humor, rather than any more open emotions.

Eventually they left the tearoom after Lucy took a few minutes to schedule a time for her and Grace to catch up in the next couple of weeks. Not quite wanting to end their date, which was going surprisingly well, Maggie suggested that they take a walk. As they strolled through the streets of
National City, their conversation turned to lighter topics, and they joked about exes and their favorite queer shows and movies. As someone who typically left her guard up for a significant amount of time, Maggie was shocked at how easy it felt to connect with Lucy, to open up about things that had taken her years to even address herself. Of course, she suspected, having gone though a lot of it with Alex first probably helped. Lucy found herself thinking in similar ways, wondering at Alex’s good taste in women (considering her astoundingly awful taste in men).

Although the sky had grown gray and overcast over the course of their walk, both women were surprised when it began to rain—and not just a drizzle, but a veritable downpour.

“Shit,” Maggie muttered, not having thought to bring an umbrella, since they were only supposed to be going to brunch.

“How fast can you run, Sawyer?” Lucy asked, a teasing grin playing about her mouth.

“Faster than you,” Maggie challenged, taking off at a sprint. “Alex’s place is closer!” she yelled over her shoulder, figuring Lucy would probably feel more comfortable there anyway.

By the time they made it back to Alex’s, they were both out of breath and completely soaked. “You’re faster than I’d have guessed,” Lucy panted, grinning at Maggie, who was nearly doubled-over as she sought to catch her breath. “I mean, not faster than me, but I did win a few awards on West Point’s track team.”

“Cheater,” Maggie managed to get out between labored breaths. She was by no means out of shape, but Lucy had been a formidable opponent, tearing down the streets at a near sprint. As her heart rate finally began to slow, Maggie straightened up, grimacing at the weight and feeling of her sopping wet clothing. She shrugged out of her coat, hanging it up to dry, and quickly took Lucy’s from her as well. Before Maggie could explain that she was going to change in the bathroom, Lucy was already peeling off her wet layers, shrugging by way of explanation: “Not like we haven’t already seen everything. Literally spent days in each other’s bodies.”

This felt different, but Maggie wasn’t going to look like the big prude, so she pulled off her shirt and kicked off her shoes and pants, taking them into the bathroom to dry. When she returned, she brought two fluffy towels and some pajamas, figuring that there was no use in getting dressed up again when it was already late in the afternoon and the torrential rain was showing no signs of stopping.

Her words got stuck in her throat, however, at the sight of Lucy in only underwear tying up her hair. “I, uh, I brought this, um, this towel. For you.”

Lucy smirked, letting her eyes rake up and down Maggie’s almost equally bare body. “Lookin’ good, Sawyer,” she teased.

Blushing faintly, Maggie wrapped the towel around herself, losing her bra only once she was covered. “Pajamas too…I figured maybe we could watch a movie or something while we wait for Alex.”

“That sounds nice;” Lucy admitted. “But, just so you remember, Alex made a point of saying it wouldn’t be cheating if anything happened. And she did tell us to have fun…”

Maggie nodded. She had done this before, been in open relationships, been with other women, but for some reason she was almost…nervous. But she didn’t have to be, she reasoned. Alex had explicitly told them to have fun, and during their group make out session the night before, she had encouraged Maggie and Lucy, whimpering softly at the sight of them together. Just because it was a
new part of their relationship didn’t make it wrong or something that Maggie was somehow forcing on Alex. It wasn’t a repeat of Emily; she wasn’t cheating on Alex.

“What if I put on this t-shirt,” Lucy offered, “and then we see what happens?” In a moment, she was a bit more clothed, and Maggie quickly threw on her own shirt as well, feeling much more comfortable, even if her body still ached for something more.

“Movie?” Maggie asked, gesturing to the television.

“Sure. Do you want any snacks?”

“Uh, yeah. I think there’s kettle corn in the cabinets.”

A few minutes later, having sent a text to Alex making sure she was okay and having heard back that she was spending a bit of sister time with Kara after the attack, Maggie felt a bit more relaxed. Lucy returned with the popcorn and perched on the couch, looking suddenly uncertain. Now, having heard once more from Alex that she wanted Lucy and Maggie to get to know each other and really feel a connection, Maggie felt a lot more comfortable. She held her arm out and the blanket up, and Lucy quickly took her up on the offer to cuddle, curling herself into Maggie’s side and pulling the bowl of popcorn up beside them.

Sighing in contentment, Maggie set about trying to find a movie they would both enjoy. They soon learned that they both adored early-twentieth-century films, especially anything with some of the queer ladies of old. After a bit of back-and-forth, they decided on Morocco, given their mutual love of Marlene Dietrich, especially Marlene Dietrich in menswear.

During the movie, Maggie and Lucy let their hands roam with light, gentle touches. Maggie sighed into Lucy’s touch when she ran her fingers through Maggie’s hair, and Lucy let out a low moan when Maggie began gently massaging her upper back. By the time the movie was ending, they were both rather distracted by the other. Leaning forward, Lucy looked up to Maggie, searching for approval. After a moment, Maggie nodded, meeting Lucy and kissing her softly as they got used to one another once more.

As the kiss grew more heated, Maggie and Lucy both grew bolder, letting their hands wander as they had the night before. Maggie moaned at the feeling of Lucy’s abs tensing beneath her touch, and Lucy took the opportunity to deepen the kiss, flicking her tongue across Maggie’s lower lip before being granted entrance.

A little while later, Alex returned, only to find her two…girlfriends? Her girlfriend and the woman they were dating together?…clasped in one another’s arms, tugging at clothing as they gasped into a rather passionate kiss. Swallowing a low whimper at a sight that had ignited something inside of her, Alex chuckled, “I see I shouldn’t have worried too much about the two of you getting along.”

Maggie jolted upright, glancing over the couch at Alex with wide doe eyes. “Alex! Sorry! Is this, are we, um, okay? I know you had said yes, but maybe not now…”

“Maggie, I meant what I said. If we’re going to do this, we should all be comfortable with it. And that means you and I can be together, you and Lucy can be together, Lucy and I can be together, we can all be together—it’s all fine. I’m not jealous.”

“You sure?” Lucy checked, wanting to make sure. If it looked like there were even the slightest amount of hesitation, she would step back. She had never wanted to be the homewrecker to their relationship.
“Trust me,” Alex confirmed. “I mean, if I’m being honest, it’s sort of hot.”

“Yeah?” Maggie’s face lit up, and Lucy ran her tongue across her lips.

“You wanna come join us, Agent Danvers?” Lucy teased.

“Sure I won’t be intruding on your date?”

“Shut up and get your cute butt over here,” Maggie ordered, patting the couch as Alex grinned and hurried over to her girls.

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The three found themselves in a similar situation a few weeks later—a few weeks of desperate touches and make out sessions that went on for hours, always verging on more as they pulled each other close, hands trailing below clothing and mouths moving down necks and across collar bones, but also a few weeks of growing trust and intimacy as they dated and learned how they worked as a triad.

Hearing Lucy whimper loudly as her hips bucked up into Maggie’s touch while Alex sucked at her neck, Alex finally drew back. “Can we be done with the waiting?”

Both Maggie and Lucy knew exactly what she was talking about because it was all they had been thinking about for the past week or two as well. Sure, it had seemed like the right thing to do—deciding to put off sex until they were more comfortable with each other—but now it just felt like enforced chastity, even if on a few occasions Maggie and Alex had given in to their lust after Lucy left the apartment for the night.

“Are you sure?” Lucy asked, knowing that she was the unknown quantity, the reason for the waiting.

Alex, having already made her stance quite clear, looked to Maggie, needing to make sure that she was comfortable as well. Having thought about these questions quite a bit over the past few dates, Maggie nodded. “Yeah, I’m sure.”

“Well, then, maybe we move this to the bed?” Lucy suggested, looking at Alex’s gigantic bed that seemed so obviously made for situations like this one.

On their way to the bedroom, they shed layers, tearing off the last of their clothing as they took in the sight of one another in the dim lighting of the bedroom. Together, Maggie and Alex drew Lucy up and onto the bed, letting her settle between them as a sort of tacit agreement emerged to begin by focusing on Lucy, making sure she felt welcomed into a bed that had been shared for so many months by them alone.

Before Lucy could protest, Maggie whispered, “Let us make you feel good first.” And it wasn’t like Lucy was going to say no to that offer, so she lay back, reveling in the warmth of Maggie’s hands splayed out across her chest, her fingers gently grazing across her nipples as she got used to another body. Soon Alex’s lips were on hers, sucking Lucy’s lower lip between her teeth. She closed her eyes and gave in to the sensation of four hands on her body, working in harmony as they made their way down her torso. She gasped at the feeling of Maggie’s tongue running across her nipple, tracing teasing circles before taking it into her mouth and sucking gently. Maggie groaned into Lucy’s chest when she felt the woman’s hands tangle in her hair, urging her on, harder, more.

As a hand dropped lower, nails dragging up her inner thighs, Lucy felt her hips buck up into the touch, desperate for some kind of friction.
“Can I?” Alex asked, pulling back slightly to let Lucy catch her breath and answer.

“Yes. Please,” Lucy whispered, earning a smile from Maggie, who came back up to kiss her while Alex moved down the bed and between Lucy’s legs.

Letting her fingers dip between Lucy’s folds for the first time, Alex whimpered at how wet she already was. Maggie turned back to find the reason for Alex’s noises, her pupils dilating even further at the sight of Alex sucking Lucy’s arousal off of her fingers. Noting Maggie’s reaction, Alex dipped her fingers back down, circling them around Lucy’s clit before gathering more of her wetness and offering it to Maggie to taste. Lucy swore she almost came at the scene playing out in front of her. In fact, she was so distracted that it came as a great surprise when she felt Alex’s fingers back on her pussy, circling around her entrance.

“Can I?” Alex asked again, earning a nod from Lucy before Lucy’s attention was pulled back to Maggie, whose mouth had returned to her breasts and abs once more.

Lucy let her head drop to the pillow and her eyes flutter shut when Alex easily sunk two fingers inside of her, gently pumping them in and out, letting her get used to the fullness before she began fucking her in earnest. Lucy soon gave up on trying to maintain some semblance of propriety during their first time, letting loose a series of loud moans and a string of obscenities with every thrust and twist of Alex’s long fingers.

Lucy was pulled back to the moment by the feeling of Maggie biting down on her shoulder as she let out a low whimper that drew both Maggie and Lucy’s attention to her. She gasped in time with Alex at the sight of Maggie’s fingers restlessly seeking out her own clit, rubbing tight, fast circles around it as she tried not to come undone before Lucy. Sensing what Maggie was waiting for, Alex picked up her pace, curling her fingers upward and dropping her thumb to Lucy’s clit as the smaller woman writhed under her touch, begging her not to stop.

Maggie watched with rapt attention as Lucy tensed, her back arching off the bed, before collapsing back onto it with a loud gasp, her body shaking as Alex guided her through her orgasm. As soon as she felt it was safe to come without fear of pulling Lucy’s attention away from her own orgasm, Maggie let herself fall over the edge, her hips bucking into the air as her head fell forward and onto Lucy’s chest.

After a few minutes, as both Maggie and Lucy sought to regain their breath, Lucy focused on Alex. “Your turn,” she purred, licking her lips as she glanced at Maggie.

A very eager Alex let herself be led up to the pillows as Lucy took her place between her legs after confirming with Maggie that it was alright. Maggie kissed Alex hard and deep as Lucy traced teasing touches up and down Alex’s thighs and nipped at Alex’s abs.

“Can I?” Alex heard Lucy’s voice asking, and she pulled back from Maggie to confirm that yes, definitely, absolutely, that was very much what she wanted.

Seeing Lucy hesitate for a moment, Maggie moved down the bed, wrapping her arms around Lucy from behind her as she kissed up the other woman’s neck. Lucy dropped her gaze down to Alex’s waiting pussy, whimpering at the sight of the arousal that had already spilled out of her and down her thighs. Needing to taste her, Lucy bent over, lowering her mouth to Alex’s thighs and quickly making her way to their apex.

“Start with long, slow licks up the length of her,” Maggie instructed, making both Lucy and Alex moan loudly at the idea of Maggie teaching Lucy how best to pleasure her girlfriend—their girlfriend. Maggie could tell exactly when Lucy began, watching as Alex’s eyes fluttered shut and a
small sigh left her lips. After a few minutes of slow, gentle teasing, she leaned back over, running her hands up and down Lucy’s back as she whispered, “Now dip your tongue inside of her and drag it up and around her clit.” The motion made Alex fist her hands in the blanket as she tried to keep her hips from bucking too hard into Lucy’s mouth. At this point, Lucy let instinct take over for the most part, listening to Alex’s body as she alternated between flicking her tongue around Alex’s clit and dipping it inside her—the two actions drawing two different but equally arousing sounds from the woman.

When Maggie could see Alex's desperation growing, she took Alex’s hand in her own and leaned down to Lucy once more. “Now she likes it when you suck her clit. And if you fuck her with a finger or two at the same time, she’ll come even harder.”

Alex nearly came at Maggie’s words, dragging her up to her mouth by the hand she still had clasped in her own. “You’re so fucking hot,” she growled, pulling Maggie in to a searing kiss just as Lucy took her clit between her lips and let a finger slip inside her. Before she could quite process what was happening, Alex felt herself falling over the edge, her vision flashing white, before two sets of hands and two mouths carefully brought her down from her high.

“That was incredibly sexy, but it was over way too fast,” Lucy whined, shooting a teasing pout up at Alex.

Still trying to catch her breath, Alex shrugged. “Stay down there, then,” which Lucy was only too happy to obey. “And you,” Alex added, grabbing Maggie. “Would you sit on my face?”

Lucy’s eyes shot back up to the scene in front of her as Maggie grinned and whimpered and nodded as she very carefully straddled Alex’s face, slowly lowering herself until Alex got impatient, grabbing her hips and drawing her down, muttering about how she wasn’t particularly fragile. Lucy shook her head, glad to see that Alex could be pretty much exactly the same in bed as she was out in the field.

Once Alex and Maggie seemed to have gotten comfortable, Lucy dropped her mouth and finger back down to Alex’s pussy, grinning at the noises Alex let out when she made contact.

“Still okay?” Maggie whispered, getting a fervent nod back from both Alex and Lucy and finally letting herself relax into Alex’s touches. Having already worked herself up watching Lucy and Alex come, Maggie was close, holding on just to prolong the experience. But when Alex swirled her tongue around her clit and let her nails dig into Maggie’s ass, Maggie couldn’t help it as she gave herself over to the pleasure, coming hard, rocking into Alex’s mouth as her hands hit the wall to keep herself steady.

Once Alex had worked her through all of the aftershocks, Maggie carefully swung her leg back over Alex’s head and pulled Lucy up into a heated kiss, tasting Alex on her tongue, as Lucy continued to fuck Alex hard, her two fingers scissoring inside the redhead and curling up against her front wall. Between the sight of Lucy and Maggie kissing each other hard and desperate and the fingers working expertly inside her, Alex soon felt herself coming for the second time that night, and Lucy and Maggie moved in tandem to work her down from it, kissing her and holding her tightly.

After what felt like hours of exploring one another’s bodies, eventually all three women collapsed, sweaty and naked and spent.

“That was…” Alex began, trying to find words.

“Amazing,” Maggie completed.
“So, so good,” Lucy agreed.

“Yeah…yeah, that,” Alex managed to get out.

By the time they woke up the next morning, Alex was in the middle of the bed with Lucy and Maggie curled into either side of her, and she had to admit, it just felt right.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Promt: Could you write an AU where Alex is a medical examiner and Maggie is a detective, and they have to work together?

A/N: Alex is going to be slightly OOC, since I think as an ME, she’d need to be a little less impulsive/quick to jump into the fight. There will be plenty of nerdy scientist Danvers, though, so I like to think of this version of Alex as what she might have been like had she done medical school and not basically become a soldier with the DEO.

T/W: Mentions of a victim being roofied and murdered, but no sexual violence

Chapter Notes

I’d really appreciate it if you let me know what you think of this one in the comments or on Tumblr. Obviously I got a request, but do you want to see this AU go beyond just solving this case? Right now they’re sort of simmering at that Rizzoli and Isles level of flirtiness without dating, even though Maggie has clearly caught feelings. Your call!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Danvers! Any word?” Detective Sawyer called from the door to the autopsy room.

“I told you that I’d tell you as soon as I had anything, didn’t I?” Alex replied, rolling her eyes at Maggie’s impatience.

“Yeah, but, ya know, you’re so brilliant, I just thought maybe you already had some possible answers…”

“Flattery will get you many places, Detective, but it won’t rush science.” As if to prove her point, Alex stood up and stepped away from the body of the Jane Doe the team had recovered from behind a row of bars that morning.

“What about the promise of pizza tonight?”

“You’re not going to make me put vegetables on it, are you?”

Shaking her head, Maggie chuckled. “You went to medical school, Danvers, how do you eat like a frat bro without worrying about your health?”

“An excellent workout regimen,” Alex teased.

Maggie bit back a more flirtatious remark about just how much good all that exercise was doing for the ME’s body, knowing it would be unprofessional. They were colleagues—well, they were friends, best friends, even—but they didn’t date, weren’t supposed to think about each other that way, even if Maggie was guilty of considering it every now and again. Besides, as far as Maggie
knew, Alex wouldn’t even consider women as an option. Her last fling had been with National City’s resident genius/libertarian/asshole, Max Lord, and even though it had only lasted two dates before she couldn’t tolerate his presence any longer, the mere fact that she was willing to try made Maggie think the woman must be solidly heterosexual.

Shaking her head, trying to focus back in on the situation, Maggie smiled widely at Alex, flashing her trademark dimples in what she hoped was an irresistible expression. “Is there anything at all you can tell me?”

“That depends. Are you going to run off the second I give you something, even though I’m still working?”

“Probably…unless you can entice me to stay down here with you.” Maggie chastised herself for the obviously flirty remark, not that it was too far from their usual rapport. There was a reason half of the station already thought they were dating, Alex’s sister included. It didn’t help that Alex had stopped trying to squash the rumors these days, her first attempts having been met with a loud chorus of: “The lady doth protest too much, methinks,” and other bastardizations of the quote.

Sighing, Alex gave in. It wasn’t her fault that she had such a hard time saying no to Maggie. Any of the other detectives? It was as simple as scowling and shaking her head, and they took off running with a promise not to bother her until she called them. Well, they hadn’t at first, but once Detective Olsen caught her sparring with Commissioner J’onn in the precinct’s gym, then brought back as many members of the staff as he could find to verify his report, they gave her a fair amount of leeway. Lena, Alex’s sister’s girlfriend and the Chief Forensic Scientist at the precinct, was pretty much the only one she’d talk to about her work while it was still in process, though on days when she was feeling generous, she’d let Winn, one of the newer scientists in Lena’s division and Kara’s longtime best friend, join them in their conversations. She actually quite liked him, even if she’d never admit it to his face.

Strolling over to the computer, Alex pulled up the results from the lab work she had run on their Jane Doe. “Well, as was expected, I found plenty of alcohol still in her system, but I also found Rohypnol.”

“The date rape drug.” Maggie gritted her teeth together, trying to mentally prepare herself for what would surely be a trying case to work. Though if they could get the bastard in jail, it would make her feel a little better.

“Correct. But there’s no evidence of her having been raped or even having undergone any sort of trauma or assault outside of her upper body.”

Maggie nodded, trying to push down the queasy feeling at the sight of the bruises and lacerations that littered Jane Doe’s torso. “But she definitely had Rohypnol in her system?” she confirmed, being careful not to suggest that the victim “had been roofied,” lest Alex correct her again on the importance of not jumping to conclusions without further evidence.

“Yes, and a significant amount of it. Of course, the drug has other uses. She didn’t have any other drugs in her system, so I don’t think she chose to ingest it,” she added, thinking back to the case they had worked a month or two back when a group of men had all wound up dead in a warehouse from lethal amounts of alcohol, cocaine, and Rohypnol. “But the drug would certainly make a target less aware of their surroundings and easy to abduct or kill if that were the goal.”

Maggie nodded, her mind drifting to all of the grim possibilities that could have led this poor girl to the alleyway last night. “Do we have a cause of death?”
“Not yet. That’s what I was investigating when you came down here.”

As much as Maggie wanted to press Alex to work harder, faster, trying to get some belated sense of justice for their victim, she also knew the NCPD ME, knew that she was likely to have skipped lunch and would probably push herself straight through dinner, especially if she felt like the case mattered to Maggie beyond a professional level. So she asked, “I’m going to meet James down at the bars in an hour to see if any of them recognize her or remember anything. Do you want to grab lunch with me first?”

“I should really stay down here. I’ve got Lena running her photos and dental records through databases to try to get an ID, since nothing popped up with her prints. And you need to know the cause of death to get anywhere.”

“Yeah, but Lena’s stuff is going to keep running through databases while you’re gone. Plus, I already saw her take a break to eat lunch with Kara, so you’re just doing what everyone else does.”

Alex didn’t mention that she felt like she needed to be better than everyone, to prove to her mother that her work was as meaningful as the lab work she had begun during her PhD training before she had switched over to med school, that it wasn’t her fault that Kara had joined the force and taken on a job that put her in the line of fire day in and day out. “I guess. But it has to be a short lunch!”

“Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Sanvers Detective/ME AU Part 2

Chapter Summary

Thank you all for the feedback! As it stands, I'm going to move ahead with this AU (I've got at least a couple more chapters planned). This chapter focuses more on Maggie/Alex, though the next chapter is really focused on the case itself. Let me know what you think! I appreciate all your thoughts and suggestions!

Also, I might try to get another chapter posted tonight (you can thank my girlfriend for leaving me home alone all day with not much to do but run, clean, and write), so let me know if you'd rather see part 3 of this one or some good old fashioned smut.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex settled into the booth, rolling her shoulders to try to relieve the tension that had built up from hours of bending over the autopsy table.

“You alright?” Maggie asked, biting her tongue to keep from offering Alex a massage. She’d done it once before during a movie night at Alex’s place, and it was perhaps the worst decision she’d ever made. Having to listen to the contented noises that had escaped from Alex’s mouth while her hands were working at the admittedly very knotted muscles in her shoulders had been pure torture.

“Eh, fine. Part of the job, that’s all,” Alex shrugged.

“And here I thought it was those of us out in the field that did all the damage to our bodies,” Maggie teased.

“Which is precisely why my mother won’t stop texting about darling Kara.” It wasn’t that Alex didn’t love Kara and want to keep her safe—of course she did—but she also understood that her little sister was an adult now and, from what she had heard around the station, had become a damn good cop. Even with only a year of experience under her belt, she had already earned a reputation as one of the bravest recruits they’d gotten from the academy in years, though she managed to maintain a sense of compassion in all that she did. Unlike some of the more jaded (and often bigoted) cops who had been on the force for decades, Kara hadn’t come to see everyone as a possible criminal, and for the most part, she didn’t even treat the convicted criminals like criminals; she recognized that they were people too, many of whom had desperately needed help they never received. Of course, certain cases tried the limits of her empathy, and she found her hard limits when they rotated her to SVU for a month that couldn’t end soon enough, but those were the nights when she took solace in the company of her friends, her sister, her girlfriend, and a pint of ice cream.

“How are things going with Eliza?” Maggie asked, noting the way Alex had gotten lost in thought at the mention of her mother.

“Eh, same as usual. I mean, I know that she loves me, but she’s just got a…quirky way of showing it.” Knowing all that had happened with Maggie’s parents, Alex never wanted to dwell on her own less-than-perfect relationship with her mother. Of course, Maggie had never made her feel guilty for wanting a better relationship with the woman, but she still didn’t want to dredge up bad memories,
especially during the workday. “You excited to spend your afternoon in the bars?” Alex teased.

“Without a beer in hand? Not even a little,” Maggie chuckled. The bartenders and bouncers would probably be fine, but dealing with the customers who were already drunk in the early afternoon was never enjoyable.

“What can I get you ladies?” Megan asked with a smile, glad to see two of her favorite customers back at The Dirty Robber.

“What are you waiting tables for?” Maggie teased. “You own the damn place, don’t ya?”

“And sacrifice the opportunity to see my favorite NCPD duo? Not a chance, Maggie.”

Ducking her head slightly at the compliment, Alex held out her menu. “Could I get my usual?”

“Of course,” Megan chuckled. It had been years since she had purchased the restaurant and changed the menu to feature primarily local, organic ingredients with plenty of vegan and vegetarian options, but she didn’t have the heart to stop offering Alex’s favorite artery-clogging cheeseburgers. During the one week she had tried, Brian, one of her fry cooks, secretly slipped in some ground beef and thickly sliced cheddar to cook Alex her usual anyway, so Megan eventually caved and put it back on their “bar menu,” which only Alex Danvers was allowed to order from no matter what time of day it was or where she was sitting.

“And could I get the tomato basil melt?” Maggie ordered.

“Of course. They’ll be up soon enough.”

Over lunch, Alex and Maggie let the conversation slide away from work into more pleasant topics.

“Got any fun plans for the weekend?” Alex asked. “Hot dates lined up around the corner for you?” she teased, though she was also somewhat serious. It seemed like Maggie managed to find an endless supply of beautiful women to date, though the relationships rarely lasted longer than a month or two, as though there were something holding her back. Alex, on the other hand, had basically given up on dating. When she went out to the bars, she still got hit on, but no one seemed to do anything for her; there were no sparks or butterflies or any of the things Kara talked about feeling when she first met Lena while visiting Alex at work one day. Besides, she was basically in a healthy adult relationship with Maggie, save for, well, one part—and she had battery-operated devices to take care of those needs.

“No dates, sorry to disappoint,” Maggie joked. “But it is Pride this weekend, so who knows? Maybe I’ll get lucky.”

Rolling her eyes, Alex laughed. “I’m sure you will, Mags.” She didn’t want to address why she felt almost hurt by the idea that Maggie would inevitably find some new woman at the parade. It was probably just the fact that she lost some time with her best friend whenever she fell into a new relationship, though Maggie made a point to keep at least a night or two per week free for Alex.

Maggie’s heart clenched at the nickname that might have bothered her coming from anyone other than Alex, but just sounded endearing when it came from the doctor. Before her brain could catch up with her mouth, she blurted out, “Do you wanna come?”

“To Pride?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, figuring now she needed to follow through. “It’s fun, ya know, something different.”
“I mean, I’m not, you know, I’m not gay.”

“Right,” Maggie nodded. “I mean, allies come too. I guess I’m assuming that you’re an ally.”

“Of course!” Alex nodded enthusiastically. Stumbling over her words she managed to get out, “I, yeah, I support the cause, it’s just not, um, my cause.”

Maggie refrained from rolling her eyes. Alex was her best friend; there was no reason to get defensive (or, her brain added, to get suspicious about just how defensive Alex seemed to have gotten). There were no signs that Alex was gay…other than her fashion sense and her haircut and the way she couldn’t make it work with men and didn’t seem to have any desire to do so, but that was all. Well, all that Maggie would dwell on for now.

“Well, anyway, if you want to come, just let me know. But I get it if you don’t want to.” Figuring she’d give Alex an out, she added, “I know some allies treat Pride as space where the LGBTQ community can take priority, where they don’t need to invade the space, and I obviously respect (and appreciate) that decision too. Not that I think you’d try to invade or be really ostentatious or, nevermind, I’m rambling.” Maggie blushed a bright red. She was never the one blushing and stumbling over her words, yet somehow she had trouble keeping it together when Alex was involved.

“I’ll let you know,” Alex nodded, figuring Maggie had probably invited her without thinking and didn’t actually want her to tag along. “And maybe I’ll just go with Kara and Lena—wouldn’t want to cramp your style, going solo and all.”

Maggie didn’t add that she wouldn’t mind Alex’s company, although she suspected she’d be a bit more jealous than was healthy watching woman after woman come in and hit on Alex. “Text me if you go. We could always grab lunch after or something.”

“I will.”

A few minutes later, Alex’s work phone chimed with a text from Lena. “We’ve got an ID on our Jane Doe,” Alex told Maggie, scrolling through Lena’s message. “Name is Karen Mitchell. She was a grad student at NCU. Her roommate tried to report her as missing when she didn’t come home last night and didn’t answer her phone all morning. Lena pulled her records, and facial identification software matched them, even with the bruising and swelling on the body.”

Maggie nodded. “Good to have a name. Can you send me the photo Lena used to take to the bars?”

“Sent. I assume you’ve got to go now?”

“Yeah, I should get over there and get this photo around as soon as possible. Can you ask Kara to head up to NCU to talk to the roommate, get information about Karen—places she hung out, friends, disgruntled exes, whatever. She can call James and me with questions, but I want to get out right away.”

“Will do.” Waving away Maggie’s attempts at getting her wallet out, Alex shook her head. “This one’s on me. You can get lunch after Pride.”

“So you’re coming?”

“Eh, why not? I hear it’s fun. But really, I can always go with Kara and them! I’m serious about not keeping you from having a good time.”

Maggie just nodded, not trusting herself to speak, lest she blurt out something about everything being
more fun when she was with Alex.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt: Could you continue the Dollywood smut, but have Alex and Maggie break in after hours to have sex on the pool table because they couldn’t get it out of their heads after that night? :D
This is a follow up to Chapter 40
(http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24608607)

A/N: I loved all the comments on the past couple of chapters, and yes, the Detective/ME AU totally won the vote (on AO3, at least, though it lost on Tumblr, amusingly enough), BUT you all seemed very excited about Alex at Pride, which won’t happen until Part 4, as Part 3 is really more of a procedural drama as they solve the murder. I figured it’s late enough at night (where I am) that I would end with smut instead of murder with the promise of more Det/ME AU to come tomorrow. Hopefully you won’t be too disappointed about the pure sin...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few weeks after the “Dollywood night,” as Alex and Maggie had taken to calling their desperate fuck in the alleyway, Maggie drew herself up on her elbows and poked Alex, trying to get her attention.

“What?” Alex whined, having been quite content to fall asleep.

“I just gave you like three orgasms in a row, don’t what me,” Maggie teased. “I wanted to ask you something.”

Forcing her eyes open, Alex looked up at Maggie. “Better be good,” she mumbled, pulling Maggie back down against her chest to snuggle properly.

“Well, I was thinking about our Dollywood night…”

“Mhmm.” Alex grinned.

“And, well, I was thinking about the comments you made.”

“Which ones?”

“The ones about the pool table.”

“Oh really? Like the image, do you?”

“I do.” She threaded her fingers through Alex’s and drew them down between her legs. “Feel just how much I like it.”

Alex groaned at the feeling of Maggie, slick beneath her fingers. “Fuck.”
“That’s the idea,” Maggie laughed.

“Do you want me to get dressed up the way I was that night?” Alex asked, always happy to indulge a fantasy.

“Well, you can. But I was more interested in actually going back to Dollywood.”

“Really? You’re gonna have your way with me in front of all of our friends…and Brian?” Laughing, Maggie shook her head. “I thought maybe we could go…after hours.”

“Since I know you don’t have a key, I’m assuming you also mean you want us to break in.”

“Well, um, I suppose that would be part of it…” Seeing the look of trepidation in Alex’s eyes, Maggie kept going. “I promise I would make it worth the small chance of a breaking and entering charge. Think about it, Al, think about being stretched out across the table with my fingers buried deep inside you, thinking about all the memories we have in that place until I make sure you can’t think about anything other than my touch.”

Alex whimpered at the idea, finally giving in when Maggie began tracing her fingers around her pussy once more, as if giving her a preview of the kind of night she could expect. “Fine. But we’re doing it on a weeknight when fewer people are around.”

“Deal!” Maggie grinned, not daring to say anything more lest she chance her luck.

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While Monday night had gone out the window as an option thanks to a late-night call for Maggie, on Tuesday, both women found themselves without excuses for postponing their plans. About an hour after the bar had closed, they crept down the alley to the back entrance, having parked their motorcycles a few blocks away.

When they got to the back door, both Maggie and Alex pulled out a small set of pins to pick the lock. “Why do you have those?” Alex hissed.

“Me? You’ve got your own damn set, Danvers. Why do you have them?”

“For…reasons.”

“Really?” Maggie laughed softly, getting to work with the lock.

“I got really into spy movies when I was younger, so I taught myself, okay?” Alex admitted. “Your turn. How’d you acquire the skillset?”

“Honest answer? A girl in college told me she thought it seemed sexy when people knew how to pick locks in movies, so I learned.”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Of course you did. And this girl—did she ever get to see your skills in action?”

“Mmm, which skills?” Maggie teased.

“If you wanna get laid tonight, I suggest you find your way back to my question,” Alex hissed, poking Maggie in the side.

“Fine, fine. Yes, I picked the lock to the university’s observatory. Then I got laid in the observatory.”
“So this breaking, entering, and fucking is nothing new for you, huh?”

“Doing it with someone I love is?” Maggie tried, shooting Alex a shit-eating grin.

“You’re lucky you’re cute,” Alex grumbled, her mood improving dramatically the second Maggie got the door open.

Once they had determined that the bar really was empty, Maggie locked the back door and switched on a few of the lights. Alex could feel her heart racing as she tried to focus on what they were about to do, rather than the possibility of their getting caught. Maggie made that much easier by pulling her close and pressing a hard kiss to her lips, letting her hands wander, knowing they had a limited amount of time.

“Are you still okay with this?” Maggie asked, needing to make sure Alex wasn’t only indulging her fantasies.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, crashing her lips back into Maggie’s. Maggie took that as her cue to deepen the kiss, pulling Alex’s lower lip between her teeth and drawing a low moan out of the other woman in return. Letting her tongue flick into Maggie’s mouth, Alex dropped her hands down to Maggie’s ass, grabbing at it and drawing her tight up against her as she let her hips roll into the contact.

“Fuck, you’re so hot,” Maggie muttered, dropping her mouth to Alex’s neck as nipped and sucked her way down to her shoulder then back up, tracing her tongue around the shell of Alex’s ear.

“Just fuck me,” Alex growled, pushing Maggie toward the pool table. They both knew tonight wasn’t about soft, intimate sex; the fantasy was one born of desperation and pure arousal, and the mood suffused everything they were doing.

Before Alex could push Maggie up against the edge of the table, Maggie’s hands were under her ass, lifting her up and spinning them around so that Alex found herself sitting on the table, her legs wrapped around Maggie’s waist. Maggie grinned cockily up at Alex, then ducked her head down, pulling Alex’s shirt up and licking and sucking her way up Alex’s abs. Knowing that time was of the essence, she quickly unbuttoned Alex’s jeans and pulled down the zipper. “Can I?” she checked, getting a nod back in return.

Climbing up on top of the table, Maggie carefully guided Alex down to her back, rolling the cue ball back into one of the pockets to get it out of their way. Alex lifted her ass, letting Maggie pull her jeans down enough to maneuver her hand between her legs. She smirked as she felt how wet Alex’s boyshorts already were. Carefully, she slid one finger inside of Alex, moving slowly in and out as she let Alex get used to the pace. Soon, Alex was bucking her hips into Maggie’s hand. “More,” she panted.

“A second finger or harder?” Maggie checked.

“Both,” Alex whined, groaning in relief when Maggie added a second finger and obliged her wishes, picking up her pace slightly and pressing into her harder. She could feel herself getting close as Maggie fucked her harder, gazing down at her with what looked like a combination of adoration and lust, her pupils blown wide and her lips parted.

Pressing the heel of her palm into Alex’s clit, Maggie let herself grind down against Alex’s thigh, desperate for some kind of relief for the throbbing ache between her own legs.

“Are you gonna be a good girl and come for me?” Maggie rasped.

Whimpering, Alex nodded, feeling her walls clench around Maggie’s fingers as her thighs trembled.
“You’re so sexy, Alex, you’re perfect,” Maggie whispered, bending down so her breath was hot against Alex’s neck. “I want to feel you come for me.”

A few hard thrusts later, Maggie felt Alex’s walls shudder around her fingers, arousal soaking her hand, as Alex let out a strangled cry. As soon as Alex’s hips had still, she brought her hand up to her lips, sucking her fingers into her mouth and moaning at the taste. Once she had gotten her pants back up, Alex pulled Maggie down into a bruising kiss, tasting herself on Maggie’s tongue, letting her hands grope at Maggie’s ass and pull her tight against her thigh. “Do you wanna come, Mags?”

Nodding, Maggie pushed down into Alex’s leg, her hips thrusting quickly into the strong muscle beneath her. Before she could come, both women’s attention was drawn to the back entrance, where the door was suddenly creaking open.

“Fuck,” Alex hissed, trying to grab Maggie and make a run for it before they were caught.

“Who the fuck—?” rang out a familiar voice, and Maggie blushed deeply as Darla came into view, clutching the hand of a blue-skinned alien she had seen hanging around Dollywood rather frequently as of late. Taking in the sight of the two women sprawled across the pool table, Darla snorted and rolled her eyes. “Not as straight as you told me she was that first night, huh, Mags?”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
So this rather long chapter is (sadly) not Pride; it's all about the actual case they're working. We get to see a lot more of Kara and some of James, Winn, and Lena at work. Warning for discussions of violence, possible hate crimes, sexism, homophobia, etc. If you don't want to read this chapter, you won't miss too much of the Sanvers slow burn. I'm working on the Pride chapter now and will maybe have it up before drag kickball; otherwise, you'll see it tonight :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After lunch, Alex called Kara, relaying Maggie’s message, then she headed back into her lab, intent on figuring out the cause of death as soon as possible. After a few more tests, she was able to confirm her initial suspicion (not that she’d ever admit to Maggie that had those; otherwise she’d never escape questions about what her suspicions were hours before the questions about the conclusions began). She pulled out her phone and texted Maggie: “Cause of death: blunt force trauma. She was struck at the base of the skull by something about three inches in width and long enough to cover the length of her skull. So far no evidence of any remnants left in the wound or her hair,” she added, anticipating Maggie’s next question.

“Thanks,” Maggie replied, quickly adding: “And the other wounds? Post-mortem?” She grimaced at the idea of someone continuing to beat the victim after she was already dead.

“Only one contusion looks like it may have been post-mortem. The others all occurred before she died, based on swelling and the amount of bleeding.”

“Got it.” Maggie pulled up her texts with Kara, quickly sending: “Check records of her classmates, friends, partners, exes—anyone with a grudge, history of violence, arrest record. We’re looking for someone who would beat her to death.” With a heavy swallow, she made her way back up to the bar where her partner James was talking with the bartender.

“He doesn’t recognize her,” James informed Maggie, sighing at the third dead end they’d hit already.

“Oh, right, yes!” Xinlan swung open the door. “Sorry, I’ve just been a little…scared, since getting the news.”

Kara nodded sympathetically, noting the red rings around Xinlan’s nose and the pink tinge to her
nose. “I’m very sorry for your loss. We will do everything we can to make sure that whoever did this
is brought to justice.”

“I mean, we weren’t that close yet. She had just moved in a couple months ago after she had a falling
out with her old roommate. And we were both busy with classes and work.”

“Do you know what her old roommate’s name is?” Kara asked, pulling out her pen and notebook.

“Uh, yeah. Do you think he could have done it?”

“I don’t know,” Kara admitted. “But it’s important to follow up on all possible leads.”

“Right, yeah. He’s Ryan. I don’t remember his last name, but he’s in the same program as Karen is
—was,” Xinlan corrected, her lip trembling slightly.

“And what program was that?”

“Oh, sorry. She’s getting a PhD in Political Science.”

Kara nodded, scribbling notes as they talked. “I know that you didn’t know her too well, but do you
know if she had many friends? Was she dating anyone?”

“Uh, I don’t know much. I’m doing my grad work in biology now, so I’m in the lab a lot of nights,
and sometimes I even sleep down there. There were a few girls that would come over to the
apartment to hang out, but they all seemed nice. I could probably pick them out on her Facebook; I
think they had photos together.”

Kara nodded, waiting as Xinlan unlocked her computer and pulled up the photos, reading out names
for Kara to copy down.

They talked for a little while longer, and Kara made a point of recommending to Xinlan that she
reach out to someone to talk about what she was going through, even if she felt like she didn’t need it
or wasn’t close enough to Karen to be affected by it. “It’s always good to talk. I know it helps me
after hard cases,” Kara shrugged, hoping that Xinlan would take her advice. “I really appreciate your
help. If you think of anything more, please give me a call,” Kara added, handing over one of her
business cards.

“I will. Thanks for your work on the case.”

“Of course.”

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When Kara got back to the precinct, she settled in at her desk, pulling up the names she had gotten to
check if they had records or anything odd posted online. First she went about finding Ryan’s last
name, which was easy enough, given the Department website’s list of their current students. She
went ahead and printed the whole list, figuring she might need them all at some point.

When she searched online for Ryan Jacobi, though, she didn’t get much outside of a published
journal article or two, a very private Facebook page, and a Twitter account that hadn’t been used
since 2011. She figured she’d look to the list of friends Xinlan had given her, hoping that some of
them might have information about Karen and Ryan’s falling out.

She managed to find an office phone number for the third name on her list—Melanie Kramer, a 5th
year in Karen’s program—and called her.
On the third ring, Melanie answered the phone. “Hello?”

“Melanie Kramer?”

“Uh, Mel, but yes. Who is this?”

“My name is Officer Kara Danvers. I’m with the NCPD. I wanted to see if you might have time to talk about one of the students in your program.”

“Is this about Karen?” Mel asked, her voice wavering and cracking even as she pushed through to the end of the sentence.

“Yes,” Kara confirmed, wondering at how quickly the news had spread. It was only a couple of hours ago that one of the unlucky officers had been told to call her parents, who must have called the university at some point. Kara wondered if the news had already hit social media.

“Right, um, yeah, I can try to help. Whatever you need. For Karen,” Mel added, clearly trying not to break down in tears.

“I can come to you, but it would be better if you could come down to the station.”

“I’ll come down to you. It’s not like I’ve been able to do any work since I heard the news.”

“Thank you for your time. Just ask for me at the front desk.”

Half an hour later, Kara got a call that a woman was at the front desk asking for her.

“Ms. Kramer,” she greeted, extending a hand to the woman. At first glance, she looked very professional, but a closer look revealed the ways she seemed to have fallen apart since getting the news—the red-rimmed, glassy eyes; the way her short hair was sticking up at odd angles as though she had been running her hands through it incessantly since hearing; the way her hands trembled in her pockets as she tried to look strong.

“Mel is fine,” the woman managed, nodding as Kara gestured for her to head back to one of the rooms—the room reserved for family and friends, stocked with tissues, water bottles, and snacks.

“Can I get you anything?” Kara asked, wishing she could take the woman’s pain away somehow.

“No, no, I’m okay. Thank you.”

“Let me start by saying again how sorry I am for your loss. I really appreciate your coming down to the station to talk to me as we try to find out who did this to your friend.”

“Girlfriend,” Mel interjected.

“Hmm?”

“Karen wasn’t just a friend, Officer. She was my girlfriend.”

A wave of emotions hit Kara as Lena’s face suddenly replaced the young woman’s in her mind.

“Right, right, I’m so sorry. I, I, um, is there anything I can get for you? Really, anything.”

“No. I’d just like to get through this if that’s alright with you,” Mel said, gritting her teeth as a tear rolled down her cheek.

“Of course.” Quickly pulling out her notebook, Kara hurried into her questions, wanting more than
anything to let the woman go home and process her grief. “Can you think of anyone who might have had something against Karen?”

Mel shrugged, shaking her head. “She was so well liked in our program. Her students, her peers, her advisors, they all adored her. Why wouldn’t they? I mean, she was brilliant and funny and sweet.” She paused to wipe away the tears that had begun flowing freely. “I don’t know who would have done this to her.”

Kara gritted her teeth, remembering that she was trained for this, that her job mattered because she might be able to lock up whoever had done this to Karen. “Karen’s roommate mentioned a falling out with another student in your program—Ryan Jacobi. She said Karen had been living with him until recently, that something had happened. Do you know what it was?”

Mel’s lip curled up in obvious distaste. “When he found out that Karen and I were dating, he started pressuring her. At first it seemed teasing, though she didn’t care for it, but it kept going. He would ask her to leave me for him or ask her to let him watch or even join us in bed. She said no, but it wasn’t until she finally made it clear that he was not to ask again that he got angry. Started yelling at her and threatening to out her to everyone at the university. She got scared and moved in with my roommate and me for a week or two until she could find a new place.”

“Were these threats to her life? Do you know if she ever reported them?”

“I think she mentioned it to one of the faculty members, trying to see if she could keep him out of her classes, but she didn’t want to go through reporting it and dealing with what she assumed would be even worse backlash from Ryan in response.”

“And the threats?”

“I don’t think they were physical, or at least, not many of them. It seemed to be more about making her feel guilty for not wanting him. But then again, I don’t know what people are capable of. I don’t want to say he’s innocent without proof. I certainly can’t stand him, and he definitely made Karen uncomfortable.”

“Thank you,” Kara nodded. She went through a couple more questions before wrapping up the meeting and sending Mel on her way with another apology and a promise to track down any and all leads to find out what had happened to her girlfriend.

Even though it was after 5 already, when Kara returned to her desk, she found Maggie and James both in the room working steadily as well.

“Find anything, Little Danvers?” Maggie asked, looking up from her own computer.

“I just spoke with Karen’s girlfriend, Mel. She gave me the full story on Ryan Jacobi—doesn’t necessarily think he would have killed her, but he threatened her about her sexuality for turning him down. I think he’s a lead worth pursuing.”

“There’s the motive. Let’s bring him in first thing tomorrow morning for questioning and see if we don’t discover means and opportunity,” Maggie nodded, trying not to let emotion seep into her voice at the thought that Karen’s murder might have been a hate crime as well.

“He has scheduled office hours every Thursday morning from 9-11am. Should we show up before they start to bring him in before his students arrive?”

Maggie nodded. “James, do you mind going with Kara? I have a lead from one of the bars to follow up with tomorrow. A waitress at one of the bars where Karen was apparently a regular told me to
come back, since the bartender who had been on duty the night of the murder wasn’t in today.”

“Will do,” James nodded, smiling at Kara.

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Kara growled from behind the two-way glass as she watched James interrogate the frustratingly smug man sitting in front of him. With every question James asked, he deferred to his lawyer, who almost always told him not to answer, since he hadn’t been formally arrested yet.

“If you don’t want to be formally arrested, you’ll at least tell us where you were on Tuesday night between the hours of midnight and 2am.”

Smirking, Ryan finally spoke up: “I was at home in bed.”

“And do you have anyone who can confirm that?”

“I do, in fact,” he grinned. “See, my new roommate is a much better addition to my life, and she can tell you exactly what I was doing all Tuesday night.”

Kara gagged at the image, waiting for James to come back in with the information so they could verify his whereabouts.

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Unfortunately his alibi checked out with the new roommate, and the video cameras outside the building confirmed that he had entered the building at 10pm and not emerged again until 9 the next morning. Seeing just how angry Kara was, James offered to be the one to release Ryan. As much as he detested the man, he couldn’t keep him for being a homophobic asshole.

Maggie, at least, came back from the bar energized. “I don’t have a name, but I have someone who was bothering Karen in the bar Tuesday night!” she announced, glad to have some progress after hearing that Ryan had fallen through as a lead.

“Any info to go on?” James asked, desperate for something to break open the case.

“Apparently he kept talking to her about her work, some articles she had been writing, or maybe it was on Twitter. He got rather belligerent, yelling and such. So I think the first step is to go talk to Karen’s professors, see if they knew of anyone who really didn’t like the work she was doing.”

“Would someone kill over an academic journal article?” Kara asked incredulously.

“I don’t know, but I guess people have killed over even smaller stuff,” Maggie shrugged.

They divided up the faculty members to interview, deciding that after lunch they would head to NCU together.

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“Doctor Danvers!” Maggie called from the doorway of Alex’s office, finding the redhead immersed in an article on her desk.

“Hmm?” Alex looked up, smiling when she saw that it was Maggie. “How’s the case going?”

“Eh,” Maggie shrugged, “could be better. What are you up to?”
“Oh, I’m taking lunch… so this isn’t really work related.”

“Reading something embarrassing, Danvers?” Maggie teased.

“No… no. It’s just an article from a really cutting-edge biologist whose been working with some advanced technology to create better, more responsive prosthetics for amputees. I heard an early version of the paper at a conference last year, but a longer form version is finally out in print.”

“Nerd,” Maggie laughed. “But wait, that’s a good thing. You know about the whole academic lifestyle!”

“Um, not that much. I dropped out of my PhD program, and it’s not like I teach, other than a few lectures a year at NCU.”

“But you were in it for some amount of time, which is more than James, Kara, and I can say. Karen, our victim, she was being harassed in the bars about her work or her posts. I don’t know that it would be enough to incite someone to beat her to death, but the bartender said the guy bothering her did get rather angry. We’re going to talk to her professors, but can you think of other places where he might have first met her?”

“I mean, academics can be plenty snarky in their articles. Has anyone written a response to or a critique of something she’s published? Though, I don’t know that you’d really go looking for a bar fight if you’re already having a professional dispute. You often find an asshole or two at conferences, you know the type, the guy who stands up and says he has a question, but turns it into a monologue about his own opinion, ignoring everything you just said.”

“Sounds like you’re speaking from experience.”

“Eh, a little bit, yeah. Again, I don’t know that these people would be murderers, but I guess anyone can be,” Alex shrugged, feeling a shiver run up her spine at the thought of how vulnerable everyone really was.

“Well, I’ll let you know if we hear anything from the professors.”

“I mean, you don’t have to,” Alex admitted, knowing Maggie certainly didn’t report to her or anything.

“You’re my best friend; of course I’m going to keep you updated,” Maggie replied as though it were the most obvious thing in the world. “Do you want to do a movie night? I could really use some downtime. And some Alex time,” she added, hoping she didn’t sound overly flirtatious.

“I’d love to, but I’ve actually got friends showing up today. They’re in town for Pride, and they’re spending the first night here at my place.”

“Oh, yeah, of course,” Maggie scoffed, shaking her head. “Wouldn’t want to assume I’m your only friend! So… who’s coming?”

“Lucy and her girlfriend Susan. Lucy and I met during undergrad when we lived together. I hated her at first, but eventually we grew on each other. She was ROTC, waking up every morning at 5am sharp, and I went through a bit of a… party girl phase, as you know, so the blaring alarms made me want to pull my hair out. And I don’t think she appreciated my crashing through our front door at all hours of the night and sometimes stumbling into her bed before I made it to my own.” She could laugh about it now, though it had taken her a few years to get over the shame at having been such a failure, at least she thought so.
Maggie ignored the surge of jealousy at the idea of Alex getting into another woman’s bed—another queer woman’s bed. “Ah, well, I hope they enjoy Pride.”

“Yeah! You’ll get to meet them, of course, since I’ll see you at or after the parade.”

“Right,” Maggie nodded, very much looking forward to having a day away from the case, though she sincerely hoped that they would at least have someone in custody by then.

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The afternoon passed in a blur of increasingly ridiculous interviews. Maggie didn’t want to call the professors out of touch, especially when so many of them had looked truly devastated about Karen’s murder, but she also couldn’t fathom how they seemed to misunderstand their questions to such a degree. They had all been presented with the same questions about someone who might have targeted Karen over her academic work, but none of the answers she, Kara, or James had received thus far seemed even close to a compelling motive, though she resolved to at least run them by Alex.

She looked through her notes at the different possibilities they had all gotten:

“She often dismissed purely quantitative analysis as irresponsible.”

“I believe she was listed as a first author on a paper where she might have properly been the second author.”

“She was in charge of last year’s graduate student conference, which meant she sent out the decisions about accepting or rejecting paper proposals.”

“She did receive a few critical reviews on her latest journal article. Ended up with a revise and resubmit.”

“She was the first to publish on a particularly juicy data set that I think we all had our eyes on!”

Maggie took a deep breath before walking into her last interview. She didn’t have high hopes, but at least this woman was Karen’s primary advisor, so maybe she had some better ideas. As it turned out, she did, talking about the social media presence Karen had built around the election and how critical she had been of the now president during the primaries, then the election cycle, and even once he took office.

“She’s gotten a lot of anonymous hate that’s more often than not very violent, including plenty of threats of sexual violence against her,” the professor told Maggie. She looked up, tears swimming in her eyes. “I told her I thought we all had a professional responsibility to keep at it, to resist in whatever ways we could. Do you think, do you think I’m responsible for this? Am I the reason she was killed?”

Even though Maggie had no way of knowing, she shook her head. It wasn’t her place to put guilt on a woman for something she herself had said plenty of times too. “Do you have the names of anyone who was a repeat offender? The more violent threats, perhaps?”

The professor nodded and forwarded a few emails from Karen that had included screenshots of the threats she received. Maggie forwarded them straight to Lena and Winn, hoping they’d be able to track down something related to the usernames or email addresses.

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A few hours later, while Maggie sat with a two slices of cold pizza, trying to read through all of the
posts Karen had made on social media over the past few months, Winn came bouncing up to her.

“We found something!”

“Oh really?” Maggie asked, arching an eyebrow at the rather excitable new scientist.

“Yes, I promise it isn’t embarrassing pictures of Kara this time,” Winn answered, having the wherewithal to look chagrined for the last time he had made a big deal about something non-work-related during an ongoing investigation.

Nodding in approval, Maggie followed Winn down to the Forensic Science lab, popping her head into Alex’s office on her way to make sure the woman wasn’t staying late and missing her own guests to try to work on the case.

“Well, it took a lot of work, but I found two of the most frequent commenters! Well, I found seven of them, but one is a woman, which wouldn’t match the bartender’s description, and four of the others live across country and have been active with IP addresses on the East Coast during the time of the murder.”

“Alright, hit me.”

“Right, well, here they are,” Winn said, pulling up two profiles on the large screen mounted on the wall. Maggie soon found herself looking into the faces of two scowling white men, one of whom had quite the rap sheet already.

“Well done. Can you print me out their information?”

“Already taken care of,” Winn smiled, eager to impress the detective. “I included a few extra color copies of their headshots for you to take to the bartenders. If that’s something you want to do, of course!” he rushed to add.

“You did good, kid, don’t worry so much.”

“Right, okay, yeah,” Winn preened at the compliments.

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The next morning, after a confirmation the night before from the bartender that the one with the rap sheet had been harassing Karen on the night of her murder and having successfully obtained a warrant for Jesse O’Reilly’s arrest and for a search of his residence for the murder weapon, Maggie and James pulled up in front of the suspect’s apartment building with backup right behind them.

“Open up! NCPD!” Maggie yelled, as she and James took their positions around the door, two other agents positioned behind them.

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Many hours later, having recovered a baseball bat that matched the approximate size of the murder weapon from Jesse’s apartment, Maggie collapsed into her chair. Jesse was in custody; Alex had the bat to test it for any of Karen’s DNA; and Winn and Lena were going through the computer they had confiscated to look for proof of additional threats or any plans to suggest that the crime was premeditated. Now all Maggie could do was wait as her Friday afternoon turned into Friday night.

Chapter End Notes
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Sanvers Detective/ME AU Part 4

Chapter Summary

So...Pride got way out of hand length-wise. Here's most of it anyway. Hope it lives up to expectations!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

By the time Maggie and Alex left the precinct, it was nearing midnight. Of course, the time spent had been well worth it, as Lena had uncovered a trove of threatening and violent messages sent not only to Karen, but also to many other women online, and Alex had been able to match a small chip of paint that had been left on the victim’s body to the brand name painted on Jesse’s bat, giving him means, motive, and opportunity—enough to lock him up until a bail hearing could be scheduled.

“Do you want to crash at my place?” Alex asked, knowing that even though Maggie had been able to get a suspect in custody, her nerves would probably still be frayed.

“Uhm, any chance we could do my place? I’ll want to grab my stuff for Pride tomorrow, and your apartment is on the way to the parade for you to get whatever you need.”

“You mean I shouldn’t wear my suit to the parade?” Alex teased, following Maggie over to her car.

“You could go full power dyke aesthetic,” Maggie laughed, not bothering to add how much her type it would be ever since falling for Bette in The L Word.

“Now you’re gonna have to explain all the categories to me. Winn already gave me the full rundown of the bears and cubs and otters and stuff. Do lesbians get sorted into different kinds of animals too?”

“No, there are some labels, though they’re not nearly as intense as in the gay community. We’ll go over your lesbian education after the parade. Speaking of, how was your night with your friend and her girlfriend?”

“Oh, they’re great!” Alex exclaimed as she climbed into Maggie’s car, tossing her bag into the backseat. As Maggie began driving them home, she told her all about their dinner and the stories she’d gotten to hear from Lucy and Susan, who apparently went by Vasquez most of the time.

“How’d they meet?” Maggie asked, secretly wondering about how Alex had so many queer friends.

“Vasquez was one of the instructors at the police academy while Kara was there. Kara, being the living embodiment of sunshine that she is, actually managed to get Vasquez to smile during training, and once she had graduated from the academy, she became friends with her. Kara invited her to my housewarming, she met Lucy, and the rest is history, I guess.”

“Aww, that’s sort of cute.”

“Yeah, yeah. Anyway, what about you? Got any friends coming to Pride?”

“A few, though most of them are marching in the parade this year, so they’ll be pretty busy. A lot of
my friends are still in Gotham, so I try to make it out to their Pride on the years when it doesn’t overlap with National City’s.”

“That’s fun,” Alex smiled. “Now…what do I wear?”

Maggie shrugged as she parked the car. “Whatever you want. It’s supposed to be pretty warm, but otherwise it’s your call.”

“Okay.” Alex didn’t quite know why she was so nervous about doing something wrong tomorrow, but she definitely didn’t want Maggie to think she had made a mistake by inviting her.

As they strolled into Maggie’s apartment, Alex flung herself down on the bed. “Oh, flat surfaces, my old friend!”

Chuckling, Maggie shook her head at Alex’s antics and moved to grab them both some old t-shirts and boxer shorts to sleep in. “Since you’ve claimed the whole bed, want me to take the sofa?” Maggie offered.

“Excuse me. Half the fun of a sleepover is getting to cuddle and fall asleep watching shitty television. Get your butt in here!”

Swallowing the excitement that bubbled up in her chest at hearing Alex say that she liked cuddling with her, Maggie nodded, pulling on her pajamas and climbing in next to Alex, studiously avoiding looking at her as she changed clothes.

“So, what do we watch tonight?” Alex asked, pulling Maggie closer to her and dropping her head to the detective’s shoulder. For the first time all day she finally felt like she was able to relax.

“Just go look under recently watched and pick something,” Maggie yawned. Despite how wound up as she had been all day, she could already feel herself crashing now that Alex’s warm arms were wrapped around her.

After a few minutes, Alex had on an old episode of The Great British Bake Off.

“Night, Al,” Maggie whispered, pulling the covers up to her chin and rolling onto her side to face Alex.

“Night, Mags,” Alex whispered back, feeling her heart warm at the sight of her best friend finally letting go of some of the stress of the day.

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The next morning, Maggie was shocked to realize they had both managed to sleep til 9. Of course, having been at work until almost midnight helped, but still, her body normally forced her out of bed by 7 most days.

“Morning,” she yawned, seeing Alex begin to stir.

“Not yet,” Alex grumbled, wrapping her arms around Maggie’s neck and pulling her back down into the bed to continue snuggling.

Maggie tried not to read too much into anything. Alex was straight, she kept repeating to herself. Best friends cuddled. Sure, the neck thing felt more couple-y than usual, like she was about to pull Maggie down into a kiss, but it wasn’t totally out of the ordinary. She couldn’t help but feel that somehow their relationship had shifted slightly since her last breakup. Alex hadn’t hidden her dislike
of Rachel, but it was more than that; the way she talked about her feelings sounded almost…jealous, as though she were feeling possessive over Maggie in a way she really hadn’t with past girlfriends. Maggie wondered if it was because this relationship had lasted longer than any since Emily, who Alex had never met, or because Rachel had also seemed inordinately jealous about how close Maggie and Alex were, despite Maggie’s reassurances that Alex was her very straight best friend.

After a few more minutes, Maggie grew impatient. Too aware of the way their bodies seemed to fit perfectly together, Maggie couldn’t relax. “Alex,” she whined. “Get up! We need a big breakfast before the parade.”

“Fine,” Alex huffed, “but you’re cooking.”

“When do I not?”

“Uhm, I double toast your gross dry bagels for you.”

“Yeah...that’s not cooking.”

“No, it’s burning. But that’s what you’ve requested,” Alex teased, finally releasing Maggie as she stretched her arms above her head. “You excited for today?”

“Yeah, I mean, it’s always fun.”

“Hey, c’mon, am I making this less exciting for you? Do you want me to do a better job of hyping it up?”

Maggie chuckled, pulling herself out of bed. “No, no. You’re good. I think I’m just a little sleepy. Coffee and food will work their wonders soon enough.” As she padded around the kitchen gathering ingredients, Maggie tried to shake herself out of the weird mood. Going out and being around tons of other LGBTQ folks always made her feel better, and she didn’t see any reason for today to be an exception. Plus, Alex was probably right; she would likely meet someone. It didn’t matter that she wouldn’t be Alex; Alex wasn’t an option.

As soon as Maggie left the room, Alex has flopped back down on the bed, excited to enjoy a few more minutes of dozing before she really needed to get up. She found herself migrating to Maggie’s side of the bed and nuzzling into the other woman’s pillow, which smelled like Maggie’s shampoo—sort of citrusy, but not overwhelmingly so. The thought made her smile as she drifted back to sleep.

Rolling her eyes at the sight of Alex asleep again, Maggie called out: “Wake up! I come bearing pancakes.”

“Fine,” Alex sighed, forcing her eyes open.

“And how did you end up on my side of the bed?”

“It’s nicer; it smells like you,” Alex answered, too sleepy to think before speaking.

Blushing faintly, Maggie tried to ignore the voice in her head screaming that friends didn’t care about how their friends smelled, and they definitely didn’t choose where they slept based on it. “Right, well, scoot over. We can eat in bed.”

Once they finished eating and Alex had loaded the dishwasher, she came back to find Maggie pulling on the most colorful outfit she’d ever seen the detective wear.

“That shirt is...pink,” Alex laughed.
“It’s the one day a year when you’ll find me in color, so enjoy it while it lasts,” Maggie replied, winking.

“The, uh, those shorts, they’ll probably help…with the ladies, ya know?” Alex stumbled over her words as she noticed Maggie’s black spandex running shorts that were highlighting all of her curves. Of course, Alex was allowed to notice this; magazines told her to notice these things. She certainly shouldn’t feel weird about the way the image made her heart race slightly.

Maggie laughed, trying not to notice the way Alex’s eyes had lingered on her backside. “We’ll see.” She threw on a pair of white converse she had painted rainbow with a group of her friends in Gotham before their first Pride parade. Since she only wore them for a handful of events a year, they were basically good as new. She laughed at the sight of the glitter still stuck on the laces from last year, wondering at just how much of the stuff she’d drag home this year.

Grabbing her phone, keys, sunglasses, and wallet, Maggie made for the door. “Alright, you ready to go?”

“Yeah, sure,” Alex nodded, following Maggie and hoping that no one would see her leaving in her pajamas with her work clothes in a bag. They spent most of their time at Alex’s place, since it was larger and closer to the precinct, so Alex had never worried about keeping a set of clothes at Maggie’s place, whereas the detective had more than a few outfits in her closet.

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After a bit of fretting, Alex was finally ready to go. Like Maggie, she didn’t have much color in her regular wardrobe, save for some maroons and blues, but she found a pair of blue shorts that she paired with a white tank top with a rainbow on it that Kara had left at her place one night. With a thorough application of sunscreen, she was set.

“Alright,” Maggie explained, “we’re going to park at the station and walk the five blocks over, since they close down most of the roads around the parade.”

“Got it,” Alex nodded. “Kara and Lena are on their way with Lucy and Vasquez, so you can also ditch me whenever, you know?”

“Alex, seriously, I don’t mind hanging out with my best friend at the parade.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, I’m sure,” Maggie reassured her.

“Okay, well, would you want to hang out with the whole gang?”

“Yeah, that works. It’s actually better if you have a big group; you can’t get pushed out of your spot as easily.”

“Oh, yeah, I doubt that Lucy would let that happen anyway,” Alex laughed.

“Then I think Lucy and I are going to get along just fabulously.”

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“Kara!” Alex called out, spotting her sister’s blonde ponytail in the crowd.

“Alex! Yay, we found you!” Kara exclaimed, wrapping her sister in a tight hug. “I see you also
found my shirt,” she laughed. Noticing Maggie, she waved to her as well. “Hey, Maggie! Love the shoes!”

“Why thank you! Love the glitter.”

Kara blushed slightly, wondering if she had overdone it a bit. She meant to just dust her cheeks with it, but then she’d gotten some on her upper arms, so she figured both arms needed to match, and before long basically her whole body was covered in glitter.

“Maggie, this is Lucy Lane, and this is Susan Vasquez,” Alex introduced, gesturing between her friends.

“Nice to meet you,” Maggie said, extending her hand.

“You too,” Vasquez added, returning the handshake. She couldn’t help but notice how cute Maggie was, thinking of all the single friends she had who would kill to be set up with a woman like her.

Lucy was a bit preoccupied scouting out locations for their group. Once she spotted one, she was up and pulling everyone with her. It was survival of the fittest out here, and Lucy Lane was not one to sit back.

Once they had gotten settled in, Lucy finally turned around and properly introduced herself to Maggie, while Alex caught up with Kara and Lena.

“Dykes on Bike!” Vasquez called out, hearing the distant rumble of engines drawing closer.

“Who?” Alex asked, but Maggie just gestured as a huge line of women drove by on very nice motorcycles—so nice, in fact, that it took Alex almost a full three seconds to notice that wrapped around the drivers were shirtless women waving rainbow flags. She didn’t think she had seen that many boobs…ever. Before she could ask whether it was even legal to be topless, Maggie, Lucy, and Vasquez’s loud cheering was drowning out all thought. She didn’t think she had ever seen Maggie or Vasquez look quite so gleeful.

It wasn’t until they had passed that Maggie turned around, eyes sparkling in delight, to explain: “Dykes on Bikes start the parade every year. They’re pretty amazing, huh?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah that was something. So do they, uh, audition? Or do you just have to own a motorcycle?”

“It’s a group, but anyone with a bike can join,” Vasquez chimed in, having once considered it herself.

“Why don’t you do it?” Alex asked, looking at Maggie. She knew the woman adored her motorcycle; it was one of the first things they had bonded over during Maggie’s early weeks at NCPD.

Blushing slightly, Maggie shrugged. “Not like I’ve got someone to ride on the back.”

“Please,” Alex scoffed, nudging Maggie, “you know women would line up around the block for you.” She tried not to think about that image, but found it rather stuck with her, turning her cheeks and chest a faint pink.

Vasquez watched the interchange with interest. Was that sexual tension? She was the first to admit that she assumed Alex was gay until Kara had corrected her, but she’d bet money that Alex had just given Maggie the up and down. And now she had her arm wrapped around Maggie’s waist, leaning
in slightly to listen to Maggie’s descriptions of the different floats that went by, along with her own commentary about the coopting of pride by corporate and sometimes rather conservative sponsors. It almost made her nostalgic for the homegrown parades of years past, back when the floats were homemade and the participants weren’t primarily white gay men with sculpted six packs coated in baby oil.

Over the next half hour, the group watched and cheered as the floats went by, jumping to catch the beads and novelty gifts thrown from some of the floats. Pretty soon, they all had a collection of rainbow beads strung around their necks and pockets full of lollipops and condoms.

“Here, I’ll trade ya so we’ve both got something we can use!” a man in a shimmery rainbow top announced, holding out a handful of rectangular packets and gesturing at Alex’s condoms.

“Uh, sure?” Alex wasn’t quite sure what had happened and turned around as soon as he left to ask Maggie to explain.

Biting back a grin, Maggie just gestured for Alex to get Lucy to explain.

“He thought you were gay,” Lucy chimed in. “He gave you a bunch of dental dams in exchange for condoms.”

“Oh…um, okay,” Alex nodded.

“You can have our condoms,” Vasquez offered, seeing as both she and Lucy had fistfuls from the last float.

“Eh,” Alex shrugged. “Not like I’ve needed one for years.”

While Lucy was shrieking about how she would find someone for Alex while she was in town because years was unacceptable if Alex still wanted sex, Vasquez caught the smile that quickly appeared (and just as quickly disappeared) from Maggie’s face at hearing how long it had been for Alex, then hearing Lucy’s promise to remedy the situation.

“It’s really fine, Luce,” Alex explained, trying to end the conversation before her face turned an even brighter shade of red.

“Danvers! It’s good to get laid!”

“I, just, it’s never as good as, whatever, it’s fine, okay?” Alex huffed.

Luckily Vasquez intervened, pulling Lucy into her chest and kissing the top of her head. “We can have plenty of sex to make up for it,” she whispered, though Kara, with her freakishly good hearing, caught it and glared, remembering that Lucy and Vasquez were staying at her place again.

As the parade began to wind down, the crowd dispersed as everyone headed to find some place to eat before the parties started that night. “What do you wanna do for food?” Maggie asked, looking at Alex.

“Uhm, anything is good with me. Are there places that have Pride specials?”

“Honestly? Any restaurant within a 10-block radius of the parade route is going to have stuff going on. They know what a big boom today is for business.”

“Should we go to The Dirty Robber, then? It is our place. We can see if Megan is in?”
“Yeah, that works,” Maggie nodded. Given the new heavily vegan menu, the restaurant was sure to be crawling with queer women.

“Our place?” Vasquez mouthed at Kara, earning a shrug and a small smile. It wasn’t her place to question her sister’s relationship with Maggie. According to Alex, they were best friends, and Kara would stick with it until Alex told her otherwise.

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Alex looked on, a small frown on her face, as what seemed like the twentieth woman approached Maggie with a smile and her number.

“What’s up?” Vasquez asked, motioning to Alex’s furrowed brow.

“Nothing,” Alex grumbled. “Maggie’s just…making a lot of friends.”

“She is a very attractive woman,” Vasquez laughed.

Rounding on Vasquez, Alex scowled. “You have a girlfriend! She isn’t yours to look at that way.”

Biting back a grin at Alex’s wording, Vasquez nodded appeasingly. “I know I have a girlfriend—a smoking hot girlfriend. I just meant that your friend is hot; it makes sense that other people have noticed her. But, uh, she isn’t mine, huh? Whose is she?”

“Whatever,” Alex waved off the question, turning her attention back to the menu as though she might order something new. “I’m gonna get a drink from the bar. Want anything?”

“I’m good,” Vasquez answered, determined to figure out what was going on in dear Alex’s head. She resolved to ask Lucy, since her girlfriend was a bit closer to Kara’s older sister than she was.

While Alex was up at the bar waiting for her beer, a woman who looked to be about her age sidled up next to her. “Hey,” she said, grinning at Alex. “I’m Marisha. What’s your name?”

“Alex,” she answered warily, wondering why the woman was being so friendly.

“What are you drinking?” Marisha asked, moving closer to Alex.

“Uh, beer.” Trying to be polite, she asked, “And you? What’s your drink of choice?”

Across the room, Maggie stood with her arms crossed, watching intently as some woman—a very pretty woman, she thought angrily—put her hand on Alex’s arm and laughed loudly at a joke Maggie was sure wasn’t all that funny. But Alex wasn’t moving the woman’s hand or leaving.

“Why the anger? It’s Pride,” Lucy asked, looking at Maggie’s very obvious scowl.

“I’m not. It’s just, someone should go tell that woman that Danvers isn’t interested.”

“What if she is interested? You heard how long it’s been. Maybe she’s ready to try dipping her toes into the lady pond,” Lucy teased, only to be greeted with an even deeper scowl.

“I think someone should make sure she’s okay,” Maggie declared, striding across the bar and straight to Alex.

“Hey,” she smiled, wrapping her arm around Alex’s waist. “They said our table is almost ready.”

“Oh, great!” Alex beamed at Maggie. “Maggie, this is Marisha. She’s new to National City and
wanted to hear about the best things to do for Pride. I told her you were the best resource.”

Marisha plastered a fake smile on her face. “Since you have your table, I won’t keep you any longer. I’m sure I can find other people with recommendations too.”

“Huh, she had really wanted to talk.” Alex shrugged, clearly confused about the rapid change in demeanor.

“Yeah, well, I think she only wanted to talk to you, Al.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean she was hitting on you.”

“Oh. Really? She’s so pretty. Why would she possibly talk to me?”

Because you’re gorgeous, Maggie thought. “Not so bad yourself, Danvers,” she shrugged instead.

Over lunch, both Lucy and Vasquez stayed in observation mode, texting each other plenty of updates from under the table as they kept tabs on Alex and Maggie’s non-relationship relationship. Luckily Kara was too busy giggling and holding hands with Lena to notice their spying; otherwise Kara would surely have chastised them for it.

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Sanvers Detective/ME AU Part 5

Chapter Summary

Thanks so much for all of the feedback on the past few chapters! I'll respond soon enough, but I figured you'd prefer another chapter. Sit back and enjoy a heavy helping of feelings and light angst

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After lunch, they decided to part ways, since everyone but Alex wanted to rest up before the parties that night.

Before Alex could head back to her place (or, more likely, Maggie’s, Lucy thought), Lucy grabbed her. “Hey! Alex, it’s been too long. Let’s catch up, shall we?”

“Umm, we just had dinner, but sure. I have missed you, Luce.”

“Yeah, you live close, right? Let me walk you home.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded, still slightly confused.

Once they had gotten far enough away from everyone, Lucy turned to face Alex. “Alright, you like how I’m pretty no nonsense, straight to the point, right?”

“Yeah, I mean, it was the worst when I barely knew you,” she teased, “but now I know it’s just part of who you are.”

“Right. So here’s the deal. Are you and Maggie a thing?”

“What? Pfft, no,” Alex brushed off the question, laughing slightly too loudly. She’d heard the question enough times that it didn’t really rattle her, but hearing her own friend ask was new.

“Alex, I’m serious. If you aren’t into her like that, you need to let her go.”

“She’s my best friend!” Alex snapped. “I’m not going to stop hanging out with her because people think we’re a couple. She still dates plenty of other people!”

“How long have those relationships lasted?”

“I don’t know. A few months, maybe.”

“And when did her last relationship end?”

Alex shrugged, feeling herself growing defensive and trying to shake it off. “Around the holidays, I think.”

“So it’s been half a year since she’s dated anyone?”

“Yeah, and? It’s been years since I’ve dated anyone.”
“Not really helping, Al. Look, I’m just saying, falling for a straight girl, especially your straight best friend, is like, the oldest story in the book. And it will fuck you up in the worst of ways. So if you don’t think of her like that, you need to make that clear, okay?”

“Fine,” Alex shrugged, not wanting to pay attention to the way her gut clenched at the idea of having to give up any of what she had with Maggie. “Look, I’m tired. Out in the sun all day. I’m just gonna, I’m gonna go home. Are you okay to get to Kara’s?”

“Alex,” Lucy pleaded. She knew she had been a little harsh, but she had been the gay friend hopelessly pining after the best friend that would flirt back when it was convenient without ever letting it mean anything more, and she knew just how badly it could hurt. “Please?”

“I’m just tired, Luce. I’ll talk to you later.”

Lucy swallowed thickly as Alex walked quickly off in the direction of her apartment. Eventually she turned and walked back toward Kara’s place.

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Back at Kara’s apartment, Vasquez was sitting down with Kara while Lena ran back to her place to get clothes for that night.

“Kara,” Vasquez began, searching for the right words.

“Vasquez,” Kara teased.

“I know that you’re going to say it isn’t my business, but I have to ask: what’s going on with your sister and Maggie? I mean, I know they aren’t a couple, but they sure act like one.”

“It’s her life, Vas,” Kara shrugged.

“Yeah…but she was pissed when girls were hitting on Maggie, and she’s so touchy with her, and they have ‘a place.’ You’ve got to admit, it seems coupley.”

“It’s good for Alex to have friends, okay?”

“Fine,” Vasquez sighed, though she didn’t seem pleased.

“Look,” Kara said, dropping her voice. “I see it, alright? Of course I see it. They act like a couple. They’ve both been single for months, and neither of them seems to be looking, which is fine and a totally valid choice, but it sure seems like they’re not looking because they’re already in a relationship. But Alex has never said anything about being other than straight, so I’m not going to push her on it, especially given the way she freaked out last time I tried to bring it up.”

“Wait, you’ve talked to her about it?”

“Well, not about Maggie,” Kara clarified. “Our high school had a big reunion for all the classes to celebrate its centennial, and we ran into this girl, Vicky, that used to be Alex’s best friend. I made some joke later about Alex having a crush on her and that being the reason she’d gotten mad enough to end the friendship over Vicky’s new boyfriend, and she freaked. She got plastered, and I had to carry her home and hide her outside until Eliza went to bed.”

“Oh, fuck.”

“Oh, fuck, what?” Lucy asked, popping her head in the door.
“Nothing!” Kara exclaimed, smiling innocently.

“She already knows, Kara,” Vasquez explained.

“Are you two talking about her?”

“Oh, you mean Alex and her totally platonic girlfriend?” Lucy asked. Kara dropped her head into her hands while Vasquez chuckled. “She, um, she might need to talk to someone who isn’t me in the near future,” Lucy admitted, looking sheepishly at Kara.

“What’d you do?” Kara asked, looking almost panicked.

“I just told her that if she isn’t into Maggie, then she needs to let the woman find someone else to date. You know as well as I do how much it sucks to fall for a straight girl. Does Siobhan not ring any bells for you?”

“Fine,” Kara grumbled, making a note to text Alex in a couple of hours just to check in.

“So…she probably won’t be coming to any of the parties tonight, huh?” Vasquez asked, looking to Kara.

“Definitely not,” Kara shook her head. “And it’s really for the best that we don’t put her near that much booze.”

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Across town, Alex sulked around her apartment. Her first instinct had been to call Maggie, since that was what she normally did when she was upset or wanted to talk to someone, but now apparently she wasn’t supposed to. She tried reading, then watching television, but nothing seemed distracting enough for her current mood. So she took a long shower, then got in bed, wondering if she might be able to fall asleep.

Instead, she spent half an hour on top of her blankets staring at the ceiling and running through all of her interactions with Maggie. Was she keeping her best friend from having a fulfilling life? Sure, she hadn’t liked Rachel, but it wasn’t like the relationship was particularly healthy. Rachel had tried to police Maggie’s time and friendships—okay, only with her, but still. She had never been anything but supportive of Maggie’s earlier relationships. They hadn’t lasted, but she was sure Maggie (or her exes) had perfectly legitimate reasons for ending them.

The second she let her mind flit to the possibility that maybe she and Maggie should date, her mother’s face popped into view, telling her how she needed to set the right example for her new foster sister, how she should try harder, how she should strive for perfection. She could hear Kara’s objections—she was out, and Eliza had never been anything other than supportive—but she also knew that Kara had never been held to quite the same standards. Kara received leeway Alex never had and somehow managed to still surpass any expectation Eliza set.

A text from Kara pulled her out of her thoughts. “Hey, how are you?”

“Fine.”

“Okay, um, that doesn’t seem really fine…”

“What? Lucy talk to you?” Alex could just picture them all huddled up in Kara’s apartment dissecting the minutiae of her relationship with Maggie, trying to parse out her sexuality like it was their right to know or discern it for her.
“Alex, I’m just checking in. I wanted to make sure you got home alright, see if you want to do sister night tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Alex replied, knowing it would settle Kara’s nerves. She really didn’t need her sister coming over when she was still so freaked out about Lucy’s comments.

“Perfect! I’ll bring ice cream, and you can even pick the movie.”

Alex replied with the thumbs up emoji. She knew the offer was more of a bribe than anything, but she still appreciated the opportunity to not have to sit through another romcom.

Seeing that it was after 5, Alex figured she probably deserved a drink stronger than the beer she got at lunch. It wasn’t unhealthy if she waited for happy hour. Plus, Lucy had clearly been sipping from a flask throughout the parade, and she saw plenty of drunk people out and about. She was just fitting in.

A few fingers of whiskey later, Alex finally felt like she could relax slightly. She settled in with Netflix, ignoring the text Maggie had sent, and searched for a show to watch. She settled for Gray’s Anatomy, since Kara was already fully caught up, while Alex was still back on season 5. When she remembered what Callie and Erica’s storyline had been lately, she topped off her glass once more, settling back down on the couch.

Alex woke up slightly confused, clearly having fallen asleep, though she didn’t think it had been for that long. Netflix was still playing, so it hadn’t been long enough that they wanted to know if she was still watching—always a good sign. Focusing back in on the episode, she found that it was exactly the storyline she’d been avoiding front and center on her screen. She took a deep breath and decided to power through. After all, she wasn’t gay, so it shouldn’t matter that someone else was going through these emotions.

“You are glasses! I am so gay. I am so, so, so gay. I am extremely gay!” Erica exclaimed. Alex rubbed her eyes. She had definitely missed something because none of that made sense. So she found herself rewinding. Just to get the context right, of course. As she sat through the full speech, she felt vaguely uncomfortable, though she couldn’t pinpoint what exactly was wrong. Maybe it was just because it had been so damn long since she’d been on a date…or, as Lucy kept reminding her, gotten laid. It just wasn’t good or fun or any of the things she wanted it to be. She didn’t dwell on why that sounded vaguely reminiscent of the missing point Erica mentioned. Surely sex with women would be just as unsatisfying as sex with men, Alex reasoned. None of them were the same as her vibrator, and that’s all she needed. Maybe that was what she needed… Turning off the television and pouring just a splash of whiskey more into her cup, Alex made her way into her bedroom, kicking the door shut for good measure.

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As Alex rubbed her eyes, she turned over in bed, rolling into Maggie’s warm body. “Hey,” she mumbled, voice thick with sleep.

“Morning,” Maggie whispered, wrapping an arm around Alex to keep her close.

“Do we need to be up for work?” Alex asked.

“No, you’re fine. It’s just Sunday.” Alex relaxed as Maggie ran her fingers through Alex’s hair.

“Oh. Oh, good.”

“Mhm. Should we start our day off right?” Maggie asked, grinning widely.
“What do you mean?”

“What do you mean?” Maggie trailed off, letting Alex put it together. As soon as Alex nodded, Maggie was ducking down and pressing her lips against Alex’s—softly at first, then building in intensity. Alex whimpered as Maggie’s tongue flicked into her mouth and her hands dragged down her body, fingertips dancing across her stomach, then down to her inner thighs.

“How about a repeat of last night…” Maggie trailed off, letting Alex put it together. As soon as Alex nodded, Maggie was ducking down and pressing her lips against Alex’s—softly at first, then building in intensity. Alex whimpered as Maggie’s tongue flicked into her mouth and her hands dragged down her body, fingertips dancing across her stomach, then down to her inner thighs.

“Maggie,” Alex panted, rolling to flip them over. Only when she flipped, she wasn’t on top of Maggie; she was alone in bed, sweaty and tangled up in her sheets with a terrible hangover that was only going to get worse as she tried to figure out what the fuck she had been dreaming about.

Chapter End Notes

Come chat with me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Sanvers Couch Makeout

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Could you write a good ol' couch makeout for sanvers?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Can I help you?” Maggie asked, laughing as Alex’s hand found its way to her thigh again.

“No, we’re just watching a movie,” Alex answered, smiling innocently back at Maggie.

“Right…” Shaking her head, Maggie tried to return her attention to the movie, eventually threading her fingers through Alex’s to try to make them less distracting. They’d been dating for a couple of weeks at that point, and they’d gotten quite comfortable with making out and touching each other under their clothing, but they had agreed to move slowly, make sure that they were both completely ready at every step. That didn’t stop either one of them from wanting more or from kissing each other at every opportunity. But tonight they were really supposed to be watching a movie, and Maggie was trying so hard to pay attention.

Noting Maggie’s determination to actually watch the movie, Alex gave up, dropping her head to Maggie’s lap and focusing her attention back on the film. Sure, she’d missed a little bit, but she had confidence that she would catch up soon enough.

Maggie grinned down at the image of Alex looking so completely relaxed in her lap. She ran her fingers through Alex’s hair, watching as the last of the day’s stress seemed to seep out of her body. She soon switched her attention to Alex’s arm, gently kneading at the tight muscles in her shoulder, then running her fingers up and down Alex’s biceps, tracing random patterns across her forearms.

Alex sighed contentedly, reaching up and pulling Maggie’s hand down to her ribs before placing her own on top of it. She seemed to settle in, curling around the soft pressure of Maggie’s hand.

A little further into the movie, Alex stretched, her shirt pulling up and leaving part of her very toned stomach exposed. And really? Could anyone blame Maggie for getting distracted? So she let her fingers drop a little lower, gently skimming the warm skin below her shirt’s hem.

“Mm, can I help you?” Alex teased, throwing Maggie’s question back at her.

“No, no. We’re watching a movie.”

“You know, they made this crazy new invention. It’s called pause.”

“Shut up, Danvers,” Maggie laughed, tickling Alex for just a second before she remembered how Alex’s agent training had kicked in the last time and she’d almost ended up with a broken nose.

As a show of her gratitude, Alex hit pause and rolled over so that she was facing Maggie. “Kiss me?”

“How could I say no?” And then Maggie was leaning over and helping Alex to sit up, their mouths
searching one another out. Maggie smiled as soon as her lips met Alex’s, feeling Alex return the expression. Throwing her arms around Alex’s back, Maggie hugged her closed, kissing her harder, more insistently. Alex’s lips were soft and pliant, moving perfectly with her own.

As Alex let her hands dip under Maggie’s shirt, feeling the muscles in her back tense, then relax at her touch, Alex deepened the kiss, pulling Maggie’s lower lip between her own and sucking lightly, earning a whimper from the smaller woman.

And suddenly Maggie was carefully (though not particularly gracefully), squirming out from under Alex and throwing one leg over her lap. “Is this okay?”

“Yes,” Alex sighed, lowering her head down to let Maggie lie on top of her. Seeing Maggie’s slight hesitation, she looped an arm around the back of Maggie’s neck and drew her down, trying to communicate that she was perfectly happy to be getting horizontal again.

Smiling, Maggie dropped back down to Alex’s lips. Once they had settled back into a rhythm, Maggie flicked her tongue into Alex’s mouth, tasting the peppermint ice cream and coffee she’d had after dinner. Her whole body shivered as Alex threaded her fingers through her hair, her short nails scratching deliciously at the back of her neck and head.

Without thinking, Maggie moved one leg between Alex’s own, pressing down in response to the small whimpers Alex was making. And then Alex’s hand were on her ass, urging her ever closer as her mouth opened wider, her lips and tongue responding to every small thrust of Maggie’s hips. Pulling back to gulp down air, Alex let her mouth drop to Maggie’s neck, grinning as the smaller woman shuddered on top of her at the contact.

Maggie could tell that she’d have marks that would need to be covered the next day, but she couldn’t quite bring herself to care. Because Alex was nipping and sucking, then soothing the skin with her talented tongue, and that was all Maggie wanted. Well, maybe not all, but all that she wanted from tonight.

When Alex had finished with one side of Maggie’s neck, Maggie dropped her mouth back down to capture Alex’s lips, deciding she probably had enough hickeys for one night. “This is amazing,” she whispered, her breath warm on Alex’s lips as her hand moved up to cradle Alex’s jaw lightly.

“It really is,” Alex sighed.

“But it’s late.”

“And we have work tomorrow,” Alex admitted.

“But I’ll see you for dinner?” Maggie checked.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Alex grinned, pressing a chaste kiss to Maggie’s lips before she could get up and leave for the night.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Maggie added, pressing another kiss to Alex’s lips.

“Tomorrow,” Alex repeated, copying the gesture.

“I’m leaving,” Maggie laughed, finally pulling herself off Alex.

“Bye.”

“Bye.
“Tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers Detective/ME AU Part 6

Chapter Summary

We've got Supercorp and Vasquez/Lucy shenanigans, some Maggie, some Alex, and some Danvers sisters bonding here!
I've got 2-3 more parts plotted for this particular AU, though if it looks like there are more requests after that, I'd be open to making it a new fic/separating it out

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The morning after Pride, Maggie woke up with a pounding headache, a harness still strapped to her hips, and a woman in her bed who looked far too much like Alex Danvers for Maggie to pretend like she had her crush under control. Since it was her bed and her apartment, she couldn’t very well pull on her clothes, creep out of the room, and act like nothing had happened.

Apparently the sun was a little too bright for the other woman as well, forcing her eyes awake as she blinked and rolled over. “Hey,” she rasped, grinning lazily up at Maggie.

“Morning,” Maggie greeted, wondering how to end this. Because the woman had Alex’s hair but not her eyes, her bearing but not her personality—none of the things that actually made Alex Alex.

As if she could see the panic in Maggie’s eyes (and Maggie guessed she probably could), the woman pulled herself out of bed. “Last night was fun, but I should really get going. Friends will wonder why I’m not at post-Pride brunch,” she laughed.

“Right, right. I should also probably check in with my friends.” One in particular. “Need to find out how their nights went too.”

As she pulled on her shirt and stuffed her feet into her shoes, the woman nodded, adding: “Morning after brunch is one of the best parts of Pride. Well, enjoy yourself. Maybe I’ll see you around.”

“Yeah, maybe. Have fun at brunch.”

With a small wave and a smile, she was out the door, leaving Maggie alone with her headache and her racing thoughts. She checked her phone, finding that Alex still hadn’t replied to any of her messages from the night before. As much as she knew that calling was probably a bad idea, she also needed to hear that Alex was alright.

“Hello?” Alex answered.

“Hey, I, um, I guess you’re fine? I just wanted to make sure you were okay, since you didn’t answer any of my texts. Which is fine too!” Maggie ground her teeth, wondering when she had turned into such an idiot. Clearly she was still smooth enough to get someone to come home with her. Someone…Kate! That was her name.

Alex interrupted her inner monologue: “Oh, yeah, sorry. I was just…tired after the parade. I fell asleep watching some television.” That was true enough.
“Oh, okay. That’s good. Um, did you want to do something today?”

Alex sucked her lower lip between her teeth, debating what the right answer was. On the one hand, of course she wanted to see Maggie. She was her best friend; she always wanted to see Maggie. On the other hand, she didn’t necessarily want to see the woman who starred in her sex dreams last night. Plus, Lucy had suggested she back off a little bit. “Oh, I’d love to, but Kara and I are hanging out today.” Totally true. “Um, how was your night, though?”

“Oh, it was…fine.”

“Meet anyone?” Alex asked, trying to sound as supportive as possible.

“No one special,” Maggie replied honestly. “Anyway, I guess I’ll let you go get ready for Kara. See you tomorrow, Al.”

“See ya, Mags.” Alex did not feel any better after hanging up the phone. She already missed Maggie’s voice and hated herself for feeling that way. After a few minutes of deliberating, she decided to call Kara. It was already noon; she was probably awake at this point.

“Hello?” came Lena’s voice.

“Oh, hey, Lena. It’s Alex. Is, uh, Kara there?”

“Mhm, one second.” Alex heard scuffling noises before, “Kara, wake up. Wake up! It’s your sister.”

“’Lo?” Kara yawned into the phone.

“Hey, Kar, sorry for waking you.”

“No, no, it’s fine. What’s up?” Kara asked, rubbing sleep from her eyes and glaring jealously at Lena as she burrowed back under the covers.

“I just wanted to say hey. See when you wanted to meet for sister night.”

“Right! Yeah, wanna say 5? We can order Chinese food and watch movies?”

“Sounds great. I’ll let you get back to bed.”

“Thanks, Alex,” Kara replied, listening as Alex said goodbye before hanging up the phone. She dropped back into bed, groaning as her body seemed to protest the effort.

“So, what happened to Ms. I never get hangovers?” Lena teased.

“Shut up, please. I don’t know what I was drinking, but the whole world was…floaty.”

“I know,” Lena said, letting out an uncharacteristic giggle. “You told the whole bar. You may have also implied that you could fly.”

“Urgh, no more of those drinks. Ever.” Looking around, Kara narrowed her eyes. “Why is the bed full of glitter?”

Lena shrugged. “Your guess is as good as mine. Should we go see how our guests are doing?”

Kara nodded, excited at least to hear about Lucy and Vasquez’s night. She stumbled out into the living room, finding Vasquez happily curled up on the couch under the blanket and an almost completely naked Lucy sprawled out across the floor, which was, luckily, carpeted.
“Good morning, princess,” Kara called out, laughing when Lucy groggily blinked open her eyes, clearly unsure about where she was or how she had gotten there.

“Make the room stop spinning,” Lucy grumbled, slowly pulling her head off the ground.

“Hey, babe, maybe try a shirt?” Vasquez suggested, looking surprisingly awake.

“Why don’t you look like the rest of us?” Lena asked, eyes narrowed at Vasquez’s chipper demeanor.

“Because someone needed to make sure this one got home safely,” she laughed, looking at Lucy who was still sprawled out in nothing but boxer shorts.

“I wasn’t that drunk,” Lucy protested.

“Nope, not at all. You were very sober, babe,” Vasquez teased, throwing a shirt at Lucy.

“Well, I’ll make pancakes and coffee,” Kara volunteered, pulling Lena with her. “And seriously, Luce, put on a shirt. If we can behave, so can you.” She stuck her tongue out at Lucy, who grinned wickedly back at her.

“You call what you did last night behaving?”

Looking suddenly nervous, Kara shrugged. “Uh, yes?”

“Mhm…okay, then.”

“Wait, what happened? I still remember just about all of last night, and I don’t recall doing anything that crazy while we were out except making out with Lena in front of a whole bunch of people.”

“Oh, no, you were good while we were out,” Vasquez clarified, biting back a grin. “I think Luce is talking about when we got home.”

Kara closed her eyes, trying to recall what had happened. She remembered Vasquez shuffling them all inside and getting them water and snacks. In retrospect, she should have realized the other woman was still sober. And then she remembered taking Lena to the bedroom. She wondered if they had been loud…

“So you don’t remember telling us about how you had learned about contouring with glitter from some of the drag queens?” Vasquez asked.

“Oh, yeah! Shit…is that why my bed is full of glitter?”

“Probably,” Lucy nodded, smirking at Kara. “You also decided to demonstrate for us—specifically how one enhances cleavage with glitter. And you wanted to practice on Lena, even though, and I’ll quote, ‘she already has the best boobs ever.’ But when the glitter wasn’t sticking, you decided it needed some…adhesive, so you licked your girlfriend’s tits in front of everyone then poured, like, a bag of glitter on her.”

“Crud.”

Lena pulled her collar away from her neck, looking down her shirt and finding that she did, indeed, have an inordinate amount of glitter stuck to her chest. “You’re helping me wash this off,” Lena demanded, mock-glaring at Kara.

“‘Yes, ma’am,” Kara teased, looking far too pleased with her punishment.
“Anyway…” Vasquez trailed off, really not needing to see any more after last night. “What are your plans for the day?”

“I should head back to my apartment soon,” Lena admitted, looking slightly sad at the idea. “I need to get laundry done before we go back to work tomorrow.”

“And I’m meeting with Alex tonight,” Kara added, sending a slightly annoyed look in Lucy’s direction.

“Can you tell her that I’m sorry for being a little too…forward?” Lucy asked, looking mollified.

“Yeah, yeah, I can do that. What time are you guys heading back?”

“Honestly? We should probably leave pretty soon,” Vasquez answered, looking at her watch. “But we’ll stay for breakfast!”

“Is it breakfast if it’s already noon?” Lena asked, laughing softly and earning a chorus of groans from the other women.

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By the time Kara knocked on Alex’s door, Alex still wasn’t sure what, if anything, she was going to say to Kara. She suspected her sister might want to talk about what Lucy said to her, and part of her almost wanted to admit to how her night had gone, if only to have someone to talk to, but at the same time, saying anything aloud might make it true.

“Kara!” Alex exclaimed, pulling her sister into a hug. “You’ve got a little glitter,” she laughed, gesturing at Kara’s ear.

“Ugh, better than it was,” Kara admitted, shutting the door behind her and kicking off her shoes.

“So I take it you had an enjoyable night?”

“It was fun. Definitely not something I want to do every weekend, but fun for a once a year type of event. What about you? How was your night?”

“Um, fine?” Alex knew her answer sounded rather unconvincing, but she didn’t have the energy to keep hiding everything, especially not from her sister.

“Lucy wanted me to pass on her apology. I think she would have come herself, but she wasn’t sure if you’d want to see her yet.”

Alex nodded. “She probably has a point.”

“About you not wanting to see her yet, or…?”

“Both,” Alex answered, her voice quiet.

“You want to talk about it?”

“Not yet.”

“Okay, well, we have all night. And, you know, forever,” Kara laughed softly. “Want me to order dinner?”

“Yes, please!”
A little while later, they had settled into the couch, cartons of Chinese takeout in hand, as they debated what to watch. “Wanna keep going on Gray’s?” Kara suggested.

“No!” Alex yelled.

“Sorry…I thought you liked it.”

“I, um, I do. Just, I already watched some last night, so I’m looking for something new.”

“Oh okay,” Kara nodded, though she wasn’t quite sure she understood what had happened with the show. “Have any other suggestions?”

Alex wanted to reply with something about television. Instead she blurted out, “Do you think I’m the reason Maggie hasn’t been in a relationship for a while?”

“Uh, what?”

“Nothing.” Alex shook her head.

“No, it’s not nothing. Does this have something to do with what Lucy said to you?”

“Maybe.”

“Okay. Do you want to tell me what she said?”

“Not really.”

“You know I wouldn’t judge you for anything. Well, except for the fact that you don’t like chocolate pecan pie. That’s just madness.”

“Ugh, it’s too sweet.”

“No such thing.”

Figuring she should speak before her courage left her again, Alex segued directly back into the conversation about Lucy. “She said I was Maggie’s straight girl crush, and unless I like her too, I need to stop taking up all of her time.”

Kara narrowed her eyes, resolving to have a stern talking to with Lucy about her word choice. She knew Lucy meant well, but Alex was already so defensive about her love life, it really wasn’t the right way to approach the topic with her. “Maggie is a grown up. If she wants to spend her free time with you, she can do that.”

“But do you think…do you think she likes me?”

Duh, Kara thought, though it wasn’t her place to say something for Maggie. Instead she asked, “How do you think you would feel if she likes you?”

Alex shrugged. “I don’t know.” In fact, she had spent the whole day wondering what to make of Lucy’s assessment. As freaked out as she was about what it would mean for her, the thought made her stomach flutter with a kind of nervous anticipation. Part of her wanted to know what might happen. The part of her that conjured up that dream out of somewhere definitely wanted to know what might happen.

“That’s okay too,” Kara reassured Alex. “But maybe you should talk to her about it?”
Alex scoffed. “Oh, please, what would I say? Hey, Maggie! My friends who met you for all of a few hours think you’re head over heels in love with me. Is that true?”

Kara shook her head in frustration, chuckling at Alex’s response. “Yes, Alex, that’s exactly what you should say. No, dummy! First, you need to figure out how you’re going to respond either way.”

“Well, if she says no, I mean, nothing has changed, right?” Of course, everything had sort of changed. Because now she had these images of Maggie in her bed in a very non-platonic way, and maybe she had somehow developed feelings for her friend, for her female friend. But she wasn’t gay? Right? She had been straight for 30 years. That had to count for something.

“Alex, where’d you go?” Kara asked, looking at the vacant, slightly panicked expression in Alex’s eyes.

“Nowhere.”

“Really?”

“I just had a weird dream thing, that’s all. But dreams don’t mean anything.”

Kara shrugged. “To some people they do. Want to tell me about your dream?”

Alex shook her head, then seemed to reconsider. She didn’t really want to, but at the same time, she suspected that if she didn’t tell anyone, it would continue to eat away at her. “I had a sex dream about Maggie,” she finally blurted out, looking very far away from Kara’s face.

“Okay, that’s alright, you know?”

“Yeah, I don’t know, it’s just…weird.”

“Well, can you think of any reasons why you might have been dreaming about that?”

There was the conversation with Lucy, and the weird jealousy at Pride, and the fact that she and Maggie had woken up in bed together that morning, and the stupid Gray’s Anatomy glasses scene, and maybe, just maybe, she had let her thoughts wander slightly while she was…enjoying herself alone, but in all fairness, she was pretty drunk. “Uh, maybe what Lucy said?” Alex tried.

“Oh,” Kara nodded, fairly certain that wasn’t all of it. “It doesn’t have to mean anything, but it’s also okay if it does. It’s okay to like Maggie or want to do something with her, and it’s okay if you still like men or don’t know if you like women or if it’s just a Maggie thing. And it’s okay if none of that is true.”

“Thanks,” Alex whispered. Sniffling quietly, she dropped her head to Kara’s shoulder, smiling as Kara’s hand came around to rub soothing circles on her shoulder. As much as Kara loved Alex’s being the protective big sister, it was nice to be able to be there for Alex sometimes too.

After Alex felt like she had her emotions under control enough to talk about it more—figuring that after this conversation ended, it would take a lot to ever start it again—Alex quietly asked, “How disappointed do you think mom would be?”

Kara wanted to say that Eliza would never be disappointed in Alex for something like this (and she truly believed it), but she also knew that the two had a somewhat tense relationship. Between Eliza believing in Alex so much that she pushed her a little too hard to be all that Eliza thought she could be, and Alex taking every poorly worded encouragement as a demand that could make her a failure if she didn’t meet it, there were plenty of issues that would need to be resolved before Alex could
simply believe that Eliza would never truly be disappointed in her.

“You can explore these things and figure out what happiness looks like for you before you talk to Eliza, Alex.”

Alex seemed to consider it. “Okay, right, I guess so.”

“I think you should really talk to Maggie, though,” Kara added.

“Ugh, why must I do the difficult things?”

“You talk to her everyday.”

“We work together,” Alex protested.

“Yeah, but you also have breakfast, lunch, and/or dinner together, and half of the time I swear you sleep in each other’s beds!” Kara countered.

“Best friends do that,” Alex huffed.

“So do girlfriends,” Kara teased, glad to see that Alex didn’t seem to be pulling away just yet.

“Whatsoever, I’ll get around to talking to her.”

“Alex…”

“Fine! What do you want me to say?”

“Text her to schedule something for tomorrow. That way you can’t back out of it. Well, I suppose you could still back out of the conversation, but it’ll make it harder.”

“Why?” Alex whined.

“Because it’s the right decision. Unless, you know, you want to have sex dreams about her forever. Also, if the answer to that is yes, please don’t tell me.”

Alex laughed at Kara’s pained grimace. “Fine, fine. Hand me my phone.”

Looking placated, Kara handed the device over to her sister.

“Done,” Alex declared.

“What’d you send?”

“Drinks after work tomorrow?” Alex read from her screen.

A couple minutes later, her phone buzzed. “Dirty Robber?”

“Yeah,” Alex replied.

“See ya then, Danvers.”

“Perfect!” Kara exclaimed, hugging Alex tightly before she could panic.

“Why does this feel like a terrible idea?” Alex muttered.

“Because you’re nervous.”
Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

1. Thank you for all of the great feedback! For now, I'm going to leave this here, as I've got 2 more chapters to get this particular storyline to a decent resolution. That being said, I'm not opposed to then taking those 9 chapters and making them into the start of a new fic. But come chat with me on Tumblr (if you want to) about what that fic might look like. Is it a procedural with 3-5-chapter "episodes"? Is it focused on their relationship? Is it one overarching plot? I don't know! Help me think about it.

2. Please don't hate me. I recognize you might hate me. I promise that the next two parts are already plotted out, and I write fast. Also, when have I ever left you with something other than a happy ending?

3. T/W for a few brief instances of homophobic language or internalized homophobia

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Ready to head out?” Maggie asked, popping her head around the door of Alex’s office.

“Oh, yeah, just give me a second. I just want to email this report up to SVU, then I’m ready.” Maggie nodded, leaning up against the doorway and checking Facebook as she waited. “Ready!” Alex announced, trying to psych herself up for whatever conversation it was they were about to have.

“Alright, let’s go,” Maggie grinned, glad to see that Alex was still being (relatively) normal around her after Pride. She worried after the night where all of her texts went unanswered, but Alex must have just been tired, like she said.

When they arrived at The Dirty Robber, Alex was happy to see Megan busy dealing with issues and a relatively new waiter assigned to their section. She didn’t really want to have this conversation in front of anyone they knew.

“Can I get you ladies started with something to drink?” the young man asked.

“Could I grab a Pale Ale?” Maggie ordered.

“Could I get a scotch? And, uh, make it a double.” Alex ignored Maggie’s questioning look. She needed a bit of liquid courage to get through this conversation.

“Can I see your IDs?” he asked. Though neither of them had been carded, especially here, in a very long time, they smiled at the new waiter and pulled out their wallets. “Right, coming right up.”

“So, what’s with the double?”

“Uh, just felt like I could use it. Not like I had your weekend,” Alex said, forcing a laugh.

“Fair enough.” It still struck Maggie as odd, but then again, Alex had been working on an SVU case,
so she might just need a little something to take the edge of what was probably a rough day.

Within a few minutes, the waiter was back with their drinks. “Do you know what you want to eat?”

“Always,” Alex laughed, ordering the usual and feeling especially thankful that it was properly happy hour and she wouldn’t need to confuse the new boy by ordering something off menu. She finished her drink by the time Maggie was through ordering, earning a concerned look when she went to order a second. “Er, make it a beer. Same as hers is fine.” Maggie seemed pacified by the switch.

“How was your day?” Maggie asked, hoping to get Alex to open up a little bit about whatever it was that was bothering her.

“Eh, alright. Busy. What about yours?”

Deciding not to push her on it just yet, Maggie launched into a play-by-play of her own day. It hadn’t been particularly exciting, for which she was always grateful as a homicide detective, but there were a lot of leads to chase down from ongoing cases and paperwork to file for Jesse’s arrest. She had ended her day by gathering evidence for her testimony at his bail hearing in case she ended up being called to the stand. By the time she was done talking, their food had arrived, along with Alex’s drink.

“To the day being over,” Maggie toasted.

“Cheers,” Alex chimed in, clinking their bottles together.

“So, what’s on your mind?” Maggie asked around a bite of salad. “You seem a little…off.”

“Oh…nothing. Just had some, uh, interesting conversations with Kara and Lucy and stuff this weekend.”

“Oh, really? What about?”

“Nothing in particular. Well, I guess Lucy wanted to talk about my lack of a dating and sex life.” Alex forced out a self-deprecating laugh, failing to mention that she’d been more interested in Maggie’s nonexistent dating life these days.

“It’s your life,” Maggie reassured Alex, trying to tamp down the way she felt so pleased about Alex’s singledom.

“Right, yeah, and I mean, it’s not like you’re dating someone now. Unless, are you?”

“No,” Maggie shook her head. She basically was, though she wouldn’t freak Alex out by pointing it out.

“Yeah, so, it’s both of us.”

“Uh, yeah,” Maggie nodded, trying to figure out where this conversation was going.

“And Lucy made this point—I mean, it’s probably such a dumb point—but, uh, she thought that maybe there was some connection there.”

“What kind of connection?” Maggie tried to breath normally, to keep her anxiety in check as thoughts raced through her mind about all that Lucy, who had watched her so intently, might have suggested to Alex about how Maggie felt.
Taking a large swallow of her beer, Alex forced herself to sound casual. “Just that maybe we were keeping each other single. Or, more so, that I was keeping you single.”

“What would she say that?” Maggie asked, laughing nervously.

“It’s Lucy,” Alex shrugged, as though she couldn’t think of plenty of reasons.

“I mean, I don’t have to be single. I went home with someone during Pride,” Maggie added, desperately hoping that Alex would just drop it before getting to whatever comment Lucy made to Alex about how Maggie pined after her.

“Oh.” Alex tried to ignore the way her heart clenched, though, she supposed, if they were having this conversation, maybe she should be paying attention to these clues. “That’s, uh, nice. Are you going to see her again?”

Maggie shrugged. Of course not, but Alex didn’t need to know that.

“Well, um, can we Facebook stalk her like we normally do?” Alex hoped her tone sounded normal, not high pitched and forced the way it did in her head.

“Oh, no.” Because the girl looked enough like Alex to raise suspicions, to seem fucking creepy, if she were being honest.

“Why? I mean, it’s your choice obviously!”

“I, uh, I don’t know her name.” That was half true. She had a first name, but there were way too many Kates to try to find a specific one on the internet.

“Ah, so it really isn’t serious,” Alex sighed, letting go of the anxiety she had been holding onto since hearing the news.

“Well, no, I suppose not. Point is, it’s not like I’m incapable of finding someone else. I mean someone new. New. Since Rachel.”

“Right, yeah, of course,” Alex nodded.

“Mhm,” Maggie agreed, focusing intently on her food. At this rate, she was basically done with her salad and was hoping the waiter would come back so she could order another drink.

“Am I the reason you aren’t dating anyone?” Alex blurted out, flushing a fantastic shade of red.

“Uh, what?”

“Sorry, no, nothing. Ignore me.”

“No, seriously, Al, what do you mean?”

“Just, am I, like, ruining your life…by taking up all of your time and emotional energy and shit?”

“No,” Maggie shook her head definitively. “Absolutely not.” Sure, Alex took up most of her time. And she was head over heels for the woman. But it wasn’t Alex’s fault that she seemed so damn perfect for Maggie.

“Okay. So you, um, you don’t like me?”

“What? No!” Maggie could feel her heart racing in her chest. It was like Eliza all over again, and all
she wanted to do was bolt before Alex could decide that their close friendship was too much, too weird, too queer.

“Oh. Okay.”

Was that…was that disappointment? Maggie wondered. Was there some possibility that Alex liked her back? That this straight girl was thinking about her in a less than platonic way?

“Why?” Maggie asked, looking earnestly up at Alex and hoping that her expression would convey everything she wasn’t saying.

“Just, nothing. Something Lucy suggested.”

“Oh. Sorry, I hope she, uh, didn’t freak you out.”

“No!” Alex blurted out. Because yes, she’d been a little freaked at first, but not about Maggie—never about Maggie.

“What did you think…when she told you?” Maggie pressed, hoping her voice didn’t sound too hopeful, too invested in Alex’s answer.

“I don’t know exactly. But then I couldn’t, well, I couldn’t stop thinking about it. And I just wondered if…if, I don’t know. It just, it made me, well, think about things.”

“Would you two like any dessert tonight?” their waiter interrupted, earning a death glare from Maggie.

“No.”

“Okay, then,” he replied, looking rather concerned about what he had done wrong. “I’ll just leave the check here.”

“Wait,” Maggie snapped, grabbing her wallet and tossing a card at him. “Sorry, here, just, you can take it now.”

When Maggie looked back at Alex, the woman looked like she was about to cry. “Alex, no, it’s just, I think maybe we should talk outside of the bar, that’s all.”

“Um, okay,” Alex nodded, terrified that she had already fucked up one of her only real friendships—her best friendship.

Seeing the look of sheer panic in Alex’s eyes, Maggie did the only thing she could think of, reaching across the table and taking Alex’s hand in hers. “I promise, nothing is wrong. I want to hear what you were saying, okay?”

“Alright.” Alex looked slightly more comforted, though her heart was racing at the feeling of Maggie’s hand on hers, Maggie’s fingers tracing light circles against her palm to calm her down. She’d done this before, but this time felt different—more significant somehow.

As soon as the waiter returned, Maggie slipped her card back into her wallet and signed for a rather generous tip to make up for her snappy responses at the end. “C’mon, let’s walk.”

“Should we go get your car?”

“No, we’ve both had a bit to drink. I’ll walk you to your place, alright?”
“Yeah, okay.”

Once they got a few block away from the restaurant, Maggie turned toward Alex. “What were you thinking about? After Lucy told you?”

“I mean, it doesn’t matter. It’s not true, like you said. Lucy was just guessing after having only met you for a day.”

“And what if it were true?” Maggie asked, her voice quiet, a slight tremble in it that Alex would have heard if she known to listen for it.

Alex gulped. “Then maybe I would have things I needed to talk to you about.”

“And what if this were me telling you that it’s true?”

“Is it?”

“It can be.” Maggie hoped beyond belief that Alex would understand why she couldn’t just say that it was, why she needed to protect her heart and this friendship—no matter how platonic it would end up being.

“Then I might tell you that I started thinking about what she said, started wondering why it made me feel nervous in a good way, started picturing you and me as an us and trying to figure out what it all meant. But only if what she said were true, of course.”

“Of course,” Maggie nodded. “Did that image, that image of us... what did you think about it?”

“It scared me at first,” Alex admitted, her voice small. “But maybe the voices telling me to be scared were wrong, maybe they weren’t the ones I should listen to when I make decisions. Because maybe they don’t have my happiness as their primary goal.”

Maggie slowed down as they approached Alex’s building. “I think we could be happy.”

“We—you and me? Together?”

“Yeah, Alex. Because I’m happy to be your friend—of course, I am. But I think I could make you happy in other ways too. I think that’s one of the most important things I could do.”

“Kiss me,” Alex whispered, her voice surprisingly steady considering the way her hands were trembling.

When Maggie looked up, ready to ask for clarification, she saw the glint in Alex’s eyes that told her all that she needed to know. So she stepped forward, moving them off of the sidewalk and toward the entry to Alex’s building, then let her hand gently cradle Alex’s cheek as she moved in slowly—always giving Alex time to pull away if she wanted to—finally connecting their lips. She fought to keep it chaste, moving to pull back after just a moment of everything she’d wanted for too long now.

“Not yet,” Alex whispered, moving her arms up and looping them around Maggie’s neck to draw her back in, kissing her—a real, proper kiss. She felt her heart swoop at the way Maggie moved with her, the feeling of her lips soft and pliant beneath her own, the very soft sigh Maggie let out when Alex pulled her closer. And then Maggie was tilting her head and sucking on her lower lip and running fingers through her hair, and it was everything a kiss was supposed to feel like.

“That’s hot!” a voice rang out in the otherwise quiet night, accompanied by a few loud wolf whistles.
“Fuck off! It’s not for you!” Maggie yelled back, glaring at the group of drunk 20-something guys stumbling outside of Alex’s building.

“Whatever, dykes!” one of them yelled back, laughing loudly as they made their way toward the bars.

“I, uh, I’m sorry, Maggie, but I can’t, I can’t do this. I’ve gotta go.” Alex turned and walked quickly to the door, rushing before she could let Maggie see the tears welling up in her eyes, the way she was so quick to crumble at the first sign of what her life might look like if she started dating Maggie, started dating women. She was weak, and she knew it, but Maggie didn’t need to know it yet.

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers High School AU Part 8

Chapter Summary

Prompt: I was talking to the boy on my swim team (he’s 14 with autism) and he went on a rant about how if you’re not Christian you’re going to hell and I asked him about gay people and he had a really bad reaction and I thought he was going to hit me and I know he doesn’t really have a filter and it hit me really hard and I started crying (since I haven’t really had a bad reaction yet when I have come out to people). Could you write a fic where that happens to Alex and superfriends/Maggie comfort her?

Obviously the story isn’t quite the same, and I wrote from both perspectives, but hopefully it helps.

T/W for homophobic language and descriptions of sensory overload/panic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex stumbled back, her feet nearly slipping on the tile floor, slick from water that had splashed over the edges of the pool during practice. She heard the words echoing back in her head: “disgrace,” “disgusting,” “sinner,” “hell,” “wrong.” And suddenly she was going through every reaction she’d worried about. Suddenly, she was imagining what it was like when Maggie was 13 years old and being thrown out of her home and into the street by the people who were supposed to love her unconditionally. When she looked at Pete, she didn’t see her sweet 14-year-old teammate who just needs a little extra consideration in certain situations; now she saw the demons her mind had created for the months it took her to finally gather the courage to come out. Now she saw her nightmares: her mother grimacing at her; her friends abandoning her; Maggie’s father come to blame her for corrupting his daughter even further. And when Pete raised his hands, she didn’t just see movement; she saw a gesture that was meant to be threatening, meant to be violent, meant to scare her and remind her that she still lived in a country where the Vice President could be applauded for saying someone like her didn’t deserve rights.

And she knew Pete didn’t mean it, knew he was stressed and scared and repeating things he’d heard from his homophobic father. Because Alex knew Pete, knew he was sweet and brilliant and considerate. But right now? Right now his world was spinning out of control. Because the lights were suddenly blinding, and every noise echoed against the tile floor and walls, and the scent of chlorine hung thick and heavy in the air, and then Alex had bumped into him—had been pushed into him by two of the freshmen horsing around, still high off the energy of competing in their first meet. And suddenly everything was too much to handle, and he needed to let some of it out somehow.

He tried to run, but it was too crowded, and there was no way through the throngs of loud bodies that blocked his way to the exit. So he panicked, and he yelled, and he didn’t even know what he was yelling until it was out there—until he had spit back all the phrases he’s heard his dad screaming at the television night after night—the phrases his mother has tried to muffle, tried to keep him from hearing. But he had heard—of course he had heard. His mom calls him brilliant, gifted. His teachers—the ones who aren’t so well-versed on the issues, who don’t care enough to try to learn—they’re always shocked when he can recite back whole passages from the textbook on his tests, even though he doesn’t participate during class, even though he learns differently from most of the other kids.
But now he had said it. And now Alex Danvers—one of the first people to accept him on the swim team, to learn his boundaries and how to respect them and how best to help him when other people don’t know how—she was biting her lip and blinking her eyes and trying so hard not to cry in front of the team she’s supposed to lead. Because even though she knew Pete didn’t mean what he said, didn’t realize just how deep those words would cut, they were bringing back every nightmare she’d ever had about how people might react to her coming out. Even as she fought not to rehash Pete’s interjections, she couldn’t seem to help it, couldn’t help but flash back to other times when he had repeated his dad’s words without thinking. And she knew that the next day she’d be angry at Pete’s father—because who tries to instill homophobia in a child? Who tries to teach an impressionable young boy that anyone who isn’t Christian will go to hell? That anyone gay deserves a punishment even worse than hell?

But now? Now everything was a little too much. And so she bolted, tears falling freely as she fought her way through the bodies. Knowing Pete would need help, she stopped briefly on her way out, tapping her coach on the shoulder and muttering that Pete was overwhelmed, that he needed somewhere quiet with low lighting, but she couldn’t be the one to help him right now. And she tried not to beat herself up over not being able to be the captain, the leader who could overlook personal hurt to take care of someone in need, because Maggie was helping her learn to take better care of herself. Maggie. Maggie, who was exactly the person she needed.

With shaky hands, she dialed Maggie’s number, trying to convince herself that she wasn’t going to be a burden on yet another person if she needed help.

“Alex!” Maggie’s voice came through the speaker. “How was practice?” But when Alex didn’t answer, when all she could hear was faint sniffling, Maggie pressed: “Hey, wanna come over? My aunt gave me money for pizza and left me with the car for the night. Where are you? Want me to come get you?”

“Yeah,” Alex hiccupped, heading into the bathroom in the school—the bathroom far away from the sports lockers where everyone would be able to see her break down.

“I’m already in the car,” Maggie told her, and Alex could hear the engine revving to life and something that sounded suspiciously like tires squealing.

“Don’t do something stupid like die or get a ticket,” Alex managed to get out.

“Yeah, totally comparable faults,” Maggie laughed, earning a watery chuckle from Alex. “Want me to stay on the phone with you until I’m there? I’ll put you on speaker.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded, also putting her phone on speaker as she stripped out of the wet one piece, groaning when she realized she had left her towel back in the locker room. She tried not to focus on the discomfort at having to pull her clothes over damp skin, her braid, leaving an even wetter trail down her back.

“You okay?” Maggie asked, hearing the noises Alex was making.

“Just forgot my towel.”

“We’ll get you into dry clothes back at my place, don’t worry! I’ve got you.”

“You always do,” Alex whispered, now cradling the phone close to her face.

Once she was finished changing, Alex headed outside to wait for Maggie by the parking lot. All she wanted to do was leave, to get away from here and the words that still rang in her ears as soon as
possible. Just a few minutes later, Maggie was pulling up in her aunt’s red Honda Civic, rolling
down the old-school crank windows to wave at Alex, who hurried over, throwing her bag into the
back and curling up in the front seat.

“You okay?” Maggie asked, her voice quiet.

“Not really,” Alex admitted, hoping it didn’t sound like weakness.

“Want to tell me what happened?”

“It’s just, you know Pete?”

“Yeah, of course. Little freshman on the team?”

“Mhm. It’s just, everything got too much, and then he lashed out, started yelling back all this shit his
dad says.” Maggie ground her teeth, having met Pete’s father at the PTA meeting on whether their
school should start a GSA. His dad had been the first to speak out against it, throwing around
enough slurs to get himself escorted out of the meeting for that topic of discussion. “I know he didn’t
mean to hurt me, and I know you’ve gone through so much worse, so I really shouldn’t be upset
when it’s just one person and everyone else has been nothing but supportive, but I freaked out, ya
know? Because it was like everything I had worried might happen if I came out was suddenly
coming true.”

Maggie took one hand off the wheel and held Alex’s hand with it, squeezing gently to let her know
she was there. “Alex? It’s okay to be hurt and upset. Hurts don’t have to be quantified or measured.
Yeah, my parents were awful. But that doesn’t make hearing those types of things thrown at you any
less awful.”

“You sure?” Alex asked, her voice cracking.

“Yeah, I promise.” Alex nodded, not trusting herself to say anything more just yet. “So, how about
we go pick up the pizza I ordered, then go back to my place and relax. I ordered enough to feed all
of our friends too. I thought you might want to see them, but if you don’t, that’s alright too. We can
always just wrap up the leftovers.”

“You’re the sweetest, Maggie Sawyer. Has anyone ever told you that?”

“I believe normally you’re calling me annoying,” Maggie teased, sticking her tongue out.

“Shh, just enjoy the moment.”

Maggie laughed but nodded. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

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By the time they got to the pizza place, Maggie’s order was ready, and on their way back, Alex
called everyone, surprised (and touched) to find that they had already been put on alert that there
might be a get together at Maggie’s that night.

“We’re bringing board games!” Kara yelled, and Alex could hear James laughing in the background.
“And I told Winn to buy ice cream!”

“Thanks,” Alex mumbled, wondering how she had gotten friends so perfect. And as they spent the
night playing a long game of Monopoly with breaks for some Disney karaoke that left James, Lucy, and Maggie stunned at just how talented the other three were, Alex felt the stress of the day finally leaving her body. Because right here, right now? She was surrounded by people who loved her, who would always love her, and that was enough.

Chapter End Notes

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Alex and NB!Sawyer Strap On Smut

Chapter Summary

Prompt: I would love to see NB!Sawyer and Alex having strap on sex for the first time!! Thank you for considering! And thank you for NB!Sawyer!!

So, yeah, in case it wasn't clear...this is just porn. We'll be seeing more smuttier chapters of these two (and also Alex/Maggie) soon, given the sheer number of requests I've had for both pairs getting into kinkier sex. Let me know if there's anything in particular you want to see.
But don't worry, there'll be some Supercorp and the next chapter in the Detective/ME AU first :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Alex,” Sawyer whimpered, as Alex nipped and sucked her way up their neck. “Please.”

“Please, what?” Alex teased.

“I can feel your smirk,” Sawyer retorted, trying to ignore the way their hips bucked up into nothing as Alex kept her body off to the side.

“You should probably do something about it then…”

Before Alex could say another teasing word, Sawyer had her in their strong arms and was flipping them over so that Alex was on her back. “You good?” they checked.

“Perfect,” Alex purred, drawing Sawyer down into a searing kiss. She let her fingers wind through Sawyer’s hair, tugging hard enough that they were moaning into Alex’s mouth. They were still getting used to one another, still figuring out what they did and didn’t like, but they learned early on that they both liked things a little harder, a little rougher. With their jobs, it was satisfying to come home and take each other hard and fast, both solid presences against the threats and aliens and criminals that just never stopped looming. Of course, they were gentle sometimes and always caring—even during the kinkiest of sex—but tonight wasn’t a night for careful. Tonight was a night for confirming that they were both still here, both still alive, both still breathing, even if it was only gasping now.

So Sawyer dropped their hands lower, pausing to check that yes, Alex wanted this, needed, this, before thrusting two fingers into Alex, who was already wet, already dripping for them. “You feel so good,” they rasped, letting Alex get used to the feeling of their being inside her.

“Harder,” Alex begged, her hips bucking up into Sawyer’s hand.

Sawyer happily obliged, setting a punishing pace as they straddled one of Alex’s legs, feeling the way their boxer briefs had grown damp as they dragged down Alex’s thigh. “You’re so sexy,” Sawyer murmured, loving the way they could feel Alex’s walls clench around their fingers at the words. “Can you be good for me?”
Alex could feel another gush of arousal spilling out and into Sawyer’s hand. “More,” she panted. “More and I’ll be good for you.” But when Sawyer added a third finger, curling them deliciously up against Alex’s g-spot, it still wasn’t enough. “Can you, can we, can you wear the strap on?” Alex asked.

Sawyer couldn’t help it; they moaned loudly at Alex’s request. They had talked about it, had gone over how they both felt about it and decided that they would just let it happen naturally. But Sawyer didn’t want to be the one to demand it, had worried, despite Alex’s reassurances, that they might be pushing it on her. So they checked: “You sure?”

“Please,” Alex begged. Normally she waited to beg, but she had been waiting so damn long to ask Sawyer for the strap on, had wanted to let them ease into this new relationship, into intimacy with a new partner. But the look of need that flashed clear as day across Sawyer’s face at her begging seemed as clear an indicator as any that the desire was mutual. So she tried not to whimper too loudly at the loss when Sawyer pulled out her fingers, slowly and sensually sucking them clean, though she couldn’t resist pulling Sawyer back down to the bed to kiss them hard, flicking her tongue into their mouth and tasting herself.

But Sawyer was pulling away with whispered promises to be back in just a minute. And then they were fastening the buckles on their harness and adjusting their cock so the base would hit them perfectly, even though right now all they really cared about was making Alex feel good.

When they stepped back into the bedroom, they barely had time to think about their nerves, about the thrill and fear of their partner seeing them for the first time in a harness and the questions about whether she would think they looked silly or ridiculous. Because as soon as they stepped through the door, Alex was keening and Alex was up and on them and growling as they threw them back into bed with promises to make tonight perfect. And then Alex’s mouth was on their cock as she checked in, asked if it was okay. And yes, of course, it was perfect. Because it was Alex. But all too soon Alex’s hips were dropping and rocking, and she was desperate for something inside of her.

“Let me help you,” Sawyer whispered, pulling Alex back up to their mouth. “How do you want me?”

Even though Alex knew how she wanted Sawyer to take her—wanted them to take her from behind, hips driving hard into her ass with every thrust—she also suspected that they should start with something slightly more intimate. It was the first time, after all. “You can start on top,” Alex answered, smiling softly down at Sawyer.

Sawyer smiled back, applying lube to their cock as Alex got set up with a pillow under her hips. “You ready?” they asked.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, watching with wide eyes and bated breath as Sawyer carefully lined themselves up with Alex’s entrance, slowly slipping inside of her, watching her eyes for any sign of discomfort.

When they were all the way inside of Alex, they looked up. “Are you okay?”

“Perfect. Now please fuck me.”

Lowering themselves, Sawyer dropped one arm on either side of Alex’s chest, leaning down to kiss Alex as they began to thrust their hips into her, feeling heat rush between their legs with every small whimper that escaped Alex’s mouth.

Alex wrapped her arms around Sawyer, pulling them down closer and groaning as she felt the way
their back muscles tensed and flexed with every thrust. She canted her hips up into Sawyer, needing more. “Can I touch your ass?” Alex asked, careful not to do anything without checking in first, knowing that some days were better than others.

But Sawyer just grinned and nodded. They felt good today, felt amazing inside of Alex, and for now, the touching was perfect. And then Alex’s hands were on their ass, her fingers digging in as she urged them to fuck her harder, faster.

Alex moaned at the feeling of the harness and Sawyer’s hips brushing against her clit with every thrust. But she also knew she probably wouldn’t get there anytime soon this way, so she found herself putting a hand on Sawyer’s shoulder and asking, “Could we try a different position?”

“Yeah! Are you okay? Did I hurt you?”

“No, you’re fine. It’s just, other ways work a little better for me.”

“Yeah, of course,” Sawyer nodded, carefully pulling out and sitting back on their heels. “How do you want me?”

“Would you be okay, uh, taking me from behind?”

Sawyer tried hard not to look too excited, but the idea of Alex’s ass right in front of them, their hands wrapped around Alex’s hips as they pulled her back into them, hard and fast—it sent a rush of heat straight between their legs. “Yes, yes, definitely.”

Hearing the unspoken excitement, Alex grinned and flipped over, spreading her knees and looking over her shoulder at Sawyer, who was a little distracted with just gazing at her body. “You want to fuck me or just stare some more?” Alex teased.

With a small growl, Sawyer was up on their knees, sliding their cock into Alex, who sighed at the new angle, at the feeling of being full. Once she was used to the new position and had begun rocking her hips, Sawyer took control, wrapping their hands around Alex’s waist to control the pace. “Do you still want hard?” they asked, their voice low and gravelly.

“Please,” Alex whimpered, driving her hips back before Sawyer took charge again. And when they took control, it was everything Alex needed.

With every thrust of their hips, Alex moaned, and when they picked up the pace, slamming their hips into Alex’s ass, barely biting back groans and whimpers of their own at the delightful pressure of the cock between their legs, Alex let her head drop down to the pillows. “I want to hear you, babygirl,” Sawyer ordered. “That okay?” they checked.

“Yes,” she begged, “please. So close.”

Sawyer drove their hips even harder into Alex, nearly growling at the sight of Alex’s back arching, her thighs trembling until finally her whole body was shaking as she cried out Sawyer’s name. They slowly worked Alex through her orgasm, making sure she got to enjoy every last minute of it. But before they could slip out, Alex was pushing her hips back again, grinding her ass insistently into Sawyer and asking: “This okay?”

As Sawyer felt the pressure between their own legs growing, their muscles tensing and quivering in anticipation, they nodded, barely getting out a “yes,” before they were falling over the edge,
collapsing onto Alex’s back as waves of pleasure crashed over their body, leaving them spent and a little sweaty and blissfully happy.

This time Alex let them slide out, and Sawyer promptly fell to the bed, pulling Alex down with them to cuddle.

“We should probably clean up…and you should probably take off the cock, unless you’re gonna be little spoon,” Alex teased.

“Shh, just one minute,” Sawyer pleaded, slipping the toy out and placing it on the bedside table to cuddle Alex properly.

“Only because you’re so damn cute. And amazing in bed.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt: Could you maybe write something where Kara is at Lena’s office and needs to get onto the wifi there for some reason but Lena won’t give it to her because it’s something stupid (like lenaxkara4ever or something) and Kara makes it her mission to find out (because she’s a reporter and that’s her job) by heavy flirting and innuendos (bonus points if you use the line “by any means necessary”/office smut)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Between the destruction the young Marcus accidentally caused and the devastation Rhea and her soldiers intentionally wrought, CatCo was in desperate need of repair. Cat, the same woman who worked through holidays and attacks, who remained in her office when electrified former employers came looking for her, was forced to admit that the building was no longer safe for human occupants, so she dispersed her employees to floors of other buildings and communal workshare spaces that those millennials seemed to adore so much and even to their apartments where she was sure they lounged about in pajamas without the fear of Cat in their hearts to motivate them to work faster, harder, better.

Kara had tried working from both the DEO and her apartment, but she found it was too easy to stay in her Supergirl persona all day, responding to calls that could just as easily be handled by local police and EMTs instead of drafting articles that always came back littered with scathing comments. So eventually she ended up at Lena’s office, curled up on her pristine white couch, trying not to think about the long nights they had spent making out here and focus instead on writing her article on the hero menace movement that was raising its obnoxious voice once more.

“Hey, Lena,” Kara called out quietly, hoping Lena wasn’t too deep in her work.

“Mhm?” Lena replied, barely looking up from her computer.

“Do you have a second?”

“Why? Is it lunch time?” At that Lena finally drew her gaze away from the screen, looking down at her watch and seeing that it was only 11. Of course, that could still mean lunchtime for Kara, but she hoped the woman would be able to wait until noon. She had purchased a “jumbo” tub of animal crackers and Twizzlers for her girlfriend to prevent just this sort of interruption. Not that she didn’t love having Kara here, but it could also be distracting—not something a young CEO still fighting for her reputation needed.

“No, well, it can be! But I just wanted to see if your internet is working. I can’t get anything to load.”

With a furrow of her eyebrows, Lena quickly loaded a few pages. “No, it seems to be working just fine for me.”

“Are you on the ‘LCorp’ wifi?” Kara asked, checking her signal again.
“Oh, no. That’s our public wifi; I use my own personal hotspot in the office. Helps prevent hackers from getting access too easily as well,” Lena explained.

“Oh! Okay, cool. Since I’m not a hacker, can I use your wifi?”

Lena blushed as she thought about the name and password she had assigned to her office after a night with a few too many glasses of red wine. “Uh, let me see if I can get Jess to just give a call to the wireless company. For the amount they pay, they should really respond quickly.”

“Okay, yeah, sure, but I really need to get this to Snapper, like, twenty minutes ago.”

Lena bit her lower lip. “Let me just ask Jess. Hold on one moment.”

“Fine,” Kara sighed, wondering if Lena thought she would be dumb enough to download some virus on her wifi. Sure, when she got a link about puppies sometimes she was a little overeager, but she was otherwise quite brilliant.

Lena was grimacing by the time she got back. “None of the usual fixes worked, so they’ll have to send someone out.”

“I’m sorry. So…can I get on your wifi?” Kara asked, looking up and fluttering her eyelashes.

“Why don’t you head down to the Communications Department? Theirs is working just fine!”

“Ms. Luthor,” Kara began, looking suddenly serious as she adjusted her glasses, “I’m beginning to suspect that you’re not telling me the full story.”

“Hmm? What, no, just that Communications is great! Up and running.”

Kara narrowed her eyes. She was an investigative reporter, dammit, she should be able to investigate her way to answers. “Tell me, Ms. Luthor, what might I find if I searched for other wifi connections available in this room?”

“Nothing!” Lena snapped, striding across the room as she let her normally perfect composure snap. Deciding distraction was the way to go, she pried Kara’s computer out of her hands and settled on her lap. “Isn’t there something else you’d rather do?”

Kara sucked her lower lip between her teeth, eyeing Lena, who was currently arching her back and pushing her chest up toward Kara’s face. Lena did know exactly what it took to distract her. But in a moment, Kara had unceremoniously dumped Lena back onto the couch and pulled her computer back, using a burst of superspeed to open the list of all local wifi connections. Quickly scanning the names, she cried out triumphantly: “Aha! I found yours!”

“And what do you think you’re talking about, Ms. Danvers?”

Blushing slightly and adjusting her glasses, Kara cleared her throat before reading aloud: “Are you not Fortress_of_Sexitude?”

“Well, now, that just sounds rather obscene. Certainly improper for the workplace,” Lena declared, her expression a mask of innocence from years spent perfecting her poker face.

“Are half of the things we do here really proper for the workplace?” Kara flirted, her voice low, because the wifi required a password, and Kara suspected that whatever it was would prove even more delightfully embarrassing.
“Why don’t we try, then you can decide?” Lena purred, pushing the computer away once more before hiking up her pencil skirt and straddling Kara’s lap.

“We can try…but first I’m going to need your password.” Kara grinned at Lena.

“That’s not going to happen.”

“Oh, but I think it will. See, I have ways of making you talk…” Kara whispered, as she let her hands slip beneath Lena’s skirt, pushing aside the layer of silk and letting her fingers trace a feather light path up and down Lena’s pussy. “You might be all in control behind that desk, but on top of it? Well, there you have a hard time staying silent.”

“And what makes you think in the throes of passion I will simply let loose with my wifi password?” Lena teased, the breathy quality of her voice the only indication that she was being affected by Kara’s teasing touches.

Figuring Lena needed a little more persuasion, Kara carefully spun them, depositing Lena on the couch and dropping her mouth between her legs as she licked a torturously slow path from Lena’s entrance up to her clit, then back down again. “Oh, I think I’ll make you talk.”

“Make me talk?” Lena repeated incredulously, even as her hips bucked up at Kara’s careful ministrations.

“By any means necessary, dear,” Kara purred, dipping her tongue inside of Lena and drawing out a long, low moan.

“Fuck,” Lena groaned, threading her hands through Kara’s hair and drawing her closer. She could feel her muscles tensing as her thighs clenched around Kara’s head.

But before Lena could come, Kara pulled away, dropping to her heels and smirking up at Lena. “Tell me the password, or you don’t get to come.”

Lena nearly growled, “Excuse me?”

“You heard me,” Kara taunted.

Huffing, Lena stood and pulled down her skirt, trying to act like she couldn’t feel the silk of her underwear sticking to her arousal or the way her body cried out for release.

“Ms. Luthor,” Jess’ voice rang through the intercom, “your 12 o’clock will be here in just a few minutes.”

“Now, correct me if I’m wrong, but I believe you said that was an important meeting.”

Lena arched her eyebrows, wondering when Kara had learned to be quite so bold. “Perhaps,” she admitted.

“You wouldn’t want to be so…on edge. So how about you just give me the password so I can send in my draft, then I’ll make you forget you even told me.” As Kara spoke, she wound her way around to the other side of the desk and pushed Lena’s skirt up once more, letting her fingers tease the wet patch on her underwear. “You’re soaked, baby. I know you want to come. It’ll only take one word…”

And as much as Lena wanted to resist, she was weak. Because Kara’s fingers were pushing the material aside and dipping inside of her and sending delicious waves of pleasure through her body
that weren’t enough. “Fine!” she relented. “But this had better be one fucking hell of an orgasm.”

“It will be,” Kara purred, grabbing her laptop to enter in the password. “Now spell it out for me.”

Clearing her throat, Lena kept her eyes trained studiously at Kara’s fingers and away from her eyes. “It’s, uh, k-a-r-a-x-l-e-n-a-4-e-v-e-r,” Lena spelled out. She tried not to pay attention to the way that Kara’s hands hesitated over her keys, feeling very much the part of the middle school girl whose diary had just been discovered by her crush. It wasn’t even like they had been together very long—no more than a month or two—certainly not long enough to let such schoolgirl fantasies run through her head.

But then Kara was smiling—not mocking or taunting, but looking so perfectly earnest as she grinned broadly at Lena. “As long as you don’t jinx us,” she whispered, before dropping back to her knees, tearing the silk in half, and pushing two fingers inside of Lena, scissoring them and dragging them down her front wall. As Lena groaned and clenched around her fingers, Kara dropped her mouth down and took Lena’s hard clit between her lips, sucking lightly and swirling her tongue around it. With a burst of superspeed, she had Lena writhing in her chair, back arching and muscles tensing until her vision flashed white as she cried out. After what felt like ages, she finally slumped back down, breathing heavily.

“So…did I make it worth your while, Ms. Luthor?”

“Do it one more time tonight, and I think we’re even,” Lena panted, throwing her torn underwear into her bottom desk drawer and straightening her skirt as she tried to look presentable enough for her noon meeting.

“I’ll be waiting for you tonight, then. I’m nothing if not a woman of my word.”

“Don’t I know it,” Lena muttered, shaking her head as Kara hit send on her email to Snapper and strolled out of her office with a bounce in her step that definitely wasn’t there earlier in the day.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
“Alex!” Maggie called, pounding on Alex’s door. “What, what changed?”

Swallowing and trying not to sob, Alex choked out: “Not tonight. We’ll talk later.” A moment later: “I’m sorry,” she mumbled. Because she was. Because she was a coward, and she didn’t deserve someone like Maggie. She didn’t even deserve a drink, though she would most certainly have a few of those, resigning herself to one hell of a hangover the next morning.

Maggie sat outside of Alex’s apartment door for a few minutes until she realized the woman really wasn’t coming back for her. She swallowed the sobs that threatened to overwhelm her, forcing herself back outside and down the block. She focused on the sound of her feet hitting the pavement, counting every step until she reached the precinct and got in her car. As she started the engine, she finally let herself collapse, if only for a moment. With her hands on either side of the steering wheel, she let her head fall forward, berating herself for letting this happen. Again. Letting herself fall for the straight best friend and think it could end in anything but heartbreak.

With a shuddering breath, Maggie took off the parking break and pulled out of the lot, letting herself get lost in the rhythms of the familiar streets before she got home and had to deal with whatever had just happened. All too soon, she found herself pulling into her assigned spot and dragging her exhausted body out of the car, into her building, and up the stairs to her fourth floor walkup.

It was only after she had locked the door that she let her thoughts return to the night, to the kiss that had seemed so damn near perfect until suddenly it wasn’t, to the abrupt way Alex had run off. It was like every one of her fantasies had suddenly segued into her nightmare, from Alex saying that yes, she wanted it too; no, she wasn’t alone; to Alex bolting, fleeing, leaving Maggie alone and confused and helpless.

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After a night of tossing and turning, Maggie pulled herself out of bed hours early, determined to catch Alex before work because she couldn’t stand the idea of an entire day of not knowing, an entire day of waiting for Alex to find her, to reject her, to slowly distance herself until their friendship was nothing more than a distant memory. Because that was what happened to Maggie: she fell for her best friends and ruined everything in her life that made her happy, and she hated herself for it.

Hastily tucking a gray button up into black jeans and clipping on her badge, Maggie strode outside, opting to take her motorcycle, since it wasn’t like Alex would be hitching a ride with her anymore, even less likely that she’d ever deign to cling to Maggie’s waist, legs wrapped firmly around her, as they zipped their way out of the city and down the coast for a surprise daycation.

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Alex was vaguely aware of the pounding—the pounding at her door and the pounding in her head. She wondered if her head would stop when the door stopped. As she pulled herself to her feet, her vision swam and her head spun, but she managed to stagger her way to the front door and wrench it up, determined to tell whichever neighbor it was bothering her to go shove it. But when she opened the door, it wasn’t a neighbor. No, it was so much worse. It was the face of her best friend flashing from anger to concern, then back to anger in a matter of seconds as she took in Alex’s appearance.

“You look like shit, Danvers,” Maggie assessed, not bothering to mince words.

“Yeah, well…if you’ve come to tell me that, you’ve accomplished your goal,” Alex mumbled, moving to shut the door.

“No! No, you don’t get to bolt and then slam the door on me too. I’m still your best friend, Al,” Maggie pleaded, her voice soft and vulnerable. “Right?”

And it broke Alex’s heart to see Maggie like this, to see Maggie mourning the death of a relationship that never was—a relationship that never would be because Alex couldn’t deal with everything it might entail. “Yeah, of course,” she nodded, immediately chastising herself for moving her head as the room spun and her stomach churned. She staggered backward, desperate to find a place to sit, and Maggie was at her side in an instant, grabbing hold of her elbow and kicking her door shut as she helped guide Alex to the living room.

“You’re okay,” Maggie murmured, brushing the hair off of Alex’s face before she seemed to think better of it, withdrawing her fingers as though they had been burned. She shuffled into the kitchen, grabbing a glass of water and popping two waffles into the toaster after catching sight of the bottle of gin sitting on the counter with a significant amount now missing. She grimaced; Alex didn’t even like gin.

“Drink this, you’ll feel better,” Maggie explained, placing the cup in front of Alex as she went back to get the waffles. Once they were ready, she brought them back to Alex and sat down on the opposite side of the couch. “Want to tell me what happened yesterday?” Maggie asked, wishing her voice would stop trembling but resigning herself to it. Because scared as she was, she was angry too. Eliza had a homophobic family that didn’t teach her any better, but Alex should know better, should at least have the courtesy to sit her down and tell her that she thought she could make it work, but she just doesn’t feel that way, doesn’t have those feelings for other women, instead of running and slamming the door in her face.

“We have work,” Alex whispered, needing not to have this conversation now. Not to have this conversation ever. Because how could she bear Maggie thinking so little of her, Maggie finding out what a coward she was?

“We have work in an hour. That’s a whole hour to talk, Danvers.” Normally she wouldn’t push Alex like this, but she deserved some kind of answers too. She had put her heart on the line, finally confessing to her feelings after months, maybe even years, of denying them, repressing them, convincing herself that she could be just as happy as friends. And she could have been, but now she knew what it might be like to be more than friends, now she knew what it was like to feel hope surging in her chest at Alex telling her she wasn’t alone in feeling something.

“What do you want me to say?” Alex snapped.

“Say that it meant something! Tell me you weren’t just acting like every drunk straight girl who decides it would be fun to experiment for one night without thinking about the other person’s feelings!” Maggie shouted, her voice cracking as tears stung the corners of her eyes.
“Isn’t it easier if that’s it?” Alex asked, her voice a whisper to Maggie’s shouts.

“I don’t want what’s easy, Al, I never have. I want you to tell me the truth.”

“The truth is that I want what’s easy. I crave things that are just easy, that are normal, that fall below the radar.”

“Is that what this is about?” Maggie scoffed. “Those drunken men-children?”

“You can laugh all you want,” Alex sneered, feeling herself getting defensive, “but, yeah, I’m allowed to get freaked out by the first sign of what’s to come. I’m allowed to get scared when I can’t stand in my own doorway without having a group of grown men jeer at me from the street. I work with murder victims every fucking day, Maggie, and so do you. So don’t act like there isn’t something to it when I talk about feeling unsafe.”

“I’m not promising you perfect safety, but, Alex, you can’t let the assholes win. You can’t let them dictate your own happiness. So what? Our first kiss got interrupted by our first time being catcalled and yelled at together. Does it suck? Yeah. But we’ve got other, better firsts to look forward to if you still want this.” Maggie fought to keep her hope in check, but if this was it, if all Alex needed was a little reassurance, then she could do it, she could be there for Alex as she learned to navigate the world as an out queer woman.

But Alex was shaking her head and wiping at her eyes and turning away. “I can’t,” she whispered. “I can’t fail again.”

“So I’m a failure?” Maggie growled.

“I didn’t say that,” Alex whispered, shaking her head, her eyes downcast.

“But that’s the implication,” Maggie countered.

“It’s fine for you! It’s different for me! It always has been.” She thought back to her childhood, to her mother pushing her. An A was never enough if she thought Alex hadn’t put in her full effort. Her surfing was fine, but couldn’t she also look at some of these other sports that Eliza was so sure she’d excel at? And then Kara came along, and Alex just couldn’t compete. Because Kara was perfect and polite and wonderful and everything Alex could never hope to be, could never measure up to in her mother’s eyes. She couldn’t bear to see the vague sense of disappointment in her those eyes as she told her about yet another part of her life that didn’t line up with the master plan Eliza had envisioned for the perfect daughter of her dreams.

“So you’re saying I’m not worth it, not worth the risk.”

“I’m telling you that being with me isn’t worth it,” Alex corrected.

“That sounds a lot like a nicer way of saying the same shit.”

“Maggie, please,” Alex whimpered. “I’m sorry, I just, I can’t.”

“Fine, but I need time away first.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded, feeling like the situation was anything but.

“I’m gonna go.”

And Alex watched her best friend, the person she was fairly certain she had already fallen head over
heels for, the woman who had kissed her and shown her what intimacy was supposed to feel like, walk out the door without a glance back.

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Days stretched into weeks as Alex waited for Maggie to pop her head back into her lab. Instead, she found a slightly confused James standing in her doorway every time the homicide team needed information, and she fed it to him begrudgingly, knowing it wasn’t her place to demand that Maggie get over it.

She stopped going to The Dirty Robber, unsure of what she would do if she were to run into Maggie there, unsure on how she would answer Megan’s questions about where her favorite duo had been these past few weeks.

She avoided Kara like the plague, knowing her sister had too many questions for which she had no answers. She basically blocked Lucy’s number to avoid the knowing text messages, surely based on information from Kara. She only stepped into the forensics lab when it was absolutely necessary, silencing Winn with a glare and shrugging off Lena’s comforting touches. She didn’t deserve comfort; she had fucked up and deserved whatever pain came with it.

At night, she drank just enough to put her to sleep, to earn her enough hours of rest to function the next day as though she were all there. And on weekends she drank a little more, finishing off the bottles of weird liqueurs and flavored vodkas purchased for parties and mixed drinks over the years because somehow if she wasn’t going out and buying new bottles, she felt like a little less of an alcoholic.

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Maggie spent the ensuing weeks in a pattern of self-hatred and remorse, as she drove herself to the edge at work everyday, then pushed herself nearly to the point of collapse in the gym before going home to shower, eat, and go back out before she could dwell on anything too long. She spent her nights in gay bars, picking up random women who looked nothing like Alex for a night of meaningless, barely satisfying sex that they both knew wouldn’t matter the next day.

She ignored the inquisitive looks she got from Commissioner J’onnz each time she shirked away from a crime scene with a body for Dr. Danvers to investigate. She shrugged off all of James’ questions about why he needed to go down to the autopsy lab when the sight of the bodies cut open on the table made him gag. She had a hand up before Megan could even ask about her partner each time she went into The Dirty Robber to pick up her lunch—always take out, never sitting there, never lingering in the place that was home to so many good memories now tainted with the sting of what came later.

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On one of the rare nights when Alex was drinking but not drunk, barely even tipsy, she decided to clean her apartment. Over the weeks, dishes had piled up in her sink and clothes in her hamper. Her sheets smelled like sweat and vodka and stale pizza, and her floor had a thin layer of crumbs strewn across it. At first, the cleaning was methodical, cleansing, as though she could purge her bad memories if she could make everything look like it was perfect. But when she did her laundry, she found Maggie’s clothes mixed in with her own. And when she cleaned out her fridge, she found Maggie’s vegan ice cream and some rotting vegetable that Maggie had surely been planning to force Alex to consume. And when she wriggled into her closet with a duster and a handheld vacuum, she found boxes of photos and old ticket stubs from her first few years in the city, too many of which reminded her of all the things she did with Maggie as they found themselves becoming best friends—
maybe destined for more, though now they’d never know.

In an act of impulsivity, Alex had her phone in her hand before she could talk herself out of it. “I miss you,” she sent, followed quickly by: “I know I’m not the person you wanted me to be, and I’m sorry I’m not that strong or brave or whatever the fuck. But I don’t want to imagine my life without you in it, Mags. Please.”

After minutes of agonizing, deafening silence as she watched her phone, praying for it to buzz, maybe even praying for some undeliverable, bounce back message to pop up on her screen, her text alert chimed. “Dirty Robber tomorrow night.”

“See you then,” Alex sent back, feeling overjoyed at even being given the opportunity to return to some tense friendship with Maggie.

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Only, the next day Alex didn’t get to see Maggie, didn’t get to find out just how stilted and uncomfortable things would be over dinner. Instead, she found Commissioner J’onzz in her office when she returned to get her keys and bag.

“Is everything okay?” she asked, seeing the look in his eyes.

Never one to sugarcoat things—a fact for which Alex was eternally grateful—he shook his head. “There was an incident during one of our investigations. Detective Sawyer was shot by a suspect when she and Detective Olson showed up with a warrant for his arrest.”

Alex felt the air rushing out of her lungs and her field of vision narrowing as she struggled to stay upright, to breathe. “Where is she?” she forced out, gulping down lungfuls of air that were never enough.

“She’s at the hospital. The bullet didn’t hit any vital organs, and she’ll be okay, but she’s going to need stitches and plenty of rest. I though you might want to know.”

Alex was fairly certain she muttered a thank you, but she was too busy grabbing her things and rushing out of the office to really know. She couldn’t recall getting to the hospital, but suddenly she was hurtling though the doorway and demanding the receptionist’s attention. “Maggie Sawyer,” she panted, “where is she?”

“That information is confidential,” the receptionist explained.

“I’m a coworker. And family!” Alex yelled, needing to get to her best friend, to see for herself that she was still alive, still breathing, still Maggie.

“And what relation?”

“I’m her emergency contact,” Alex explained, hoping that was still the case, hoping that Maggie hadn’t immediately wiped out all traces of her influence, of the way their lives had wound together over the years.

The receptionist asked her to wait, looking through the records as she pulled up Maggie’s file. “Alexandra Danvers?”

“Yes,” Alex breathed a sigh of relief.

“She’s still being treated, but then she’ll be moved to Room 311. We’ll let you know when you can
visit her. In the meantime, I believe some of your other coworkers are sitting in the waiting room.”

“Thanks,” Alex nodded, making her way back to the waiting room and steeling her nerves.

When James caught sight of Alex, he was up and to her side in an instant. “She’s going to pull through, she’ll be just fine,” he assured her as much as he reminded himself.

“What happened?” Alex asked. Because she needed more answers than a bullet to the arm.

“Someone must have tipped our suspect off because he was ready for us. He didn’t answer, but as soon as we kicked down the door, we were being shot at. Luckily we had on our Kevlar, since we both caught a few in the chest. We fired back, aiming just to wound, but he kept shooting after I thought he was down.” James looked chagrined and devastated. “I was on my knees after having the wind knocked out of me from a shot straight to the gut when he got off another round. Maggie shoved me out of the way, probably saving my life, but a bullet hit her arm.”

Alex wrapped her arms around James, pulling back when she felt him wince from what must have been the deep bruises scattered across his torso. “Did you get him?”

“We did,” James nodded, not elaborating. Now wasn’t the time.

“And Maggie?”

“I wrapped her arm as soon as I could and drove as fast as was safe to get her here. They admitted her right away, and that’s all I know. They promised me that she was okay, though.”

“They told me the same thing,” Alex confirmed, hoping those words meant something. Maggie had on her Kevlar vest, Alex repeated to herself, needing to remember that she was safe—nothing vital harmed—in order to stay grounded, to keep herself breathing and standing.

James helped guide Alex to the couch, and they sat side-by-side, holding one another and trying to help each other remember that it wasn’t their fault, that their partner, friend, colleague was going to live, was going to be just fine.

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Almost an hour later, a doctor appeared, pulling out her clipboard as James and Alex stood, the other agents and techs who had gathered all recognizing that they should be the first in to visit.

“Well?” James asked. “How is she?”

“She’s doing just fine. We removed the bullet fragments, applied an antiseptic, and stitched her back up. She’ll need a lot of rest and a course of antibiotics to keep her arm from getting infected, but she should be back on her feet without the use of that arm in just a day or two. It’ll be a few weeks on desk duty, though, until she can get back to a gym to work on rebuilding muscle in that arm.”

Alex grimaced and nodded, feeling her heart clench at the idea of some part, any part, no matter how small, of Maggie being damaged. “Can we see her?”

“She’s resting, but you can go see her in pairs,” the doctor nodded. “She’s in Room 311,” she added, watching as James took Alex’s hand and led her to the elevators.

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Alex bit back a sob at the sight of Maggie looking so very small and vulnerable, a blue knit blanket
drawn across her chest and her left arm wrapped in a thick layer of gauze with an IV hooked into her other arm. “You can go first,” she whispered to James, seeing the stricken look on his face at the sight of his partner looking so unlike herself.

Alex sat outside in the hallway while she waited for James to say his few words, to just sit with Maggie for a few minutes, watching her breathe, counting her heartbeats along with the monitor as a kind of constant reassurance that she was alive, here, okay.

When he had finished, he came out and tapped Alex on the shoulder. “Want me to stay?”

“No,” Alex muttered, “if it’s okay, I’d like a few minutes alone.”

“Sure, I’ll have the others wait for you to get back,” he nodded, giving Alex a small smile of encouragement as he squeezed her shoulder lightly.

After a few minutes of silent pacing, Alex finally settled in next to Maggie’s bed. “Hey,” she whispered, feeling the tears already starting to fall. She took Maggie’s hand in hers, stroking her thumb across it, feeling her heart rate slow slightly at the warmth of Maggie’s skin—the warmth that meant she was still alive.

“We missed dinner today,” she continued, her voice low and hoarse from the hours of crying and panicking. “Don’t worry, we’ll reschedule. I’m sure you’re not that worried. Because I’ve been terrible, so goddam terrible, Maggie Sawyer. Because do you know the truth? The truth is that I haven’t been able to forgive myself for the way I treated you that night. You know which night. Not that you can hear me… But I was awful. All I could think about was those men and my mother and every other asshole out there—not that my mom is an asshole, just, you know, mom issues or whatever Freud wants to call them—but I was so scared about what people would say that I didn’t think about how lucky I was to have even had a chance with you. Because you, Maggie, you are spectacular. And I was stupid enough to let you get away because… because why? Because our first kiss got interrupted by the first time we got catcalled, that’s what you said, right? But I ended our firsts over one bad one without even thinking about how good the other one was. And it was so much better. I want a lifetime of firsts with you, Mags. I don’t want to have to spend the rest of my life regretting my choices, regretting being a coward and running away from the woman I like—no, I probably love you, and not just love you in the way we’ve always said I love you. I want to have to tell Lucy that she was right as much as it pains me to admit it. I want to tell Kara and have her squeal and claim all the credit for us because she finally got me to schedule that dinner. I want James and Winn and Lena to all have to pay up to whichever person in the precinct had money on the actual time when we’d realize how perfect we are for each other. And I want to take you to The Dirty Robber and hold your hand and pretend I hate your gross vegan ice cream and kiss you no matter who’s watching. I want you to come home with me for holidays and make them so much more bearable. I want to kiss you under the mistletoe and when the ball drops and on Valentine’s Day and finally understand why people felt the need to make a hundred and one different holidays about love. So don’t go dying on me, Maggie. I need you to pull through. I need to apologize and hope that one day you’ll be willing to give me a second chance even though I screwed up. I screwed up so badly. But I want to spend the rest of my life making it up to you,” she finally finished, tears streaming freely down her face as she held Maggie’s hand between her own, her thumb resting right on the inside of Maggie’s wrist to feel her pulse beating alongside her own.

Maggie cracked open her eyes, licking her lips to try to return some moisture to them. “I didn’t know you were such a sap, Danvers,” she rasped, a smirk playing at the corner of her mouth, even as she grimaced in pain.

“You’re awake!” Alex sobbed, her eyes racing over Maggie’s face to take in every detail of her
expression.

“Yeah, I’m awake. And you’ve got quite the flair for the dramatic,” she teased.

“I’m too happy at seeing you and hearing your voice to be embarrassed,” Alex admitted, her voice breaking on nearly every word.

“You shouldn’t be embarrassed, Alex.”

“Really?” Alex checked, feeling hope rising in her chest.

“Yeah, really.”

“So, uh, you’re saying you like me?” Alex teased, pointing between the two of them.

“I believe you went ahead and jumped straight to love,” Maggie joked back wincing as she went to make the same gesture.

“Let’s get you hopped up on some pain meds so that we can have a proper first I love you later, huh?”

“Whatever you say, Al. Doesn’t matter how high you get me, I’m always gonna remember that you’re a big sap.”

To cover up the brilliant blush on her cheeks, Alex leaned over and chastely kissed Maggie on the lips. “For you? Yeah, sure, it doesn’t sound so bad.”

Chapter End Notes

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A week or two after their night in the bar, Alex thought they might finally be able to make it through a conversation about what they did and didn’t like, if anything, about that particular fantasy without their conversation rapidly devolving into flirting and fucking. So she brought Maggie’s coffee over to her at the counter and began: “Let’s talk about last Friday.”

“Hmm, okay,” Maggie flirted, her eyes raking up and down Alex’s body.

“No, no,” Alex laughed. “I actually want to talk for a few minutes first. I mean, I know it was my thing, so I want to see what you liked about it. Obviously I sort of already knew what I wanted out of it.”

“The fact that it was your thing and watching you enjoy yourself—Al, I don’t think you understand just how much your being turned on does it for me.”

“What else?” Alex pressed.

Letting out an exaggerated sigh as though she were actually bothered by any of this, Maggie started to list them. “Well, I loved how confident you were. And the flirty banter. You know, I wouldn’t have changed anything about how we got together—well, maybe I wouldn’t have gotten lasered in the shoulder, since that hurt like a bitch…point is, though, that we didn’t get to flirt as two out queer women. So role playing like that in the bar sort of gave us a glimpse of what it could have been like, maybe what it is like in one of those other universes Kara jumps off to sometimes. Also, watching you in the mirror, and watching you watch me fuck you…fuck, that was hot.”

“You liked it too?” Alex checked. Because she couldn’t get over the visual, still returned to it sometimes when she closed her eyes, came back to it on the one lonely night since then when Maggie had gotten stuck with the overnight shift at work and Alex found that she just couldn’t keep
her fingers from wandering.

“Yeah, I liked it.” And Maggie knew they were supposed to be having a conversation, knew that Alex had been trying to get them to talk about it for a while now, but she also couldn’t help how wet she could feel herself getting at the memory. “Can we, uh, can we pause this conversation?”

Alex rolled her eyes and tried to act annoyed, but she wanted it too. “I suppose so…”

And with that, Maggie had Alex’s hand in hers and was dragging them to the bedroom and throwing open Alex’s closet door to reveal the large, floor-length mirror inside of it. “You good?” Maggie whispered, her breath hot on Alex’s ear.

“Yes,” Alex whined, wanting nothing more than Maggie’s hands on her.

“No, watch us in the mirror, okay? Can you do that for me?”

“Yes,” Alex nodded again, following Maggie with her eyes as the smaller woman moved behind her.

“Good girl,” Maggie purred, and Alex’s knees nearly buckled at the sight of Maggie caressing her and holding her. Maggie let her hands dip below the hem of Alex’s shirt, her fingers roaming up Alex’s torso and slowly dragging the shirt up with her. “Can this come off?”

“Anything you want can come off,” Alex breathed out.

Maggie quickly pulled the shirt over Alex’s head, dropping her hands back to Alex’s abs and scratching across the toned muscle, leaving pink scratches that stood out on Alex’s pale skin and made the taller woman hiss in pleasure. While her mouth stayed busy trailing hot kisses across Alex’s shoulders and upper back, she made quick work of Alex’s bra, letting it fall to the floor while her hands came up to cup Alex’s breasts.

“You’re so sexy, Alex,” Maggie whispered, her breath ghosting across Alex’s back. “Look at how perfect you are.”

Alex whimpered, her abs clenching and her hips bucking at nothing as Maggie pulled and twisted her nipples into stiff peaks.

“It looks like you want something,” Maggie teased. “Can you use your words for me?”

“I want you to fuck me,” Alex asked, earning a round of whispered praise that made her whine even more loudly.

Wanting to reward Alex, Maggie quickly popped the button on Alex’s jeans and pulled down the zipper, pushing the material down her long legs, then dropping to her knees to get them the rest of the way off. She let her hands slide up and down Alex’s thighs, coming closer and closer to where Alex wanted her, needed her.

“Are you wet for me?” Maggie asked, her voice low and husky.

“Yes. I think so,” Alex clarified, though she was fairly certain she was dripping at this point.

“Let’s check, okay?” Maggie let her fingers stroke Alex through the very nearly soaked material of her boyshorts, smirking at her in the mirror. “I’d say you’re very wet for me. You’re so good to get that wet for me, baby girl.”
Alex looked nearly pained as she moaned loudly at Maggie’s words. “Don’t worry, I’ve got you,” Maggie reassured Alex, pulling down the boyshorts and kissing the path of newly exposed skin, nipping lightly at Alex’s ass, then kissing her way down the backs of her thighs. Once all of Alex’s clothing was off, Maggie pulled off her own shirt and sports bra, tossing them onto the bed, then kicked off her shorts and underwear, letting Alex have a minute to take in the sight of the newly exposed skin.

“Are you ready for me to touch you, Alex?” Maggie asked, letting her fingers skim across Alex’s hips and through the damp curls between her legs.

“Please,” Alex begged, finally breathing out a sigh of relief when Maggie let her fingers dip lower, teasing across her clit then dropping even lower, gliding through her arousal and around her entrance.

“Now, I want to give you a reward, since you’ve been so good waiting for me. Would you like that?”

“Yes, please” Alex whimpered, bucking against Maggie’s hand, which was now moving more insistently between her legs.

Maggie slowly walked around Alex’s letting her fingers drag across Alex’s skin as she made way in front of her, pulling her in for a deep kiss that made Alex’s knees weak and left her desperate for Maggie’s touch.

“I want you to watch. Don’t take your eyes off the mirror, okay?”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, her mouth falling open slightly as Maggie’s fingers found her entrance once more. Maggie teased her for just a moment before sliding two fingers easily inside of Alex and setting a quick pace.

“You’re so wet for me,” Maggie rasped, tilting her head to kiss and suck up and down Alex’s neck. She made a point of artfully tossing her hair over her shoulder, making sure Alex got quite the show in the mirror.

Alex watched as Maggie fucked her, watched as Maggie’s lips dragged across Alex’s neck, her free hand roamed up and down her side. And when Maggie curled her fingers inside of her and pushed her palm against Alex’s clit, Alex came hard, her orgasm surprising even her with its speed and intensity.

When she finally stopped trembling, Maggie’s fingers having slowed inside of her, she was surprised to find Maggie starting back up immediately. She let out a loud, low moan at the sight of Maggie dropping to her knees in front of her.

With one hand on Alex’s ass to keep her steady and the fingers of her other hand buried deep inside of Alex, Maggie slowly and deliberately kissed across her abs, feeling the woman shudder into her touch. “You came so fast the first time. Do you think you can be a good girl and come for me again?” Maggie asked, looking up at Alex.

Not trusting herself with words, Alex just nodded fervently. Maggie grinned at her, then dropped her head down, her tongue flicking across Alex’s hard clit and pulling a loud gasp from her. As she curled her fingers inside of Alex and sucked her clit between her lips, she felt Alex’s hips rocking hard against her.

Alex watched in the mirror as Maggie’s back muscles rippled and her biceps tensed with every
thrust. Dropping a hand to Maggie’s head and tangling her fingers in her hair, Alex drew Maggie impossibly closer, urging her on. “You’re so, so hot,” Alex panted watching with wide eyes as Maggie put on a show, sticking her ass out and moaning against Alex’s clit. “Can I, can I come now?” Alex asked, unsure of what she would do if Maggie said no.

Pulling back for just a second, Maggie looked up at Alex, her lips and chin glistening with Alex’s arousal. “Come for me, Alex,” she purred, quickly taking Alex’s clit back between her lips and sucking more firmly as she pumped her fingers hard and fast inside of Alex, feeling her walls clench against her until finally, with a loud cry from above, a gush of arousal spilled out into her palm and Alex collapsed forward, her hand dropping to Maggie’s shoulder to keep her upright.

Once Maggie had eased Alex down from her orgasm, she carefully stood up and guided Alex toward the bed, letting her collapse on top of the comforter, her chest still heaving as she sought to catch her breath.

“That was…amazing,” Alex finally got out.

“Mmm, I have to agree,” Maggie added, sucking her fingers to taste every last drop of Alex’s arousal.

“What can I do for you?”

“Oh, I think we’ll find something soon enough,” Maggie grinned devilishly, biting her lip as she gazed down at Alex.

Chapter End Notes

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“Kara!” Lena called out, “What is on my couch?”

Kara came sliding back into the room, cheeks bulging slightly from whatever she had been eating. “Uh, what do you mean?” she mumbled.

“I was flipping the couch cushions, and this one is covered in something bright red and greasy. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say it was that pizza I asked you to eat anywhere but on the white couch.”

Kara blushed a bright pink. “Um, see, I have my super reflexes and all, ya know? So dropping food isn’t normally an issue. But, um, you’ll remember the big alien attack downtown that happened mid-meal…and I, uh, I maybe threw my pizza without thinking. I was going to buy you a new couch! I just forgot…” Kara trailed off lamely.

“Hmm, I feel like I have a right to be annoyed, but you’re frustratingly cute.” Lena rolled her eyes, wondering when she had grown so soft, at least when it came to her girlfriend.

“I’m really sorry,” Kara pleaded, her eyes wide.

“Perhaps you should be punished,” Lena flirted, sucking her lip between her teeth as her eyes took in Kara’s workout attire and the very fit body on display.

“Oh, uh, sure, yeah!” Kara responded enthusiastically, thinking back to the conversations they’d had about Kara’s desire to be spanked. “Should I…should I be more repentant?”

“Do you remember the colors?” Lena checked.

“Yes,” Kara nodded, remembering just how seriously Lena took questions of consent and safety, even if Kara did have superhuman strength.

“Then, yes, I’d say you should start begging me to forgive you right about now,” Lena growled, her eyes flashing as she looked Kara up and down, running her tongue across her teeth.
“Please, please just tell me how to make it up to you…” Kara hesitated, wondering what to call Lena right now. Should she still call her Lena? Ms. Luthor? Mistress?

“That’s the thing, though, it’s a very expensive couch. Not one you’ll simply be able to pick up at the mall. So I think we’ll need to make alternate arrangements.” Lena stalked over toward Kara, letting her manicured nails trail across Kara’s sensitive skin as she prowled in a circle around the woman, assessing her, appraising her.

“What kind of arrangements?” Kara asked, feeling herself already getting wet in anticipation.

“Turn on the red sun lamps,” Lena suddenly ordered, watching Kara as she hurried across the room and flicked on the sun lamps that would seriously dull her powers. Of course, since the blinds were still open, she’d still be stronger than most humans, but there would be enough give to her skin for Lena’s hand not to break on impact, for Kara to feel the delicious sting of Lena’s hand falling heavily on her.

Lena nodded when the lights flicked on, moving back to the couch in question and sitting down on the pristine cushion, leaving the other one flipped up as evidence of Kara’s “misbehavior.” With a snap of her fingers, Lena gestured toward her lap. “Across my lap. Ass up,” she ordered, her voice a low command that made Kara shudder.

Kara quickly made her way over to Lena and positioned herself across Lena’s lap, ensuring that her ass was up and easily accessible. Lena ran her fingers up the back of Kara’s thighs, her nails skimming under the hem of her workout shorts. After a whispered, “Still good?” that earned her a, “Very green,” in response, Lena stripped Kara of her shorts and soaked underwear in one go. “That’s better,” she purred, as she let her nails graze across the newly exposed skin.

With a few teasing flicks of her wrist, Lena had Kara writhing on her lap. “Needs to be harder,” Kara panted, “I was bad.”

“Hmm, so I really should punish you?” Lena asked, a smirk playing across her lips.

“Yes,” Kara hissed, her hips thrusting against Lena’s strong thighs.

“Wouldn’t the real punishment be my leaving you here like this? Refusing to take care of you? Refusing to let you take care of yourself?”

“Please don’t,” Kara pleaded, her voice thick with arousal.

“I suppose I’ll be generous and punish you now. But if it happens again…” Lena trailed off, letting the threat hang in the air. Of course, both she and Kara knew that the threat would only be exactly what they both decided they wanted it to be. “Now how many do you think you deserve for this particular offense?”

Kara demurred, “You know best. I’ll take whatever you give me.”

And god, did Lena almost lose control with that, her will power stretched to the breaking point as her hips threatened to buck up underneath Kara, to flip her over and ride her mouth until she couldn’t stay upright any longer. “We’ll do ten,” Lena announced, her tone cold and impassive—the mark of years spent in the Luthor family. “I’ll decide at the end if you need more. Until then, you can count for me.”

Kara nodded, accepting her orders as she braced herself for the first impact, a thrill of anticipation coursing through her.
Lena’s hand came down—hard but not too hard, a force that would leave Kara still wanting more. “Ten,” Kara breathed out, goosebumps erupting across her skin as she shivered involuntarily.

Another swat, slightly harder, to the other cheek. “Nine,” Kara moaned, her hips rocking into Lena’s thighs. She swore she could come from even the smallest amount of pressure, but she knew that within this scene Lena wouldn’t be happy with her if she didn’t wait.

The next three were teasingly light, two to her inner thighs and one on her ass. They all left her whimpering, wanting more without daring to demand it. She could feel arousal beginning to drip down her inner thighs, and she knew the exact moment Lena noticed it by the slight hitch in her breath and the nearly imperceptible buck of her hips.

“Five,” Kara cried out when the swat came down—harder than any that had come before it and delicious in its unexpected quality.

“Four,” Kara moaned as a particularly stingy slap came down hard, the sound echoing around them.

The next two came one after the other, leaving Kara barely room to pant out the numbers before she was gasping and struggling to maintain control.

“Uh, uh,” Lena chastised, as Kara’s whole body shivered with anticipation, her hips rocking into her thighs. “I won’t move until you’re perfectly still.”

With a small whimper, Kara managed to still herself, her body nearly aching with the challenge. But it was all worth it when Lena brought her hand down—hard and stinging—as she breathed out the final, “One.”

Because then Lena was plunging three fingers into her and fucking her hard and fast. “Don’t you dare come until I say you can,” Lena demanded, her voice low and dangerous.

Kara tried to be good, to stay still, as Lena’s fingers curled and twisted expertly inside of her, hitting everywhere she needed even as she refused her release. “Please,” Kara panted. “Please, Lena, please! I’ll always listen to you in the future. I’ll be so good. Just please let me come.”

“And I should just believe you?” Lena taunted, grinning devilishly at the sight of Kara squirming helplessly on her lap.

“Please,” Kara begged, too far gone to come up with anything better, more convincing.

“Fine,” Lena relented, driving her fingers into Kara and swinging her free hand down to collide with Kara’s ass, pushing the blonde over the edge as waves of pleasure broke across her skin, leaving her trembling under Lena’s touch, which had suddenly turned gentle—caresses where there had been pressure, gentle circles delivered by the same hands that had spanked her.

“How are you?” Lena whispered, as Kara finally seemed to relax into her lap.

“Amazing,” Kara groaned, stretching out as she crawled back up and onto the couch, studiously avoiding the stained spot.

Before Kara could get too comfortable curled around her, Lena was up and striding cross the room, flicking off the red sun lamps to make sure that Kara was in perfect shape in case there were any emergencies that required Supergirl’s assistance. She couldn’t well justify putting her girlfriend in danger like that. Once she was convinced that everything was set, Lena made her way back to the couch, letting Kara curl up and put her head in Lena’s lap as Lena stroked her head, running her fingers through her hair.
“That was really fun, Lee,” Kara added, eyes fluttering close. “Like, lots of fun.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, darling. And it wasn’t too much?”

“No.” Kara shook her head adamantly. “No, it was perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

BearsInCastles: Request: College setting: studying in the library turns into sexual tension turns into covert making out (or more?!) and there's a real struggle to keep quiet.
Sanvers, Director Sanvers, or Supercorp up to you!

A/N: Since BearsInCastles may or may not be a dear friend, I’ve written three versions for the three suggested pairings (also because I couldn’t pick one). First up is Sanvers; tomorrow will be Director Sanvers and Supercorp

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Normally, Alex was a firm believer in a strict enforcement of library policies. She was a firm believer in the idea that study time is sacred time. But now that she was done with all of her exams and only had to proofread a lab report due a full 48 hours from now…well, now her attitude began to change. She still kept Maggie company in the library, of course. Sat with her down in the absolutely silent basement level where computers weren’t even allowed because “the keys are too noisy.” And she read ahead in her organic chemistry textbook, prepping for the next semester before the fall semester had even formally ended.

Across from her, Maggie had her head buried in a textbook, cramming for her last exam. Looking around and seeing that no one was even here anymore—Maggie’s exam was on the very last possible day of exams, so most people were already done by now—Maggie whined, “I hate this. I don’t wanna study anymore. I want to be done.”

“Aww, babe,” Alex whispered back, a sympathetic look in her eyes. “You’re gonna be great, I promise.”

“You know how much I hate this class,” Maggie groaned, dropping her head down into her book.

“I know,” Alex agreed, stroking Maggie’s hair as she pulled her chair closer. Maggie wasn’t quite as much of a nerd as Alex—a fact she regularly teased Alex about—but it wasn’t like she was a distant second either. So when Maggie hated a class, it was normally for a good reason. She had already aced all of her science finals, plus the paper for her lit elective, but she kept procrastinating on her International Relations class work. The professor, a smug asshole who thought that anyone who didn’t subscribe to the Realist school was a naïve millennial, constantly assigned his own essays—essays that had Maggie grimacing and ranting about the hubris of some white American man who truly believed that the US is and has every right to function as the world police, bombing and going to wars with countries whose policies he openly admitted to not fully understanding and whose people he dismissed as incapable of self-governance.

“How about this,” Alex suggested, “for every right answer you get on this practice test, I’ll kiss you.”

“How about this, or can they be the morally right answers?” Maggie cheekily teased.
“For the exam, tragically they’re gonna have to be his answers.”

“Fine,” Maggie relented, bracing herself to spew nonsense about why war is great and military intervention is key and oil prices are a perfectly legitimate reason for acting in some countries and ignoring blatant human rights violations in others.

They made it through the full first page of whispered questions and increasingly less chaste kisses before another student came downstairs, glaring at them for their soft whispers.

“I guess we should head to one of the regular floors,” Maggie scrawled across her notebook, drawing a sad face below her writing.

“Pack up your stuff,” Alex wrote back, though she had other plans before going upstairs.

Maggie shoved her books into her bag, secretly debating just heading out the front doors and resigning herself to a less than stellar grade on the final. Though perhaps she could get an A by just circling the answers that made her the angriest…

Before Maggie could head for the stairwell, though, Alex had her hand wrapped around Maggie’s and was tugging her back further into the floor, toward the creepy stacks that had to be cranked open to reveal dusty tomes that hadn’t been picked up in ages.

“What are we doing?” Maggie whispered, her forehead crinkling.

“I’m just making sure you feel motivated to keep studying,” Alex flirted, carefully taking Maggie’s bag off of her shoulders and placing it down at the far end of one of the rows of stacks. And before Maggie could quite grasp what was happening, Alex’s lips were on hers, her mouth hot and insistent as she pushed Maggie into the stacks, wrapping her arms around the shorter woman as her hands came to rest on Maggie’s ass, squeezing less than gently.

When Alex tilted her head to deepen the kiss, her tongue flicking into Maggie’s mouth, Maggie swallowed a low moan and wrapped one leg around Alex, drawing her girlfriend even closer. It was only once she was panting and desperately in need of something more than just making out that Maggie pulled her mouth back an inch or two. “We should go back to your room,” Maggie whispered.

“I think we should stay here,” Alex whispered back, a hint of a challenge in her voice.

“There’s at least one more person down here, plus the librarians who come down to reshelve the books.

“Shh, let me show you how worth the risk it can be,” Alex purred, dipping her hand under the waistband of Maggie’s baggy sweatpants—her finals “uniform,” she had called it. “You okay?” Alex asked, her fingers on the outside of Maggie’s underwear.

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, feeling her muscles twitch as Alex’s fingers scratched against the neat curls, still through a layer of fabric that she would give anything to make disappear.

“Good. Now be quiet,” Alex ordered, dropping her fingers lower, but keeping them over the noticeably damp fabric. Figuring they should keep things moving, Alex quickly found her way to Maggie’s clit and rubbed tight circles around it, knowing that always worked Maggie up relatively fast.

Maggie quickly recaptured Alex’s lips, too distracted to really kiss her, but desperately needing something to muffle any sounds that might escape. Feeling Maggie’s hips bucking into her hand and
hearing the faint whimpers Maggie was breathing into her mouth, Alex picked up her speed, letting her fingers rub directly across Maggie’s clit, earning a quickly muffled gasp.

Maggie’s knees nearly buckled as she let her back fall against the shelves behind her, and her hands grasped at Alex’s sweatshirt, holding her close as she pushed Maggie over the edge. Maggie bit down hard on Alex’s shoulder to keep from crying out as waves of pleasure surged through her body.

When she finally felt steady on her feet, Maggie pulled back, looking dazed as she tried to focus her attention on Alex. Alex was biting her lip, her eyes wide and pupils blown. “We should, uh, we should get back to your place,” Maggie muttered, desperate to help relieve some of the aching pressure she was sure Alex must be feeling if her expression was anything to go by.

“No, you should study. You can make it up to me after you ace that exam, okay?” Alex offered.

“I love you, and I hate you,” Maggie declared, pouting at both not being allowed to fuck her girlfriend and having to study for her least favorite class.

“You love me,” Alex declared confidently, picking up Maggie’s bag and offering her arm to walk Maggie up to a table on a floor where they could study without glares.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

BearsInCastles: Request: College setting: studying in the library turns into sexual tension turns into covert making out (or more?!?) and there's a real struggle to keep quiet. 
Sanvers, Director Sanvers, or Supercorp up to you!

Here's the Supercorp version! Director Sanvers up whenever I make it back to my apartment

Lena groaned as she felt Kara’s fingers splayed out across her thighs, slowly but insistently creeping ever higher. “Kara…I need to study.”

“You’re already a genius,” Kara pointed out. “It’s not like you actually need to study.”

“You know what mother thinks: Lex will always be better, smarter. I’ve got to keep up at least a little bit.”

“But, Lee, we both know you’re way smarter than Lex. And your mom has always been rude; it’s why you spend all your holidays at our place, right?”

“Maybe it’s just because of the killer tiramisu your sister’s girlfriend makes,” Lena teased, sticking her tongue out at Kara.

“C’mon, I’m bored. Let’s go get ice cream,” Kara offered, holding out her hand.

“I am not leaving the library until I’ve gone through all of my notes at least one more time. We can’t all be aliens from another planet who literally learned this type of math at age 6.”

“No…but that doesn’t make you not a genius,” Kara countered. “But fine, we’ll stay in the library. Can we at least have some fun in the library?”

“What has gotten into you?” Lena laughed, arching an eyebrow at Kara.

“It’s sunny and 70 out. I had leftover pizza for breakfast. We’ve only got one exam left, and it’s one that we are both totally prepared for already. Plus, you look beautiful,” she added, fluttering her eyelashes.

“Kara,” Lena groaned, crossing her arms across her chest until she noticed the way it caused Kara’s gaze to drop quite a few inches below her face. “I’m up here, babe.”

Blushing a bright pink, Kara stumbled over her words: “Yeah! I know that, duh. Uh, yeah, you were saying?”

“I’m saying that I have work to do. Exams will be over tomorrow, can’t we please just wait until then?”

“Did you know that studies say that you retain information better when you’re turned on?”
“Hmm, is that why you seem to have perfect recall about all of our first dates?”

“What? No,” Kara huffed out, elongating her words in the way she did when she was lying.

“Also, that sounds like pop psychology bs,” Lena laughed.

“Okay, maybe,” Kara admitted. “But! Even you have admitted that you’re not supposed to study without taking breaks. So take a break with me.”

Lena wanted to be stronger, to insist that she needed to finish studying, but dammit if Kara’s eyes weren’t bigger than she’d ever seen them and her mouth utterly irresistible. “Ten minutes, max,” Lena declared, her eyes hard even as a smile flickered across her mouth.

“Deal!” Kara squealed, using a burst of superspeed to throw all of Lena’s things into her bag and sling it over her shoulder before Lena could change her mind.

“Kara!” Lena hissed. “What if someone saw?”

“There are, like, four people here. Guess where everyone else is?”

“Studying in their rooms where people like you can’t bother them,” Lena retorted.

Kara rolled her eyes. “No! They’re out on the front lawn enjoying the perfect weather.”

“Fine, fine, lead the way, darling.”

Kara quickly took Lena’s hand in her own and brought her back to the stacks, slipping all the way to the end of the row, where she carefully put down Lena’s bag, and drew her girlfriend close to her. A look of what seemed almost like guilt flashed across Kara’s face. “If you, uh, if you really want to study, you should do that. I don’t want to, you know, keep you against your will.”

“Kara, you’re literally the only person I would break my studying for, and I’m happy to do it. But thank you for asking.”

Kara grinned and nodded, gently pulling Lena into her chest as she placed a series of light kisses across Lena’s cheeks and lips.

“We probably could have stayed at the desk and done this,” Lena teased. “Here I thought I was being led back here for something more…”

Not one to back down from Lena’s challenges, Kara pushed her lips more firmly against Lena’s, sighing as she felt Lena’s lips mirror hers, pushing firmly back against her. She let out a small whimper as Lena sucked hard on her lower lip, Lena’s hands slipping under her shirt and her nails running across the hard muscles she found there.

“I can’t wait to celebrate the end of finals with you,” Lena purred, dropping her mouth to Kara’s neck, sucking hard, knowing she wouldn’t be able to leave a mark. “I don’t care how nice the weather is; we’re spending the whole day in bed.”

“Mm, deal,” Kara moaned as Lena’s teeth found her pulse point. While Lena busied herself with Kara’s neck, Kara let her hands skim under Lena’s top and cup her breasts. Squeezing gently, Kara’s hips bucked forward at the feeling of Lena’s nipples hardening under her touch, even through her bra.

Before they could get any more involved, they both froze, hearing whispered voices coming their
way. Lena looked panicked as she remembered that there was no way out at this end of the aisle. She had full confidence in her own ability to act as though nothing were happening, but Kara tended to giggle and blush when caught—something she found out the first time Kara’s older sister had found them in the living room of their shared apartment. And being a Luthor, there were certain things that were simply unacceptable, including being caught doing anything remotely improper, especially with another woman, even more so with a woman who didn’t come from money. It didn’t matter that Lena didn’t agree; all that mattered would be what happened if word ever got back to Lillian.

Catching sight of Lena’s expression, Kara quickly pulled the bag onto her shoulders, picked Lena up in her arms and gently floated them up and over the shelves just in time, as the two intruders stumbled into the exact aisle they had been occupying just moments before.

“That was close,” Lena mouthed silently, narrowing her eyes when she heard sounds suspiciously like the ones they had just been making. Had they been ousted simply so that another couple could take their place?

Catching on, Kara turned around, pulling her glasses down to look through the shelves. “Rao!” she mouthed, looking disgusted as she turned back to Lena.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s Alex and Maggie,” Kara whisper-yelled back. “First they interrupt us in the living room. Then I find out they did it on our kitchen counters—is nothing sacred? Even the places with food? And now they’re stealing our aisle!”

Lena bit back a laugh. She was fairly certain Alex might say the same things about them, though she wouldn’t admit it to Kara. “I really needed to go back to studying, anyway. We’ll find our way back here soon enough, I promise.”

“Can I at least push a book onto them for kicking us out?” Kara asked quietly.

Laughing silently, Lena shook her head.

“Fine,” Kara whined.
“Come play with us,” Lucy whined, covering the page of Alex’s textbook with her hand.

“You know I’m studying,” Alex explained, gently nudging Lucy’s hand off of the page.

“You’re studying for the MCATS. A whole year in advance. Even you have to admit that’s a bit excessive,” Maggie teased. “Plus, it’s the first full week of the summer. You are the only damn undergrad left in the library.”

“The grad students and the med students are still here,” Alex countered.

“Yeah, and when you’re one of them, we’ll leave you alone,” Lucy added, trying again to push the book away from Alex. “C’mon, I just got back from my visit with Lois. You know I need some stress relief after that,” she pouted.

“Kara says she’s really not so bad,” Alex grumbled.

“Kara isn’t Lois’s little sister,” Lucy retorted. “Point is, I could really use some fun in my life, and somehow watching your cute little brain work is much less fun than watching your cute little butt. Or playing with your—”

“Not now,” Alex hissed, cutting off Lucy’s words before she could say something that would leave her thoroughly distracted. “Look, let me finish this chapter, then we can do something, okay?”

“Fine,” Lucy conceded. “But Maggie and I are gonna go have some fun of our own. You come find us when you’re done.”

Alex looked almost hurt before nodding in resignation. It wasn’t like her girlfriends should have to wait around in silence on the first week of vacation that they were all back together while she studied.
With a grin, Maggie grabbed Lucy’s hand and dragged her out of their chairs and toward the stairs. “Where to?” she whispered, glad to be leaving the quiet floor where Alex chose to study.

Once they were in the stairwell, Lucy’s hands were around Maggie’s waist, pushing her up against the exposed brick wall as she nipped at Maggie’s neck. “I’ve missed you,” Lucy murmured.

“We missed you too,” Maggie replied, moaning softly as Lucy’s lips finally found hers. Maggie felt like she lost track of time, but eventually she managed to pull back, her eyes dark and her lips kiss-swollen. “Should we at least move this to the back stairwell? Wouldn’t want to be interrupted when I’m finally getting to touch you again after a whole week away.”

“You make a compelling argument,” Lucy got out between kisses to Maggie’s lips, her hands roaming across Maggie’s upper body. “I suppose you can lead the way,” she gave in, swatting at Maggie’s ass as soon as it was in front of her.

Maggie quickly dragged Lucy up to the fourth floor. “Why here?” Lucy asked, looking around in confusion. Sure, there weren’t a ton of people around, but it seemed…random.

“I’ve got a nice clue for Danvers, a way to let her know how to find us. Plus, it’ll be in the form of a puzzle, so you know it’ll get to her, and she’ll have to solve it.”

“I like the way you think,” Lucy grinned, wiggling her eyebrows as Maggie took her hand and dragged her toward the back.

Once they had made their way through a row of books, Maggie shepherded Lucy into one of the cubicles in the back that stood abandoned now that finals had ended. She scooped Lucy up and deposited her on the desk, then held up a finger, getting out her phone to text Alex. She pulled Lucy in for a heated kiss, snapping a slightly off-focus and off-center photo of the two of them and captioning it: “Come find us where the lesbians are, then take a left.”

Lucy looked like she wanted to ask, but soon found she didn’t care all that much once Maggie’s lips were attached to hers again, nipping and sucking at her lower lip as her hands dropped lower and lower, her nails raking up the exposed skin of Lucy’s thighs, pushing at the already high hem of her jean shorts.

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Downstairs, Alex finally closed her book with a loud sigh. Her eyes were exhausted, and all she wanted was to go home and curl up with her girlfriends. Or maybe lie outside in the sun…get out of the stuffy basement for a while. Picking up her phone, Alex gasped when she caught sight of the photo Maggie had sent. She quickly opened her texts and found the ambiguous clue that accompanied the picture.

“Where are you??” Alex sent, growing increasingly frustrated when she received no reply. She read back over the text…”Find us where the lesbians are, then take a left.” A look of comprehension suddenly dawned on her as she raced up to the second floor to where the queer women’s group met for their biweekly discussion hours at the library’s coffee shop. Only, when she turned left outside of the coffee shop, she just found a couple of med students quizzing each other. She did a few laps around the floor, hoping she hadn’t just missed them, but there were no texts waiting for her.

Alex tried to think through any conversations she’d had with Maggie or Lucy about lesbians in the library…but she came up blank. Eventually she made her way to the elevators, figuring she’d head to the top floor and work her way down. But when she got in the elevator, Alex noticed the library classification guide and the list of which letters were on which floor. Pulling out her phone, she
looked up how the sexuality studies books were classified. HQ, which, based on this guide was housed on the...fourth floor!

She waited impatiently as the ancient elevator creaked to life and carried her up the two flights. As soon as the doors were open, Alex was out like a shot, ignoring the odd looks she got from the two graduate students sitting in the front section as she made a beeline for the HQ aisles. When she reached the end, she nearly let out a huff of disappointment at the lack of anyone there until she remembered the second half of her instructions: turn left.

She turned and walked quickly ahead and into the back corner of cubicles and study carrels. It was almost eerie how empty it was back here, when just two weeks ago students were ready to fight each other over the rare sight of an empty one. While it was quiet, it wasn’t quite quiet enough to be empty. She quickly picked up on the sounds of soft sights and moans and even a shushed giggle.

With a smirk on her face, Alex made her way to the desk where all the noise was coming from and popped her head around the wall, finding Lucy perched on the desk, her legs wrapped around Maggie’s waist and her face buried in the crook of Maggie’s neck as Maggie’s hands roamed across her chest.

“You know, your text said to join, but it looks like you’re doing just fine on your own...” Alex teased, laughing softly when both women’s heads snapped up to find the source of the noise.

“Yeah, but we’re doing so much better now that you’re here,” Maggie flirted back once she had recovered from the initial shock.

“I’ve missed the future Dr. Danvers,” Lucy added, reaching out and dragging Alex toward them as she planted a kiss on Alex’s lips. “Missed you a lot,” she repeated, deepening the kiss.

“If you’re done studying, maybe we take this back to my apartment,” Maggie offered, feeling herself growing increasingly turned on at the sight of her girlfriends making out in front of her.

“You don’t want to see how quiet Danvers can be when we teach her what else can be done in the library?” Lucy asked, a wicked smirk playing at her lips.

“Later,” Maggie promised. “Right now I want to hear you both.”

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers High School AU Part 9

Chapter Summary

So, I combined two requests for this one:
1. Lots of requests for first time smut for this AU. In my head canon, they’re both 18, meaning no one is underage. Alex was already 18 back in the room sharing chapter, and we’ll assume Maggie has turned 18 at this point too, since it's spring of senior year.

2. Sanvers HS AU idea: Maggie and Alex talking about what they want to do after HS maybe even going on a college tour together.

Also, I recognize that more smut could have happened in this chapter, but it was already over 10 pages long, so I've left it as is. Perhaps there will be a second part to this chapter if there's enough demand.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Socks!” Kara called out, reading through Alex’s rather detailed packing list while Alex checked her suitcase.

“Got ’em!” Alex yelled back.

“That’s it for clothing. Did you want me to go through toiletries next?”

“No, no, I’ll do them on my own. Thanks for your help.”

“Of course. It’s not everyday your big sister leaves for her first college visit.” Alex gulped; it wasn’t that she was scared or anything—after all, the hard part was getting in, and that was done—but she still worried about making a good impression. Seeing Alex’s expression, Kara reassured her, “You’re gonna be great. You know schools will be fighting to have you pick them. And anyone that isn’t? Well, they’re not worth your time.”

Alex wished it were really that simple, but she nodded, accepting Kara’s words. “Thanks,” she mumbled, before heading into the bathroom to grab the last of her things. While she was packing up her travel toothpaste and toothbrush, she heard the doorbell ring.

“Got it!” Kara yelled, taking off down the stairs and pulling open the door. “Maggie! Come in!”

“Hey, Little Danvers,” Maggie waved, wheeling in a small suitcase. “Alex ready?”

“Almost!” Alex called from upstairs. “Be down in just a second.”

“No yelling in the house,” Eliza chastised as she walked past the bathroom, though she smiled fondly at Alex when she caught her gaze. Stepping into the room, Eliza leaned up against the sink. “I’m sad I won’t be with you on this round of accepted students visits, but it’s good for you to make decisions on your own too. You’re growing up so quickly. I… I know you had to grow up a lot faster than most kids your age. Between welcoming Kara and, in so many ways, being a third parent to her when it came to watching over her at school, and losing Jeremiah, your dad, at an age when we
shouldn’t have had to lose him, you’ve been through so much already. And I need you to know, to hear, just how proud I am of you. For everything, Alex.”

Swallowing hard, Alex nodded, blinking back tears as she let Eliza pull her into a tight hug. “I love you, mom,” she whispered.

“I love you too,” Eliza whispered back, her voice cracking slightly as she thought about how different it would feel when yet another member of her family left the house in just a few short months.

“I should probably get downstairs. We wouldn’t want to miss our flight.”

“No, of course not,” Eliza admitted, smiling and ruffling Alex’s hair before heading downstairs herself.

A few minutes later, Alex came trudging down the stairs, backpack on her back and small duffel bag in hand. “Hey, Maggie!”

“You ready to see NCU and Stanford?” Maggie asked, a broad smile on her face as she thought about the long weekend they had ahead of them, visiting colleges without the stress of wondering whether they could even dream of being accepted and spending long nights in hotel rooms without the fear of Kara intruding—even if all they did was make out and cuddle.

“Yeah!” Alex grinned, suddenly letting herself get excited about the trip after a long night of packing and stress-induced nightmares. “I packed us some bagels for the trip over to the airport,” she added, popping into the kitchen and grabbing a bag for each of them.

“So sweet,” Kara commented, playfully poking Alex in the side. “Have fun, you two! We’ll miss you at game night.”

“We’ll miss you too, but it’ll still be spring break when we get back. Plenty of time to kick your butt at Taboo,” Maggie laughed.

“I don’t mean to interrupt the banter, but we really should get out on the road in case we hit traffic,” Eliza said, grabbing the keys and her phone.

After a long hug with Kara, Alex nodded and made her way to the doorway, grabbing Maggie’s hand as they followed Eliza to the car.

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“You fly like a monk, Danvers,” Maggie teased, looking at the stoic, unblinking expression Alex wore through the entirety of take off until they reached altitude.

“What do you mean?” Alex huffed.

“You looked like…I don’t even know what like. You just seemed very reserved.”

“I don’t love flying. I feel like something awful could happen up here, and so I sort of have to resign myself to not being able to do anything about it except react, you know?”

“That’s, I mean, I guess you’re right. But it’s sort of disquieting to think about it when we’re up in the air.”

“Shit, sorry! I don’t want to make you scared, Mags,” Alex rushed out, grabbing Maggie’s hand with
her own and rubbing calming circles with her thumb in the way she knew helped Maggie to relax.

“You’re okay, Al, I’m mainly teasing you. But by all means, keep up the nice hand massage,” she joked.

---

Once they had arrived and checked in at the hotel, Alex consulted their itinerary. “We have another hour before we have to leave for NCU.”

“Yes, captain,” Maggie nodded, saluting Alex and earning an exasperated eye roll.

“We can drop our stuff off, but then did you want to walk around the town or just hang out?”

“I’m not starving, but I could probably eat something. Do you know if the opening session has food?” Maggie asked.

“Let’s look at the packet they sent when we get upstairs.”

“Wow, something the great master of planning doesn’t have an immediate answer to?” Maggie teased.

“Shut up,” Alex grumbled, lightly shoving Maggie toward the elevator and up to the room they’d share for the next two nights.

“Ooh! A big TV!” Maggie exclaimed, jumping onto the bed and looking around for the channel guide.

“Big TV? Look at the giant bed!” Alex laughed, jumping on next to Maggie and marveling at all the room they still had on the king-sided mattress.

“Big enough to have fun?” Maggie flirted, wiggling her eyebrows.

“I don’t know…” Alex trailed off, before breaking into a grin and pushing Maggie down onto the mattress, letting her lips find the other woman’s. As lighthearted as she was acting, Alex had thought extensively about what exactly this weekend would hold for them. Sure, they’d spent time alone in both of their houses, but this felt different. They were actually guaranteed to stay alone the whole night, for one, and in a hotel room, for two. Plus, they had been accepted into colleges, moving one step closer to independence. And Alex certainly wasn’t opposed to doing more with Maggie than they had done so far, but she was still nervous; it would be her first time, after all.

Sensing Alex’s distraction, Maggie pulled back, drawing them both up to the head of the bed. “Nothing has to happen, you know? I mean, I love making out with you, but we don’t even have to do that. Just because we’re sharing a bed doesn’t mean we have to do anything more than sleep.”

Alex smiled and held Maggie to her chest, remembering all of the reasons why she loved her. “Yeah, and that’s exactly why I think I want more than that,” she admitted. “If you do!” she rushed to add, not wanting Maggie to think today was only about her comfort level. Sure, she had come out a little later, but Maggie would still be equally new to this type of intimacy.

“Right, yeah! I mean, I think it would be fun, but, I guess, let’s just see?”

“Good idea,” Alex nodded. Noticing the time, she jumped up and grabbed their schedule, looking up the itinerary for today. “So we do get lunch today, but we’re on our own for dinner. Want to look up places in the area before we head over to campus?”
“Sounds good,” Maggie agreed, pulling out the one laptop they had brought with them to find their options.

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While Maggie and Alex had decided the responsible thing to do would be to meet other accepted students during the info sessions and ice breaker activities, separating into new groups, they joined up again for the campus tour, which was their last scheduled activity for the day.

“How’d you like it?” Alex whispered.

“It was fun! I met a few cool people who are pretty sure they’re going here. What about you, meet anyone you like?”

“I met someone else who wants to be pre-med,” Alex nodded. “Then during the panels, I got to go to a few with the science professors who volunteered to be here this weekend. They seemed like they could be great mentors.”

“Yeah, I got to meet a few of them too. I went to one of the later sessions. I talked to the scholarship and financial aid people first. I have to say, it’s hard to beat their offer. In-state tuition plus a scholarship that covers almost everything else…it’d be nice to be able to use the money I’m making at my job to just cover books and stuff without having to worry about loans.”

Alex nodded earnestly. She had been so proud of Maggie when she got the letter about the merit scholarship and had taken her out to celebrate, ignoring Maggie’s protests about it not being a “big deal” because it absolutely was. “That’s really great, Mags. I’m glad you got to talk to them too. See anything else?”

“I picked up some flyers about stuff in the area for the block of free time we have tomorrow.”

“Ooh, good thinking. I asked around about restaurants, and everyone suggested that Noonan’s would be a good place to go for dinner.”

“Sounds great. It’ll be a nice date,” Maggie grinned. “Now, shall we pay attention to the tour?”

“We did already go on it…” Alex trailed off, looking only slightly guilty.

“Damn, breaking the rules, Danvers. What’s next? We abandon the itinerary altogether?”

“Never!” Alex gasped, a look of mock horror crossing her face.

---

Over dinner at Noonan’s the two women talked about their impressions of the campus and what they thought they might want to do over their break the next day.

“Isn’t this where CatCo is headquartered?” Maggie asked.

“Yep,” Alex agreed. “I swear, Kara has some kind of hero worship thing going on with Cat Grant.”

“Really? Little Danvers has a thing for older women?”

“Eww,” Alex squealed. “She’s my baby sister!”

“Fine, fine,” Maggie conceded. “Would probably be cool to work for her, though. I mean, doesn’t your sister want to be a writer?”
“Yeah, a journalist,” Alex confirmed. “What about you? Still thinking of being the world’s tiniest cop?”

“Hush,” Maggie laughed. “If I can find a way to do some science and bring a bit of social justice activism into my work, then yeah, I still wanna be a tiny cop, maybe even a tiny detective!”

“Ooh, very fancy! And I can be your favorite doctor at the local hospital,” Alex teased, a playful grin on her lips.

“Mhm, all professional at work, but then we’ll make out in the break room. Very Gray’s Anatomy.”

“So realistic. Definitely how hospitals work,” Alex nodded, trying to maintain a serious expression.

“Definitely,” Maggie concurred. “Now, do you want dessert, or should we get the check and head back to the hotel?”

“Let’s head back,” Alex replied, excited to spend the night alone with Maggie, even if nothing more happened.

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“You feel so good,” Alex sighed, as Maggie kissed up and down her neck, careful not to leave any marks for their college visits.

Pulling back just slightly, Maggie looked up at Alex. “Should we, uh, talk about this? Or, I mean, maybe nothing happens. Do you want something to happen?”

With the way her body seemed to have come alive with desire, her heart pounding and her breathing shallow, heat coiling low in her stomach and an insistent pulse between her legs, Alex knew the answer to what she wanted. “I do want something, but do you? I mean, we’ve been together half a year now. We love each other. I trust you, ya know? And it’s not like it’s a huge leap from what we’ve done so far. But we can always stop! I don’t know. What do you think?”

“I think…I think I like you a lot. I mean, I love you,” Maggie chuckled nervously. “And I think I’d like to sleep with you too.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, smiling softly as Alex captured her lips again in a kiss that was more heated, more determined, more purposeful. She let her hands slip under Maggie’s shirt, her touch both eager and nervous.

“Should these, um, come off?” Alex asked, gesturing at their clothing. On the one hand, there was nothing she wanted more than to see and touch all of Maggie. But on the other hand, she was nervous: what if Maggie didn’t like what Alex looked like without any clothing? They’d always kept shorts or pants on when they were making out so far. What if she couldn’t figure out what to do, or wasn’t good at any of it?

But then Maggie was nodding and wrapping her fingers around the hem of Alex’s shirt, carefully lifting it over her head, then reaching back to unhook Alex’s bra, letting it drop to the bed. “Do you want to, uh, take off mine?” Maggie asked.

“Right, yes!” Alex nodded, jumping into action and quickly unbuttoning Maggie’s shirt before pulling the sports bra over her head. “Can I take off your jeans too?” Alex asked, her fingers hesitating over the button.
“Only if you want to,” Maggie replied, looking earnestly up at Alex.

“I do,” Alex confirmed, hurriedly undoing the button and pulling down the zipper with slightly trembling fingers. Maggie helped her, kicking off the skinny jeans so that Alex wouldn’t have to fight to tug them down her legs.

Getting up on her knees, Maggie moved toward Alex. “And yours?” As soon as Alex nodded, Maggie was tugging at the black pants and pushing them down Alex’s legs. “You’re so beautiful,” Maggie whispered, her voice soft and reverent as she took in the sight of her girlfriend lying next to her in just a pair of tight black boyshorts.

“So are you,” Alex added, letting her hand run all the way down Maggie’s side and across her thigh. Deciding it would be best to make out a little while longer before they took off the last of their clothing, Alex drew Maggie in and kissed her deeply, whimpering when Maggie’s hands began exploring the newly revealed skin.

Carefully rolling on top of Alex, Maggie propped herself up on her elbows before ducking down and returning her attention to Alex’s lips. As Maggie let her tongue flick into Alex’s mouth, Alex ran her fingers up and down Maggie’s back, slowly and tentatively dipping lower with every stroke until she had her hands curved around Maggie’s ass, squeezing gently. Maggie groaned at the feeling and dropped her hips, coming to rest with one leg between Alex’s thighs.

Their kiss soon grew deeper, both of them pulling at one another, holding each other tighter as they lost themselves in soft sighs and heady kisses. When Maggie pulled herself up slightly, her thigh dragged up and across Alex’s center. Alex whimpered loudly and bucked her hips up into Maggie’s thigh, blushing a brilliant shade of red when she realized what she had done.

“Sorry,” Alex whispered, her heart pounding and her breathing irregular.

“Don’t be,” Maggie replied, shaking her head. “I mean, it’s good if it feels good, right? That’s sort of the point.”

“Right, it’s just, I don’t know, we’re not even naked yet…” Alex trailed off, not wanting to add that even with her underwear still on and just one thrust of Maggie’s thigh, Alex felt as close to coming as she did after long stretches of touching herself on the rare evening when Kara really was out of the house.

“Should we be?” Maggie asked, looking vaguely nervous, even though the thought of being able to see all of Alex made her heart pound in anticipation.

“Okay,” Alex nodded. Deciding to just go for it, Alex quickly pulled down her own boyshorts, trying to ignore just how wet they had gotten. She wondered if it was weird to be that wet. Would Maggie be that wet too? The idea of Maggie wanting her that much made Alex giddy, and she leaned over to play with the waistband of Maggie’s underwear. “Can I take these off?”

“Yeah, it might, uh, be a little, um, sticky,” Maggie stuttered, blushing more than Alex had ever seen as she lifted her lips to let Alex pull the last remnants of her clothing off of her hips.

Alex nearly whimpered at the sight of the string of arousal connecting Maggie to her underwear. “Don’t worry,” Alex whispered, “I was, you know, the same.”

“Yeah?” Maggie checked, looking up at Alex with wide eyes.

“Mhm,” Alex nodded. As they sat across from one another, both of them equal parts nervous and turned on, neither moved.
“What do you like done to yourself?” Maggie asked, finally breaking the silence.

“What? I’m, uh, new to this,” Alex replied, stumbling over her words.

“Right, yeah, but, uh, do you not…do you not, well, touch yourself?”

“Oh, uh, yeah…sometimes. Sister. Sharing a room. Little hard to find the privacy,” Alex explained, choosing not to tell Maggie about how she’d pretty much been caught by both her mom and her sister thanks to the fact that, oh right, her little sister had superpowers.

“Right, that must suck,” Maggie laughed, feeling like the awkwardness of the moment had finally broken enough that they were back to being Alex and Maggie. Alex and Maggie naked, of course, but still.

“Since you’ve got the room to yourself and an aunt who works nights sometimes, why don’t you tell me what you like?” Alex challenged, a smile playing at her lips as Maggie suddenly blushed.

“Maybe we just lie down together and make out and figure out what comes naturally?” Maggie suggested, suddenly feeling shy at the idea of talking to Alex about exactly what she does to herself in her bedroom, especially given what she normally fantasized about.

Alex nodded and let her head hit the pillows, grinning as Maggie came back down, once more positioning herself on top of Alex and slotting a thigh between the other girl’s legs. When she thrust forward this time, leaning in to kiss Alex, Maggie sighed, “You really are wet.” Preempting Alex’s blushing, she added, “It’s hot.”

Sucking her lower lip between her teeth, Alex used her hands to guide Maggie more firmly down on her own thigh, marveling at just how good it felt to have nothing left between them. As they made out, Alex felt herself getting embarrassingly close to coming, their thighs both slick with each other’s arousal from grinding into one another.

When Maggie pulled her thigh away, Alex whimpered at the loss of contact until Maggie rolled onto her side and let her fingers graze down Alex’s stomach, stopping an inch or two below her belly button. “Can I?” she asked, earning an eager nod from Alex, who let her legs fall even wider apart as Maggie’s fingers found their way to her center.

“You feel really nice,” Maggie whispered, wondering if it was proper etiquette to comment on these sorts of things. But Alex seemed to preen at the compliment and relax further into her touches, so Maggie figured it wasn’t the worst decision she’d ever made. She let her fingers fall a little lower, circling around Alex’s entrance as she gathered wetness on her fingertips before moving back up and searching for Alex’s clit. She carefully parted her folds, feeling slightly at a loss when it wasn’t exactly where hers was.

“Um, here,” Alex whispered, putting her hand on top of Maggie’s and guiding her fingers to a spot a little higher up than where she had been. “That’s, uh, where I normally like it,” she added, caught between a sense of embarrassment that she knew Maggie would tell her was unwarranted and a sense of desperate need as Maggie began tracing gentle touches around her clit.

Maggie grinned at the sight of Alex’s hips shifting under her touch. “Is this good?” she checked.

“Yeah, but, uh, you can go a little harder too,” Alex answered honestly, sighing in contentment when Maggie eagerly followed her instructions.

“Shit, that feels, that feels really good,” Alex panted, feeling her muscles tensing as Maggie added a second finger and quickly flicked the two back and forth across her hard clit. And as much as she
wanted to last longer, she felt like all of her concerns about propriety were rapidly dissolving under Maggie’s insistent touch. Before she knew it, she was coming with a sharp thrust of her hips and a strangled cry.

Once Alex’s head dropped to the pillow, Maggie pulled her hand away, only to feel Alex’s fingers grabbing at her once more, putting her fingers back where they had been. “Just some pressure, maybe slow movement, is good for a few more seconds,” Alex explained, her body shuddering once more as if to demonstrate why.

“Right, sorry,” Maggie apologized.

“Don’t apologize,” Alex added, looking far too blissed out to care about anything.

“I just, when I’m coming from clit alone, I get really sensitive right after,” Maggie explained.

“Do you, um, can you come from not your clit?” Alex asked, looking genuinely curious. She had tried, but didn’t quite get the hype. She had wondered—both now and alone in bed—whether it might be different with Maggie’s fingers—a hypothesis she was eager to test.

“Oh…yeah,” Maggie nodded. “I mean, not always, and I still normally touch my clit too,” she added, wondering if she seemed weird now.

“Could I, um, could I try, could I be inside you?” Alex finally managed to get out.

Trying to keep her hips on the bed and not to moan loudly at the very idea, Maggie nodded. Keeping her voice steady, she added, “Only if you feel comfortable with it.”

Alex nodded eagerly, hopping up onto her knees and coming to rest between Maggie’s legs. She let a finger trail up and down between Maggie’s folds, biting her lip at just how wet her girlfriend already was. Once Maggie seemed sufficiently ready, Alex carefully slipped her index finger inside of Maggie, smiling at how intimate the act seemed with another person.

Maggie groaned at the sudden feeling of fullness, too far beyond the point of caring whether or not she was supposed to be making noise yet. After all, Alex was her girlfriend, and she didn’t judge Maggie for anything except her taste in ice cream. Plus, after watching Alex come under her own touches, Maggie was rather desperate and closer to coming than ever.

“You can, uh, move your finger in and out. Then you can probably speed up or go a little harder,” Maggie explained, sensing Alex’s hesitation over possibly hurting her girlfriend.

“Right,” Alex nodded, taking Maggie’s instructions and following them to the letter. She delighted in the little noises Maggie made while she got used to the feeling of just slowly sliding in and out of her, and her breath caught in her throat at the deeper moans Maggie let out when she began fucking her properly.

“You’re so hot,” Alex whispered, her voice deeper and raspier than she was used to.

Maggie whimpered, her hips coming up to meet Alex’s hand with every thrust. She could feel her own arousal coating Alex’s finger and spilling out onto Alex’s hand and her own inner thighs. Every so often, Alex’s hand would graze against her clit, making Maggie shudder hard. Finally, when she could feel herself getting close but not quite close enough, Maggie dropped her hand between her legs, pressing her own fingers into her clit as Alex continued to fuck her.

Just as Maggie felt her muscles all tensing, Alex stopped moving. “Are you, um, am I not doing something right?” Alex asked, her voice trembling slightly.
“No!” Maggie rushed out, trying to catch her breath. “I just didn’t want to overwhelm you. What you’re doing with your fingers is so good. I just needed something on my clit too.”

“Oh, yeah! Um, can I try? I want you to be able to relax and enjoy yourself,” Alex shrugged.

“I was, don’t worry,” Maggie laughed softly. “But yeah, if you want to do it, that’s fine too.”

Alex nodded, sucking two fingers into her mouth to wet them in the way that she did for herself, then brought them back down where Maggie’s had been, fumbling slightly until she found the hard nub that made Maggie gasp. Once she got into a pattern of rubbing small circles around it that seemed to have Maggie whimpering, Alex concentrated on thrusting her finger at the same time, gradually finding her way back to a steady pace.

She watched on in wonder as Maggie’s hips bucked into her hand before faltering as her back arched and her thighs tensed. Knowing better than to stop, Alex tried to keep doing exactly what she was doing, even though Maggie looked amazing and sexy and so very distracting. And then suddenly Maggie’s walls were fluttering around her fingers, her body dropping down to the bed as she let out a low moan of relief. Alex quickly moved her fingers off of Maggie’s clit, but kept a finger moving slowly inside of her, hoping it would help make Maggie’s orgasm better.

Finally catching her breath, Maggie reached up and pulled Alex down next to her, kissing her soundly. “I love you,” Maggie whispered.

“I love you too, Mags,” Alex whispered back, punctuating each word with a light kiss. Realizing they were probably done with certain things for now, Alex carefully slid her finger out of Maggie, smiling at the quickly swallowed moan Maggie let out at the feeling of movement inside her once more.

Alex looked at her finger, noting how it was still coated in Maggie’s arousal. With a quirk of her head, she brought it up to her mouth and licked. “You taste good,” she commented, earning a choking noise from Maggie whose pupils were rapidly dilating again.

As Alex swirled her tongue around her finger, Maggie looked on helplessly, feeling almost painfully turned on at the sight. “You, uh, it’s only fair, you know, if I get to taste you too…” Maggie trailed off, moving down the bed and settling between Alex’s legs. “If that’s something you might be interested in trying?”

Alex could only gulp and nod, wondering how she got this lucky.

Chapter End Notes

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Maggie and Alex had slowly but surely given up on the idea of ever watching a movie or a television show to its conclusion unless they were with friends. Their nights on Alex’s couch seemed to devolve into hungrily making out with one another for hours within the first 15-20 minutes of anything, no matter how good or how engaged they’d normally be. Because it didn’t matter that it was a movie Maggie had wanted to see for ages when Alex’s lips were right there looking perfectly tempting. And Alex couldn’t even bring herself to care about the brand new documentary playing in the background when Maggie’s fingers were skirting under her shirt and trailing across her abs.

Which is how the two women found themselves yet again one weekend night with Netflix playing but muted and ignored in the background as Maggie settled herself on top of Alex, their thighs entwined and their lips basically glued together. They still hadn’t done more than make out, though hands had certainly wandered, but Maggie had become less cautious with Alex, who was increasingly bold in everything that they did. So when Alex leaned up and pulled on the hem of her shirt to take it off even though she wasn’t wearing a bra, Maggie didn’t object or ask Alex if she were sure, accepting that Alex knew herself better than she knew Alex. Plus, it wasn’t like Maggie would complain about seeing Alex topless…she was only human.

“You’re so sexy, Alex,” Maggie rasped, taking in the sight of her girlfriend underneath her, chest heaving and slightly flushed, her cheeks a faint pink, and her hair mussed from Maggie’s fingers.

“So are you,” Alex agreed, biting her lip as she played with the hem of Maggie’s shirt. “Would you be okay taking this off?”

Maggie nodded quickly, ducking to help Alex pull off her shirt. “And this…?” Alex asked, gesturing
at Maggie’s bra.

Maggie smiled and nodded again. Alex had only seen her completely topless once, but if her reaction was anything to go by, she enjoyed the visual. And Maggie had very much enjoyed the way Alex had paid such careful attention to her breasts. This time, though, Alex seemed more concerned with making out, dragging Maggie down so that their chests were touching and moaning softly at the intimacy of the warm contact.

Parting her lips to deepen the kiss, Maggie groaned as Alex slipped her tongue into her mouth while her hands roamed up and down her back, scratching deliciously at Maggie’s skin. With every drag of Alex’s short nails down her back, Maggie found herself thrusting against Alex, too turned on to worry about the implications of her actions—especially when Alex was gasping openly at the contact herself.

“You feel so good,” Maggie panted, earning a loud whimper from Alex, who shifted her attention to Maggie’s neck, knowing exactly how much her girlfriend enjoyed it. Alex nipped and sucked her way up and down Maggie’s neck before taking her girlfriend’s earlobe between her teeth and sucking lightly, earning a strangled cry from Maggie, who quickly had her mouth back on Alex’s as she kissed her deeply, her hips pumping against Alex’s thigh. Maggie knew her underwear would be pretty much ruined, but it was worth it to be able to relieve some of the aching pressure between her legs.

But then Alex’s fingers were in her hair, pulling gently, and Alex was sucking on her lower lip and urging her own hips up into Maggie’s, and Maggie let instinct take over, grinding hard into Alex’s strong thigh muscles. Before she could quite stop it (and honestly, she didn’t know if she would have had the will power to stop it even if she could have), Maggie felt herself hurtling over the edge, coming with a sharp gasp before collapsing into Alex’s chest.

After a few long seconds of silence as Maggie fought to catch her breath again, Alex quietly asked, “Did you, uh, did you just come?”

“Er, yeah,” Maggie nodded. “Sorry, I know we’re not there yet! I didn’t mean to, and if you feel uncomfortable I can go.”

“No, no!” Alex rushed out. Discomfort was the absolute last thing Alex was feeling, and there was no way she was going to let Maggie leave now when she had just gotten to see and sort of help to make happen the most amazing thing. Sure, she had seen plenty of guys come—not that the memories were particularly sharp, given the copious amounts of alcohol that were normally consumed to make those nights tolerable—but watching Maggie’s face when she came, holding her close to her body as she trembled through her orgasm, that was an experience on a whole new level. It was indescribably erotic, and all Alex wanted was to make it happen again. Of course, she was also rather desperate to come herself at this point, but she would wait until Maggie left before taking care of her own needs.

“Are you sure?” Maggie asked, blushing at how quickly she had come. She had nothing against tribbing, but normally she liked to at least have her jeans off and preferably even more.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded. “It was hot,” she added quietly, blushing as her gaze dropped down. Maggie tried not to whimper at that, but she was very much looking forward to a day in the near future when they would both make each other come without it being “accidental” and without any clothing in their way. Instead she dropped her head back down, meeting Alex’s lips in a heated kiss as her hand cupped Alex’s jaw, her thumb running gently across Alex’s cheekbones.

Alex was happy enough just to be making out with Maggie, but she was also desperate to see
Maggie come again. So once they had settled into a routine, Alex pushed her thigh up between Maggie’s own legs, trying to recreate the situation that had brought it about the first time.

Knowing how easy it was for her to come a second time once it had already happened and given how worked up she still was, Maggie carefully maneuvered herself around Alex’s thigh, keeping almost all of her weight balanced elsewhere to avoid coming again. But Alex seemed determined to get the same level of closeness they’d had before, as her hands grabbed at Maggie’s lower back and drew her down each time.

Growing frustrated by what Alex saw as her inability to make Maggie feel good a second time, Alex carefully rolled them over, nearly falling off the couch but trying to make it look like a smooth transition as she positioned herself on top of Maggie, her thigh resting between Maggie’s. Once they had gotten settled and fallen back into a rhythm, Maggie’s tongue tracing Alex’s lower lip, Alex pushed forward with her thigh. Maggie quickly swallowed a small whimper and backed up slightly, moving farther away from Alex’s thighs. Only Alex moved with her, nipping and sucking at her lower lip while her hands came to rest on Maggie’s breasts and her thigh found its way back between her legs.

“Al,” Maggie finally panted out, pulling back. When she looked up, she saw the look of frustration on Alex’s face and smiled broadly. “Are you…are you trying to make me come again?”

“What? No…” Alex trailed off, looking rather guilty.

“It’s okay, though maybe next time you let me know?” Maggie laughed. “Don’t think that I’m not desperate to make you come too. I just…I want to make sure that I do everything right for you.”

“And this way of, uh, coming,” Alex stammered, “it’s not the ‘right’ way?”

“No!” Maggie exclaimed, shaking her head. “First of all, there’s no such thing as a wrong way to have an orgasm. And this is fairly common, I mean, often with less clothing than we’re wearing, but it’s up to you.”

“Oh,” Alex nodded. “Good to know.”

Maggie bit back a grin at Alex’s eagerness to learn. “Right, yeah, it’s called tribbing, and I’m happy to do it with you, but maybe we should figure out if we’re comfortable having sex just yet and have conversations about what both of us do and don’t like, you know, just so that we’re taking the best steps to make this good for us together.”

“So…maybe we have that conversation now because, if you’re ready, I’m so ready to be done with the waiting.”

“Yeah?”

“Please,” Alex sighed, resting her chin on Maggie’s chest.

“Then let’s talk, babe,” Maggie teased, winking at Alex as she pulled herself up into a sitting position.

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The next afternoon found Maggie and Alex very naked and looking very thoroughly fucked in Alex’s bed.

“Okay, that was all amazing, but I still haven’t gotten to come from the tribbing, which is kind of
how this all came about,” Alex commented as she stroked her fingers through Maggie’s hair.

“How’s it all about?” Maggie replied, trying to summon the energy to pull herself back up.

“Okay, you sound exhausted. How about I feed you first, then we do it?”

“You’re adorable, you know that?”

“Hmm, yep, I do now,” Alex laughed.

When they returned to the bedroom, Maggie looked reinvigorated and ready to introduce Alex to more of the joys of lesbian sex. “Do you want to be on top or on the bottom?”

“I have options?”

“Yeah, but maybe you start on the bottom, that way I can do a little more of the work this time? Also, personally, I have an easier time getting off on the top,” Maggie admitted.

“Alright, then let’s go for it,” Alex grinned, pulling Maggie into bed with her. She’d never enjoyed sex with other people before, but with Maggie, she couldn’t get enough of it. The fact that they’d been at it for hours did nothing to dampen her desire to keep going, and Maggie was apparently as insatiable as she was.

Maggie quickly settled in on top of Alex, kissing her deeply as though they even needed foreplay after the hours of near continuous sex they’d been having. She slotted one thigh between Alex’s, smiling into the kiss when she felt how wet Alex still was for her. As she slowly began to grind into Alex’s pussy, she pulled back to say, “If this doesn’t feel good, tell me. The goal doesn’t have to be an orgasm, of course, but I mean, we’ll only keep going if you’re enjoying it.”

“It feels good,” Alex sighed, letting her hips fall into a rhythm with Maggie’s. As they moved together, Alex figured out how best to position herself and began focusing on pressing her own thigh up for Maggie.

At first it was fun. But when Maggie started to let herself get into it in a way she hadn’t been as obvious or vocal about on the couch, then Alex started to really enjoy it. Because Maggie completely naked riding her thigh and gasping and moaning into her mouth was a sight to behold. And feeling just how soaked her thigh was getting made Alex even wetter, which only seemed to spur Maggie on. Then Maggie was pulling back and arching her back as her hips stuttered and faltered against Alex, and with a loud cry, Maggie came hard—and it was that moment that finally pushed Alex over the edge. She gasped and shuddered under Maggie’s leg, grabbing the smaller woman’s ass and holding her tight against her pussy as she rode out her orgasm.

For a few minutes, they just held each other like that, not caring about how sweaty they both were as they tried to catch their breath. “So, how’d you like it?” Maggie asked.

“It was hot.”

“So, like, 10/10 would do again?” Maggie joked.

“If you make those noises every time, more like 13/10 would do again,” Alex laughed, pulling Maggie in and kissing her soundly.

Chapter End Notes
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“She’s awake,” a woman’s voice rang out.

Alex blinked slowly, trying to adjust to the light and figure out where she was. She had been trained for this—kidnapping, being held hostage, the unknown.

“Who are you?” the woman’s voice rang out again.

Grunting in pain as burning ropes tightened around her, Alex remained silent despite what felt like a kind of compulsion to tell this woman everything.

“Your silence will not win you friends here.”

Alex finally managed to keep her eyes open, ignoring the blistering pain around her arms and torso and the way her vision still swam, the world around her blurry. Looking around, she made out the vague outlines of several women, all clad in armor that looked like it hadn’t come from this century, or even the last few. “Who are you?” Alex finally managed, her voice raspy and her throat dry.

“I believe we’re asking questions right now,” a brunette added, crossing her arms and glaring at this newcomer to Themyscira.

Another woman—perhaps the leader—cut in, her voice gentler than the others: “Perhaps the better question is, what do you remember?”

Relaxing slightly as she gave in to the need to speak, Alex tried to think back to what she last remembered. “Am I…am I dead?” Alex asked. Because the last thing she could remember was her flight to Geneva going down in the middle of the Atlantic. She remembered helping the people sitting in her aisle to get on their flotation devices, even though she knew it wouldn’t matter with the speed at which they were falling. She remembered begging Rao or whatever divinity might exist,
might listen to protect Kara and her family, even as she refused to beg for her own life.

“You are not dead. My daughter saved you,” the woman explained, scrutinizing Alex closely. “But for her actions, for bringing you back to our home, we demand answers from you.”

Nodding, Alex began speaking again, “My name is Alexandra Danvers. I work for the government of the United States of America.”

“Mother! Untie her,” ordered a younger woman, who looked almost petulant as she strode across the room toward Alex and her captors.

“Diana, we have not yet been assured of her motives.”

“I would not have saved just anyone,” Diana countered, arching an eyebrow. “It was a personal favor: I was to save Alexandra Danvers from her certain death, to keep her away until enough time had gone by for the threat to have passed.”

“Who asked you? Is my sister in danger?” Alex rushed, suddenly feeling more alert as her adrenaline spiked at the thought that Kara might be in danger.

“Your sister is safe, and she knows enough, I believe, to hold out hope for your survival. It is not safe for you to contact her, but Mr. J’onzz believed you would react this way. He told me to tell you that he would watch over her until your return.”

Not wholly satisfied, but feeling somehow comforted by this strange woman’s words, Alex nodded. “Thank you.”

“He was right about you, you know?” Diana smiled. “You were worthy of being saved, even though I have long since learned to abandon questions of worth.”

Alex looked confused, but Diana’s words seemed to further soften her mother’s expression. “Before we let you go,” the blonde leader began, “I need to learn all that you know, to find out whether we are in danger for harboring you. So tell me, who would have wanted to attack you?”

“I don’t know,” Alex lied, feeling a horrible pain lash against her skin as she cried out.

“Lying is futile,” Diana explained, looking pained at Alex’s expression. “Lasso of truth and all that…you should probably just tell them what you know.”

“Fine,” Alex gritted her teeth. “I work for the Department of Extranormal Operations. We work to protect the earth from alien life. There are many out there—both from this planet and beyond—who would love to see me killed as the second-in-command. Many of my fellow agents were on the plane as well.” Looking suddenly grieved, Alex looked up to Diana. “Did they…did any of them make it?”

“No,” Diana whispered, her voice soft and full of as many regrets as Alex’s. “I barely saved you.”

Nodding, Alex filed that information away for another day—a day when she wasn’t being held by something called the lasso of truth and surrounded by warriors who were growing increasingly clear as her vision sharpened over time. “You don’t sound surprised. About the alien life part. Normally it gets people.”

“We, the Amazons, were fashioned by the gods. And your savior, well, she is a god,” one of the women stepped forward to explain. “So, no, the idea of life on other planets does not shock us as it did your kind.”
“Right,” Alex nodded, paying closer attention to the women surrounding her—the women she once believed to be the things of myth and legend alone.

“As you have introduced yourself to us, Alexandra, it is only right to extend the same courtesy,” the leader added, extending her hand to Alex as she let the lasso fall away. “My name is Hippolyta. I am Queen of the Amazons.”

Alex felt her jaw drop slightly as she looked up at the woman, this mythic queen, whose hand felt firm as she shook Alex’s.

“You have met my daughter, Diana. This is my sister, Antiope,” she introduced, gesturing to the woman who had been harsher in her questioning. “And her partner, Menalippe,” she added, gesturing to the strong-looking brunette.

“And this is Orana, Aremis, and Acantha,” Hippolyta introduced the final three women who had stood silent and at attention throughout.

“I will now leave you in the care of Epione, who will be able to tend to your wounds. When you are done, you are welcome to join us in a meal. I believe my daughter is also hoping to talk to you.”

Alex nodded, letting herself be led to another chamber filled with bright blue baths where Epione was waiting to help her.

Once her wounds were dressed and she had bathed, Alex finally let herself relax for a moment as she stepped outside, taking in the gorgeous scenery that looked almost otherworldly.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” Diana asked, her voice soft as she stepped up alongside Alex, not wanting to disturb the other woman.

“It is,” Alex agreed.

“How are you? I know it must be a lot to take in.”

Alex just nodded. “I’ll be okay. How much longer until I can go back?”

“Honestly? I’m not sure. Your mentor or boss, it wasn’t quite clear, Mr. J’onzz, he suggested a year.”

Looking pained, Alex nodded, resigning herself to his orders. No matter how much she longed to return to Kara, she suspected getting off of the island would not be as simple as chartering an airplane. “But you…you go back and forth freely between this island and my world?” Alex asked.

“I wouldn’t say freely,” Diana conceded, looking wistful. “I left here many years ago with the childish hope that I might go to save your world, to end all wars. And since then, it is difficult to come back. I leave my people in danger every time I cross back into our land. So now, for you, I will stay with you until it is safe for you to return. I will, if you wish, help to train you, to make you into a warrior, before our return.”

“I’ve already gone through years of training,” Alex replied coolly, feeling herself grow defensive at the insinuation. Her almost certain death was not something that her years of training could have prevented. Her need for rescue did not make her less of a soldier.

As if reading Alex’s thoughts, Diana grinned. “Let me show you, help you to understand.”

Alex followed behind Diana, trying to ignore the way her breath seemed to catch in her throat when
Diana took Alex’s hand in her own. She led them up and around steep hills, finally reaching a bluff that overlooked the field where Antiope was leading training for the day. Staring in awe, Alex watched as the women battled one another, their moves flowing smoothly, their bodies ethereal even as their muscles rippled with effort. Every movement seemed to fall into a kind of rhythm as their bodies fell together in a seamless dance.

“You fight, and are skilled, I’m sure, with guns and weapons of this century,” Diana explained, still staring out at her aunt and the other women. “I’m sure you’ve been trained in forms of hand-to-hand combat as well, but you have to admit, there’s something impressive about the way they move together.”

“There is,” Alex admitted, finding it difficult to take her eyes off of the women on the field. “Can you tell me more about your home?” she asked, needing to distract herself from her fears and worries about Kara, if only for a few hours.

Diana nodded, leading Alex down to get food for the conversation. Over the next few hours, she told Alex of how the Amazons came about, all that they had endured over the centuries. She spoke of her own story, of how she had first left Themyscira and found the source of her own power. Alex listened carefully, interrupting only a few times with questions, especially when it came to history-altering events or the connections Diana had to the other women on the island.

“If, um, if you don’t mind my asking,” Alex began, her forehead scrunching up as she thought about how best to phrase her question. “Are there…are there no men on your island?”

“There are not,” Diana answered.

“So there are no children?”

“Correct, but the Amazons don’t really age, though they can be killed, so we don’t have much need for procreation.”

“But for, uh, the other things?” Alex asked, blushing faintly. She wasn’t sure how she had grown bold enough to ask, but she had connected with Diana in a way she hadn’t really clicked with anyone other than Kara over the years, and the hours they’d spent talking had flown by, almost managing to distract Alex from her concerns about her sister and the grief over her own survival when it came at the expense of so many others’ lives.

Diana laughed loudly. “Even a century later, and somehow that’s still a question.” Alex arched an eyebrow, but Diana waved off the implicit question; it was a story for another time. “You live in California, do you not?”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, not really getting why that detail mattered.

“Then surely you know that the opposite sex, while needed, in a limited way, for procreation, is not necessary for companionship or pleasure.”

Alex felt her heart thunder in her chest even as she nodded as though the news she was receiving were the most obvious in the world. “So is everyone…” Alex trailed off, her question hanging in the air.

“I won’t speak for everyone, but many are. Some do not care for that kind of intimacy, but we certainly love one another in a way that I have found humans would classify as romantic.”

“Right,” Alex nodded, trying to absorb all of that information. She let her gaze wander, taking in all of the women around her, noting the hands being held, the soft touches, the moments of intimacy she...
had overlooked or missed in her first pass through. There was something quite beautiful to it, she had to admit. Alex had always found there to be something beautiful about women in general, though she had long been defensive about it, reluctant to admit to seeing it herself, even when Kara—the perfect sister with the perfect, Pulitzer Prize-winning boyfriend—was the one pointing it out.

Noting the way Alex seemed to have gotten lost in her thoughts, Diana cleared her throat. “You should rest today, but over the next few days, I’ll introduce you to everyone. Then we can begin training you, if you would like.”

“I would,” Alex nodded, relieved to have a bit of time to herself—time to absorb everything she had learned, even if it meant time alone to think about her sister and J’onn and Vasquez and Kara’s assortment of misfit friends and even her mother, contentious as their relationship might be, and all that she would miss over the next year.

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During Alex’s first few weeks of training, she felt as unskilled and unqualified as she had during her first month at the DEO. Time and time again, she found herself on her back, Diana or Antiope or Menalippe barking orders at her, demanding that she focus, believe in herself, not hold back. So again and again, Alex lunged forward, wielding swords and rods that felt unfamiliar in her grasp as she went up against warriors trained in combat so unlike her own. She felt ungainly and unsure, quick to lunge and even quicker to fall.

But as the months went by, Alex slowly but surely began to grasp their combat techniques. She felt her movements smoothing out as her body learned to fall into the Amazon’s patterns as Alex began practicing outside of her formal training sessions, partaking in a form of yoga and deep meditation in the mornings, riding horses for hours around the island, sparring with Diana outside of class well into the evenings.

And it was during those sparring sessions that so often turned into late-night conversations that Alex found herself feeling at home for the first time since the plane ride. It was with Diana, who found herself with two homes yet never quite feeling as though she belonged perfectly in either, always missing one no matter where she was, that Alex felt something like security. She opened up to the literal god in ways she had never done before—not even with Kara. Somehow, with this beautiful woman, admitting to her weaknesses didn’t feel like defeat or losing some unspoken competition; instead, it felt like strength in its own right.

About half a year after Alex’s rescue, Diana rolled over to face Alex on the hillside where they had collapsed, sweaty and exhausted, even if Diana wasn’t quite so winded as Alex. “You know so much about my life here and about the adventures I had during my early years in Europe. Yet you never ask about what I had been doing when I rescued you. Why is that?”

Alex shrugged, finally taking a deep breath and beginning to speak: “I didn’t ask at first because I didn’t want to know. I didn’t want to have to face the guilt over having pulled you away from a real, meaningful life just to do what? To rescue me? Was my life even worth saving when it came at the expense of yours? But then we grew closer, and, well, part of me wanted to know. But I know what it’s like to be close to someone with a secret. It’s not something you push them to reveal. You’re an actual god among men. I’m not saying you have a secret identity, but I’m also not saying you don’t,” Alex laughed.

Diana grinned. “I appreciate the respect. My job, well, my job as Diana Prince, is flexible enough that I will be able to return, so please don’t feel guilty about having pulled me away from that part of my life for a year. It’s not as though I had a family or a partner to leave behind, at least not too recently. And, Alex, after having gotten to know you these six months, I can say with certainty that
you should not dismiss your life as so unworthy of saving.”

Alex swallowed thickly, willing the tears not to fall. Because when Diana said those things, somehow she felt them deep within her, felt them to be true in a way she wouldn’t accept from others and least of all herself.

“As far as the secret identity, have you really not figured it out?”

Alex shook her head. “I’m sorry, maybe I should have?”

Laughing, Diana shook her head. “I’m not exactly as prominent in the media as Superman. Perhaps it’s from years of a…friendship with Batman. Would you like to guess?” When Alex looked hard at her, Diana shook her hair loose from its braid and pulled on the golden headband she donned when she went out into battle.

“Oh my god,” Alex breathed out, as recognition glimmered in her eyes. “You’re Wonder Woman.”

“I am,” Diana grinned, tipping her head.

“You’re so hot!” Alex blurted out without thinking before blushing a brilliant shade of red and burying her face in her hands.

“And here I thought you must be so straight with those questions your first night awake here,” Diana laughed.

“Yeah well,” Alex huffed, studiously avoiding eye contact as she picked at the grass in front of her.

“Hey, Alex?” Diana asked, waiting until Alex was finally looking at her before she continued. “You’re pretty gorgeous yourself.”

Alex scoffed and let out a barking laugh. “Yeah, okay,” she said, rolling her eyes. As if this gorgeous freaking goddess would give her a second look.

“I mean it,” Diana repeated, holding Alex’s gaze until the woman’s expression softened. “You are beautiful and brave, Alex. You have worked harder than any warrior out there. You’ve made friends among people you know you’ll leave soon enough. You’ve spent months constantly worrying about your family instead of yourself as you made living in this new place work. You’re pretty remarkable.”

“Yeah?” Alex asked. “I mean, you’re Wonder Woman. You’re basically the definition of remarkable.”

“Must be why I’m drawn to you,” Diana flirted, moving closer to Alex and lingering, her face just inches from Alex’s.

“That was cheesy,” Alex teased. “I think you’ve been among humans too long.”

“And yet it seems to be working,” Diana laughed as she caught sight of Alex’s gaze flicking down to her lips.

“Maybe,” Alex admitted, drawing even closer until finally one of them—they’d never agree on whom—closed the gap between them, their lips meeting in a kiss that was at once soft and passionate, comfortable and electrifying.

After what felt like an eternity, Alex pulled back, her cheeks flushed a light pink. “Wow. I just kissed
Wonder Woman!”

“And I, apparently, just kissed quite the fangirl,” Diana laughed, pulling Alex back into her.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Promt 1: I loved the chapter where Alex realized how much she loves boobs lol could you write one where Maggie is a total ass girl for Alex (she totally is)
Refers to Chapter 25: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24449385

Plus a few requests for more tribbing, sex without penetration, and slightly kinkier sex for Sanvers (both a purer version of sex without penetration and kinkier sex will come back in other chapters, though, so don’t worry)

Chapter Notes

Slated for the next few will be a follow up to the HSAU, at least one chapter with NB!Sawyer, and a follow up chapter to the Wonder Woman/Supergirl crossover

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“And now on your exhale, bend forward and walk your hands out,” came the yoga instructor’s voice.

Maggie tried to listen, she really did. But she and Alex had gotten to class late today thanks to a rogue alien that had disturbed their morning, and now her mat was directly behind Alex’s, leaving her with a very perfect view of Alex’s very perfect ass.

Letting her thoughts wander as she tried to follow the instructor’s advice to keep her breathing slow and even—a lost cause if she’d ever heard of one—Maggie thought back to her first time meeting Alex. It had almost been worth getting kicked off of the crime scene to watch her walk away. She’d nearly died when Alex showed up to the bar in a pair of jeans so tight they may as well have been painted on. And realizing that she had a gun shoved in her waistband just made the whole aesthetic even sexier.

“And Maggie,” the instructor whispered, “are you okay? You haven’t been following too well today.”

“Oh, right, yeah, sorry!” Maggie apologized, blushing as she looked around and realized that everyone else was up in warrior pose while she was still on her mat.

As soon as the instructor was gone, Alex turned around smirking. When she caught Maggie’s gaze, she winked, letting her girlfriend know that she could tell exactly what it was that had Maggie so distracted. It wasn’t like Maggie was particularly subtle when it came to checking her out. It was one thing to chivalrously hold the door open for Alex. It was another to then stay a few paces behind her while walking to “admire the view.” Plus, when they made out, Maggie’s hands almost inevitably gravitated toward her ass, groping and squeezing at the toned muscles as Maggie groaned against her lips.
By the time they got out of class, Maggie’s self restraint had just about broken. An hour, she decided, was far too long to be tortured with looking but not touching, especially when Alex was in those tight black shorts.

“What do you say we go back to your place?” Maggie husked, pulling Alex close to her and letting her fingers dance across the waistband of Alex’s shorts, not quite daring to go much lower in public, but making her intentions clear.

“I suppose…but perhaps we should go out with Kara first? She’s really been wanting to hang out with us some more.”

“But, but, we’re all sweaty,” Maggie objected, her voice slightly higher pitched than she would have liked it to be.

“Hmm, I’m sure Kara wouldn’t mind. Then we can go do our grocery shopping for the week, maybe stop and get that lamp you were talking about?”

“Alex, please,” Maggie whined, seeing the corners of Alex’s mouth quirking up as she fought back a grin.

“Why? What is it that you want, Detective?” Alex whispered, her voice low, her breath hot against Maggie’s ear.

Whimpering, Maggie pushed forward. “Please,” she pleaded, not caring that they were still fully clothed and in public, and she had already been reduced to begging.

“You gonna follow me?” Alex asked, smirking over her shoulder at Maggie as she made her way to the car.

“You did say you liked having me on your 6, Danvers,” Maggie teased, following behind Alex.

“Yes, and I also lied to the President of the United States by calling you a DEO agent,” Alex retorted, biting back a laugh at Maggie’s exaggerated pout. “But I suppose there are worse places to have you, even if it means I don’t get to look at you.”

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When they got back to Alex’s apartment, the door was barely shut before Maggie had Alex pinned to the wall, her hands sliding under Alex’s shirt to pull it up and over her head, while her mouth worked at Alex’s neck, kissing and sucking at the sensitive flesh. In a moment, Alex’s sports bra joined her shirt on the floor, and Maggie’s mouth was hot on her own.

“You good?” Maggie checked, getting a grin and a nod in response. Alex took the moment as an opportunity to pull off Maggie’s own tank top and bra as well, licking her lips at the sight of Maggie’s chest, her nipples already hard, her abs glistening with a light sheen of sweat.

But then Maggie’s mouth was on hers again, and Maggie’s fingers were under her waistband, pushing down her shorts and underwear in one go.

“Mags,” Alex laughed, pulling back and gesturing to her ankles, where her clothes were trapped by her sneakers. “Give me a second,” she huffed, bending over to kick off her shoes and socks and step out of her shorts. “Now you need to get naked too,” Alex demanded, surveying her girlfriend who was definitely in too much clothing.

“As you wish,” Maggie teased, quickly ridding herself of the rest of her clothing. “Bedroom?”
In lieu of an answer, Alex grabbed Maggie’s hand and dragged her to the bed, pulling her down and on top of the comforter as they wrestled for control. Eventually Maggie managed to pin Alex beneath her face down, though Alex would later argue that she had allowed it to happen, knowing exactly what would follow.

Wriggling slightly and pushing her hips up and her ass into Maggie’s crotch, Alex smirked at the sound of Maggie’s groaning. “Can I help you with something?” Alex purred, her hips stilling when Maggie didn’t answer.

Trying to get her breathing under control, Maggie gulped. “Can I…would it be okay if…are you sure?” she stammered. It had happened a few times before when she was fucking Alex from behind and had come, panting and writhing before she collapsed onto Alex’s back, but this was new, this was something all on its own.

“I’m offering, aren’t I?” Alex asked, craning her neck to look back at Maggie, whose chest was flushed and her pupils blown wide with desire.

“Fuck, I love you,” Maggie moaned, bringing her pussy back down against Alex’s ass as she straddled her hips. Slowly at first, Maggie began to ride Alex, feeling her arousal coat Alex’s ass, making it slicker with each thrust. “You’re so hot,” Maggie panted as her hands dropped to Alex’s shoulders to steady herself.

“Rougher,” Alex grunted, thrusting her own ass up into Maggie’s hips.

“You sure?” Maggie checked. Even though they had certainly gotten into rougher, kinkier sex, she always felt compelled to check, to make sure that Alex wasn’t just agreeing to something for her benefit, especially after the experiences she’d described having with the men in her past.

“I know the colors,” Alex got out, managing to keep her voice steady, to make sure that Maggie knew she was really fine because, god, did she want it too.

She let out a contented sigh as Maggie began to ride her harder, faster, pushing Alex’s own pussy into the pillow beneath her hips with every thrust.

Letting one hand slip around to play with Alex’s chest, tugging on and twisting Alex’s nipples, Maggie brought her other hand up and into Alex’s hair, her fingers curling into the short locks. “Color?”

“Green,” Alex answered, tilting her head back, hoping Maggie would figure out what she wanted. And then she did, and she was roughly pulling at Alex’s nipples and tugging at her hair and writhing against her ass, and it was everything Alex wanted, needed.

“Fuck,” Maggie cried out, letting loose a string of obscenities as she curled forward, her hips stuttering as she came hard, her whole body trembling with the effort as her world seemed to shrink to just her contact with Alex.

Alex whimpered loudly as she felt Maggie’s body shuddering through its orgasm before the woman finally collapsed into her, both of them hot and sweaty from the effort.

Once she finally had enough energy, Maggie rolled off of Alex, still trying to catch her breath as she settled into the pillows.

“How ya doing, champ?” Alex teased, pulling herself up onto her elbows to look at Maggie.

“Good, so good,” Maggie panted. “You’re amazing.”
“I know,” Alex scoffed, grinning down at her girlfriend. “I take it that was good for you?”

“Mhm,” Maggie nodded. “And, uh, and you? Were you okay with it?”

“How about I let you feel how okay I was with it,” Alex purred, getting up onto her knees and moving to straddle Maggie, slowly crawling up until her knees were around Maggie’s shoulders. “You good with this?”

“Please,” Maggie whimpered, looking up and catching sight of the way Alex’s pussy and inner thighs glistened with arousal. All she wanted was the chance to taste, to make Alex feel as good as she did.

Smirking, Alex carefully lowered herself, grabbing Maggie’s hands and bringing them up to her ass. “As long as you’re still eating me out, you can touch me as much as you want,” she promised, laughing softly at the way Maggie eagerly dragged her the rest of the way down to her mouth. As Maggie’s tongue drove between her folds and her hands kneaded at her ass, Alex let her hands fall forward, catching herself on the wall, biting her lip at the idea of all that was in store for her.

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers High School AU Part 10

Chapter Summary

Continued directly from Part 9 by popular demand:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24966480

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short chapter and any typos that might have made their way in! Conference at work ran much later than expected, and I'm dead tired

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex looked at her finger, noting how it was still coated in Maggie’s arousal. With a quirk of her head, she brought it up to her mouth and licked. “You taste good,” she commented, earning a choking noise from Maggie whose pupils were rapidly dilating again.

As Alex swirled her tongue around her finger, Maggie looked on helplessly, feeling almost painfully turned on at the sight. “You, uh, it’s only fair, you know, if I get to taste you too…” Maggie trailed off, moving down the bed and settling between Alex’s legs. “If that’s something you might be interested in trying?”

Alex could only gulp and nod, wondering how she got this lucky.

“And will you, uh, will you tell me what feels good? I had some sort of idea with my fingers, ya know, but this is…um, it’s different,” Maggie mumbled, blushing faintly.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded. “It’s not like I’ll have any idea what it’s supposed to feel like,” she chuckled. “So no pressure!”

“Right,” Maggie grinned back. Carefully lowering herself, she looked closely at Alex’s pussy, wondering how something she hadn’t necessarily ignored but had never really looked at on herself could seem so beautiful, so intimate, on Alex. Sensing how nervous Alex was becoming at the wait, Maggie moved forward and gently kissed the whole area. It certainly wasn’t making Alex come, but she did seem to enjoy the warmth and softness if the noises she made indicated anything.

Leaning further in, Maggie dragged her tongue slowly up Alex’s pussy, moaning softly at just how much she enjoyed the taste. Figuring Alex probably needed more if she was going to come,
Maggie flicked her tongue upward, finding her clit again as she tried to replicate what she had done with her fingers with her tongue. Her actions were rewarded with a sharp inhale and a soft moan, as Alex’s hips bucked up into her mouth.

“Sorry,” Alex whispered, worrying she might have hit Maggie’s jaw.

“Don’t be,” Maggie reassured her. “This is…really hot. And fun. Do you like what I’m doing?”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, feeling some of the tension ease out of her muscles at the reassurances.

“Cool. And, um, I can’t really see your face from down here. So if you could, I don’t know, use your hands or be a little louder, that might be helpful.

Blushing, Alex agreed, settling back down against the pillows as Maggie’s lips returned to her clit. Figuring she had been given explicit instructions not to hold back, Alex moaned a little louder than she normally would have—well, if she were being honest, much louder than she normally would have, considering normally she was at home trying to stay silent as she listened for Kara or her mother.

The sounds seemed to spur Maggie on, and she lapped more enthusiastically at Alex’s arousal before bringing her tongue back up to Alex’s clit. She tried different motions—flicking straight across it, swirling around it, even tracing random patterns on top of it—as she attempted to figure out what worked best for her girlfriend.

After a few more minutes of Alex writhing under her touch, Maggie pulled back. “Could I, would you be alright if I maybe used one finger too?”

“Oh, uh, no. I meant inside of you. If you want!” Maggie rushed to add, not wanting Alex to feel pressured into doing something that made her uncomfortable.

“Oh, uh, yeah, sure. I mean, I can get one inside myself, so it’s not like it should hurt. I just, it hadn’t done much for me before. But maybe it’ll be better with you?”

Maggie nodded, sucking one of her fingers into her mouth to make sure it was at least wet before she tried to slide it inside of Alex. “Tell me if anything hurts, okay?”

“Of course,” Alex nodded. But when Maggie’s finger slipped inside her, she could tell how wet she was when she barely felt the movement. When Maggie started fucking her, however, she could absolutely feel it, and it definitely felt better than her own attempts. She soon found her hips thrusting to meet Maggie’s hand. When Maggie fucked her a bit harder, she let out a low grunt that seemed to take both of them by surprise, even as it made Maggie whimper and resolve to keep up her pace.

Once she felt secure with the pace, Maggie dropped her mouth back down to Alex’s clit, flicking hard against it as she kept her hand moving.

“This is so good,” Alex panted out, not bothering to even try to keep her hips still as her body seemed to arch and keen for more of Maggie’s touch. Acting on instinct, Alex dropped her hand down, her fingers tangling in Maggie’s hair as she urged her girlfriend to stay close to her, not to stop what she was doing. “Is this okay?” Alex asked, suddenly worried that her actions were too bold, maybe even painful.

Maggie could only whimper her assent in return, not wanting to mess up her own rhythm. When Alex seemed to be enjoying herself but not coming, Maggie tried to figure out something new to do
with her tongue. She remembered reading some tip about sucking, but not particularly hard, on a woman’s clit. Hoping it wasn’t some tip written by straight men for straight men, she carefully sucked the small nub between her lips and sucked gently. And Alex’s hips bucked into the contact. But it was when her tongue then flicked across it inside her mouth that Alex cried out, the walls of her pussy clamping down hard around Maggie’s finger as her whole body seemed to tense.

Alex tried to focus on the particular sensations, to figure out what it was that she liked most about each action, but she soon let her scientific mind rest as she gave in to the experience. Her mind blank, Alex soon found her tense muscles shaking and collapsing as Maggie hooked her finger forward and sucked a little harder on her clit.

“Fuck, Mags!” Alex called out as waves of pleasure crashed over her, her body falling to the mattress as she trembled her way through what felt like the longest orgasm she’d ever had.

“That was…that was so good. That was your first time?” Alex checked, her tone incredulous.

“You were nice and loud for me, made it really clear what you liked,” Maggie grinned, carefully sliding her finger out of Alex and sucking it clean.

“C’mere,” Alex requested, crooking her finger toward herself and drawing her in for a heady kiss. She groaned softly at the taste of herself all over Maggie’s mouth and chin.

Although Alex had firmly resolved to do the same for Maggie, even if the thought made her nervous —after all, how could she compete?—Maggie noticed the yawn she tried to stifle and caught sight of the time. “Alright, it’s time for us to go to bed,” she declared.

“But…but you,” Alex objected.

“I came, and I had a wonderful time making my girlfriend come,” Maggie explained. “But we’ve got more college visits ahead of us, plus another few nights in hotels here and then by Stanford, so it’s not like we’ll never have another chance. Right now I just want to cuddle with you and go to bed at a reasonable enough hour to not be dead tomorrow morning.”

“Fine,” Alex acquiesced, letting out an exaggerated huff of exasperation.

“Hush,” Maggie shushed Alex, giggling at her girlfriend’s antics. “Now curl up so I can properly spoon you.”

“Yes, yes, the world’s tiniest big spoon.”

“Shh, you love being my little spoon.”

“Yeah…I do.”

Chapter End Notes

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“Fuck,” Maggie whined, feeling her hips drop lower as Alex pulled her even closer, her tongue driving deeper inside of her. “You’re so good, so good,” Maggie panted, letting her head and forearms fall against the cool wall behind the bed to steady herself.

Alex could feel Maggie dripping down her mouth and chin, and the knowledge that she did that to the woman just spurred her on even more. As she wrapped her lips around Maggie’s clit, she let her nails dig into Maggie’s ass, drawing a low moan out of Maggie. Looking up, Alex found Maggie palming at her own breasts as her hips stuttered against Alex’s tongue.

Watching a scene like that unfold and being totally surrounded by Maggie’s taste and scent finally got to be too much for Alex. Making sure she kept Maggie steady with her left hand, Alex brought her other hand down between her legs, nearly groaning at how wet she already was. Quickly gathering some of her own arousal on her fingers, Alex brought two of them up to circle around her already hard clit. Even with just a few touches, she could feel how close she already was and let out a breathy sigh.

Hearing Alex sigh into her and feeling Alex’s body tense under her, Maggie looked down, finding Alex’s eyes screwed shut in concentration. She looked over her shoulder, nearly coming at the sight of Alex’s fingers rubbing desperate tight circles between her legs.

Carefully pulling one of her knees up and over Alex’s face, Maggie grinned at the confused and almost hurt look that flashed across Alex’s face.

“I’m…sorry?” Alex asked, clearly confused. She knew that sometimes they played with rules about her not being allowed to touch herself until she had made Maggie come a certain number of times or waited some amount of time, but she didn’t remember talking about using any of them tonight.

“I just can’t let you have all the fun,” Maggie husked, turning around and carefully swinging her leg back over to straddle Alex’s face but turned the other direction.

“Oh…did you want me to eat your ass?” Alex asked, hesitating slightly as she tried to figure things out.

“No,” Maggie chuckled. She loved the way that sex could turn her normally very articulate, very intelligent, and very perceptive girlfriend into a slightly confused, though very eager participant. “At least, not tonight. I just thought maybe I could go down on you at the same time…”

“Oh,” Alex exhaled, finally catching on. “Yes, please!”
Grinning, Maggie bent forward, balancing her weight on her elbows as she dragged her tongue down from Alex’s clit through her folds, moaning at the first taste.

Alex dropped down to the pillows at first as she felt herself melting under Maggie’s tongue, but she quickly remembered her own task and pulled Maggie’s hips down to meet her waiting mouth.

As they fell into a rhythm, Alex swore she lost all sense of time, the world narrowing to her and Maggie, to Maggie’s mouth against her pussy, to her tongue on Maggie’s clit, to the way their bodies shook and slid against each other, to their fingers digging into hips as they clung to one another, to the soft sighs and muffled moans.

Taking Alex’s clit between her lips and batting it with her tongue as her fingers teased at Alex’s entrance, Maggie felt Alex’s movements still, her breathing harsh and ragged against Maggie’s pussy as her trembling thighs clamped around Maggie’s head, holding her there. And then with a loud cry, Alex was coming, her body tensing and then finally relaxing, collapsing down into the mattress as her hips jerked under Maggie’s grip.

But within seconds Alex was pulling Maggie down to her mouth as though she just remembered what she had stopped doing. And with the taste of Alex still on her mouth and Alex’s tongue driving into her hard and fast, Maggie quickly followed her girlfriend over the edge, her hips bucking into Alex’s mouth as she panted out Alex’s name.

For a while, they stayed like that, sweaty and hot and sprawled out on top of one another but too relaxed to care. Eventually Maggie rolled off of Alex, spinning around so that her head was on the pillows too.

“I love you,” Maggie whispered, not wanting to speak too loudly in case Alex had fallen asleep.

“I love you too, Mags,” Alex whispered back, a smile on her lips even though her eyes stayed shut. With a slight grimace, she added, “We’re supposed to be meeting at Noonan’s for that triple date, aren’t we?”

“We have time, Danvers,” Maggie assured her.

“How much time til we have to leave?”

Sighing and craning her neck to check the time, Maggie chuckled nervously. “Twenty minutes. Race you to the shower?”

“As much as we both know I’d win, let me text Kara to tell her we’ll be a few minutes late…”

Chapter End Notes

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Between Lena's Legs

Chapter Summary

Prompt: A one-shot about how Kara loves to go down on Lena...

Chapter Notes

For those of you who were asking about the Detective/ME AU, it's posted as its own fic, "Trace Evidence" (http://archiveofourown.org/works/11184855/chapters/24971706), and the first new chapter will be up tomorrow!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I hate this,” Lena texted Kara, quickly pocketing her phone as she stepped back into the conference room, willing herself to pay attention as the board of directors questioned her ability to uphold the xenophobic Luthor legacy. She bit her lip, figuring out ways to pitch the company’s new direction without losing the board’s funding that the company, unfortunately, still needed.

As the board began their presentations, Lena soon realized they weren’t even adding anything to the extensive slideshows and reports they had sent her a week in advance, which she had, of course, already read through. Resigning herself to hours of boredom, Lena let her mind wander even as she schooled her expression to remain stoic, nodding slightly at the right moments.

She thought back to the last weekend, to how beautiful Kara had looked over the candlelit dinner Lena had surprised her with for their 6-month anniversary. She wasn’t normally quite so sappy, especially when it wasn’t even a proper year anniversary, but with Kara, she found herself breaking many of her normally well-established rules.

And thinking about the dinner of course led her to thinking about after the dinner…to the way Kara—Kara “dessert is the best meal of the day” Danvers—had refused to even look at the dessert menu, insisting that she had something so much better to eat back home. Lena had nearly thrown her credit card at the waiter in her rush to follow Kara wherever she led. They had spent the rest of the night in Lena’s bed, sprawled out across the pristine white sheets, taking turns fucking each other senseless. But when Lena had flopped back into the pillows around 2 in the morning, Kara decided she should help Lena relax just a bit more. Flicking off the red sunlamps to restore her own energy, she settled between Lena’s legs: “Close your eyes and relax. Let me take care of you.” And, god, how she had.

But between late nights preparing for the board meeting and a few Supergirl emergencies this past week, Lena and Kara had hardly seen each other since that night. Save for any truly urgent alien attacks, tonight was all about reconnecting. Lena didn’t care how exhausting today’s meeting was; she’d drink as much coffee as it took to spend the night up with Kara.

The sound of quiet clapping quickly dragged Lena out of her thoughts, and she politely brought her hands together, sending a tight-lipped smile to the now finished presenter. “I miss you,” she texted to Kara under the table while the next presenter was loading his slides.
Lena rubbed her eyes, collapsing into her chair to check her emails one last time before finally going home. Sipping at the coffee she’d had Jess pick up for her, she sent out a generic thank you message to all of the board members for their time and energy in putting together such a thought-provoking—she scoffed, wondering what they would think if they ever found out what thoughts were really racing through her head during their meeting—presentation.

She spun around at the sound of a faint rapping on her balcony door. “Supergirl,” Lena grinned, “to what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Kara Danvers sent me,” she announced, trying to maintain a serious face before cracking up.

“I still don’t know how I spent so many weeks believing you two were different people,” Lena laughed, shaking her head.

“Yeah, well,” Kara huffed, feeling a faint pink blush creeping up her cheeks as she thought back to the night when Lena had finally let on that she already knew Kara’s secret, which led to just a bit of confusion, as Kara had been trying to tell Lena she liked her as more than a friend. Eventually both “secrets” got out into the open, and, as they say, the rest is history. Focusing back on the situation at hand, Kara cleared her throat. “I’m here to take you home,” she declared.

“Mmm, are you now?” Lena purred.

With a nod, Kara easily scooped Lena up into her arms. “Hold on tight,” she instructed, carefully flying them out the window—pausing only to let Lena lock up the door again, even if her office was the top floor—and back to Kara’s apartment.

When they arrived, Lena first noticed the tray of freshly baked cookies on top of the oven. “For me?”

“I suppose you can have one…” Kara trailed off. “But really, they're for me.”

“Rude.”

“I mean, how else am I supposed to keep up my energy all night long?” Kara flirted, her arms still wrapped tightly around Lena’s waist.

“What is it you plan to do all night long, Supergirl?” Lena purred, her voice low and seductive as she placed a hand on Kara’s chest, right above the House of El crest.

“Honest answer? I just want to go down on you for hours,” Kara replied, licking her lips as she looked up at Lena, whose eyes were noticeably darker than they were a few seconds ago.

Smirking, Lena nodded. “I think I could be amenable to that plan.” And before she could get out another word, she was on Kara’s bed, propped up on plenty of pillows, as Kara looked reverently down at her.

“This dress looks pretty uncomfortable,” Kara suggested, tugging lightly at the hem.

“Hmm, what do you think we should do about it?”

“I think it should come off. Now.”

Biting her lip, Lena pulled herself up slightly to allow Kara access to the zipper. In seconds, both of them were completely naked and Kara was settling in between her legs.
“I’ve been thinking about this all day,” Lena moaned, relaxing into Kara’s gentle touches as she kissed up and down Lena’s thighs.

“Me too,” Kara admitted, her breath hot between Lena’s legs. Noting the barely perceptible tremble of Lena’s thighs, the way she fought to keep her hips still and on the bed—not wanting to beg or show her own desperation—Kara let her tongue slowly trail up the length of Lena’s pussy, then back down, gradually parting Lena’s folds as she let her tongue dip inside of her girlfriend before flicking up to her clit.

With the knowledge that Alex and J’onn’s calls would be the only ones to come through tonight and that they would only call if there were a real emergency (Alex had declared that she really didn’t want to know why), Kara mindfully went about honing all of her enhanced senses in on this moment. She focused her hearing in on the sharp intakes of breath and the small gasps and whines coming from Lena, the sound of her heart beating and the way it sped up when Kara took her clit between her lips. She tried to memorize the taste of Lena’s arousal flooding her mouth, the way it smelled combined with Lena’s perfume and her expensive shampoos and moisturizers. She watched Lena’s face for the smallest changes in expression, the way her lips parted when Kara’s hands found her nipples or how her pupils dilated when she heard Kara moaning into her. She let herself feel everything—Lena’s strong thighs wrapped around her, the softness of Lena’s skin surrounding her, the pull of Lena’s fingers in her hair when she got close.

Between Lena’s thighs, she lost all concept of time and space, lost count of the number of times Lena had come—sharp gasps at first but gradually building to long, drawn out orgasms with Lena screaming her name, her voice ragged and her breathing shallow.

“Kara,” Lena finally panted out, inching her hips back away from Kara’s amazing mouth. She had no idea how long they’d been going at it or how many times Kara had pushed her over the edge with her skilled tongue, but knew that she was so sensitive at this point, it was only taking two or three strokes of Kara’s tongue on her clit to make her come, to turn her into a writhing mess.

“Hmm?” Kara asked, pulling herself onto her elbows and looking up at Lena. Her mouth, cheeks, and chin all glistened with Lena’s arousal, her ponytail was a messy disaster, and her pupils were completely blown, but she was grinning like she’d just had the most amazing night of her life.

“Maybe we should take a little break?” Lena suggested, quickly pulling Kara up to her chest at the sight of the hurt expression on her face. “You were and are amazing, but I think I need a few minutes of recovery.” She chuckled softly, “Maybe a nap.”

“Oh, right,” Kara nodded, her cheeks flushing.

“But…is there something I can do for you?” Lena husked, kissing along Kara’s jaw and carefully licking her own arousal off of Kara’s mouth.

Kara moaned and pushed forward but shook her head. “Trust me, that was reward enough.”

“Are you certain? I’m sure it wouldn’t take too much to make you come,” she teased, a smirk playing on her lips.

“No, probably not. But I already came,” Kara admitted, biting her lower lip between her teeth.

“Really?” Lena looked intrigued as she took in Kara’s slightly embarrassed expression. “How did I miss that?”

“I think you were already pretty far gone,” Kara laughed. “I just…you, um, well, you were
screaming my name and tugging really hard on my hair, and I think maybe the sheets had gotten twisted underneath me…I don’t know,” Kara shrugged.

“That’s incredibly sexy,” Lena insisted, kissing Kara hard as she curled into her girlfriend’s side.

“So are you,” Kara complimented Lena, smiling at Lena’s lazy grin and her pathetic attempt at hiding her yawn. “But it looks like you’re also sleepy. So let’s go to bed now?”

“Mm, no, I should stay up, help you feel good, feel loved,” Lena mumbled, already drifting off to sleep.

“How’s this? You go to bed for me now, and I promise I’ll wake you up with round 2 tomorrow morning?”

“Mm, yeah, good deal,” Lena nodded before finally letting sleep overtake her.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt: I love your Stronger Together stories! I was wondering if you could do a NB!Sawyer and their first time letting Alex see their chest w/o binders (bindings?) or sports bra or anything. Doesn't have to be smut just whatever your head cannon is for that situation.

This is, in certain ways, a follow up chapters to Chapter 27 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24464565) and Chapter 38 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24599316)
This chapter isn’t smutty in the way that the surrounding chapters are, but it’s still probably not quite safe for work? But then again, I don’t know your life or your office! There’s lots of fluff (and some feels)

It’s been too long without some Sawyer! Hope everyone who has been missing them enjoys!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex dropped to the ground, her muscles aching and sweat dripping from her face. “Why did I agree to this again?” she asked.

“Because you couldn’t say no to spending more time with me,” Sawyer teased, batting their eyelashes even as they too wiped sweat from their brow.

“Ugh, at least help me stretch?”

“Oh course,” Sawyer grinned, pulling down two yoga mats before unttying their running shoes and placing them by the door. Alex followed suit, then joined Sawyer at the yoga mats.

“Alright, dear drill master, lead me in your mindful stretching ways.”

Chuckling, Sawyer just shook their head at Alex’s antics before walking her through plenty of deep stretches. They were grateful for the stretches, feeling the long run themselves too. There was something about running alongside Alex that had pushed them to run faster, harder, longer, desperate to impress their girlfriend who was already pretty head over heels for them.

When they finally finished stretching, Alex craned her neck to look at Sawyer. “Can I shower here, or are you going to make me run suicides or something to earn it?”

“You can shower here,” Sawyer nodded.

“So, uh, are you up first? Or are we gonna wrestle for it?”

Closing their eyes for a minute to assess how they felt, Sawyer nodded to themselves before speaking. “We can shower together. If you want!” they rushed to add, not wanting to presume that Alex was ready just because they were.
Alex’s mouth suddenly felt very dry, as though all of the moisture in her body had travelled further south. “Yeah, yeah, that sounds great,” she nodded. “You sure?”

Sawyer nodded. Alex had already seen everything but their chest, and they were feeling okay today. Sometimes there was nothing like a long hard workout to bring them a sense of peace about their body, to remind them of all the ways it worked for and with them instead of against them. Their chest didn’t need to be something gendered; they were proud of the strong pectoral muscles, and sometimes they really did enjoy the sensation of being touched there. Plus, Alex had already gone down on Sawyer numerous times and had shown complete respect for all of their limits, listening carefully to them and pausing whenever it seemed like they could use a break.

Alex let Sawyer lead her back to the bathroom, waiting with bated breath as Sawyer turned on the water and adjusted the temperature to something cold enough to cool them down without freezing them or making their muscles tighten up right away.

“How can I do the honors?” Sawyer husked, motioning to Alex’s shirt.

“Mm, please,” Alex nodded, trying to push away her embarrassment about just how sweaty her shirt was from the long run in the summer heat. But it seemed that Sawyer didn’t care if the way they sucked their lower lip between their teeth at the sight of Alex’s glistening abs was any indication. And then they were tugging Alex’s sports bra up and over her head and pushing her shorts and underwear down her long legs, looking hungrily at their girlfriend as though debating whether it was worth it to get into the shower when realistically they’d end up doing something to get sweaty all over again.

Alex pulled them in close and kissed them hard, her tongue teasing at Sawyer’s lower lip before sucking it between her teeth, drawing a long, low groan from Sawyer. Her fingertips trailed around the waistband of their shorts. “Can these come off?”

“I think they all need to come off to shower,” Sawyer laughed before flashing a sincere smile at Alex. “Thanks for checking, though.”

“Yes,” Alex nodded, trying to push away her embarrassment about just how sweaty her shirt was from the long run in the summer heat. But it seemed that Sawyer didn’t care if the way they sucked their lower lip between their teeth at the sight of Alex’s glistening abs was any indication. And then they were tugging Alex’s sports bra up and over her head and pushing her shorts and underwear down her long legs, looking hungrily at their girlfriend as though debating whether it was worth it to get into the shower when realistically they’d end up doing something to get sweaty all over again.

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“I think they all need to come off to shower,” Sawyer laughed before flashing a sincere smile at Alex. “Thanks for checking, though.”

“Of course.” But then Alex was tugging at the shorts and getting a nod to push down the briefs as well. “You look so strong, so sexy,” Alex murmured, her gaze raking up Sawyer’s well-muscled thighs, then down to their defined calves.

And then Sawyer was hopping up onto the sink, wrapping their legs around Alex’s waist and drawing her in close. “So are you,” they rasped, “but I think we’re killing the planet with how much water we’re wasting.”

“Fine,” Alex relented, pulling back, though not particularly far. “Want help with your shirt, or did you want to do that?”

Appreciating the awareness Alex was displaying, Sawyer replied, “I’ll get it.” Getting off of the sink, they quickly stripped off their soaked t-shirt, then turned around to pull off the sports bra.

“If you’re not okay today, that’s alright,” Alex added, her voice soft.

“No, honestly, it’s fine today, really,” Sawyer answered, taking a deep breath and turning around. Alex, to her credit, didn’t make a big show of looking, other than her usual appreciative glance at her very naked partner.

“Let’s get in the shower, huh?” Alex offered, holding her hand out for Sawyer as she stepped into the cool water. “Ooh, it’s sort of chilly,” she laughed.
“Better than scalding,” Sawyer retorted, though they too shivered slightly. “Okay, um, maybe we make it a little warmer.”

“My fault,” Alex said, sticking her tongue out.

“Fine, fine,” Sawyer relented, reaching over to adjust the temperature to something a bit more comfortable for both of them. “Now, do you want me to help you wash up?” they asked, wiggling their eyebrows suggestively.

“That depends. Do you just want me to have to bend over to get the soap for you?” Alex joked back.

“I’m not gonna say no to that view,” Sawyer answered honestly, beaming when Alex made a show of leaning over and picking up the bottle of body wash before handing it over to them. They quickly squirted some into their hands and began lathering Alex’s back, then dropping slightly lower, their hands caressing Alex’s ass and the back of her thighs. When their fingers drifted to Alex’s inner thighs, Alex moaned, the sound echoing in the shower. “Don’t start something you can’t finish,” Alex warned.

“Or what? You’ll punish me?” Sawyer taunted, thinking back to some of the nights they had spent together—the times they had “misbehaved” and let Alex cuff them to their bedframe as punishment, the nights Alex had let them spank her hard until she was dripping all over their lap… They shivered at the thought.

“Like I said, don’t make promises you won’t keep,” Alex rasped, her voice significantly lower than it had been, suggesting that her mind had gone to a similar place. “Now, do you need some help with the soap too?”

“Yes, please,” Sawyer grinned, a playful glint in their eyes.

Chuckling, Alex dropped to her knees, figuring she would at least torture Sawyer in the best possible way while she was helping. She thoroughly massaged Sawyer’s sore muscles, kneading her fingers deeply into their toned thighs before drawing herself back up to wash their back and arms. “Do you want me to do the rest?” Alex offered, not wanting to presume.

“Today? Yeah, you’re good. If you want,” Sawyer replied, their eyes fluttering shut at all of the attention currently being paid to their body. And then Alex’s hands were on their abs and across their chest, treating the area just like any other part of Sawyer’s body, for which they were immensely grateful. There was no hesitation, no attempts at lingering either, just a thorough washing followed by a few playful splashes with water.

“Thanks for trusting me,” Alex whispered, her breath hot on Sawyer’s ear, earning a low, throaty whimper.

“Thanks for being the kind of person I can trust,” Sawyer added, their voice thick with emotions and their expression sincere.

“Always. Now, most important question: can I give you a shampoo mohawk? I think you’d look pretty adorable.”

Laughing loudly, Sawyer shook their head, though when Alex reached out with hands full of shampoo, they found that they couldn’t say no to her face and ended up relenting.

“This is perfect,” Alex chuckled heartily, looking at her handiwork. “Oh my god, I love it. I love it so much. I love you.”
“Really? You’re gonna tell me you love me when I’m naked with a bubbly mohawk?”

Blushing faintly, Alex shrugged. “I think it’s as fitting moment as any. I accidentally propositioned you on our first date because, well, I’ll be honest, the thought was already on my mind, even if I knew the right thing was to wait. So why not finally let the words I’ve been dying to say come out when we’re at our silliest? I love you always, but there’s something so endearing about moments like these.”

Biting their lower lip, Sawyer nodded. “Leave it to Alex Danvers to turn an absurd moment into a nice romantic speech.”

“Yeah, well,” Alex shrugged.

“It’s one of the many reasons why I love you,” Sawyer grinned, looking up at Alex, their eyes shining with unshed tears.

“Really?”

“Yeah, really.”

And then Alex’s lips were hard on theirs, her arms wrapped around their waist as their hands cupped Alex’s jaw and cheeks, holding her close. When they pulled away, they both had tears glistening in their eyes, grateful for the chance to be vulnerable together, even if they insisted that the world continued to see them as the badasses they were, dammit.

“Now, what hairstyle can I give you…?” Sawyer trailed off, looking playfully up at Alex.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Prompt 1: How about a Sanvers doctor roleplay smut? Maggie's totally got a one track mind when she sees Alex in her jacket and lab coat and definitely wants them in the bedroom for some fun!

Prompt 2: Can you write a fic where Alex makes Maggie squirt but like Maggie never has been able to before and Alex thinks it's incredibly hot

If the prompts don't give it away, this is pretty much all smut. You've been warned! I'll try to be back with something perhaps more feelings-oriented for the Sanvers Week Day 1 prompt of intimacy (though, I mean, in all fairness, this is intimate in its own way...)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Weaving through rush hour traffic on her Triumph, Maggie quickly made her way over to the DEO, hoping Alex’s burger would still be hot by the time she got to her. According to Kara’s texts, Alex had most definitely skipped lunch and all breaks while trying to create an antidote for an alien that M’gann had dropped off very late the night after he had collapsed at Dollywood. After almost 12 straight hours of work, Alex had finally gotten something that seemed promising modeled on the antidote Eliza had created to fight Medusa, but Kara texted that Alex still wouldn’t go home. She had considered it progress that she even got Alex to step out of the lab to shower. So now Maggie was on her way with food and the leather jacket she knew Alex had a hard time resisting, hoping that she’d be able to lure Alex home.

“Detective Sawyer, good to see you,” J’onn nodded, almost always careful to remain professional in the workplace. When the agents behind him cleared out, he lowered his voice and asked, “You here to get my daughter home safely?”

“I’m on it,” Maggie nodded, receiving a wink and a small smile in return.

Making her way through the maze of tunnels that led to the labs, Maggie nearly dropped the bag of food at the sight that greeted her: Alex shrugging on a clean lab coat and pulling on a pair of fresh gloves. She knew she should get Alex to eat real food first, but, god, was that look making her want Alex’s mouth so many other places.

“Hey, hey, Dr. Danvers,” Maggie called out, intercepting Alex before she could make it all the way into her lab.

“Oh, hey, Mags. We didn’t have plans, did we?”

Maggie bit back a smile at the adorable way Alex’s forehead crinkled as she tried to remember her schedule—a task made more difficult by the fact that she probably wasn’t even sure what time it was anymore. “No scheduled plans, no, but I hear you finally got a working antidote! So I come bearing food and promises to get you home.”
“We don’t know that it’s working. It only seems to be doing better than the others,” Alex corrected, shaking her head as she tried to get past Maggie and back into her lab.

“Hey, no, J’onn is very confident that it’s working, as is everyone in the med bay. It’s important that you eat.”

Alex huffed and snapped off her gloves, making Maggie’s heart race as she thought about all the places Alex’s fingers could go. “I will eat, but I’m not leaving yet.”

Pulling Alex aside, Maggie dropped her voice low enough so that passing agents wouldn’t be able to hear: “I need you far away from your office and your sister’s super-hearing and your mind-reading boss for the plans I have in mind.”

“Mmm, really?” Alex asked, suddenly intrigued.

“Yes, really. So you can come willingly with me now and have a cheeseburger followed by amazing sex. Or you can wait for J’onn to kick you out of your lab and force you to come home, at which point your burger will be cold, and I’ll force you to watch me fuck myself without letting you help.”

Alex looked distraught, but upon catching sight of J’onn nodding at her and waving goodbye to her from down the hallway, she made up her mind. “Take me home,” she husked, grinning at the eagerness with which Maggie sped down the hall with her.

“Here’s your burger. Eat on the way home, and I’ll be waiting at your place,” Maggie instructed, grabbing the keys to her motorcycle and getting ready to take off with a mock salute.

“Oh, I’m just gonna change,” Alex began, but Maggie cut her off: “Don’t you dare.”

“Oh, okay,” Alex nodded, heading down to the parking garage and eating her burger on the way, grateful to find that Maggie hadn’t insisted on getting her a veggie burger this time.

Meanwhile, Maggie sped back to Alex’s place, letting herself in and quickly tidying the place up so that there would be nothing in their way. She threw a sheet across the kitchen table and put another one at the end of it, hoping Alex would be up for a bit of doctor roleplay.

Within a few minutes, Alex’s key was clicking in the lock, and she strode in, black bag across her shoulder and crisp white lab coat still on.

“Dr. Danvers,” Maggie purred. “I think it’s time for my physical.”

Alex tilted her head to the side. “What?”

Trying not to roll her eyes, Maggie persevered: “Do you need me on the table? Should I keep my clothes on or take them off?”

“Oh, are we, are we roleplaying?” Alex whispered.

Trying not to laugh, Maggie nodded. “Yes, and I would very much appreciate it if my sexy doctor would come and examine me.”

“Oh. I mean, that would be highly unprofessional,” Alex stated.

“Um, right, but we’re roleplaying,” Maggie explained.

“Okay, it’s just, I don’t know. I would be breaking so many rules.”
“Al, I get that you’ve been in professional mode all day, but I’m not your patient. I’m your girlfriend, and I am begging you to please keep your sexy lab coat on and come fuck me.”

“Fine, fine,” Alex relented, still grumbling about how inappropriate this scenario was. But when she caught sight of Maggie’s jacket flung across a chair and her girlfriend lying back on her “exam” table, she quickly gave in to the temptation. “I think you should probably take your clothing off for this physical,” Alex instructed, the corners of her mouth turning up into a smile at the way Maggie seemed to hum with anticipation.

Staying in character as best as she could, Maggie slowly got off the table and took off her clothing one article at a time, carefully folding them and placing them on the chair where her coat was hanging. “Shall I cover up with the sheet?” she asked, noting the way Alex stood with her back to Maggie, as though respecting her privacy.

“You can start with it, yes,” Alex answered, trying to keep her voice steady even as her mind filled with images of her girlfriend standing behind her completely naked and dripping for her.

As soon as she was set up on the table, Maggie called out for Alex, who spun around looking every bit the part of the consummate professional. Clearing her throat, Alex asked, “So, Ms. Sawyer, are there, um, any areas in particular that I should focus on today?”

“You know, my chest has been bothering me…”

“Really?” Alex whispered, looking ready to drag Maggie to the hospital to get her a chest X-ray.

“No,” Maggie hissed. “Just touch my tits!”

“Right,” Alex nodded, blushing faintly as she moved forward and tried to figure out how to not just turn their exam into sex straight away. “Do you mind if I move the sheet to, uh, examine your chest?”

“I think that’s fine, doctor.”

Nodding, Alex carefully folded back the sheet, swallowing a moan at how hard Maggie’s nipples already were. She straightened her lab coat, which seemed to make Maggie squirm in anticipation, then let her hands move down from Maggie’s shoulders to her breasts, quickly losing sight of the character as she groped her girlfriend. Trying to get somewhere with the roleplay, Alex asked, “So, uh, any discomfort?”

“No,” Maggie gasped, writhing under Alex’s touch. “But you should go lower.”

Nodding, Alex made her way to the base of the table and ran her fingers up and down Maggie’s thighs. “Should we, uh, check your reflexes?” Alex joked, trying to maintain a serious face.

“Whatsoever you say, doctor,” Maggie grinned.

Alex trailed her fingers up the insides of Maggie’s thighs. “Just react,” she ordered. As Maggie’s hips bucked up into her touch, Alex nodded. “Good.” She repeated the process, teasing Maggie more and more as the smaller woman arched off the table, trying to keep in contact with Alex’s hands.

“Just fuck me,” Maggie finally panted, desperate for Alex’s fingers to be inside of her instead of everywhere else.

“Done with roleplaying?” Alex checked.
“Sort of. Keep on the coat.”

Smirking, Alex pushed up her sleeves, threw the sheet off of Maggie, and slid two fingers inside of her girlfriend, groaning at how wet she already was. She clambered onto the table, straddling one of Maggie’s legs as she set a punishing pace. Obscene, wet noises soon filled the apartment.

Catching sight of Alex, still fully clothed and in her lab coat, fucking her mercilessly, Maggie groaned, her head dropping back to the table. “Fuck. Me. Harder. Doctor,” she managed to pant out between gasps.

Gripping one of Maggie’s thighs with her free hand, Alex focused on driving her two fingers into Maggie as hard as Maggie wanted them. She was fairly certain her face had scrunched up in an expression of determined concentration, her teeth gritting as she fought off any muscle cramps that might slow her down. But Maggie seemed to take everything she gave, her hips thrusting up to meet Alex’s fingers as fresh waves of arousal coated her hand.

As much as Maggie loved the feeling of Alex fucking her hard, watching Alex look so goddam powerful, she needed something more, so she let her own fingers drift between her legs, rubbing hard and fast over her own clit. “Let me,” Maggie gasped when Alex tried to take over that responsibility too. “You just keep fucking me,” Maggie ordered, her whole body tensing as Alex nodded and pushed ever deeper inside of her, her fingers dragging against her front wall every time she pulled back out. “Like that! Yes! Just like that!”

Alex had never seen Maggie look quite so wrecked, never heard her voice take on quite that timbre. Maggie was writhing on the table, crying out far louder than she normally would, her whole body tensing and thrusting and moving in time with Alex’s hand.

Suddenly Maggie’s fingers on her clit were moving faster, more erratically, as her hips stuttered against Alex’s hand and her back arched high off the table, her mouth dropping open in a silent scream. And then she was crashing down to the table with a long, low moan, the walls of her pussy convulsing around Alex’s fingers as a flood of wetness soaked Alex’s hand and the sheet covering the table.

Once Maggie’s body had finally stopped trembling, Alex carefully eased her fingers out of her girlfriend, grinning at the low whimpers Maggie made at the loss of contact. “So, uh, that was pretty great for you, huh?” Alex asked, her cheeks flushed and her pupils blown with want.

“Yeah,” Maggie sighed. “Already letting it go to your head?” Maggie teased as she dragged herself up into a sitting position, her eyes blinking open as she rolled into the very distinctive wet patch. “What…?”

“You came for me, baby,” Alex purred by way of explanation.

“I…I squirited?” Maggie asked, looking slightly startled.

“Yeah, it was really fucking hot.”

“That’s never happened before,” Maggie explained, her expression still one of confusion. “No one has ever been able to make that happen for me.”

“Well, then, I guess I should be extra proud of myself,” Alex preened. “But I think, for scientific, doctorly purposes, we’ll probably need to test this. Again and again and again.”

“And you don’t…you don’t mind?”
“Maggie, I’ve never seen anything sexier than you coming that hard and soaking my hand, trust me.” Maggie whimpered at Alex’s words as she felt herself somehow getting turned on again already. “Maybe we take it to the bedroom, though? I don’t really mind eating you where we eat, but, ya know, sometimes we have company…”

“That was a terrible pun, Danvers,” Maggie laughed.

“You’re still laughing.”

“Only ’cause I love you.”

Chapter End Notes

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Yawning, Maggie rolled herself into Alex’s side, getting as close as she could to her girlfriend without waking her up. Of course, Alex typically woke up at the slightest hint of movement, so it shouldn’t have come as too much of a surprise when she startled and sat bolt upright.

“Hey, hey, it’s just me, baby. You’re okay,” Maggie reassured Alex, her voice soft and calming as she ran her fingers through Alex’s hair.

“Oh, right, yeah,” Alex nodded. “Have you noticed that I don’t do that every time now? I’m getting better.”

“You are. I’m sorry for waking you up, though.”

“No, no, it’s fine. It’s probably late already.” She rubbed at her eyes and looked at the clock: 7:18. “Err, well, maybe not that late.”

Maggie blushed, feeling guilty for getting Alex up so early when they didn’t even fall asleep until 2 or so in the morning. “Let me make it up to you?”

“Gonna make me breakfast?” Alex asked, yawning and stretching out her back.

“I can, but I thought maybe I’d help with something else first?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah that’s good too,” Alex nodded, finally catching up with the implications of Maggie’s words.

Smiling, Maggie carefully wrapped her arms around Alex, pulling her in close to her chest as she kissed her softly, their lips gliding against one another’s. Maggie let her hands slide down Alex’s side, gently skimming under her shirt and up her abs. “You’re so gorgeous,” Maggie whispered. “Let me make you feel good.”

Alex dropped her head back down to the pillows as Maggie began tracing soft but insistent kisses along her jawline, then trailing them down her neck. “I love you so much,” Maggie murmured, her breath hot on Alex’s ear.

She continued her exploration of Alex’s body as she slowly undressed her, lavishing attention on every newly uncovered expanse of skin. Once Alex’s shirt was off, Maggie started at her shoulders, slipping behind Alex and massaging the tight muscles there as she kissed the back of Alex’s neck.

Holding Alex close to her chest, Maggie let her hands wander down Alex’s torso, pausing to
appreciate every inch of the beautiful woman in her arms. As her fingers skimmed over breasts and abs and hips and arms, Maggie whispered in Alex’s ear just how perfect every part of her was.

As her fingers massaged Alex’s arms, she murmured, “I love how strong you are, how hard you work to protect everyone around you.” She dropped down to her hands. “I love watching you in the lab, seeing you handling everything so delicately, so precisely. I love that you can be the perfect soldier when you need to be, but you seem so happy, so at home in the lab, putting your brilliant mind to work.”

She drew her hands back up to Alex’s chest. “I could listen to you breathing for hours, just relax with my head on your chest, knowing that you’re here with me. I remember the first time you let me take off your bra, how nervous you were, thinking you might not measure up or something. But you’re perfect, Al, you’ve always been perfect to me. I love that you trusted me enough to open up like that, to let yourself be vulnerable.”

Maggie carefully placed Alex back down on the pillows as she crawled around, lavishing attention on Alex’s breasts, while her free hand played with the waistband of Alex’s boxer shorts. As she kissed down Alex’s abs, she began to slowly pull down the woman’s boxers, her mouth following in their wake as she kissed Alex’s hipbones, then began a slow descent down her muscular thighs.

“You’re so strong. I love feeling your legs shake when we’re together, when you’re on the verge of coming for me, under me. Can I do that for you now, Al?”

“Yes,” Alex whispered, smiling and nodding eagerly.

Wrapping her hands around Alex’s hips, Maggie ducked her head down, kissing a long path up the inside of Alex’s thigh, then down the other, finally coming to rest between her legs. She began slowly with long, deliberate licks, closing her eyes as she listened to Alex’s soft moans fill the room.

When she could feel Alex’s arousal coating her lips and chin, she let her tongue dip into Alex’s entrance as Alex’s hips bucked up into her mouth. Not wanting it to end to soon, Maggie withdrew her tongue and went back to slow, broad strokes of her tongue over Alex’s clit—just a little too slow, a little too soft, for Alex to come right away.

Alex tried to keep her eyes open to watch how carefully Maggie was treating her, as though she were something precious to be tended to, worshipped even. Sure, she loved it when they came home and fucked hard, ravishing one another on whatever surface they happened to fall onto first, but there was something to be said for the slowness here. She whimpered as Maggie began to pick up the speed, just slightly, as one of her hands came up to palm at her breasts.

As Maggie focused her attention in on Alex’s clit, tracing circles across the small bud and humming in appreciation, Alex brought her hands down to curl in Maggie’s hair, holding her close, as her thighs wrapped around Maggie’s head.

“Please,” Alex whimpered. “I need you. Please.”

And so Maggie picked up her pace just slightly, moaning into Alex as she felt the other woman’s fingers tighten until she finally came with a gasp and a sigh, collapsing into the mattress with a smile on her face.

Maggie reverently lapped up any of the remaining arousal, then kissed her way down Alex’s thighs, then back up them, across her abs and around her chest, along her collarbones and up her neck, then finally finding her lips. She let her tongue dip into Alex’s mouth, feeling Alex arch into her at the taste of herself on Maggie’s tongue.
Maggie allowed herself to be drawn back down to the pillows as they lay side-by-side, kissing lazily for what felt like hours, hands running up and down one another’s sides, pulling each other close as though nothing else mattered. The world had narrowed to just the two of them wrapped in each other’s arms.

Chapter End Notes

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# SanversWeek Day 2 Nerd Girlfriends

## Chapter Summary

Maggie and Alex at a conference for Sanvers Week day 2!

I'm posting from my phone, so apologies in advance if the formatting is messed up!

Tonight will be the follow up to the Wonder Woman chapter and maybe a bit of smut if I've got extra time (or perhaps I'll get to the requested WayHaugh one shot?? Who knows!)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Maggie crept in through the side door of Conference Room C at the Opal City Convention Center. She quietly made her way up the side aisle and took a seat toward the front, trying not to disturb anyone. Flipping open the program, Maggie looked at the panel lineup, grateful to find that she hadn’t missed Alex’s presentation. She smiled as she caught sight of Alex’s wavy red hair, her head bent down as she scribbled notes all over the black moleskin notebook she brought with her to every conference and lecture she attended.

After the second speaker finished, the panel moderator got back up and introduced the third and final panelist: “Up next is Dr. Alexandra Danvers, a bioengineer from National City. Her work focuses on alien physiology, though she has co-authored papers on the use of radiation signatures in detection and prevention as well as alien biology and treating extraterrestrial diseases. Today she will be discussing the use of black body field generators as defensive tools. Please join me in welcoming Dr. Danvers.”

Maggie clapped loudly and grinned as she saw how many people’s heads perked up at the mention of her fiancée’s name. Fighting back inappropriate thoughts at the sight of Alex up there in a very well-tailored suit and heels, black-framed reading glasses perched on her nose and slides with complicated diagrams on them projected behind her. She settled in as Alex began talking, listening to her present a picture of the problem—highly advanced alien weaponry falling into the hands of violent organizations like Cadmus—and then sketch a vision of potential solutions. She sent Kara, Lena, and Winn a short video of Alex praising Lena Luthor’s work in getting the first prototype off the ground and expressing gratitude over her collaboration with scientists at Alex’s “lab,” including Winn Schott, to design a version that was even more stable and could disable such technology within a much larger radius.

Maggie watched with pride as people scribbled down ideas all over their programs and notebooks, clearly pleased with the possibility of taking such ideas back to their own labs and police departments. As Alex was giving her closing remarks, she happened to glance over to the far left of
the room, catching sight of Maggie sitting there, a broad smile on her face. Even as she tilted her head, a look of surprise in her eyes, she never faltered. When she wrapped up, she was greeted with a hearty round of applause as hands flew into the air to ask follow up questions.

Even after the formal question and answer section had concluded, Alex stuck around, surrounded by hordes of admirers desperate to tell her how much they respected her work and how glad they were that they had the opportunity to meet her in person. When the last of the fans dispersed, Maggie made her way to the front of the room. “Now, Dr. Danvers, do you think you might have time for one more question?”

Grinning, Alex shrugged. “I suppose maybe for someone as pretty as you I could.”

“I hope you don’t say that to all the girls.”

“Just my fiancée,” Alex winked.

“Very smooth, Danvers.”

“Always. How did you make it here? I thought your paper was scheduled for the same time as mine?”

“I got them to switch me to a panel this afternoon. So no sightseeing, but I think it was worth it getting to see you up there kicking ass and taking names.”

Alex scoffed but smiled at Maggie’s words. “Well, this means that I’ll get to see you do the same.”

“You don’t have to,” Maggie shrugged. “It’s not like I’m presenting on groundbreaking research.”

“No, you’re presenting on one of the most important panels here,” Alex insisted. “And I am absolutely going to be there for you. Plus, maybe I’ll ask a question,” she winked.

“Please don’t.”
“What? Think I’ll embarrass you?”

“Depends. What question are you going to ask?”

“I mean, I was thinking about asking you to marry me again. Would that be inappropriate?”

Maggie just laughed and shoved Alex lightly. “C’mon, let’s go get lunch, my doctor/scientist/genius.”

“Yeah, like you’re not a big nerd yourself. I saw you going at your program with a highlighter getting all excited about picking which sessions to attend.” Maggie just shrugged; she couldn’t deny it.

Since Maggie wanted a bit of peace and quiet to prepare for her presentation—despite the extroverted front she projected when meeting new people, she actually got quite nervous about presenting in front of large groups—they took their lunch up to the room. Alex listened quietly as Maggie rehearsed her paper one more time, then hugged her tightly and peppered her face with kisses, promising her that she would be amazing and that they would make excellent use of the hotel room that night when neither of them had the stress of presenting hanging over their heads.

Of course, Maggie had nothing to worry about. Her session on community building and cultural competency in dealing with extraterrestrial species was one of the most well attended panels at the conference, and she received an invitation to join a working group on ethical policing and human-alien relations that made her face break out into a large smile. Alex was too proud of Maggie to even be jealous when one of the women in the crowd approached her after the panel had ended and handed over her number after she finished telling Maggie just how important her work was. Well, maybe she was a little jealous, but not enough to interrupt the well-deserved praise and recognition Maggie was finally getting.

“Congratulations, Mags! You were so amazing up there!” Alex gushed when the room finally emptied out.

“I couldn’t have done it without you.”

“You know that’s not true.”
“It’s sort of true. You helped me feel comfortable enough to get up and deliver the paper myself, rather than giving it to someone else on my team to present.”

“Well, I’m very proud of you. You’re the one who’s been spearheading all of this work, and it’s about time you got the credit you deserve.”

“Thanks,” Maggie mumbled, pulling Alex in tight against her chest for a hug. “Now that we’re both done, we should celebrate! Bit of sightseeing? Go out for dinner?”

“We still have one more panel session left. Did you want to skip that to celebrate?”

Maggie looked conflicted. On the one hand, she definitely had celebration plans that didn’t involve being in an overly air conditioned conference room with a ton of other people. On the other hand, she knew they had both been excited about papers still to come. “Let’s go see our papers; we’ll only be at the conference once, but we can come back to Opal City whenever we want. Then maybe we move our celebration directly up to our hotel room?”

“Sounds perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

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Alex Leaves Themyscira (Wonder Woman Crossover Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Thanks to everyone for the feedback on the last Diana/Alex chapter! Based on lots of requests for a follow up chapter that brings Alex back to National City/Maggie finding out about Wonder Woman/Wonder Woman coming to National City to meet Maggie, I give you this one. It's less Wonder Woman-heavy and focuses more on Alex, but I hope you enjoy it!

Credit goes out again to NerdsbianHokie for the initial idea!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It had taken Alex months to adjust to life back in National City. Of course, getting to see Kara again was worth everything—the heartbreak of leaving Diana when they returned; the culture shock of coming back to a country run by men, rife with bigotry, and saturated by media; the pangs over realizing she would probably never see any of the Amazons again. But even with the joy of reuniting with Kara, she had trouble finding her way back into her old life.

While she was gone, Kara, driven to do something, anything, after Alex had simply disappeared without her being able to stop it, had gone on to become Supergirl—a name Alex objected to; after all, couldn’t she be Superwoman like Wonder Woman? Kara, however, still harboring a not-so-secret crush on Cat Grant, insisted that she had grown to like the name, reclaiming the power of “girl.” J’onn had stepped in to train Kara, ensuring that she wouldn’t go into battle unprepared. Motivated by the new knowledge of Alex’s own training, Kara worked long hours at the DEO to master various fighting techniques, including the Kryptonian ones her Aunt Astra once demonstrated for her in her youth.

J’onn welcomed Alex back with a warm hug; it seemed that the year spent with her sunny sister had helped to soften his hard edges, allowing him to be vulnerable even at the office. As they sparred in the training room, he found himself continually impressed with Alex’s improved technique and focus. While he had introduced her to basic weapons, she now had mastery over things like the bow and arrow and various kinds of swords, going so far as to insist that she could wield them perfectly on horseback. Of course, she had plenty of scars to show for her months away—proof of her valor in battle, even against the Amazon warriors—but she wore them proudly, no longer ashamed of her own body.

After many months, Alex finally felt herself slipping back into her old routines, her stomach readjusting to the processed food Kara so enjoyed, and the pang of loss she felt every time she saw a headline about Wonder Woman slowly receding. At about that time, she ran into an infuriating NCPD Detective, Maggie Sawyer, whose cocky grin reminded her just a little too much of some of the Amazons’ smiles. They battled it out for jurisdiction over the airport crime scene when an alien attempted to kill the President, and while Alex technically won, she left feeling unsettled. If she were being honest, she might have admitted that even then she felt something more, something that drew her to the smaller woman in a less-than-professional capacity. When she found Maggie hunched over clues alone in the sewers, she felt a stirring of recognition in finding someone else equally devoted to
her work, equally willing to put her own body in danger in the pursuit of truth and justice.

So when Maggie called her down to the bar, Alex went willingly. She threw on a pair of her tightest jeans and her favorite leather jacket just in case, even as she insisted it meant nothing. Sure, she would have bet money on the fact that Maggie was checking her out at the crime scene, but it didn’t mean that the detective was single or out or even aware. But when she rolled in on her motorcycle, there was no mistaking the way Maggie’s eyes raked up and down her body or the distinctive lilt to her voice as she told her how nice the bike was. And if that didn’t make it perfectly clear, Darla’s choice comments confirmed it.

Of course, they still clashed over jurisdiction and the best way to handle things. And Maggie nearly growled when Alex called in the tip to J’onn, so willing to cut her out of a case she’d helped to crack open. J’onn, however, told Alex to hold tight as Winn gathered information and he readied a team; he wanted her with their source until he could confirm the lead. Alex failed to mention that their source was currently nursing a strong drink as he cradled his sore arm, but she figured they’d be able to get someone to talk if need be.

“Danvers, you gonna treat any of them like people?” Maggie asked, her arms crossed as she led Alex to a back table, away from the aliens whose trust she had fought to earn.

“I treat the good ones like people.”

“Yeah? And how are you judging them? Do you only like the ones who look like Supergirl? The ones who smile for the cameras?”

“No,” Alex scoffed. “I like the ones who aren’t trying to kill the President or civilians.”

“But you get to judge that, right? No trials for aliens.”

“You get to deal with the petty crimes. You don’t get to judge me or my office when we spend our days dealing with mass murderers and people planning to do things like, oh, I don’t know, enslave the entire human race,” Alex growled.

Even though they were both careful to keep their voices low, their argument had gotten heated, both of them whispering passionately as they drew closer and closer to each other. At some point during their argument, neither of them could say which one began it, Alex’s lips were hard on Maggie’s, their teeth nearly clashing as they grabbed at each other’s jackets, pulling each other closer and battling for dominance.

Maggie pulled back panting slightly and very relieved that they had moved to the back for their argument. “Bathroom?”

“Though you’d never ask.”

For a while, that was all they were—occasional co-workers who fought and fucked with equal fervor. But as the weeks went by and they continued to run into each other on cases, something shifted. Whether it was Alex’s change in opinion during the alien fight ring case when she finally acknowledged the role Maggie had played in helping her to see aliens as people too or the way Maggie started to invite Alex out to real restaurants for food before they went back to one of their apartments, neither was quite sure, but they both felt it.

Lying in bed one night, naked and sweaty but still wrapped around one another, Maggie cleared her throat. “Do you think, uh, is this still just fucking for you?”

“Honestly? No. I don’t know, you’re…you’ve become a friend, someone I want to spend time with.
And maybe more than that. I like you more than I like most people,” Alex admitted.

“You getting soft on me, Danvers?” Maggie teased.

“Depends. Is this still just fucking for you?”

“It hasn’t been for a while.”

“So…should we, uh, go out on dates we actually call dates?” Alex asked, looking up into Maggie’s big brown eyes.

“I think I’d like that.”

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Many months later, during the Daxamite invasion, J’onn found himself calling a number he had sworn to use only for emergencies.

“J’onn?”

“Diana, there’s a situation in National City. We could really use your help.”

“I’ll be there.”

And soon enough, Cat Grant was gleefully broadcasting images of Wonder Woman and Supergirl battling Queen Rhea and Daxamite soldiers on the rooftops of National City, while two women and a man dressed in all black commanded forces on the ground.

Many, many hours later, when the debriefings had concluded and the necessary quotes had been given to the press to stave off any additional questions for the time being, Alex and Maggie found themselves back at Kara’s apartment for some “the world didn’t end!” pizza and champagne.

With Maggie snuggled into her side, greasy food in front of her, and the safety of the planet guaranteed for another day, Alex couldn’t have been happier. A knock at the door startled everyone in the living room, as they looked around, counting out Maggie, Alex, Winn, James, and Kara, wondering who else had come. J’onn and M’gann had declined their invitation, and Lucy and Vasquez were still dealing with things out at the desert base. Which left…

“Diana!” Kara squealed, pulling the woman into her for a hug that didn’t require her to hold back her strength in the slightest.

“Kara! Thanks for inviting me! I brought plenty of ice cream,” she added, gesturing toward bags filled with her favorite dessert.

“Yum, you’re officially the best,” Kara hummed. Once Kara had popped the containers into her freezer, she brought Diana over to the group. Having gotten approval to tell the small group about her secret identity since they had proven themselves trustworthy with her own, Kara introduced her: “Everyone, this is Diana, aka Wonder Woman! Diana, this is Winn, James, Maggie, and Alex. Oh, well, I guess you two already know each other.”

Alex’s mouth was still hanging open. Sure, she had known that J’onn called in Wonder Woman for the battle, but she had assumed it would end there. She didn’t think she’d see her in Kara’s living room carrying ice cream. She certainly didn’t think she’d see her as Diana, dressed in casual clothes and smiling at her in that disarmingly charming way she had all those months ago on Themyscira.
“You two know each other?” Winn squealed, looking positively awestruck as he asked the question on everyone’s mind.

As Alex nodded slowly, still reeling, Kara explained that Alex’s year away for “training” had really been a year away on Themyscira, that she had, in fact, caught her flight to Geneva but was saved by Wonder Woman and taken to the island until J’onn could ensure Alex’s safe return. Of course, she had trained, and everyone could tell, so no one ever questioned the story, even if it did seem odd that they had been given no notice and were told not to speak of her to anyone during that time.

“It’s good to see you, Alex,” Diana said, smiling and looking so very sincere.

In a second, Alex was off the couch and pulling Diana in close to her for a long hug. “I’ve missed you,” Alex breathed out. When she finally pulled back, both women had tears in their eyes. “How are you?”

“I’m doing well. Better now that the Daxamites have left this planet. And you?”

“I’m, I’m good.” She still seemed slightly dazed, but when she heard Maggie clearing her throat, she quickly spun around. “Diana, this is Maggie, my girlfriend.”

“I saw you fighting in the streets too,” Diana observed. “You two move seamlessly together.” She turned and regarded Alex with a wistful smile. “I’m glad you found someone worthy of you.”

Winn sat enraptured with the conversation unfolding in front of him. As he looked between the two women, he hissed in James’ ear: “Do you think they dated?”

James just shrugged and reeled Winn’s enthusiasm back a little, trying to give Alex and Diana a bit of privacy as they moved their conversation to the kitchen.

Eventually they settled back in with the rest of the group, and they all enjoyed a pleasant dinner together, even if Winn did stutter and blush every time Diana spoke directly to him. When Diana left to help Kara get everything set up for ice cream sundaes in the kitchen, Maggie turned to Alex and whispered, “So, is, uh, Wonder Woman Diana the same as your ex Diana?”

“Er, yeah,” Alex nodded. “Sorry for not telling you, it’s just, it wasn’t my secret to tell.”

“I get it,” Maggie nodded, even as she shifted to be a bit closer to Alex, letting her hand drop possessively to Alex’s thigh.

“You get it, do you?” Alex teased.

“I suppose now’s as good a time as any, since she’s coming to visit next month and gave me permission to tell you under an oath of secrecy…”

“Wait, what is it?” Alex asked, suddenly feeling rather curious.

“You know my ex Kate?”

“Mhm,” Alex nodded, recalling stories about Maggie’s ex-fiancée. Like her and Diana, they had ended due more to circumstances than any real falling out. And even though the feelings had faded over time, they were still close friends.

“Well, uh, she’s not quite a god—which, jeez, Alex, find someone harder for me to compete with, why don’t you?—but she is, well, she is Batwoman.”
“Wait, what?” Alex hissed. “The one who runs around in all the tight leather with the cape and the mask and the hair and the motorcycle?”

Chuckling slightly, Maggie nodded. “The very one.”

“Huh. I know I shouldn’t be jealous, and yet here I am, wanting to kiss you hard enough that you forget all about your superhero ex.”

“Need I remind you about the freaking goddess in your sister’s kitchen who’s about to deliver ice cream to you?”

“Well, then, I guess tonight will be all about remembering who we’re with now,” Alex purred.

Chapter End Notes

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They probably should have called it a night as soon as Lena challenged Alex to a tie-breaker round of Monopoly. Anyone who has ever played board games knows just how long that game can run, and when it came to Alex and Lena, it was anyone’s best guess as to how long their game would take. Lena had, of course, years of business savvy and experience running her own multi-billion dollar corporation. But Alex was simply ruthless, used to strategizing and a student of the very best: J’onn and Vasquez.

Instead of insisting that they wait until the next game night, the Superfriends had allowed the challenge to happen, going so far as to place playful bets on the game and make popcorn. Which is how they found themselves slumped against the furniture three hours later, watching with drooping eyelids as the two gleefully built up their hotels and cackled each time the other landed on a particularly bad spot.

They paused only when a loud thump startled them both, looking over to find that Maggie had finally fallen asleep and hit the floor, which startled her back awake.

“Babe! Are you okay?”

“Jus’ fine,” Maggie yawned, her head falling forward again.

Before Alex could return her attention to the game again, ignoring the fact that her girlfriend was clearly exhausted, Kara was standing up and gesturing at both of them. “I’m calling the game as a tie.”

“No!” Alex protested.

“Kara!” Lena whined.

“No passing Go for either of you,” Maggie giggled. “No more money.”
Kara snorted, looking back at the half-asleep detective who was now giggling to herself as she curled into the side of the sofa. “If that’s not proof that it’s time to go home, then I don’t know what is.”

“I think it might be proof that I should have brought my camera,” James laughed, earning a glare from Alex. “Kidding, I’m just kidding…” he trailed off looking nervous. “Winn and I will just, uh, head out now. Got some…stuff to take care of.”

“Have fun, Guardian!” Maggie called out. “You too, Robin!”

Alex cackled as Winn grumbled about being more than a sidekick.

“James is Guardian?” Lena asked, arching her eyebrow at Kara.

“Oh…right. I was going to tell you! I just, I didn’t want him doing it in the first place, but now, I don’t know, I kind of get why he wants to do it? But yes, he’s Guardian. Winn is the guy in the van that helps him. We can all go back to pretending like it isn’t the biggest open secret since Anderson Cooper’s sexuality.”

“Or since your secret identity,” Lena teased.

“You should get a wig,” Maggie declared, looking quite pleased with her own suggestion.

“Good ideas all around, babe,” Alex said, biting back a laugh. It had been a while since she’d seen Maggie quite so tired, and she had almost forgotten how much fun it was to deal with her like this.

“What kind of wig?” Kara asked, trying to keep a serious face.

“I can tell you’re laughing at me,” Maggie pouted. “My ex wears a wig. Works great for her.”

“Is your ex a superhero, though?” Lena asked, secretly wondering what Kara would look like with different hairstyles.

“I’m not s’posed to say,” Maggie mumbled. But then she grinned and nodded, winking up at Alex, who just rolled her eyes and shook her head. She had found out about Kate Kane a couple of months into their relationship as they talked about their pasts, but she had promised not to say anything to the rest of the group, understanding how important secrecy was when it came to superheroes. Apparently sleepy Maggie didn’t quite agree.

“C’mon, Mags, let’s get you out of here,” Alex said, smiling broadly and bending over to scoop Maggie up into her arms bridal style.

“You’re so strong,” Maggie flirted, resting her head on Alex’s shoulder.

“Wait! Who is it?” Lena asked, really wanting to know at this point.

“No! We are not going to tell them,” Alex insisted, looking sternly down at Maggie. Honestly, she swore drunk Maggie wasn’t half as frustrating as sleepy Maggie (though she secretly loved it).

Maggie nodded as though she agreed, but as soon as Alex was in the doorway to leave Kara’s apartment, she peeked her head over Alex’s shoulder and grinned broadly as she announced: “Batwoman.”

Alex kicked the door shut as both Lena and Kara demanded more answers, sweeping into the elevator with her sleepy and now very giggly girlfriend. “Are you proud of yourself?”

“So you’ve said.”

“We should pay attention to that more,” Maggie winked. “In the bedroom, ya know?” She looked around lazily as they got out of the elevator and headed toward the front door of Kara’s apartment building.

“I did catch your very subtle meaning,” Alex deadpanned, wondering if Maggie would even catch the sarcasm at this point of exhaustion.

“Mm, cool. Should I call you daddy?” Maggie wondered aloud.

Alex blushed a brilliant shade of red, nearly dropping Maggie in the process. “We’ll talk about this later!” She carefully tucked Maggie into the passenger’s seat of the car, feeling extremely grateful that they didn’t bring either of their motorcycles.

As Alex drove them home, Maggie continued to babble on: “You’re really pretty, did you know that?”

“So are you, cutie,” Alex complimented, laughing at the way Maggie giggled and blushed.

“Do you think they would ever make a movie about all the lady superheroes together? What if they were all kids? Do you think they would watch Power Rangers? Which one would be the Green Power Ranger? Do you think they would play Pokémon Go? Can I have your phone to play? My battery died.”

“You can’t play when we’re driving this fast, remember?”

“Can you slow down so I can play?”

Laughing, Alex shook her head. “No, darling, I’m sorry. It’ll be good for you to get home and get in bed.”

“Mm, I like your bed. Your bed is gigantic. At first it felt like we were fucking in a hotel. Did I ever tell you that?”

“You did not.”

“Mhm. Plus, your bed is just, like…with all of your other stuff. Like, all of your rooms are one big room. Is that ever weird for you? When people come over for dinner, do you ever think, like, we can all see where I have sex?”

“I did not, though I’m sure I will now.”

“I think about it sometimes. Especially when your mom came over. That was weird. Not your mom. She’s fine. She’s blonde. Why do you have red hair? Did one of your grandparents have red hair? Oh, right, your mom. Not that she has red hair. Nope, not a ginger. But she was at the table and looking at your bed. And we were in there that morning. Do you think she knew? Could she tell? Did the apartment smell like sex? Sometimes I think it does. Do you think Kara knows? Does she have supersmelling too? That’s so uncomfortable.”

“Okay, I think we’ve thought about quite enough!” Alex interjected, not needing to think about these possibilities when it came to her family. “We’re just a block from home now, okay?”

“Home? Are you asking me to move in with you?”
“I, uh, um,” Alex spluttered.

“S’okay, we can wait.”

“Let’s talk about this when you’re awake, okay?”

“Fine,” Maggie huffed, dropping her head back against the seat.

After Alex had parked the car, she once again pulled Maggie into her arms, carefully maneuvering her through the front door and up to her apartment. By the time she got her into bed, Maggie was already fast asleep. Shaking her head, Alex went to brush her teeth and put on her pajamas, figuring she’d just help pull off Maggie’s boots and jeans and leave her in the henley she had worn.

Before she went to bed, she checked her phone, figuring she would let Kara know that they had gotten home safely, only to find about 20 messages that all read the same thing: “BATWOMAN?!”

Chapter End Notes

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A/N: I tried to be somewhat consistent with what people have guessed about the characters’ ages, but I played with things a bit (I mean, realistically, Jimmy Olsen, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist/BFF of the much older Clark Kent, is more than three years older than Kara, Winn and Lucy are probably older than Alex, and Lena is too young to even be at Hogwarts yet, but we’ll ignore it!). James and Maggie are fourth years; Alex and Lucy are third years; Winn is a second year; and Kara and Lena are little first years.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex waited impatiently as a group of incoming first years dawdled in front of the brick wall, all of them nervous about making a fool out of themselves if the wall didn’t open but none of them wanting to admit they were nervous. Since Eliza was here, she wasn’t about to say anything, lest she get told off for making a “bad impression” in front of Kara’s future classmates. Kara had no qualms about running through the wall. She had watched Alex dive straight into it before her first year. Of course, Alex may well have gone straight into a real brick wall too if it meant getting away from Eliza’s reminders about what she needed to do before her classes began. But Kara had watched the wall simply open up for Alex and had then followed eagerly behind with Eliza to wave goodbye to her on the train.

Just as Alex was about to intervene and cut in line, ending the weird first-year boy machismo/competition—whatever it was—Maggie Sawyer, one of the older Hufflepuffs came forward with two incoming students. Holding their hands, she guided them through the brick wall, calling behind her: “See, you can all do it!” And just like that, with no muttering or yelling needed, the other first years began to fall in line and make their way through the wall with whoops of amazement.

“Want to go first, Kara?” Alex asked, smiling broadly at her little sister, who was clutching her large suitcase and a cage with a scrawny barn owl she had rescued and gradually nursed back to health.

“Can we go together?” It wasn’t like Kara thought she wouldn’t be able to get through the wall, but she was still a little nervous about her first day, about being sorted, about finding friends.

Alex nodded, happily taking Kara’s hand as they swept onto Platform 9 ¾ together. A broad smile spread across Kara’s face as she took in the bustling platform full of students and families—first years anxiously looking around to see if they were dressed correctly, if they had the same things as their peers; older students reuniting with old friends and yelling out of windows; parents holding onto the hands of partners and younger siblings as they tried not to cry and embarrass their children in front of their friends.

“Alex! Kara!” James’ booming voice rang out as he waved to them from further down the platform. Quickly making his way down to them, he swept Alex and Kara up into a big hug. When he pulled back, Kara was blushing a bright shade of pink as she pushed her glasses further up her nose. To her credit, Alex didn’t say anything or tease Kara about the very obvious crush she still had on her older...
cousin’s best friend, though she made a mental note to do it later, once James was gone. After a few minutes of catching up, James left with a promise to get dinner with them once they were all settled in.

When Alex noticed her mom standing off to the side, looking fondly at her daughters, she dragged Kara back to Eliza. It might not be her first year leaving, but Eliza deserved a teary farewell with her youngest, so Alex gave her mom a quick hug, pretended not to hear her warnings about behaving in Hogsmeade and not getting into anymore trouble, and made a run for the Hogwarts Express.

“Lucy!” Alex yelled as she caught sight of her friend making her way down the train.

“Alex! How have you been?” Lucy pulled Alex in for a long hug. “Is Kara here too?”

“Yeah, she’s just saying bye to mom, you know the drill. But I’m alright, summer was long. Lots of quidditch in the backyard, ignoring mom’s not so subtle hints that I should be working on Potions to ace my NEWTS, which, you know, aren’t for years.”

“Yeah…cause you aren’t studying at all, huh?”

“Okay, maybe. But not when she tells me to. I’m not a child.”

“Fair enough. I’m just saying, you don’t get to pretend like you aren’t the nerdiest Slytherin there is.”

“Yeah, and you’re the most ambitious Gryffindor they’ve ever let in,” Alex laughed. “There was a reason the hat wanted to put you in Slytherin.”

“Ugh, I wasn’t going to let Lois lord that over me,” Lucy groaned.

“Fine,” Alex sighed, remembering the intense anxiety she herself had felt when the hat told her she was brave enough to be a Gryffindor but suspected she would do so much more in Slytherin where they would push her to achieve great things. Eliza had seemed disappointed that she wasn’t a Ravenclaw like she had been, but she’d gotten over it after a bit of a blowout fight during the holidays.

“Wanna sit together?” Alex asked, gathering her suitcase.

“I would, but the new Gryffindor quidditch captain already has us meeting.”

“On the train?” Alex asked incredulously.

“I mean, half of our team graduated, so we really need to strategize. Not like we’re going to let you guys beat us in the first game back,” Lucy teased.

“We absolutely will, and I’m so looking forward to kicking your butt out there.”

“Yeah, yeah, go find your own teammates to sit with!” Lucy stuck her tongue out at Alex and made to continue on to the next car before turning around and tossing over her shoulder: “Girls night tomorrow?”

“Wouldn’t miss it, Luce.”

Alex sighed. It wasn’t as though she disliked the majority of her teammates, but they were rarely apart from Max Lord, who she had despised since their ill-fated attempts at dating her first year at Hogwarts.

Figuring she’d rather sit alone and get a head start on reading, she settled into a fairly empty car,
pulling out a book and a “muggle” pen that she had to admit was just so much more convenient than
the quills the professors favored, even the ones that had been charmed to refill themselves.

As the train rumbled to life, something collided with her shoulder. Before she could snap at
whomever it was to watch where they were going, a soft voice was already apologizing. “Shit!
Sorry! Lost control of this suitcase,” Maggie explained.

“Yeah, well, it’s almost taller than you,” Alex chuckled. “Do you, uh, do you need a hand?”

“Nah, I’m just tucking it into a free spot for some first year who’s all set up in a crowded car with no
room for his luggage.”

“Oh. That’s nice of you,” Alex added, feeling her cheeks burn at the smirk Maggie shot in her
direction.

“Look at you, a mighty Slytherin learning what’s nice,” she teased.

“We’re not that bad,” Alex grumbled.

“I’m just teasing you. Anyone sitting there?” Maggie asked, gesturing at the seat across from Alex.

Normally Alex would have told the person that she was studying, that she really didn’t want to
engage in idle small talk for the duration of the trip to Hogwarts, but she found herself nodding, not
wanting to end her time with Maggie just yet. Even though Alex hadn’t come out until late last year,
and rather reluctantly at that, for almost two years now she had harbored a not-so-secret crush on the
Hufflepuff who seemed to get in as many fights as she did, though always for a good reason, she
was told. Maggie, on the other hand, had come to Hogwarts out and proud, and she quickly swept
through the ranks of all of the out queer and questioning women in her year. In her “old” age, she
had settled down a bit, even dated Emily for the entirety of her second and third years, though
according to the rumors, she’d had some fling with Darla, the Slytherin fifth-year, over the summer.

“Watcha reading?” Maggie asked, peering at Alex’s book.

“Can’t decide,” Alex admitted, holding up the other book she had tucked under her leg. “I should
probably read more of the potions volume my mom got me, but this year’s Defense Against the Dark
Arts textbook looks great.”

Noting the extremely advanced potions text that looked already pretty marked up and read through,
Maggie surveyed Alex closely. “Anyone ever tell you you’re pretty nerdy, Danvers?”

Alex spluttered, blushing a brilliant shade of red.

“I mean it as a compliment, of course! Just surprised you’re not in Ravenclaw, that’s all. Though I
guess when you swing a beater’s bat like that, Slytherin calls to you, huh?”

“Something like that,” Alex shrugged, not wanting to get into the whole desperate need to prove
herself thing she had going. “But what about you? You get into more fights than I do. Why are you
still a Hufflepuff?”

“Altruistic motives,” Maggie winked. “Though, I bet now that Little Danvers is here, your fights will
suddenly outnumber mine by a long shot.”

“She can hold her own,” Alex insisted, even though she knew that it wouldn’t matter just how strong
Kara was; she’d always be there to protect her.
“Yeah, but somehow I still think you’re gonna be punching people on her behalf. Seems like she’s already being nice to the downtrodden; I don’t quite see her as the punching type,” Maggie laughed.

“What do you mean?” She clarified, “About the new friends?”

“Oh, she’s just hanging out with Schott and the little Luthor.”

“The Death Eaters and their sympathizers?” Alex growled, already half out of her seat before Maggie grabbed her robes and pulled her down.

“Hey! First of all, they aren’t their families. Schott Junior didn’t even live with his dad for most of his life—took the Potter route and basically lived in a closet until he got in here.”

“And the Luthor? She spent plenty of time with brother dearest before he went crazy and killed all those muggles.”

“Look, I’m just saying, she’s not him. She’s her own person who probably had to watch her own idol fall. He was a prefect, head boy, friend to plenty of muggle-borns—no one expected it of him. I’m sure she didn’t either.”

Alex still looked frustrated with Kara’s endless optimism about seeing the best in people, but she remained seating for now, trying not to pay attention to the way that Maggie’s hand hadn’t left her thigh after pushing her back down.

“How about we get some of those awful Bertie Botts Beans and try to find the good ones?” Maggie suggested, wanting to distract Alex. And maybe, just maybe, have a chance to get a little closer to her. It had been long enough since Alex had come out for her not to be taking advantage of a baby gay, right? Plus, it wasn’t like Alex was some naïve child who needed to be protected; she did a fabulous job of saying no to Max Lord in front of everyone and hexing him before he could even get the first half of his curse out.

“Yeah, okay,” Alex conceded, watching as Maggie flagged down the trolley and purchased a box of the beans as well as a couple of chocolate frogs “to drown out the bad tastes.” Her heart pounded as Maggie came over to her side of the bench, pulling her legs underneath her as she turned to face Alex.

“Close your eyes,” Maggie instructed, pulling out the first bean.

“Okay,” Alex agreed hesitantly.

“Open your mouth.”

Alex hoped her cheeks weren’t as pink as they felt, but she suspected she was probably bright red by the time Maggie’s fingers were brushing across her lips.

“Ooh! Lemon!” Alex squealed, grateful to have gotten something decent. “Your turn.”

Maggie nodded and closed her eyes. If she let her lips linger slightly on Alex’s fingers, well, who was to say what counted as lingering? But as soon as she bit into the bean, she was gagging and spitting it into one of the napkins she’d had the foresight to grab. “Oh god, what the fuck!” Alex cackled as Maggie downed large gulps of water trying to wash away the taste of what she’d finally managed to name as “earwax.”

They spent the next hour or so making their way through the candy, both of them abandoning the beans after a few too many truly terrible experiences in favor of the chocolate frogs and a handful of
cauldron cakes Alex had purchased the next time the trolley went by. Neither of them drew attention to the fact that Maggie hadn’t moved back to her seat, but had instead stayed curled up next to Alex, their arms and thighs still brushing against one another.

Time seemed to fly by as they talked about anything and everything—their hopes for the quidditch season (Maggie promised to come see Alex play and to maybe even cheer for Slytherin on the days when they weren’t playing against Hufflepuff); what they wanted to do after graduation (Alex had her heart set on being an Auror, despite her mother’s wishes that she would go on to be a Healer, while Maggie wanted to work as the liaison between the Aurors and the Muggle Relations Division of the Ministry of Magic); and their favorite memories and teachers at Hogwarts (Maggie had gotten quite close with Professor M’orzz since meeting her the first day, while Alex had somehow cultivated a close relationship with Headmaster J’onzz after being sent to him for getting into a bit of trouble, albeit, well-intentioned trouble, her first year).

“So, what are you most excited about for this year?” Maggie asked, stretching out and casually moving a big closer to Alex.

“Honestly? Hogsmeade,” Alex admitted. “I hear that Tomes and Scrolls stocks some really amazing volumes, and the woman who owns it is supposed to be just incredible!”

“It’s amazing!” Maggie gushed, remembering her first trip. It wasn’t like she had a ton of money to spend, but the income she earned at her summer job working in Ollivanders was enough to get her some butterbeer from the Three Broomsticks and some sweets from Honeydukes.

“It sounds amazing,” Alex mused, letting her mind drift to the freedom she’d have wandering around the small village.

“How about you let me show you around on this month’s trip?” Maggie offered, her heart racing just slightly as Alex turned around, her head tilted slightly as she regarded Maggie.

“Oh, like, as a tour guide?” Alex asked. She refused to let herself think about the stories she’d heard about the romantic dates older students went on in Hogsmeade; it was better to play dumb than dare to be vulnerable and left disappointed. Plus, Maggie had her pick of students, including the older girls. There was no reason she’d ever give Alex a second look.

“I thought more like a date.”

“Oh, uh, yeah, yeah,” Alex nodded quickly, scrambling to seem like she wasn’t completely taken aback by the offer. Finally gathering herself and taking a deep breath, she grinned. “I’d like that.”

“Perfect. Since the first trip isn’t until the end of the month, maybe we should, you know, practice the dating thing? Down by the lake this weekend…”

“I’ll meet you there after practice,” Alex replied, trying to bite back her goofy smile even as her pulse raced.

“Can’t wait.”

Chapter End Notes

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# SanversWeek Day 5 - Domestic

Chapter Notes

So...tomorrow is smut day of Sanvers Week. I’ve got something half written for it already, but if you’ve got some desperate request, feel free to submit it (not that I’m lacking in smutty prompts). I may post more than once to clear out my inbox a bit; we’ll see!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Alex,” Maggie called out, her hands busy chopping the last of the vegetables. “Have you gotten out all the ingredients for the sauce yet?”

“Oh, shoot, no,” Alex admitted, blushing slightly at the knowing glance Maggie sent her way. “Got a little distracted.”

“Have anything to do with the story you’re telling James that you insisted ‘couldn’t wait’ but ‘definitely wouldn’t be too distracting’?”

“Um, no?”

“Very convincing, darling.” Maggie rolled her eyes, wondering why Alex still thought she could multitask in the kitchen. Out in the field? Absolutely. In the lab? She rarely risked it, but she could if need be to get everything done. In the kitchen, a room she’d barely set foot in before dating Maggie? Hard no.

Letting out a noncommittal noise, Alex yanked open the fridge, grabbing numerous bottles that Maggie had helpfully organized into groups based on the sauce she made with them. After a few too many close calls of Maggie nearly pouring whatever was set out on the counter into the pan, she had realized that she shouldn’t just assume that Alex knew which bases worked best together. And when Alex had happily explained her decision not to get out the rice vinegar one evening with the reasoning: “We’re having stirfry with noodles, not rice. So no rice vinegar!” Maggie began trying to explain everything with taste tests. Alex enjoyed the tasting, but didn’t particularly take note of the lessons, which meant that Maggie remained the de facto chef for the house, though Alex took it upon herself to do the dishes as her contribution.

Alex was, however, very happy to simply hand over the bottles and jars as Maggie called out for them, and stood at the ready, watching Maggie move almost gracefully around the stove. There was something incredibly endearing about Maggie dipping a finger into a sauce to test it or pulling out a noodle to figure out if they were cooked through. And the way her nose crinkled when something wasn’t exactly to her liking was one of the most adorable things Alex had ever seen.

“Garlic!” Maggie called, reaching a hand out as Alex passed over the jar. She quickly spooned some into the pan where the vegetables were sizzling with the newly added noodles.

“Sesame oil, please,” Maggie requested, quickly getting two bottles.

“One’s almost empty,” Alex added by way of explanation.
“Good thinking, babe.” Without missing a beat, Maggie leaned over and kissed Alex on the lips, grinning at the sight of Alex’s flustered smile when she pulled back. Once she had added the oil, she reached out for the rice vinegar, soy sauce, ginger, chili paste, and brown sugar in turn, and Alex was quick to respond, handing over the sauce and putting each away when Maggie finished with them.

Pulling the pan off the heat, Maggie twirled a noodle around a fork and speared a piece of tofu. Once it had cooled down enough not to burn Alex’s tongue, she held it out for Alex to taste. “Think it’s good?”

Alex wrapped her lips around the fork Maggie offered, moaning in appreciation as she nodded heartily: “Definitely.”

“Excellent,” Maggie smiled, pulling down a stack of bowls for their guests. After a quick kiss, Maggie called out to the group waiting in the living room: “Dinner’s ready!” The Superfriends soon traipsed in, sniffing the air and grinning in anticipation.

“You two are the cutest non-married married couple I’ve ever met,” Lena gushed, smiling as she looked at the matching looks of adoration adorning both Maggie and Alex’s faces as they gazed at each other.

“Aww, look at the badass agents getting all domestic,” Winn teased, ducking and narrowly avoiding the light slap Alex had aimed at the back of his head.

“We’re not domestic,” Alex grumbled, even though she had to admit that these days her favorite type of night was one she spent alone with Maggie in their apartment. She wondered how and when they had become that couple. How had she gone from feeling like any type of relationship that took her away from work or friends or bars, even for just one night a week, was suffocating, to being the person eagerly skipping after-work drinks to get home to her girlfriend sooner? How had she gone from someone who hated intimacy, who was so sure she just wasn’t built for it, to the type of person that craved small touches and reassurances from a partner?

Maggie was thinking along similar lines as she watched the conversation unfold. The growing sense of domesticity between the two of them had seemed to flower without their noticing it. Sure, she’d matured and come to want that type of relationship after everything that happened with Emily and the string of one night stands and half-hearted, month-long relationships that had followed their breakup, but what she had found with Alex was more than she’d even dreamed was possible.

“Really? Why didn’t you two come to the bar last night?” Kara asked, knowing that Maggie had sent Alex a text message about being tired after a long day at work and that Alex had quickly replied that they’d spend the night in with some takeout tiramisu and a bubble bath.

“You really want to know, baby sis?” Alex challenged, arching an eyebrow at Kara as James and Lena bit back laughter.

“You drove all the way to the city limits to get Maggie her favorite dessert, then took it home to give her a relaxing night,” Kara retorted. “Tell me that isn’t, like, marriage goals.”

Grinning, Maggie cut in: “That’s all true, Little Danvers, but married couples still—”

“Nope! It’s still domestic! Shh,” Kara shushed, plugging her ears before she could get another earful of details she definitely didn’t want to hear. One drunken round of Never Have I Ever when Lucy and Vasquez were in town visiting revealed far more than she had ever needed to know about her big sister and her girlfriend.
The group didn’t let up over the course of dinner, pointing out the small things about Maggie and Alex’s relationship that even they hadn’t quite noticed.

Kara, always one to have her eye on the food, pointed out the way Maggie willingly handed over half of her baby corn to Alex, who would happily eat a bowl of the stuff on its own, and in exchange, Alex found any pieces of tofu that had gotten especially crispy—just the way Maggie liked it—and popped them into Maggie’s bowl or just offered them to her from her fork.

Given her own background, Lena noticed, though she didn’t comment upon the way that Alex’s hand fell to Maggie’s thigh or hand or shoulder, rubbing reassuring circles, whenever the topic of family arose. And Maggie distracted Alex with teasing kisses or quiet, private whispers whenever anyone got up and asked about drinks for the groups—the little ways they cared for one another without making a show of it.

Pulling his camera out, James asked if he could take photos of them when they sat in the living room after dinner, pointing out the way Alex and Maggie naturally turned into one another, creating a type of private unit even in a big group. Even when they were in separate conversations, he noticed the casual touches when they walked past one another or the way their eyes would seek each other out from across the apartment—a wink and a fond smile when they found the other.

Winn, meanwhile, just continued to marvel at how seamlessly the two women moved together, as if they could anticipate the other’s movements and knew exactly what they would need. Sure, he’d seen them do it in the field, but he’d also seen Alex move the same way with Kara while in combat. Alex and Kara had their limits, though; particularly talented chefs they were not, and when they tried cooking together, no matter how much fun they had, more often than not the kitchen just looked like something had exploded, leaving them with cartons of takeout and ice cream. Alex and Maggie, however, transitioned easily from one situation to the next, moving together as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

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After they had bid their friends goodnight, Alex and Maggie collapsed down into the couch. A few minutes of quiet cuddling later, Alex pulled her head off of Maggie’s shoulder. “Do you think it’s true, what they said?”

“Which part?”

“About us, being all domestic. We’re still badasses, right?”

“Of course,” Maggie confirmed. “But, I mean, they did have some pretty good points. Maybe we can be…domestic badasses. Or…badass in the streets, domestic in the sheets?” Maggie laughed.

“Yeah, I think we’re pretty badass there too,” Alex winked.

“Wanna come remind me?” Maggie flirted, suddenly much more awake than she had been a few minutes earlier.

“Prove just how seamlessly we really do move together?” Alex teased.

“Come on, future wife, let’s go prove how perfect together we are.” Maggie held out her hand, eagerly pulling Alex toward the bed as they left a path of clothing in their wake.
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#SanversWeek Day 6 – Smut

Chapter Summary

We’ve got two prompts coming at you for double the smut. Enjoy!

Prompt 1 from Lilbevmary: Hi could you write Sanvers fucking in public or a Alpha, Omega chapter? Love your writing.
A/N: This is just sex in public, but I hope you enjoy!

Prompt 2 from 2Loverz: Not sure if you wrote such scenario already, but how about Alex packing? Like, maybe Alex bending Maggie over her bike taking her from behind?
A/N: I stayed pretty consistent with this prompt except I kept worrying that a motorcycle would fall over if you leaned on it too hard, so that changed a bit. To be honest, I probably worried too much about feasibility here…

Chapter Notes

I’ll be stuck waiting up til 2am for my gf’s plane to land (she’s been gone for far too long at this point!), so you might get a second smutty chapter depending on how long tomorrow’s Sanvers Week prompt takes to write

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex fought to keep her attention on whatever sports game was currently playing on the bar TVs; after all, the game was purportedly the reason they were out tonight. Maggie had insisted it wasn’t to be missed, and while Alex might have tried to get Maggie to go without her, leaving her free to catch up on The Walking Dead or get a bit of reading done, Maggie came out in a sports jersey that looked unfairly attractive on her.

“C’mon, Danvers. You don’t want me to go out like this without my girlfriend there to claim what’s hers do you?” Maggie asked, her voice low as she ran her fingers along Alex’s shoulder.

“What if we stay here: you turn on your game and let me go down on you on the sofa?”

At the suggestion, Maggie wavered. But she had a plan in mind—a particular fantasy they’d discussed for a while now but hadn’t gotten to act on just yet. “Later,” she promised, trying not to giggle at the look of disappointment that flashed across Alex’s face.

“Fine,” Alex sighed, resigning herself to putting on pants and leaving the apartment.

Once Alex had pulled on a pair of jeans and a shirt that was at least the same royal blue color as Maggie’s jersey, they headed out, opting to take just one of the bikes in case the bar was crowded enough for the parking lot to be full. Plus, having Alex’s strong thighs wrapped around her was the perfect way for Maggie to start her plan.
Maggie kissed Alex hard before they even got into the bar, leaving her whimpering for more as she tried to drag Maggie back to the motorcycle to get them home as soon as possible. But Maggie had just smirked as she shook her head. “I thought you might want to play that game we talked about…”

“Oh.” Alex thought about it for a minute, assessing whether she felt comfortable taking it from the realm of fantasy into reality, but when she looked up at Maggie again, seeing the way the jersey clung to her chest and her black jeans hugged her ass, her resolve broke. “Yeah, okay.”

“You sure?” Maggie checked, even as her heart thundered in her chest.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, biting her lip as she felt a rush of arousal at the thought of what was to come.

“Then let’s go find ourselves a good seat,” Maggie purred, dragging Alex behind her as she rushed into the bar.

Which is how Alex found herself sitting on the same side of one of the back booths with Maggie, both of them facing the wall of TVs along with every other patron in the bar. Even if the cheers and yelling weren’t exactly conducive to setting the mood, Alex had to admit that they did an excellent job of masking any errant sighs and gasps that might slip out, and the sports game kept everyone’s attention off of their own erotic game.

Alex shifted closer as Maggie’s touches moved from her waist and back to the button of her jean. As Maggie turned to make sure that Alex was truly out of view—her body blocked on one side by the wall and on the other by Maggie’s body—she looked up at her girlfriend, needing to make sure she was still okay with everything.

Alex nodded, using one of her hands to guide Maggie’s to the button as she popped it open, then slid Alex’s zipper down. Just playing with the waistband of Alex’s boyshorts, Maggie whispered, “Are you wet for me?”

Alex swallowed the needy whine that threatened to fall from her lips. “Yes,” she managed to get out. Her grip on the table tightened as Maggie deftly slipped her hand beneath Alex’s underwear, her fingers teasing at the damp curls before falling to where Alex needed them.

“I’ll stop at any point,” Maggie whispered, her tone smooth and reassuring. “Just tap me or say the word, okay?”

Alex quickly nodded her understanding, her hips jerking involuntarily up into Maggie’s touch. Maggie grinned at Alex’s desperation and let her fingers fall into a slow rhythm, trailing between Alex’s folds as she gathered some of the copious arousal that had soaked through her boyshorts as Maggie teased her during the entire first half of the game.

Knowing the slow build up was all part of the game, Alex bit the inside of her cheek to keep from pouncing on Maggie and demanding that she take her home and fuck her hard and fast. And her patience was eventually rewarded with a murmured, “Good girl,” that had Alex’s thighs clenching around Maggie’s hand.

As the home team did something right and the bar patrons let out a collective cheer, Maggie finally circled her fingers around Alex’s clit, pulling a low moan from the woman before she could stifle the noise.

“You’re lucky it’s loud in here,” Maggie whispered, her breath hot on Alex’s ear. “Otherwise someone might have figured out what was going on. Or is that what you want? Did you want them to know? To know that you’re mine?” Even though they had talked about all of this, Maggie pulled
back to look Alex in the eyes, to make sure she was still okay with everything.

Alex’s cheeks were flushed, her pupils blow, and her jaw set as she fought every urge she had to throw herself into Maggie’s lap. “I’m good,” she whispered through clenched teeth. “Please keep going.”

And so Maggie did, picking up the pace, wanting to give Alex her release after she’d been so good to wait this whole time. As she rubbed faster and faster circles around Alex’s clit, she felt the woman’s hips buck against her and watched as Alex’s knuckles grew white from gripping the table so tightly. She watched the TVs and kept her pace just below what Alex needed until the ref made a bad call. As soon as everyone started yelling, she moved her fingers harder and faster, quietly demanding, “Come for me.”

And Alex did. Biting down hard, she managed to stifle just about any noise as her eyes squeezed shut, her hips jerking against Maggie’s skilled fingers. When she finally felt like she was in control, she slumped back into the booth, pulling Maggie’s hand out from her pants and quickly zipping them back up. But as soon as Alex opened her eyes again, Maggie sucked her two fingers into her mouth, letting her tongue dart out to collect any wetness she might have missed.

After seeing that, Alex couldn’t wait anymore. She didn’t care who was playing or whether they were winning or if sticking around was part of this game; she needed Maggie, and she needed her loud and naked and panting her name. So she nudged Maggie out of the booth, growling, “Take me home. Now.”

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It took a few weeks before Alex finally got the opportunity to replay the favor from the night in the bar. Sure, they’d gotten home and had sex for hours, both of them exhilarating in the thrill of being able to be as vocal as they wanted after the enforced quiet in public. But Alex wanted a turn watching Maggie squirm and bite her own tongue to keep silent, and Maggie had been very amenable to the suggestion, though she left the details up to Alex.

The next Thursday, Alex slipped out of work a few minutes early, heading home to get everything ready before she took Maggie out for dinner—not to Noonan’s, no, nowhere their friends might be. Not that the plan was to fuck in a restaurant—not the way Alex wanted to take Maggie—but it started there. Because Alex wanted the game to play out for hours, watching Maggie squirm, letting the anticipation build over the course of their date in the same way she’d been forced to sit through the first half of the game.

Stripping out of her DEO attire, Alex quickly slipped on the harness, complete with the dildo Maggie had worn for the drag show and then again when Alex had asked her to go out packing. She pulled a pair of boxer briefs on over the harness, then slipped on a pair of thicker dark jeans that would at least partially conceal the bulge between her legs, but hopefully not enough for it to escape Maggie’s notice. Throwing on a top and a leather jacket, Alex texted Maggie, telling her she would swing by the precinct to pick her up for dinner.

When she arrived, Maggie was already outside waiting, looking beautiful if slightly confused in the dress Alex had set out for her to wear that morning. It wasn’t that Maggie was opposed to wearing dresses, but she didn’t exactly make a habit of it either.

“You look beautiful,” Alex greeted Maggie, swinging her leg over her bike and trying to ignore the way her tight jeans pushed the base of the toy against her with every movement.

“Looking pretty sexy yourself, Danvers,” Maggie flirted, hooking her fingers into Alex’s belt loops
and dragging her closer. As their lips met, the kiss soft, though with an undercurrent of needy desire, Alex pulled Maggie in by the hips, grinding into her. Maggie pulled back slightly, quirking an eyebrow as she took in Alex’s playful smirk. “I’m game,” she purred, knowing Alex wouldn’t take it any further unless she made her consent explicit.

“Then let’s go,” Alex grinned, motioning to the bike.

Over the course of dinner, they managed to maintain an almost normal conversation, even though Alex had made a point of choosing a restaurant with intimate half-circle booths that allowed them to sit side-by-side, thighs touching and fingers wandering as they built each other up. Alex gritted her teeth as Maggie rubbed at her cock; as much as the friction was getting to her, making her needy and desperate, she knew that it was having the same effect on Maggie, and that was exactly what she wanted.

When the waitress came by their table to clear their dinner plates and ask about dessert or coffee, Maggie quickly shook her head. She could feel how wet she already was and wanted nothing more than to get back to Alex’s apartment or to the restaurant bathroom or to wherever it was Alex intended to have her way with Maggie.

But Alex cut in, “Actually, I’d love to see the dessert menu.”

“Sure, I’ll be right back with it!” the waitress cheerily informed Alex, grinning at her before clearing their table and heading to the back.

“Alex,” Maggie whined. “Are we, uh, gonna go to the bathroom before dessert?”

“No, I don’t think that would be very polite,” Alex teased, loving the way Maggie bit at her lower lip, her hips shifting as she moved even closer to Alex.

“Wouldn’t be the first time,” Maggie grumbled, noting the look of determination that suggested Alex wouldn’t be changing her mind any time soon.

“Ah, but it would be the first time here, first time anywhere but a bar, actually. And bars, I mean, c’mon, I think they just expect that kind of stuff. But this is a nice restaurant. Wouldn’t want that cute waitress to come find us in such a compromising position, now would we?”

“I don’t think she’d mind,” Maggie mused. Seeing the quizzical look Alex was shooting her, Maggie went on: “I mean, first there’s the way she’s staring at you and clearly trying her baby gay best to get her flirt on with you. And if that isn’t making it obvious enough, look at the fingernails. And the haircut.”

Alex chuckled. “Either way, you’re still going to wait until I say you’re ready.”

Before Maggie could try pleading with Alex, the waitress was back, menu in hand and a smile on her lips intended solely for Alex. Figuring she wouldn’t make Maggie wait for her to pick which dessert to order, especially considering they both always got the same thing, she quickly scanned the specials insert just to make sure before ordering. “Could we get one tiramisu and one crème brûlée?”

With a nod and another smile, the waitress was off again, leaving Alex and Maggie alone once more. “Are you really going to make us sit here to eat dessert?”

“I really am,” Alex answered.

Leaning in close, Maggie whispered in Alex’s ear: “The sooner we leave, the sooner my mouth can be on your cock, Al.”
Alex could feel her resolve crumbling, but she managed to hold it together long enough for the waitress to return with their desserts. “Well, now it would just be rude to leave.”

Maggie whimpered as Alex let her fingers drag up Maggie’s bare thighs, dipping under the hem of her dress. “You’re the worst.”

“I think you’ll take that back soon enough.” Alex grinned as she spooned the first bite of crème brûlée into her mouth, moaning obscenely and making their waitress, who had been coming up to check if they needed anything else, blush scarlet and scurry back to the kitchen.

Figuring two could play at that game, Maggie took a bite of tiramisu, dragging her tongue across the spoon, then making a show of licking her lips. “Know where else I could have my mouth, Danvers?”

Alex just shook her head, chuckling at Maggie’s blatant attempts at getting her to give up early. Sure, Alex’s resolve was a bit weaker than it usually was when it came to Maggie, especially when it came to all things sexual with Maggie, but she had also survived DEO training, had faced down interrogations with wholly uncooperative aliens, had sat on endless stakeouts, hell, she had even outlasted Kara’s puppy dog eyes to finally get a turn picking the movie. So she could certainly ignore her own arousal and make it through dessert. She could ignore thoughts of having Maggie writhing under her, her nails biting into Alex’s ass, urging her to fuck her harder, deeper, maker her come louder than any of her past lovers could ever have dreamed of doing.

By the time they had finished eating and paid the bill, both Alex and Maggie were eager to get out of the restaurant and on with the rest of their evening. “Where to now?” Maggie asked, looking expectantly up at Alex when they reached the bike.

Thinking about her original idea, Alex bit her lip. “Change of plans. We’re going back to my place.”

“Oh.” Maggie didn’t look disappointed as much as she did confused. Of course, the build up was still fun, and sex with Alex was always a good time, but she thought that part of tonight was about Alex getting her turn to see how good Maggie could be out in public. “Sorry, I don’t mean to sound disappointed!” she rushed to add. “I just, I didn’t know we’d end up back in your bed. Might have fought you harder to stay in all along.”

“I didn’t say we were going back into my apartment,” Alex clarified with a wink, straddling the motorcycle and motioning for Maggie to get on. Maggie quickly followed, letting her hands wander over Alex’s body until they started driving, figuring she’d play it safe on the roads.

When Alex turned off the motorcycle in the parking garage below her building, Maggie moved for the door. “Uhn-uh,” Alex shook her head, drawing Maggie back and pulling her in for a searing kiss. By the time she pulled back, Maggie was breathless, her eyes wild with desire. “You still good?”

“Yes,” Maggie hissed, dropping a hand down between Alex’s legs.

“Turn around.” Alex ordered, her voice low and authoritative as she adopted the persona she was so used to occupying at the DEO.

Even though she normally got off on being a relatively bratty bottom, Maggie was too far gone to protest, and she quickly turned around, pressing her ass against Alex.

“Bend over. Hands on the wall.” Maggie promptly complied, groaning as Alex roughly grabbed at her hips. “Can I fuck you, Mags?” Alex checked.

“Please,” Maggie whimpered. Alex pulled back just enough to undo her jeans and slip out the dildo,
quickly rolling a condom down it. Maggie shivered in anticipation as Alex rucked up her dress and shoved her underwear to the side. She ran a finger between Maggie’s folds, moaning at how wet the woman already was.

“Let me know if you want to stop, okay?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded. “But right now, I really just need you to fuck me.”

Taking the hint, Alex carefully lined the tip of the dildo up with Maggie’s entrance and slowly slid it inside of her, pausing to let her get used to the size before she began moving. Maggie sighed in relief as Alex began thrusting inside of her, slowly at first but gathering in speed in time with Maggie’s whimpers.

“Fuck, baby,” Maggie moaned, her voice echoing in the parking garage.

“Shh, wouldn’t want the neighbors to hear, now would we?”

Pushing her hips back further, trying to get Alex deeper inside her, Maggie grunted. “We’re underground. Not like they can hear us.”

“Oh, I forgot to mention. They added night security down here.” Checking her watch, Alex grinned. “You’ve got four more minutes til we need to be presentable.”

Maggie whimpered at the idea of having to stop in four minutes, resolving to come before then. She pushed back into Alex, trying to get her girlfriend to fuck her harder, but Alex maintained her slow, steady pace, deliberately drawing it out.

“Please,” Maggie whined.

“I guess since you asked so politely…” And then Alex’s hips were snapping forward, her fingers digging into Maggie’s hips as she pulled her flush against her, repeating the movement again and again as Maggie’s breathing grew ragged.

“Two minutes, Mags. Think you’ll make it?”

Resting all of her weight on one hand, Maggie grabbed one of Alex’s hands with her free one and brought it around to her clit, pushing down hard as she tried to get Alex to follow her lead. Keeping up the punishing pace she had set, Alex flicked her fingers across Maggie’s clit, loving the way she could feel Maggie shuddering under her touch.

When she paused to readjust and wet her fingers with her tongue, Maggie nearly growled. “I’m coming whether the guard is in here or not.”

Shaking her head at Maggie’s melodramatic comments, Alex thrust back into her and returned her fingers to their place on Maggie’s clit, pulling a low moan from her. “I need you to come for me,” Alex purred.

Pressing against the wall, leaning forward so far her chest was nearly resting on the seat of Alex’s motorcycle, Maggie felt her muscles tense as Alex pounded into her, the curve of the toy dragging against her front wall with ever thrust. “Don’t, don’t stop,” Maggie managed to pant before waves of pleasure were crashing over her as her hips faltered under Alex’s grip. She could feel her own arousal soaking through her underwear that had been pushed so carelessly to the side for Alex. She clenched around Alex’s cock, willing the woman not to pull out, not to leave her empty and wanting once more.
Alex wrapped her arms protectively around Maggie, holding her close as she worked her through the end of her orgasm, coaxing a few satisfied sighs from her before she pulled out, letting Maggie’s dress fall down to cover her up again, even though her sticky thighs left no question about what had been happening. She quickly pulled off the condom and tucked the toy back into her boxer briefs. Just as she was zipping up her jeans and shaking her hair out of her face, she heard the security guard pulling open the door, whistling as he began his lap around the premises.

“Evening, ladies,” he nodded to them.

“Have a good night,” Alex waved to him as she and Maggie made their way into the elevator.

Once they were safely inside the car, Maggie bit her lip, looking up at Alex. “No way it’s as good as the night you’re about to have.”

“You better be able to keep those promises you keep making,” Alex teased.

“I don’t think that’s going to be a problem at all,” Maggie purred, pushing Alex out of the elevator as they stumbled down the hallway to Alex’s apartment.

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Chapter Summary

To the anon on Tumblr who had requested a Sanvers soulmate AU, I hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“How goes the soulmate search?” Dr. Reyes joked, noting the still light gray mark on Alex’s wrist and earning a scowl from Alex in return.

“Here for my physical,” Alex growled, “not your commentary.”

“Okay… Well, you’re in fine physical health. As I’ve said before, thinking about adding a few more fruits and vegetables to your diet wouldn’t be a bad idea, but otherwise you’re good to go until next year.”

“Kay,” Alex grunted, hopping off the table and tugging on her jacket, happy to cover up the stupid mark on her wrist that she never wanted in the first place. Soulmates worked for some people, sure, but frankly she found the whole thing a bit fucked up. Where was free will? What if the universe chose wrong? What about people who never actually met their supposed soulmate? Or people who didn’t want to spend their lives bound to some random person just because a bit of ink on their wrist told them they should?

Kara was constantly asking her about “the one,” and whether she’d found “her person” yet. Just because her sister was fabulously happy at having found her own didn’t mean that she needed to as well. Plus, Kara got the very handsome, very successful James Olson waltzing into her life asking, “You must be Kara, right?” Alex was “fated” to have some jackass mumble, “Sorry, wrong number.” And that was supposed to be true love? Alex shook her head, making her way back out of the doctor’s office and toward her Ducati. She was more than happy to be alone, to have a few close friends and a meaningful job—it was enough.

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“Do you ever wonder about your soulmate?” Brianna asked, tracing the marks on Maggie’s wrist.

“No,” Maggie answered honestly, wishing this woman would just get up and leave. Or stay and fuck some more. But not this, anything but this.

“Why not?”

Clenching her jaw, Maggie tried to find a tactful way of saying that soulmates were bullshit to a woman who had loved and lost her own. This is why she tried to go home only with women like her, women who didn’t buy into this idea that some random words determined the rest of your life, rather than the ones who were looking for a night of distraction after death and loss—the ones who would act like they were above it all until they saw her own undarkened mark. Then they always wanted to know why, why someone who still had a chance was wasting her time with people who so clearly weren’t it.
“I don’t know,” Maggie shrugged. “Grew up in a small town. Not everyone had the money to go out and try to find their soulmate. We made do. Found love on our own terms.”

“But you left?”

“Yeah, look, I don’t want to talk about it, okay?”

“Okay.” But she looked hurt, like it was far from okay.

“I really need to get to work. Do you want me to drop you off anywhere?”

“No, it’s fine,” Brianna mumbled, wrapping a blanket around herself as she gathered her clothes from the floor around Maggie’s bed. Once she was dressed, she waved awkwardly at Maggie. “Nice meeting you.”

“You too,” Maggie waved, falling back into bed as soon as the door clicked shut. She let her gaze fall to her wrist where “Danvers” was scrawled. The other day she thought it might have been the day when she would finally meet them, even if she didn’t quite believe in it. Some redhead that the officers called Agent Danvers as they complained about her strutted through the station, but the woman never came back to the bullpen, and Maggie sure as hell wasn’t about to go chasing her down. Might not have been the worst thing, though…at least she was hot, even if she did have as bad of an attitude as the other detectives claimed.

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The following weekend, Maggie stumbled home—not quite shitfaced, but definitely not sober—intent on getting Darla back in her bed. Darla was fun. Straightforward. She didn’t have a soulmate mark and never worried about what that absence said about her. They fell into an easy rhythm every time they went out; the conversation flowed smoothly enough, and the sex was always on just the right side of rough. She felt arousal building like fire in her veins as she thought back on some of the better nights she’d spent with Darla.

As she popped a bagel into the toaster, hoping to sober herself up a little, Maggie pulled out her phone. She grumbled as she remembered that she’d lost her contacts when her old phone was destroyed by a particularly heat vision-happy alien the other day. Pulling up Facebook, Maggie scrolled through her old messages with Darla until she found her cell. She minimized the app and tapped out Darla’s number, popping her bagel back down for a second round of toasting as she waited for Darla to pick up.

“Danvers,” a woman’s voice barked across the line.

Squinting her eyes at the phone as though she might somehow understand better, Maggie mumbled, “Sorry, wrong number;” and hung up.

Across town, Alex settled back into the couch in Kara’s apartment and hit play on the movie, only to have Kara immediately pause it again. “What?” Alex whined.

“What? Really, Alex? Those are your soulmate words! You have to call her back!”

“Why must you listen in on my phone calls?”

“Because you do dumb things like this!”

“Look, my words are the same color,” Alex pointed out, looking particularly smug.
“That’s because you two haven’t met in person. Duh.”

“Why do you care so much?”

“Because I want you to be happy.”

“I am happy!” Alex protested.

“Look, just give it a shot, okay?” When Alex looked unconvinced, Kara supersped away as she called the unknown number back.

“Kara!” Alex hissed, not needing whatever person picked up to hear her yelling at her sister.

“H’lo?” Maggie answered, swallowing a bite of bagel.

“Hi!” Kara responded sounding far too chipper. “You just called my sister by mistake, right?”

“Uh, I guess? Look, I’m sorry. I just misdialed. Won’t happen again.”

“No, no! I’m not mad. It’s just…what does your wrist say?”

Maggie’s eyes narrowed as she thought back to the way the woman had answered the phone. “Oh. Uh, Danvers.”

“Yay! You’re my sister’s soulmate! You two should meet—we have pizza and brownies! Why don’t you come over?”

Before Kara could rattle off her address, Alex had vaulted over the back of the couch, snatching her phone out of Kara’s grip before her sister could realize what was happening. “Hey, so sorry about that. My little sister is a firm believer in the whole soulmate thing. Just, ignore it, alright? Have a good night.”

“Uh, okay.” Maggie hesitated. Because she really, really wanted sex with Darla, but part of her was also curious about this woman that may or may not be her soulmate, even if the whole thing was sort of crap. “Did your sister say brownies?” Maggie suspected that when she sobered up the next morning she would sincerely regret her decision not to just drop it. After all, this woman was giving her an out—she should take it.

“I did!” Kara chimed in, hovering in the air too high for Alex to grab her phone back. “I’m texting you the address. Bye!”

“Kara,” Alex grumbled. “What was that?”

“That was my gift to you.”

“How is it a gift if I didn’t want it?” Alex asked, rubbing her temples as she tried to fight off the tension headache she could feel building.

“Just…try? I’m sorry for stealing your phone, but I didn’t want to see the opportunity disappear and have you regret it later in life. Now at least you’ll know with certainty, okay?”

“Fine. No regrets,” Alex conceded, getting up to refill her wine glass and grab a brownie. She hit play on the remote again, determined not to think about this mystery woman until she absolutely had to.

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Maggie could feel herself slowly sobering up on the cab ride over to the address the cheery Danvers sister had given her. With every block she began to regret her decision more and more, but she felt guilty turning back without at least saying hello.

Once she had paid and climbed out of the backseat, Maggie looked up at the apartment building, sighing loudly as she tried to figure out how she’d gotten herself into this mess. Well, the honest answer was by downing a row of shots and trying to get laid, but that didn’t necessarily get her all the way to some random apartment building at 9 at night. In her slightly intoxicated state, she couldn’t help but think about all the times she’d heard people say that sex with your soulmate was so much better, and Maggie could use some amazing sex after the week from hell she’d just survived. Not that she expected it from this Danvers woman.

Dialing in the code for the apartment the woman had given to her, Maggie waited until the door buzzed open, then took the elevator up to the right floor. Before she could even knock, a cute blonde’s head popped out from behind the door.

“You’re the wrong number?” Kara asked cheerily.

“Uh, yeah. You’re the sister?”

“Yeah, Kara. Kara Danvers. My sister Alex is just inside.”

“Nice to meet you,” Maggie greeted the woman, still slightly confused by the whole situation. “I’m Maggie. Uh, Maggie Sawyer.”

“Well, come on in! There’s plenty of food and a big TV.”

“Alright,” Maggie nodded, letting herself be led inside and shrugging off her jacket. When she looked up, she chuckled softly.

“What’s up?” Kara asked Maggie before looking pointedly at Alex and trying to get her to come over and make nice.

“You’re Agent Danvers.”

“How do you know that?” Alex asked defensively, feeling herself get tense as she got ready to dart for the gun she kept hidden in Kara’s coffee table drawer.

“I’m a detective with NCPD. You were at our office last week,” Maggie explained, failing to mention that she was the talk of the station for a couple days afterward.

“Oh. Fine.”

“Alex,” Kara hissed, lightly elbowing her sister.

“Uh, come on in. There are brownies. Make yourself comfortable,” Alex repeated in a monotone, still eyeing the small woman suspiciously.

As Maggie headed into the kitchen, figuring more food would only help her sober up faster, Kara arched an eyebrow at Alex. “Can you even try to sound halfway friendly? You’re speaking like a robot.”

Holding up a finger, Alex downed all of the wine left in her glass, then nodded: “Alright. I’ll try.” She watched Maggie serve herself, trying to find something to like about the woman. Well, the fact that she was in law enforcement was a good sign; at least she wouldn’t expect Alex to be home all
the time—not that they were going to date! Alex didn’t believe in dating someone just because a stupid mark told her to do so. But at least she was attractive. Very attractive, if Alex were being honest.

“So…this is awkward, huh?” Maggie laughed, sitting down in the living room with a plate of brownies. In her experience, it was better to break the tension than to pretend like it didn’t exist.

Alex chuckled despite herself. “Very.”

“But both of your little marks are suddenly dark so…I’m gonna go out and get more ice cream. Bye!” Kara called over her shoulder, making a dash for the door before Alex could grab her to force her to stay.

As the door slammed shut, Alex looked back up at Maggie. “Nice to meet you, I suppose.”

“You don’t sound overly thrilled about finding your soulmate,” Maggie observed.

Alex shrugged. “Not something I really cared about. You don’t either.”

“Eh, it messes with people too much.”

“Yes,” Alex nodded. “So, who were you trying to call?”

Rubbing the back of her neck and cringing slightly, Maggie admitted, “Ah, well, um…a friend.”

“8 o’clock is pretty early for a booty call,” Alex laughed.

“We’re friends too. You don’t seem mad?”

“Not the type. What? Am I supposed to be jealous because you’re my soulmate, even though you didn’t know anything about me, save for my last name?”

“I guess not. You’re right.”

“Usually am.” Alex smiled smugly. “Sorry that you didn’t, you know, get laid.”

“Oh, what? No, um, it’s cool. Just a stressful week at work.”

“I know the feeling,” Alex grumbled. She tried not to think about how long it had been for her…too many people seemed overly concerned with the ethics of being with someone knowing that they weren’t soulmates. Her vibrator got a lot of love during the more stressful weeks at work, though this week had been too busy to even allow for that. And now between the talk of getting laid and the wine that had quickly gone to her head and the rather attractive woman sitting in front of her, it was really all she could think about.

“Your week sucked too?” Maggie asked, interrupting Alex’s musings.

“Yeah. I mean, we were probably dealing with some of the same stuff. Not like any law enforcement agency was going to ignore the band of criminals with alien weaponry wreaking havoc on downtown National City.”

“Right, right,” Maggie nodded. “Well if you, uh, needed some stress relief…I don’t want to hold you up. You can always leave. Or, I guess, I can leave. This is your place,” Maggie rambled, chastising herself. She only ever rambled when she was tipsy, and clearly tonight wasn’t going to be the exception. Maggie tried to ignore the way the sight of Alex biting her lip as she tried to hold back a laugh made warmth blossom low in her abdomen, perhaps a bit further south, if she were being
exceptionally honest.

“It’s not actually my place; it’s Kara’s. So I’d have to leave too, get myself all the way back home for my hot date.”

“Oh, you’re meeting someone? Shit, I’m sorry. I’ll just go.”

Before Maggie could get up—something Alex found she really didn’t want to happen—Alex was grabbing her hand and pulling her back to the couch. “No, you should stay. You’ve only had half of a brownie.”

“Yeah, but your date.”

“Not a date with a person,” Alex admitted, blushing slightly. “So just…don’t worry about it.”

Maggie nodded quickly, trying to rid her mind of images of this very sexy woman fucking herself. There was no way it was good for her to be thinking about that right now. But here she was, unable to think of anything but that as all of the needy desire she had pushed down in the cab ride over came bubbling back to the surface. “I, uh, yeah, okay.”

“So, tell me about yourself. When you’re not at work or calling up friends for sex, what do you do?”

Maggie laughed at Alex’s bluntness; she actually appreciated it. As she launched into a list of the few things she actually carved time out for these days, Alex finally relaxed into the couch next to her, loosing some of the tension that she’d been holding in her shoulders since Kara’s phone call to Maggie.

Despite her assumptions to the contrary, Alex actually found herself enjoying the evening. The conversation flowed naturally, and she found that they had a lot in common, at least when it came to the bigger things. How Maggie voluntarily consumed almond milk and vegan ice cream was beyond her.

After what could well have been hours of talking, though it felt effortless, Maggie felt the exhaustion of the week catching up to her as she tried to stifle yet another yawn, her eyelids drooping. Without giving it too much thought, Maggie let her head drop to Alex’s shoulder, feeling warmth surge through her as the other woman wrapped an arm around her, holding her close and making her feel safe for the first time in a long time.

By the time Kara got back, having spent a few hours out patrolling as Supergirl to give Alex and Maggie plenty of time to bond or, knowing her sister, chat tersely, she was surprised to find the two women curled around one another and fast asleep on her couch. After snapping a quick photo in case Alex tried to deny it later, Kara slipped silently into her room and shut the door, figuring she’d let them have a bit of privacy.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Sanvers Orgasm Denial Smut

Chapter Summary

thewisebrownkid: hey do you mind writing orgasm denial with sanvers. But not like where one person is restrained and is only being denied orgasm. More like they are both having sex normally in various different positions and stuff and they keep each other on the verge of orgasm until the end where they finally come together with an intense orgasm.

Chapter Notes

As a heads up: I'll be heading out to travel for a few days to see the family (which probably means no posts Thursday-Saturday at least). Let me know if there's something you really want to see before then! Right now I'm thinking I'll get one of the few Supercorp prompts I still have left, one with NB!Sawyer, and...? There were a few requests for a follow up to both the Hogwarts and the Soulmate AU, though I've also got a fair number of mainly Sanvers smut prompts still waiting in the queue too.

Comment or message me if you've got strong thoughts. (Though also feel free to do either of those even if you don't have requests - they make the writing feel a bit more worthwhile!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had started innocently enough; they were supposed to be spooning, enjoying a lazy morning after a long week and too many nights spent apart. But Maggie’s breath was hot on the back of Alex’s neck. And then Alex’s back was arching and she was grinding her ass into Maggie, drawing a low groan from her. And then Maggie’s hands were slipping under Alex’s shirt and palming at her breasts, her fingers tugging gently on Alex’s nipples, feeling them harden beneath her touch. Unable to resist any longer, especially with the way Alex’s hips were bucking into the air, desperate for something, anything, Maggie dropped her hand lower, whimpering when she realized that Alex had already kicked off her boxers.

“You good?” Maggie whispered, getting an enthusiastic nod in return. Dipping her fingers down lower, Maggie teased at Alex’s entrance, just barely dipping in before circling back up to her clit, but never giving her enough to come. Her tongue flicked across Alex’s earlobe before she pulled it between her teeth, drawing breathy moans from Alex that only increased in volume as Maggie began circling her clit more insistently.

“Wait,” Alex panted. “Come here.”

Maggie carefully rolled Alex onto her back and moved to straddle her thigh, noting just how wet she had gotten, then quickly resuming her hand’s movement between Alex’s legs.

“Up here,” Alex whispered, tugging on Maggie’s shirt. “I want to taste you.”

Sucking her lower lip between her teeth and swallowing a moan at the thought, Maggie nodded,
kicking off her pants and throwing her shirt over the side of the bed. Before she moved up to straddle Alex’s face, she tugged off Alex’s shirt, the last of her clothing, pausing for a moment to appreciate the view.

“Please,” Alex whined, letting her fingers skim across Maggie’s thighs. She wanted nothing more than to have Maggie hot and wet on her tongue, her hands splayed on the wall behind the bed, her chest heaving with want.

“First…” Maggie trailed off, wrapping her arms tightly around Alex and kissing her hard. She tasted vaguely of cinnamon and coffee, and Maggie was desperate for more. She let her tongue dip between Alex’s lips as she deepened the kiss, scenes of everything she had wanted to do to Alex all the nights she was stuck late at work racing through her mind. “I missed you this week.”

“You too. No more back-to-back night shifts,” Alex whispered, pulling Maggie even closer, desperate to feel all of her, the press of her hot skin against Alex’s as they brought each other closer and closer.

“Same goes for you.”

“Now please, I need to taste you,” Alex begged.

Maggie pulled back, wanting to remember just how desperate Alex looked in that moment—her pupils blown and her tongue running across kiss-swollen lips—before moving up the bed to Alex’s face. Not wanting to stop touching Alex, hell, not being able to stop touching Alex, Maggie swung her opposite leg over her so that she could still have easy access to Alex’s pussy. Before Maggie could fully lower herself, Alex was craning her neck to taste her, her tongue darting out to catch a drip of arousal before dragging up between Maggie’s folds. Maggie let out a low moan as she carefully spread her knees wider and moved back down with Alex.

As Alex’s tongue flicked across her clit, Maggie fought to regain focus as she brought her own fingers back to Alex’s pussy, groaning softly at how much wetter Alex had gotten with her face between Maggie’s legs.

“You’re dripping for me,” Maggie rasped, her fingers trailing through the copious arousal that had gathered there. “God, you’re so fucking beautiful.”

Alex groaned, the low vibrations of her mouth against Maggie’s clit driving Maggie crazy as her arms nearly gave out. And then Maggie was easily sliding two fingers into Alex, grinning as Alex let out a guttural moan, her head falling back to the pillow as she lost focus for a moment.

When her mouth returned to Maggie’s pussy, it was with a renewed fervor. She dug her fingers into Maggie’s ass, pulling her down, desperate to be surrounded by Maggie, to have every part of this experience invading her senses.

“Fuck, Maggie. Deeper, please.” Alex moaned as Maggie drove her fingers in as deep as she could at that angle, hooking them up to drag along Alex’s front wall with ever thrust. “So close, so close,” Alex gasped, feeling the walls of her pussy fluttering around Maggie’s fingers as all of the muscles in her body seemed to tense, her back arcing off the bed.

But then Maggie was pulling her fingers out, leaving Alex clenching around nothing. “What?” Alex gasped.

“Not yet. I want you desperate,” Maggie explained, though she soon lost the ability to speak coherently as Alex thrust her tongue deep inside her. “Fuck, Al. Fuck, fuck, fuck.” Maggie drove her
hips back, fucking herself on Alex’s tongue as she felt her whole body begin to tremble.

Alex felt it too—the way Maggie’s hips stuttered under her tight grip, the drip of Maggie’s arousal down her chin, the low gasp followed by a silence she knew would soon give way to a loud cry as Maggie came hard. So she pulled her tongue out, licking a slow path up the length of Maggie’s sex before pulling all the way back, trailing wet kisses down Maggie’s thighs.

“Why?” Maggie whined, looking over her shoulder and back at Alex.

“Rules go both ways, babe,” Alex teased.

Maggie felt a surge of something almost animalistic rise up inside of her, and soon she was back up the bed, pinning Alex’s hands behind her head, grinding into Alex’s muscled thighs as she dragged her own leg against Alex’s pussy. Cleary feeling the shift in the atmosphere, Alex quickly flipped them over, pinning Maggie against the bed as her nails raked down Maggie’s chest, leaving a trail of angry red lines that made Maggie hiss and buck her hips up into Alex’s.

“You good?” Alex checked.

“Fuck, yes,” Maggie gasped. “You?”

“Yeah,” Alex confirmed, even as Maggie flipped her back over, their movements rough and grips tight, nails dragging hard down overheated skin as they wrestled for control. “God, I love you,” Alex nearly laughed when Maggie got the upper hand once more.

“You’re perfect, Alex,” Maggie grinned, kissing Alex gently, even as she kept her weight planted firmly on Alex’s hips.

Twisting her upper body, Alex pulled open the door of the bedside cabinet, grabbing the harness and one of their biggest dildos. “Put it on,” she ordered.

“Yeah,” Alex confirmed, even as Maggie flipped her back over, their movements rough and grips tight, nails dragging hard down overheated skin as they wrestled for control. “God, I love you,” Alex nearly laughed when Maggie got the upper hand once more.

“Harness. Now.”

“On it!” Maggie hopped out of bed, wriggling into the harness and trying to adjust the straps as quickly as she could without looking utterly ridiculous. She coated the dick in lube, then turned back to Alex: “How do you want me to fuck you?”

“Unh-uh,” Alex shook her head, smirking wickedly at Maggie. “Get on your back.”

Biting back a whimper, Maggie lay back down, settling a pillow under her neck as she watched Alex make a show out of straddling her hips, then carefully lowering herself down until the full length was inside of her. “God, you’re so hot,” Maggie murmured, taking in the sight of her cock buried all the way inside of Alex, who was looking more than a little pleased with herself for inspiring that particular look in Maggie’s eyes.

Once she felt comfortable, Alex began pumping her hips—slowly at first, but gradually increasing in speed. She braced her hands on the headboard for balance. Seeing the way Alex’s legs had begun to tremble, Maggie’s hands came up to grip her waist, guiding Alex as she began thrusting lightly into the woman each time she sunk back down onto the cock.
“You feel so good,” Alex whimpered, dropping two fingers down to circle around her own clit. But as her back arched, Maggie grabbed her fingers, stilling her motions.

“Not yet.”

“Baby, I don’t think I can wait much longer.” Alex’s whole body trembled at that as if to emphasize her point.

“Together, okay?” Maggie asked, gently guiding Alex off of her cock.

“If that’s the case…we should probably get you a little more worked up, huh?” Alex arched an eyebrow, an implicit challenge in her gaze.

“I suppose it’s only fair…” Maggie trailed off, hoping Alex didn’t notice the way her voice cracked slightly.

And then Alex’s hands were on her chest, shoving her back down to the bed, as Alex moved down between Maggie’s legs. Her mouth hovering above the cock, Alex looked up. “You still okay?”

“Yes. Please,” Maggie whimpered, feeling her abs clenching and her hips bucking involuntarily at the thought of what was to come. She licked her lips at the image of Alex wrapping her lips around her cock, slowly taking more and more of it into her mouth. Maggie hadn’t really seen the appeal of this particular act until Alex. Because Alex…fuck, Alex—she looked so incredibly powerful the whole time, holding Maggie’s hips down as she decided exactly how much she would give that time, how much Maggie deserved. As much as Maggie wanted to watch, her eyes fluttered shut as Alex gripped the base and pushed it up into Maggie’s clit, letting the cock rock back and forth with every bob of her mouth.

“Fuck, Alex,” Maggie whimpered, trying desperately to keep her hips still on the bed.

“Are you gonna come for me, Mags?” Alex rasped.

Maggie paused. “Can I?”

“No,” Alex laughed, giving one last hard thrust into Maggie’s clit before backing off.

Seeing the almost wild desperation in both of their eyes, Maggie was up in a shot, moving behind Alex and letting the toy brush up against her through her legs. “Can I fuck you from behind?” Maggie asked, knowing it was one of the easiest ways for both of them to come from the same act.

“Please,” Alex groaned, dropping to her elbows and spreading her legs for Maggie, waiting for the woman to fill her, to finally let her come like she’d needed to for what felt like hours.

After adding a bit more lube, Maggie carefully slid inside of Alex, pausing to let her adjust to the angle. Once she got the go ahead to move, Maggie began thrusting, moving slowly as they both got used to the new position. With every thrust the base of the dildo hit against her clit, making her moan, and with every pull back, she could feel the muscles of Alex’s pussy clenching around the toy, holding it, providing delicious resistance as they fucked.

“Maggie, I don’t, I don’t think I can wait.” Alex whimpered, trying to hold on, to fight off what felt like the inevitable, as her whole body shook with the effort.

“Can I fuck you fast?” Maggie panted, knowing she’d be right there with Alex soon enough.

“Yes,” Alex hissed, trying to relax enough to last however long Maggie needed her to. But then
Maggie was driving into her hard and fast, the ridges of the cock dragging deliciously against her g-spot with every thrust. She gave up on trying to stay quiet for the neighbors, letting Maggie pull loud moans out from somewhere deep inside of her.

Maggie’s hands were wrapped so tightly around Alex’s hips she worried she might leave bruises, but when she had tried to loosen her grip, Alex’s hands were on top of hers, forcing them back, panting out something nearly incoherent about wanting it harder. With every thrust into Alex, with every push of the toy into her clit, Maggie felt the pressure building like waves that threatened to overtake her. The sight of Alex looked utterly wrecked beneath her, nearly sobbing into the pillow even as she panted out, “Green, please,” was driving Maggie insane, pushing away any and all coherent thoughts in favor of a steady stream of want, of desire, of desperate fucking need.

“Mags, I can’t, I can’t wait,” Alex gasped, feeling her walls fluttering around the toy and her muscles all tensing. She knew that it wouldn’t matter if Maggie stopped moving, even if Maggie pulled out entirely, it would still be too late.

“Come for me,” Maggie ordered, watching wide-eyed as Alex’s back arched. She was almost perfectly still for a moment that felt like an eternity as Maggie continued to snap her hips forward hard and fast. And then Alex was crying out as her whole body shook with the strength of her orgasm. Maggie followed almost immediately, grunting loudly as she collapsed into Alex’s back, both of them trembling through their orgasms as they clutched at one another.

It took several minutes for them to gather the energy to move. Finally Maggie slid the toy out of Alex and slipped out of the harness, tossing it off the bed as she came back to cuddle into Alex’s side.

“That was amazing,” Maggie murmured.

“So good,” Alex agreed.

“Anything you’d have done differently in the future?”

“Room service,” Alex answered quickly.

“You want someone watching?” Maggie teased.

“No, I want someone to bring me some waffles in bed now,” Alex laughed.

“Ugh, I suppose I can…”

“I love you!”

“You better,” Maggie grumbled, winking at Alex as she made her way to the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

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Hogwarts AU Part 2

Chapter Summary

A/N: I read and will respond to all of your lovely comments soon! I also did see that the main request was for more Sanvers smut, but once I found out today was the 20th anniversary (and wow, did that make me feel old…), I couldn’t resist… There will be some smut on a day when I’m not at work late, since I’m not trying to get fired hah. For now, enjoy the fluff (though TW for some discussions of homophobia, unsupportive families, etc.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ignoring the rules about when and where broomsticks were allowed to be ridden, Alex raced all the way from quidditch practice to the locker rooms on her broomstick, desperate to be on time for her first date with Maggie—a thought that had her heart racing even faster than the near miss with a well-aimed bludger had at practice that day. Skidding to a stop, Alex nearly tumbled off of her broomstick before bolting into the locker rooms and throwing off her practice robes. Deciding she’d rather risk a slightly advanced freshening spell than be late by taking the time to wash up in the sort of gross shared showers, Alex flicked her wand and hoped for the best. She ended up smelling a little more fruity and “girly” than usual, but she figured it was still better than the alternative. After pulling on a pair of skinny jeans and a t-shirt, then tossing her black robes over top of the outfit, Alex locked her things up and jogged across the grounds to the lake.

“Hey!” Maggie called out, catching sight of Alex jogging toward her. As soon as she realized Maggie could see her, Alex slowed to a walk, not wanting to seem desperate, especially in front of someone who had dated women much, much cooler than her.

“Hey,” Alex waved, hoping she didn’t sound as out of breath as she felt. “I hope you haven’t been waiting long.”

“Nah, just came down early to do a bit of reading for class.”

“Ah, nice. Taking anything fun this year?”

“I like my Muggle Studies class a lot,” Maggie gushed. “Then Care of Magical Creatures with Hagrid is always a good time. Bit of an adventure.”

“I can see that…I just had my first class with him.”

“Was it your first time meeting him?” Maggie asked, curious about Alex’s thoughts.

“Oh, no,” Alex shook her head. “He, er, supervises a lot of the detention sessions.”

“Spend a lot of time in detention, Danvers?”

“They’re biased against Slytherins,” Alex grumbled. “There were plenty of Gryffindors with me out in the Forbidden Forest.”
“And the word ‘forbidden’ doesn’t make you pause at all?” Maggie laughed, knowing she’d spent a few evenings out there herself.

“They said I wouldn’t dare do it,” Alex huffed.

“Of course that’s what did you in,” Maggie chuckled. “What other electives are you taking? First year with the options, right?”

“Mhm,” Alex nodded. “I’m also taking Ancient Runes and Arithmancy. Headmaster J’onzl let me take an extra one, since I begged.”

“That’s great! Do you like them so far?” Maggie asked, finally indicating the blanket she had spread out for them after realizing they’d just been standing when Alex was probably pretty exhausted after practice.

“Thanks,” Alex grinned settling down on the blanket and finally putting down her heavy bag. “They’re good! It’s nice to finally get a little variety, you know? Be able to choose what I want to study.”

“Yeah, I get that,” Maggie nodded. She remembered feeling slightly overwhelmed with all of the options and sitting down with Professor M’orzz to go through each of them in turn. There was something sort of sad about having to let go of any one path at the young age of 13.

After spending a fair amount of time catching up about classes and Alex’s quidditch team, Maggie grabbed her bag, pulling it to the center of the blanket. “I almost forgot! I picked up some snacks from the kitchen in case you were hungry after practice.”

“Thanks, that’s really thoughtful.” Alex could feel her cheeks flushing as she grinned up at Maggie. “Biggest perk of being a Hufflepuff. I already found your sister down there a couple of times,” she laughed.

“Of course you have…I swear, she eats more than anyone I know. Not that you’d ever be able to tell.”

Maggie smiled and shook her head. “How’s her first full week been?”

“Really good. I mean, she’s already got herself a few friends, even if they aren’t necessarily the people I would have chosen for her,” Alex admitted. “But she seems happy, and that matters more than anything else. Also, she’s got this real hero worship thing going on with Professor Grant.”

“Who doesn’t?” Maggie asked, arching an eyebrow at Alex.

“I mean…I don’t love the way she treats her students, but fine, she’s brilliant and gorgeous.”

“Thank you for admitting to the obvious,” Maggie smirked, picking up one of the cauldron cakes and placing it on a napkin her lap. Alex followed suit, gathering an assortment of snacks to load onto the plate Maggie had handed her.

While they ate, they let the conversation drift back to some of the things they had discussed on the train, then branched into new topics like their favorite professional quidditch teams and muggle television series. In talking about TV, Alex broached the topic of family. She had talked pretty openly about Kara and let slip a few details about her rather contentious relationship with her mother and how much she missed her father, who had died only a year ago, but she realized she didn’t know anything about Maggie’s home life.
“Oh, um, I don’t know. ’Bout the same as everyone else, I imagine,” Maggie shrugged, feeling her walls go up.

“Okay…” Alex trailed off, not wanting to push when she could see just how tense Maggie suddenly looked. “I’m sorry, we can talk about something else.”

“No,” Maggie shook her head, chastising herself for making Alex, who had seemed to shock herself by being open and honest with Maggie about her own home life, feel guilty when she didn’t know anything about Maggie’s family. Trying to focus on the advice Professor M’orzz had given her about letting in a few people she trusted—maybe just one, even—and dropping her guard a bit, Maggie began speaking quietly: “I grew up with my birth parents, but they were muggles. I have an aunt on my mom’s side who’s a witch. Just a couple of years ago she married a wizard—employee of the Ministry of Magic. She didn’t come to many family holidays, and when she did, people acted funny around her. But she seemed to take a liking to me, interacted with me in a way that was different than my parents had. Around my 11th birthday, she came to take me on ‘vacation,’ which was weird, since my parents weren’t really rich enough to afford yearly vacations. Anyway, she told me about magic, helped me understand why certain things happened to me that no one could explain. She had hinted at it over the years, but didn’t tell me outright, you know? Anyway, when my letter from Hogwarts came, my parents told me that they knew I had it in me, but they weren’t going to let me go—said it was against our religion to practice that kind of thing. But I had seen magic with my aunt; I knew it wasn’t evil or dark or any of the things they said it was. So I told them I was going.”

Taking a deep breath and steeling her nerves, Maggie added, “My dad was furious, and he kicked me out.”

“Maggie,” Alex sighed, pulling her arm around the smaller girl. She knew there were no words she could say to make it better, to remove the hurt done by ignorant people to a child, but she wanted to give Maggie whatever comfort she could offer.

“It’s whatever,” Maggie shrugged, surprising even herself as she allowed Alex to wrap her strong arms around her. “My aunt took me in, and she’s great! I mean, she was a little young to have a kid my age, but she did the best she could. She’s actually friends with M’gann—Professor M’orzz, I mean. She was the prefect for my aunt’s house while she was at Hogwarts, so she’s looked out for me a lot while I’ve been here, especially since, I don’t know, I was stupid. I thought I might be able to reconnect with them, you know? During the winter break my first year here I tried. But they were so not okay with any of the magic, then they found out I had come out as a lesbian that summer, and it pretty much confirmed all of their worst fears.”

Alex ground her teeth, trying not to let any of the angry things she was thinking slip out, knowing they wouldn’t make the situation better for Maggie. Instead, she settled for asking Maggie if she could hug her and holding her close for several long minutes. Maggie didn’t cry—she had long since gotten used to the idea that those were her parents, but they were no longer her family—but she appreciated the comfort more than she had expected. Perhaps M’gann was on to something when she suggested letting a few people in, letting them see that she wasn’t always so unbreakable.

“I know this isn’t why you came out or anything,” Alex whispered, “but, as a first year, being able to see you be out and happy? It meant the world to me. I know it took me almost two full years here to actually come out, and then it wasn’t…well, it wasn’t necessarily the way I wanted it to happen, but I got through it knowing that people like you were out there—people who were so brave before me, who made Hogwarts feel like a safe place to be out, you know?”

“Yeah?” Maggie looked genuinely touched.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, this time letting herself be wrapped up in Maggie’s arms.
“If you don’t mind my asking, what ever did happen with Vicky?”

Alex sighed, laughing despite herself. At this point she was pretty much over it, though at the time it had felt like the absolute end of the world. Having just admitted to herself that she liked women, she had kissed her best friend, Vicky, sure that there was something between them. And for a moment, Vicky had kissed her back, and everything seemed perfect. But then Rita Skeeter’s daughter and mini-me had snapped a photo, the flash breaking the moment, and published it in the gossip magazine she circulated around the dorms, outing Alex far earlier than she’d been prepared for.

Clearing her throat, Alex answered, “As it turns out, Vicky isn’t gay or bi or anything. Or at least, she isn’t ready to be yet. And having that photo published really freaked her out. We fought about it, and it just started, I don’t know, snowballing. I couldn’t help but feel like her reaction was a rejection of me, and then we both got angry and said things we shouldn’t have said. I don’t know. We haven’t really talked since then.”

“I’m sorry,” Maggie said softly, dropping her head to Alex’s shoulders.

“It is what it is. I mean, hey, if I hadn’t been outed, would you ever have even thought of asking me out?”

“I mean…you do look cute out there in your quidditch robes. Even if you are a Slytherin,” Maggie teased.

“I guess you’ll have to come to all of my games, huh?”

“I suppose so…”

After a while of chatting and finishing the rest of the snacks Maggie had brought from the kitchen, they went down to the water, dipping their toes in and splashing each other as they enjoyed the final weeks of summery weather. When the giant squid, which had come out to sunbathe and relax around the students, splashed a bit harder than usual and absolutely soaked Alex, Maggie burst out laughing, pulling Alex back up to the blanket as she tried out the drying spell they’d learned in Charms last year to quickly dry her dripping robes.

“Thanks,” Alex mumbled, blushing in embarrassment over the squeal she was fairly certain she let out when she got splashed.

“Anytime,” Maggie grinned. “Hey, don’t pout.”

“Ugh, it’s just, you know, there are probably better impressions to make on a first date.”

“Really? I think it was pretty endearing.”

“Yeah?” Alex looked hopefully back at Maggie.

Maggie stepped closer to Alex and let her gaze flick down to Alex’s lips. “I promise.” And then her lips were soft and tentative against Alex’s, as though she were ready to pull back at a moment’s notice if Alex gave any sign of being uncomfortable. But Alex just smiled and kissed her back. It was gentle and sweet and everything Alex had hoped her first kiss would be—minus the giant squid.

“Wow,” Alex smiled.

“So, can I be a perfect lady and walk you back to your common room?”

“Yeah, that would be nice.”
As they walked back, Alex tried to hide her broad grin when Maggie proudly joined their hands after checking with Alex that she was okay with it. When they made it to the corridor where the Slytherin Dungeon was located, Alex turned to Maggie. “I don’t know if I should wait, but screw it. I had a really nice time with you, and since you planned this one, could I ask you out for a second date next weekend?”

“You could, and I’d say yes.” Maggie beamed.

“Excellent. I’ll let you know the details this week.”

“Can’t wait, Danvers.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Requests from bambambamboo and recklesslove and a lovely anon for Kara topping or domming/daddy!Kara

A/N: There’s some lite daddy kink in here. If it’s not your thing, I get and respect that, but I will delete identity- and kink-shaming from the comments (only had to do it twice, and I’d love to keep it that way!)
A/N 2: The scene on public transit was pulled from real life, so we can all thank an interesting stranger for that moment’s inclusion here

Chapter Notes

There will hopefully be a chapter tomorrow, though I’m not positive. Otherwise I’ll be on Tumblr and back here on Sunday :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What does it mean when a random man tells me that I’m ‘looking very daddy today’ on the bus???” Kara texted Lena as she walked into CatCo. Normally she didn’t even take the bus, but she’d promised her elderly neighbor that she would help get her to the doctor, and she couldn’t very well fly her there. She wondered if taking public transit always resulted in these types of strange interactions.

Lena cackled when she saw the text, wondering which of Kara’s many soft butch outfits she was wearing today. “I think he’s using it as an aesthetic term, dear,” Lena replied. “Send me a pic ;-)” Blushing a faint pink, Kara quickly snapped a selfie and sent it with the caption: “He wasn’t implying I dress like a dad, right? I mean, I don’t have cargo pants or sandals or white sneakers or anything!”

Eyeing the photo of Kara’s outfit—a crisp white button-up tucked into navy blue pants, topped off with a brown belt and probably, Lena assumed, paired with some brown oxfords—Lena bit her lower lip. “Definitely not.” She followed it up with: “We’ll talk more about this at dinner, okay? I need to get this report finished, and you’re too delightfully distracting.”

“Fineee,” Kara sent back, huffing out a loud sigh as she returned to the latest round of revisions back from Snapper. For the most part, she forgot about the interaction, though every so often the word would flit back into her head: daddy. She knew from one very memorable experience with Lena and a few flirty, teasing comments from Sara that it could mean one very distinctive thing, but this man didn’t seem interested in Kara that way…in fact, if Kara had to take a guess (though she hated stereotyping anyone other than Daxamites), she’d say he was probably gay, which just left her confused. She might be able to do math that stretched even MENSA’s comprehension, but there were certain earth customs and phrases that had yet to click for her.
“Lena!” Kara waved, pulling Lena into a tight hug when the woman opened the door to her apartment. “How was your day?”

“Honestly? I was terribly distracted and just barely finished the minimum,” Lena laughed, locking the door behind Kara and gesturing toward the dining room table where she had a large meal prepared—well, maybe it was ordered, but it was still ordered with love.

“Why were you distracted?” Kara asked, not a trace of sarcasm in her tone. “Also, can I start eating? There was a fire, and I’m kind of starving.”

“I know. I saw the footage,” Lena sighed.

“Sorry! Are you mad that I didn’t text you about it? It wasn’t a DEO call, but I happened to be in the area and heard the firefighters talking about the collapsing walls, saying it would be too late if Supergirl didn’t arrive.”

“No, no, you’re fine, Kara,” Lena laughed softly, shaking her head at Kara’s naiveté. Sure, she wasn’t the prude or the gentle flower Lena had worried she might be corrupting when they first got together, but she still didn’t tend to grasp the sexual undertones in things until Lena made them a bit more explicit. “I mean to say that I watched the footage. A few times. After I read your text… daddy.”

Kara flushed and sat up a bit straighter at that. “Are we, uh, playing that game now? Also, wait, are you going to tell me why this man, who presumably did not want me to top him, called me daddy?”

Shaking her head at Kara’s one-track mind, Lena served herself some food, hoping to keep her mind out of the gutter at least through dinner. “It’s been appropriated more and more recently, so, you know, that Buzzfeed article you were skimming about everyone calling Comey daddy during his testimony? I assume—and please, just let me assume this—that not everyone actually wanted to fuck the man; it’s more about how confident he was, and the well-tailored suit. Plus, he’s a little older, sort of distinguished looking.”

“Are you suggesting I look old?” Kara pouted.

“No,” Lena laughed. “It’s just, look at your outfit, darling. It’s a little on the…butch side, which is great! I mean, you know how much I enjoy it, and your own personal preferences are the only thing that actually matters here. But the outfit and the muscles and the confidence…it’s pretty daddy.”

“Huh, okay,” Kara nodded. “So…am I more daddy as Kara or as Supergirl?”

Cocking her head to the side, Lena considered the question. “Since you let go of the mild-mannered reporter thing as Supergirl, your personality is probably more daddy then. Plus, we get to see just how strong you are.” Lena cleared her throat, trying to focus on the conversation and not on just how built her girlfriend was and the things that knowledge did to her. “But, uh, when it comes to clothing, Kara Danvers is probably more daddy. Unless you ever decided to switch out that skirt for some pants, then you might tip the scales.”

Kara seemed to consider the answer before nodding and returning her attention to her food. Once she had finished eating, though, she looked back up at her girlfriend. “Wait…so you, uh, rewatched the footage, huh? Liked what you saw?”

“Is that really a question, Kara?” Lena drawled. “You know I always like what I see when it comes to you.”
“But you liked it in relation to the text?”

“Maybe.” Lena smirked and bit her lip, watching as Kara’s gaze dropped lower. “Is that something you might want to do again?”

Kara nodded quickly, letting her mind drift back to the first time it had happened. It hadn’t been planned; she had been wearing the strap-on and holding Lena while she fucked her when Lena let the term slip amid quite a few other choice phrases. Even though she hadn’t quite gotten the full significance until they talked about it afterward, something inside of her had reacted to Lena’s desperate cries, thrusting into her just a little harder, letting her grip turn a bit rougher. Lena had come almost immediately, burying her face in Kara’s neck as she tried and failed to stifle the moans that echoed through the room.

“Then maybe you take me to the bedroom, daddy,” Lena purred.

In an instant, Lena was in Kara’s arms, flying—she’s fairly certain they were literally flying—to the bedroom. “Strip,” Kara demanded, letting herself take on the more dominant persona she learned Lena really enjoyed from time to time.

“Oh what?” Lena taunted. She might love watching Kara top, but if she was going to relinquish control, dammit, she was going to make Kara work for it.

“Or you won’t get to come tonight. I have superspeed and superhearing, so it’s not like you could even get away with touching yourself if I went home… Plus, would your fingers ever be able to do for you what I can?”

Lena whimpered, feeling her whole body shudder at the reminders of all that Kara was capable of, of the fact that Kara was quite literally a god among men. Slowly, she began unbuttoning her blouse, watching as Kara’s eyes tracked her every movement. She let the silk slide off of her shoulders and fall to the bed, then unzipped her skirt, carefully stepping out of it. Kara nearly growled at the sight of Lena standing there in black lace and black heels, her lips blood red and her pupils blown wide with want.

“You’ll tell me if something is too much, right?” Kara asked, her voice soft as she checked in.

“Always,” Lena nodded. “You too, okay?”

“Yeah,” Kara nodded before shifting back into the scene. “Everything off but the heels,” she ordered, her voice low and gravelly.

“Yes, daddy,” Lena purred, smirking as Kara seemed to fight to keep herself grounded. With slow, tantalizing movements, she unhooked her bra, then let the last of the lace drop to the floor, carelessly kicking it aside with her heels. “Am I good now?”

“So good for me,” Kara growled, advancing on Lena until she was standing directly in front of her. “Now get on the bed.”

Lena crawled up the bed, dropping her head down to the pillows as Kara settled herself on top of her. Threading her hands through Kara’s hair, Lena drew her girlfriend down to her, kissing her hard and whimpering as Kara dragged her teeth across her lower lip.

Between Kara’s mouth on hers and Kara’s hands trailing up and down her thighs, Lena soon found herself bucking up into Kara’s hips. “Please,” she mumbled into Kara’s kisses.

“Should I fuck you with my fingers or my cock?” Kara asked, letting herself feel increasingly
comfortable with the word, especially with the way it made Lena keen.

“Your cock.” And then Kara was gone, using a burst of superspeed to pull on the harness and add lube to the dildo in mere seconds.

“C’mere,” Kara directed, indicating the edge of the bed.

Deciding she was too turned on to deal with the delay of taunting Kara and making her earn it, Lena crawled over to the edge, watching Kara’s eyes follow her breasts until she settled down in front of her, legs spread wide.

“You good?” Kara checked.

“Yeah, you?”

“Same,” Kara nodded, moving to line up the tip of the toy with Lena’s soaked entrance. Carefully, she slid inside of her girlfriend, groaning softly at how easily she slipped in. She shuddered as she got used to the pressure against her clit with every thrust. Once she had a steady rhythm going that had Lena sighing but not yet screaming, Kara bent over and scooped Lena up into her arms, feeling the woman shudder at the obvious display of strength.

Digging her heels into Kara’s ass, knowing her girlfriend didn’t feel it as pain but enjoyed the pressure nonetheless, Lena rocked her hips into Kara’s, desperate for more friction, for more inside her, for more everything. But Kara grabbed her hips using just enough pressure to still them without hurting her. “Did I tell you that you could fuck yourself on my cock?”

“No,” Lena shook her head, looking into Kara’s eyes and challenging her to do something about it.

“I guess I shouldn’t give you the space to try it again,” Kara rasped, pushing Lena’s back up against the wall. Once she got a nod from Lena indicating that she was still good, Kara began fucking her hard and fast, feeling her own arousal building with every thrust and every gasp and moan she pulled from somewhere deep inside of Lena.

“Fuck, daddy,” Lena whined, her head falling back into the wall behind her as her back arched into Kara. “Harder!”

Shifting Lena slightly so that the toy would drag against her g-spot with every thrust, Kara snapped her hips forward, setting a fast pace that had Lena gasping and grabbing desperately at Kara’s back. A particularly well-angled thrust had Lena coming with a loud cry and a gush of arousal that soaked the harness and Kara’s thighs as her whole body shook, then collapsed into Kara’s strong arms.

Kara tried to maintain control, pumping her hips softly until Lena was through, even though her veins felt like they were filled with hot fire and she wanted nothing more than to drop her to the bed and fuck her through another dozen orgasms. Her own hips stuttered as she felt her girlfriend clenching around her cock, the proof of her orgasm dripping down her legs. When Lena’s body finally stilled, Kara carefully placed her on the bed, then slipped out of the harness, moving to cuddle up next to Lena.

What she didn’t expect was how energized Lena still seemed to be when she got back in the bed. “You fucked me so well, daddy. You should get to come too, don’t you think?” Lena purred.

“Oh, uh, I mean, are you tired?” Kara tried not to sound too excited by the prospect, even as she suspected it would take mere seconds to push her over the edge.

“Just relax and let me help you,” Lena instructed, putting a hand on Kara’s chest and pushing as
though she could move the woman of steel through any amount of force.

Once Kara was settled back against the pillows, Lena crawled between Kara’s legs, dropping her head to her pussy, blushing slightly at how sticky Kara’s thighs still were as they wrapped around her. Slowly, she ran her tongue up and down the length of Kara’s sex, moaning at just how wet she had gotten while fucking her. Feeling the exhaustion slowly settling in, Lena focused her attention on Kara’s clit, dragging it between her lips and sucking gently at first, then harder, knowing exactly what it took for Kara to come when she was this turned on.

“Lena,” Kara gasped. “Rao, you feel amazing.” She tried to keep her hips still, knowing they hadn’t switched on the red sun lamps and not wanting to hurt Lena inadvertently.

“Come for me, daddy,” Lena ordered before dropping her mouth back to Kara’s clit, groaning as she felt Kara’s muscles tense under her. Then, with a whimper, Kara’s whole body was shaking, her hips rocking under her tongue, until she finally collapsed into the mattress, panting slightly.

Grinning lazily, Kara pulled Lena up and into her chest. “That was amazing. You’re amazing,” she sighed.

Chapter End Notes

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NB! Sawyer and the Shitty Coworker

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ah! I am so excited about what you have in store for Sawyer and Alex! If you wanted more Sawyer prompts—maybe kind of a follow up from the Jerk chapter where Sawyer navigates invasive/shitty questions/comments from a (new?) co-worker? Thanks for considering! :D

Heads up for insensitivity in dealing with NB identities

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Don’t go,” Alex whined, wrapping her arms around Sawyer and holding them close to her.

“Alex,” they laughed, “c’mon, I need to shower.”

“Nope, I’ve decided that you don’t. You smell fine.”

“I smell like sex.”

“As I said, just fine. Great, even.”

“We have new people starting; I need to make a good impression,” Sawyer insisted, trying to wriggle free from Alex’s strong grip.

“You’re already the best detective ever, so…”

“Not what you said the first time we met,” Sawyer huffed. “I believe it was something about my jurisdiction ending wherever you said it did.”

“Ah, yeah, well, that’s still the case for your coworkers,” Alex winked, snuggling in even closer to Sawyer. “I make a personal exception for people as talented and sexy as you.”

“Damn, I’m just the luckiest,” Sawyer deadpanned, earning a cheeky grin and a nod from Alex. “But seriously, I need to go. I promise tonight we’ll have a nice dinner together, okay?”

“Fine,” Alex relented, sighing loudly as she flopped back down to the mattress, releasing Sawyer from her death grip. After too many nights and weekends spent on overtime with no breaks, J’onn had insisted that Alex take the week off—not that it would even put a dent in her accumulated hours of leave time. She might not have hated the time away from the office if Sawyer could stay home with her, but as it was, they still had to go into the precinct every day, leaving Alex home alone and very bored.

While Sawyer was in the shower, Alex sat at the kitchen table and drew up a to-do list. If she was going to be stuck home, she may as well be productive. Plus, there were definitely some little repairs and things that needed to be taken care of; maybe leave wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world. When she heard the water stop, she dropped a sesame seed bagel into the toaster for Sawyer, then shuffled around to find their favorite travel mug.
By the time Sawyer was ready for work, Alex was waiting for them with a black coffee and a plain,
double-toasted bagel. “Have a good day,” Alex added, giving them a kiss for good measure,
whimpering when Sawyer dragged her lower lip between their teeth when they pulled back.

“You’re too sweet. I can’t wait to see you tonight!”

“You too,” Alex waved. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”

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Within the first 15 minutes of lunch with the three new officers, Sawyer decided that they definitely
hadn’t been wrong to dislike Detective Jane McCarthy, who had started this morning with the two
new recruits fresh out of the academy. They had sworn that she’d been looking at them funny all
through the morning orientation, and she’d definitely made a face when Sawyer explained that they
used they/them pronouns.

The precinct had been pretty good with not messing up with their pronouns, and when people did
slip, Sawyer was fairly certain it was unintentional, even if having to correct people could be a real
drain on their mental energy. NCPD had its issues, but Sawyer was proud of the strides they’d made
in interrogating the way they handled certain types of cases and thinking critically about the power
structures they helped to prop up if they weren’t vigilant. They had cultural sensitivity trainings each
month about different populations and brought members of the community in to discuss their
experiences and offer suggestions for areas of improvement, and for the most part, the force
responded well. Sure, there were those who scoffed at the trainings and the idea that certain
populations were more vulnerable than others to the reach of the “objective” law, but their captain,
an out Black man, was more than willing to make it clear that those types of attitudes would not be
tolerated.

Det. McCarthy, however, seemed to have no compunctions about asking invasive questions about
Sawyer’s personal life and identity. Sawyer bit back a groan when the new detective sat right next to
them at lunch, deciding that they would at least give her a chance; perhaps they had just imagined the
face and the weirdness, or maybe it was due to anxiety about the new job or adjusting to a new
schedule. But within minutes, Jane was leaning over to ask them questions that weren’t appropriate
to ask anyone—least of all someone she’d just met.

“So, Maggie…” she began.

“I go by Sawyer,” they corrected.

“But your records list Maggie as your preferred first name.”

“When I joined the force at 22, I still used Maggie, but now I go by Sawyer. You’ll notice that’s
what everyone else calls me.” They bit back a retort about how imperceptive this “detective” was.

“Hmm…so it’s like a nickname?”

“No, it’s my name.”

“Okay, okay! I can spot a touchy issue when I see one.” Sawyer barely hid their eye roll. “So how
long have you been they?”

“My whole life.”
“But you just said that at 22 you were Maggie…”

“Just because I hadn’t yet put a name to what I felt doesn’t mean that I was a woman then and suddenly became not a woman on the day I told people.” Sometimes they really didn’t mind educating people, but Jane wasn’t approaching it in an appropriate way, and all they wanted to do was get up and go home to Alex, to Alex who was free from all work responsibilities and would welcome them back with a tight hug and a mug of tea and whatever they needed to decompress after a trying situation.

“Hmm, okay. So what do you do for dating? I mean, do you find other people like you?”

“You mean nonbinary people,” they corrected. “And I could, but right now I have a wonderful girlfriend, so I’m really not looking.”

“And she’s okay with all of this?”

“What are you asking?” Sawyer nearly growled, trying to maintain their professionalism in the office, especially since they were in a position of authority in this situation. “Do you mean is my girlfriend accepting of literally who I am? Yeah, she is. I wouldn’t date someone that wasn’t.”

“But, I mean, is she gay or straight? Because if you’re not a man or a woman, then neither label really fits, right?”

Sawyer took a few deep calming breaths, trying to keep their anger in check without letting it give way to hurt either. They were torn between trying to educate this beyond ignorant woman and telling her to go fuck off. “She gets to come out to the people she wants to come out to; I don’t do that for her. It’s up to individuals to identify however they feel fits them—something you’ll learn soon enough through the sensitivity trainings you’ll receive as part of the National City Police Department.” Before Jane could ask another question, Sawyer was packing up the rest of their lunch. “Look, I actually have an ongoing case, and now that the sections of orientation I was leading are over, I’ve got to get back to my actual job.”

“Oh, okay. We’ll have to catch up later! It’s fascinating getting to learn all about you.”

Sawyer gritted their teeth and made a noncommittal noise before heading back to their office, determined to never do that follow up lunch. The worst part was that Jane looked sincere; she really seemed not to have noticed how inappropriate her questions were or how uncomfortable they had made her conversation partner.

“Help!” Sawyer texted Alex as they sank down into their chair, pulling up the files for some of their ongoing cases to look at while they finished their lunch in peace.

“What’s wrong?” Alex responded almost immediately. “I’ll come to you! Stay safe!”

“No!!!” they quickly sent back. “Sorry, it wasn’t a real distress call,” though they appreciated how quick Alex was to respond. “Just one of the new coworkers really sucks. She keeps asking me all of these really personal questions about how I identify and all this shit.”

“Do you want me to come threaten her? Or do you want me to bring you cookies from that vegan bakery you love? It’s a slow day; I can probably get Kara to fly out to Italy for some authentic tiramisu!”

“Have I told you how much I love you recently? Because you’re the best.”

“Aww, so are you. But seriously: cookies? I’m outside walking to the bakery already, so it’s just a
question of whether I’ll have to guess the flavors you want today or you’ll tell me.”

“Chocolate chip and peanut butter would be amazing. No need to come to the office and save me—I’ve got plenty I can do before 5pm.”

“Okay,” Alex sent back, clearly unconvinced but unwilling to push the issue. Instead, she resolved to get everything as nice as possible for when Sawyer got home.

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The rest of the afternoon passed by fairly uneventfully, for which Sawyer was beyond grateful. By the time 5 o’clock rolled around, they felt good about the amount of work they had gotten done behind their closed door and were excited about getting home to Alex and cookies. Unfortunately, the orientation let out at the same time as they were leaving the office, and they ended up running into the last person they wanted to see.

“Hey! Long time no see,” Jane joked.

“Ah, yeah…lots of cases to work.”

“Quite the busy bee!”

“Mhm,” Sawyer mumbled, trying to make their way to the door as fast as possible.

“Oh, I’m heading home too. I’ve finally gotten settled into my new place. National City isn’t quite as nice as Opal City, but I suppose I’ll learn to adjust,” she sighed. “You should come over for dinner one day. You can bring your girlfriend—I’m sure you’ll want to tie her down soon! Now that you’ve found someone so accepting, you better not let her get away.”

Sawyer nodded blankly, biting back so many angry retorts, knowing it would only lead both of them into the HR office. They would, however, never be going to dinner with Jane or spending any time outside of work at her house.

Standing next to Sawyer’s motorcycle and clutching a bag of fresh cookies (she may have eaten the three she had picked up earlier in the day, though she’d never admit it), Alex caught sight of her partner striding across the parking lot with a woman she didn’t recognize from any of the work events she’d attended. When she caught sight of the frustrated look on Sawyer’s face, she guessed that the mystery woman was probably the terrible new coworker. She’d gotten increasingly pissed at this new detective with each new update Sawyer had sent, but she also knew better than to openly threaten a police officer—at least when it was one of Sawyer’s coworkers.

“Hey, Sawyer!” Alex yelled, grateful to see the smile spread across their face at the sight of her. “I come bearing desserts.”

“Oh, you must be the girlfriend,” Jane chimed in, completely missing the way that Alex had deliberately looked only at Sawyer.

“The very lucky girlfriend,” Alex clarified. “Not everyone gets a partner as perfect as them. But, as nice as I’m sure it could be to meet you, I’ve got dinner waiting for us at home.”

“I love you,” Sawyer mouthed at Alex before climbing onto their motorcycle.

Alex quickly jumped on behind them, wrapping her arms tight around Sawyer. As she pulled the visor down on her helmet, she gave a mock salute to Jane, cackling loudly at the shocked expression on her face the second the engine roared to life and they sped out of the parking lot.
When they got home, Alex quickly took Sawyer’s hand, guiding them up to the now spotless apartment where she had takeout ready from their favorite Ethiopian restaurant to pair with the cookies. “Want to eat at the table or curl up on the couch with Netflix?”

“Would you mind if we watched some mindless show with dinner? I’ve just…it’s been a lot, and I need a few minutes.”

“Of course,” Alex nodded. “I wouldn’t offer if I didn’t mean it. I’ll get the plates if you want to get a show set up.”

“On it!”

By the end of a few episodes of Parks and Rec, Sawyer was feeling much better—aided in large part by the excellent food and the shoulder massage Alex had offered midway through the second episode. “Want to move to bed?”

“Ooh, when don’t I?” Alex winked.

“For cuddles,” Sawyer clarified, huffing as though they were exasperated, knowing that Alex was well aware of just how much they enjoyed all of their bedroom activities.

“Like I said, when don’t I?”

“You’re too sweet, Alex Danvers.”

“Shh, don’t tell anyone! I’d never get anything done at the DEO if people thought I was nice,” Alex grumbled.

Chapter End Notes

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Supergirl's Intervention Problem

Chapter Summary

Prompt?: tw/DV - once Kara hears more about Lena's family, on top of hearing about Maggie's dad and starting to see what Eliza puts on Alex, she's finding it increasingly difficult to "leave human crime to cops". She can see through walls ffs, and hear for miles, she's got to struggle not to bust through walls and help people sometimes. I figure maybe Maggie helps smooth things over with the cops after, or comforts her, or scold/thanks her, or calls Lena for her, or sandwich cuddles w Alex…

A/N: The very end gets fluffy, but please do take the TW seriously for domestic violence, abuse, homophobia, etc. It doesn’t get graphic in terms of physical violence or anything, but it’s clearly there.

Chapter Notes

I had this prompt sitting for a while now, and since I had a bit of time this morning, I figured I'd get it up.

Domestic Abuse:
National Child Abuse Helpline: 1-800-422-4453
National Domestic Violence Crisis Line: 1-800-799-SAFE (7233)
National Domestic Violence Hotline (TDD): 1-800-787-32324
Center for the Prevention of School Violence: 1-800-299-6504
Child Abuse Helpline: 1-800-4-A-CHILD (1-800-422-4453)
Domestic Violence Helpline: 1-800-548-2722
Healing Woman Foundation (Abuse): 1-800-477-4111
Child Abuse Hotline Support & Information: 1-800-792-5200
Women’s Aid National Domestic Violence Helpline: (UK Only) 0345 023 468
Sexual Abuse Centre: (UK Only) 0117 935 1707
Sexual Assault Support (24/7, English & Spanish): 1-800-223-5001
Domestic & Teen Dating Violence (English & Spanish: 1-800-992-2600
Relationships Australia: 1300-364-277

Youth & Teen Hotlines:
National Youth Crisis Support: 1-800-448-4663
Youth America Hotline: 1-877-YOUTHLINE (1-877-968-8454)
Covenant House Nine-Line (Teens): 1-800-999-9999
Boys Town National: 1-800-448-3000
Teen Helpline: 1-800-400-0900
TeenLine: 1-800-522-8336
Youth Crisis Support: 1-800-448-4663 or 1-800-422-0009
Runaway Support (All Calls are Confidential): 800-231-694
National Runaway Hotline: (US only) 1800-231-6946
Child Helpline: (UK Only) 0800-111
Alex always told Kara that she was too good for this world. For years, taking on the role of the protective big sister, she had tried to get Kara to see that not everyone was as good as she was, that, in Alex’s estimation, most people could be pretty terrible (herself included, though Kara refused to believe it).

Kara fought hard to see the best in everyone, to look past moments of insensitivity and anger to try to find the motivations behind them. But recently...well, recently she’d found it harder to do. Because she had started listening more and more when Eliza talked on the phone with Alex, started replaying some of the past holidays in her mind and reconsidering the types of things Eliza tells Alex.

Even though Kara was still fairly certain that Eliza always had the best of intentions, she also noted the difference in expectations, the way that Alex was held to a standard she never had to meet. And she got it, really, she did. She understood that Eliza wanted her to feel comfortable and welcomed, to see value in everything she was doing on this planet so different from her own. But that shouldn’t have come at Alex’s expense, Kara thought.

From what she could still remember of the earliest years, it was different with Jeremiah. He found ways to be there for Kara without failing Alex or pushing her away from the things she loved that didn’t involve her new alien sister. He would lavish praise on Kara for drinking water without breaking a cup, but not forget to also tell Alex over and over again how proud of her he was for her acing a test or finally nailing a new trick on her surfboard. And he mediated between the two Danvers women, who were too similar for their own good, playing referee to their mother/daughter squabbles and making sure that both of them saw and understood the reasons the other had for acting in a certain way or saying something that came out all wrong.

But after he died? After he died, Eliza tried to hide her grief from Kara, tried so hard to make sure that she knew that it wasn’t her fault that Alex never got to hear that it wasn’t her fault, wasn’t her fault for not telling Kara no on that fateful night Kara had offered to fly her across Midvale. Because all Alex could hear over and over again was her mother’s voice telling her that she should have known better, which meant that it was, by a chain of cause-and-effect, her fault that her dad died. Alex didn’t do emotions in front of other people, though, so it wasn’t like she went around telling Eliza about how she felt. Instead, both of them let their own pain fester, turning all of their love and care toward Kara.

Eliza let herself hope for more and more from Alex as she watched her older daughter throw herself with renewed vigor into her studies, not realizing that it was in part to avoid having to deal with her
own grief. And with every challenge Alex met, Eliza had ten more lined up for her because she
believed so deeply in Alex that she sometimes forgot that she was only a teenager, that she was her
daughter who desperately needed something more from Eliza than a teacher and a coach.

As the years went on, Kara watched as Alex turned to increasingly unhealthy coping mechanisms
for dealing with Eliza. She wasn’t dumb; she could smell the whiskey and cigarettes and strangers’
sweat on Alex, on her clothing, in her apartment every time she came to visit her in grad school. She
knew her sister well enough to know that she was being lied to each time Alex talked about late
nights in the lab and told her that work was great.

But it wasn’t until Maggie that Kara really started to see what it meant to Alex to have someone other
than Kara who loved her unconditionally, who pushed her to be better without making her feel like it
was a requirement. Because suddenly beer bottles were being gently pried from Alex’s hands and
replaced with a cup of tea, a seltzer water, a pair of soft, warm hands, and it was all done with a
smile, a whispered, “I love you,” a promise that they’d both stay sober so that after everyone left they
could have a very different kind of fun together (though Kara didn’t really need to dwell on that
part). That loving, tender way of interacting made Kara realize what was missing from Eliza’s
treatment of Alex, and that realization made her ache for all of the years she’d spent dismissing
Alex’s pain, dismissing the way Alex protested that Eliza loved Kara better, that she was always
coming up lacking in Eliza’s mind.

Then she was hearing about Lena’s relationship with Lillian, hearing about another mother who
made her daughter feel like a failure compared to a favored sibling, though this came couched in
years of abuse and gaslighting. She held Lena tight to her chest on the days when something about
her mother or her brother played on the news, stroked her hair and told her how amazing she was
when she berated herself for not seeing through her mother’s plans. She reassured Lena that nothing
was wrong with her for craving a mother’s attention, that there was nothing wrong with the way she
responded to Rhea’s act. Because she was brilliant and beautiful, and she deserved to be told that
over and over again.

But at least she felt like she had a handle on how to deal with Alex’s and Lena’s pain. She had been
there for Alex for years, knew what it meant to comfort her sister. She already had a lineup of movies
planned for the different moods Alex was in, and she knew the things Alex needed to hear when
Eliza’s words made her feel less than, even if their relationship had been gradually improving.

And with Lena, Kara got to be as tactile as she wanted. She could bring Lena her favorite junk foods
that she’d never buy for herself and scoop her into her arms, holding her as close as she wanted. She
could kiss her cheeks and her nose and her lips and promise her that nothing would ever harm her if
she had anything to do about it.

But when Maggie finally felt comfortable enough around Kara to explain what had happened with
her own family, to tell her why that first Valentine’s Day had gone the way it did, Kara didn’t know
what to do. Sure, she and Maggie got along much better now, but it was so often mediated through
their shared love for Alex Danvers. They could hug and hang out and talk about cases; they could
play board games and drink at Dollywood; they could even talk seriously about issues of
discrimination and bias and alien rights. But they didn’t really delve deep into their own personal
stories, the pain they carried with them from having both lost their families at a young age, though for
vastly different reasons.

So when Maggie, with gritted teeth and a hardened look, explained that, no, her parents and siblings
and cousins would not, with the exception of her aunt’s family, be invited to the wedding because
they saw the way she loved as an affront to the very institution of marriage, Kara was left seething
but without a clear outlet. She did what she could, listening as Maggie talked, retelling her own story
as though she were repeating facts pulled from a history book, all details and no emotions. She hugged her after checking that it was okay and made it clear that she was always welcome in the Danvers family. She even offered to be there if she ever needed someone to talk to, though she knew she wouldn’t be the one Maggie came to, and she was okay with that fact.

As the months went by, Kara found herself, well, found Supergirl intervening in situations that were maybe best “left to police,” or even left to families alone. When she observed a father telling his son that he wished he would just go out for the football team and “man up,” instead of pursuing theater, she found herself swooping down and proudly declaring that the arts are incredibly important, representing one of the most important forms of culture on her advanced home planet. Similarly, she couldn’t help but fly in, rainbow flag trailing behind her, when she overheard a group of kids teasing a girl for being too much of a tomboy, for preferring girls to boys. She proudly announced that Supergirl supported any form of love and gender presentation but that she wouldn’t stand for bullying by anyone.

But she also found herself intervening in more serious matters too, ignoring Maggie’s calls to leave human crime to the police. Because she tried doing that, only to find that certain types of cases were hard to prove, that abused partners, too often left financially dependent or emotionally and physically vulnerable, would cower when officials finally showed up, deciding that reporting would be riskier than staying silent, knowing their odds in court.

After watching it happen one too many times, Kara found herself unable to drown out the cries for help at night, unable to stop flying by and peering through walls. She wanted to trust the police to act and the courts to intervene, but she had grown jaded over the past few months. So she found herself crashing through doors and flying through open windows, desperate to do something, anything. And time and time again, she was confronted by police officers demanding that she leave, insisting that it was a violation to fly into an apartment, even if she did have cause gained from questionably legal surveillance methods.

“Supergirl!” Maggie yelled outside of the latest home that Kara had crashed into.

Looking slightly sheepish, Kara turned around, waving at Maggie. “Yeah?”

“Can we talk?”

“Okay,” Kara conceded, trying to keep her Supergirl persona up until she reached Maggie’s car.

“Let’s go for a ride, okay?”

Kara just nodded, sinking into the passenger’s seat and squeezing her eyes shut as she tried to drive the image of the fight into which she’d intervened out of her mind.

Once they had driven all the way out to the beach, Maggie handed over a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt to Kara. “Here, c’mon, change into some Kara clothes. I want to talk to you for a bit, okay?”

“Okay,” Kara agreed, quickly changing and meeting Maggie in front of the car.

“Take your shoes off, or, I don’t know, I guess you could just float? I hate sand in my shoes. Let’s walk on the beach, okay?”

“Alright. Am I in trouble again?”

“Technically, a little bit. I volunteered to talk to you. It’s just, when you intervene like that, we have to be so careful ever responding to calls about that household again because some courts will argue
that we violated civil liberties by listening in or surveilling them without a warrant. And I know, you listen for help—it’s what you do. But maybe in the future you could call serious situations in to us instead of intervening because, well, we’re not perfect, but we really do try.”

“But how can I just leave people who are being hurt?”

“I don’t know, but if you ever find a solution, tell me, alright?” Maggie asked, looking meaningfully at Kara. “I go through it too, you know. Just because someone calls in the proper way about a domestic violence case doesn’t mean the abused partner will step forward. And if there aren’t marks or if the abuse is emotional or psychological or financial, it’s that much harder for us to do anything. So I get it, really, I do. I get the pain of having to leave someone behind when you’re so sure that intervening, even if it isn’t quite legal, is the right thing to do.”

“Does it ever hurt less?” Kara asked, looking up at Maggie with unshed tears glistening in her eyes.

“No,” Maggie answered honestly. “But feeling that pain proves that you’re still doing what you do for the right reasons, Kara. Look, when I deal with this shit, it eats away at me. I wish I could tell you I had some good solutions, but I don’t. Sometimes I drink, though Alex and I have been helping each other do less of that when it comes to dealing with our emotions. Sometimes I work out for hours. Sometimes I just come home and hold Alex close to me. On weekends when I’m not stuck at work, I like to volunteer at the shelters for victims of domestic violence and abuse, and when my work schedule is too hectic, I try to donate my overtime pay. We all find things that help us to deal with the guilt and pain, even if it’ll never quite be enough to make up for the knowledge that we’ve left someone in a bad situation. But you do whatever it is you need to do to keep yourself mentally healthy enough to keep fighting the good fight.”

“Do you think it would help raise more money if Supergirl volunteered for some of these organizations?”

“I’m sure it would. But if Kara Danvers wants to volunteer so that she doesn’t have to be ‘on’ the whole time, so that she can heal while she helps, that’s okay too.”

“Thanks,” Kara whispered, taking Maggie’s hand in her own. “Is this okay?”

“Of course, Little Danvers.”

After walking in silence for a little while, they made their way to one of the bonfire set ups that was still empty. “Want to sit?” Kara asked, earning a nod from Maggie.

“Want me to call Alex and Lena? I bet they’d pick us up some vegan marshmallows and chocolate and graham crackers to make s’mores.”

“Yeah? You sure you’re okay with that?”

“I think it’s good to surround yourself with the people you love,” Maggie smiled.

“Thanks, Maggie. And, just, I don’t know. You’re really good for Alex, I hope you know that. She’s so much happier these days, and she takes care of herself better.”

“I am too,” Maggie added. “She’s wonderful. But she’s also lucky to have a sister like you.” Kara shrugged but smiled. “Now let me text her and Lena, okay?”

Once Maggie was done texting, she looked up at Kara. “I asked them to give us a little time, I hope that’s alright.”

“Oh, uh, yeah, it’s fine. Did you need to give me the official police talk?”
“No,” Maggie laughed. “I trust you. I just, well, I know I told you a little bit about my parents, but I thought maybe you could use a version of the story that I didn’t just spit out like memorized facts. Plus, Alex thinks it’s helping me to heal to talk about it more.”

“Only if you’re comfortable! You don’t owe me this or anything just because, I don’t know, I let you see my pain.”

“I know,” Maggie nodded. “I’m telling you because I want to. And because I think it might help you a little bit.”

“Okay,” Kara nodded.

“So, as I’m sure you can imagine, my dad and I didn’t have the best relationship. I mean, even before the whole kicking me out of the house thing. He just, well, he always made it clear that he had wanted a son, so already I was wrong. And I spent so many years desperately trying to prove to him that I could be whatever it was he needed, that I could play sports and roughhouse, but nothing worked. Because instead I was getting in trouble for not being enough of a girl, which, well, now I guess I see where his fears stemmed from, but at the time it felt more like I just couldn’t do anything right.”

“I’m sorry,” Kara whispered, thinking not only of Maggie’s story but also of Alex’s own experience of feeling like she could never be right enough in Eliza’s eyes.

“It’s whatever. But as I started getting closer and closer to Eliza, I think he started suspecting things about me that I couldn’t quite name yet. I mean, I talked about her the way you’re ‘supposed to’ talk about boys at that age, even though for a long time I still just thought about her as my best friend. And why wouldn’t I want to spend all of my time with my best friend, right?”

“Yeah,” Kara nodded, thinking of Alex and Vicky, hell, even thinking about how she had felt around Lena until she got around to interrogating her own feelings.

“And during those weeks, he got worse and worse. Said a lot of things that probably would have sent Supergirl flying through my windows. But the thing is? It wouldn’t have helped me yet. I wasn’t ready to name that experience as abuse. Christ, it took me so many years to name it for what it was. I could point to being kicked out as a bad moment. I could point to it as the break in my relationship with my family and, eventually, call it trauma. But I wasn’t yet willing to see so many years of my childhood as abuse. I wanted to cling to the good moments, you know? And I wanted to see them as proof that I had something different. And it’s just, I don’t know. None of this is to say that you’ve done irreparable harm or something bad to the families you found. But I’m trying to help you understand why some of those kids and partners might not be willing to come forward yet. And sometimes waiting will be what gets them hurt, yes. And knowing that hurts me so deeply. But sometimes they’ll find limits before a line is crossed, and that’s when they call us, when we can do our job and hopefully get them into a safe situation, and moments like those help to make everything a little better.”

Kara wiped away the tears that had fallen as Maggie talked, nodding softly as she threw an arm around Maggie’s waist and pulled her in close. “Thanks for trusting me,” she whispered.

“Thanks for listening.”

They sat like that, feeling the heavy mood lift in front of the crackling fire Kara easily started with her heat vision. Once they had moved on to lighter topics and had begun to laugh freely once more, Maggie felt her phone buzz with a text from Alex: “We’re here. You guys ready?”
“Yeah, come on down to the bonfire pit we went to with James, Winn, and Jessie a few weeks ago,” Maggie sent back, letting Kara know that Lena and Alex would be here in a few minutes.

“Got it!” Alex replied.

Within a few minutes, all four women were crowded around the fire, jostling for the best spot to roast their marshmallows. Once everyone had a nicely toasted marshmallow (helped out a bit by Kara’s heat vision) and had made their s’mores, they settled back into the log bench, Kara now sandwiched between Lena and Alex, both of them pressed tightly into her sides the way they knew she liked after a hard day.

“How are you?” Lena whispered when Alex got distracted wiping chocolate off of Maggie’s nose.

“I’m doing a lot better now,” Kara whispered back, resting her head on Lena’s shoulder.

“What was that?” Alex mumbled through a mouthful of food.

Laughing softly, Kara shook her head. “I was telling Lena that I’m feeling better, especially now that we’re all together.” When Lena and Alex both leaned in to wrap their arms around Kara, Kara made a point of reaching her hand out to Maggie, holding it tightly to make sure this woman who made her sister so brilliantly happy knew that she was included, that she was part of whatever chosen family they had found for themselves.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
#SanversWeek Soulmate AU Part 2

Chapter Summary

Requests for a follow up to the soulmate AU from genderwow, mirmar24, T, and Yourminimonster. More specific suggestion from a delightful Anon on Tumblr: “hey pal ur soulmates au for sanvers week was cuteee. Mayyyybzz you could do a second part where they’re both kinda still hesitant about the whole soulmates thing but keep running into each other/can’t stay away from one another? :) ”

Hope you all enjoy the extra long chapter!

Chapter Notes

A/N: Long question! I’ve gotten a handful of requests to show more of Kara/James as a couple outside of just talking about them being adorable together (they’re a couple in this AU and the HSAU). As much as I like Supercorp, I have nothing against Karolsen as a couple and was really rooting for them all through season 1 and before Lena’s intro in season 2 (I think both pairs have great chemistry and have zero desire to get into the fandom fights). That being said, some of the requests are for straight smut. No judgment! But I’d be...uh...a little out of my element. If it looks like there’s a ton of demand for them, though, I’m happy enough to give it a shot. Same goes for the James/Winn shippers (do they have a couple name? Because if the writers won’t do Karolsen, I’m so down for those two being partners in more ways than one) who asked about them as a background couple in Trace Evidence. Look forward to hearing any/all thoughts here or on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Alex woke up the next morning, she was shocked to find herself curled into the chest of the tipsy woman who had shown up last night and was, apparently, her soulmate.

“Maggie?” Alex croaked out, her voice still thick with sleep.

Blinking her eyes as she tried to figure out where she was, Maggie looked up at Alex. “Oh...hey, Danvers,” she grinned lazily. “Ya know, when people told me sleeping with your soulmate was so much better, so different, I didn’t really think this was what they meant.”

Alex rolled her eyes and laughed, shoving lightly at Maggie’s chest as she stole the blankets that Kara must have draped over them whenever she got back. “You wish you were that lucky,” Alex grumbled.

“Alas, I believe you said that privilege was reserved for you and your vibrator alone,” Maggie drawled.

“Fuck off.”

“Gladly.”
“Well, I’m glad to hear you two are getting on so well,” Kara announced loudly, hoping they’d stop talking about whatever her sister did or did not do with herself. “I’m gonna go pick up some donuts. Do you want anything?”

“I’ll pass on the diabetes,” Alex laughed, knowing Kara would still get one extra for her to have that afternoon--what she termed a “more appropriate time.”

“I should probably head out,” Maggie offered, pulling herself up and off of the couch.

“But wait! Aren’t you two going to, I don’t know, hang out together more?” Kara looked almost panicked.

“Kar,” Alex said, her voice low and warning. “Maggie is a big girl, and she can go home if she wants to.”

“But…”

“We’ll talk over donuts, okay?” Alex offered, looking pointedly at her sister.

“Fine,” Kara grumbled, grabbing her keys and walking out the front door like she couldn’t just fly to the shop.

Once Kara had left, Alex turned to face Maggie. “Sorry, she’s just...well, she’s a firm believer in soulmates and all of that.”

“Right, right,” Maggie nodded. “It’s nothing new. Don’t worry about it.”

“Okay. Well, anyway, it was nice talking to you.” Alex wondered if she should offer to do something with the woman in the future. They were theoretically bonded in some weird, fated way, but she also was a firm non-believer. But she also found Maggie rather attractive and fun to hang out with; in fact, she was pretty much exactly the kind of person she might try to date, or maybe just sleep with. It had been a long time…

“Right, yeah. Well, maybe I’ll see you at work again?” Maggie hoped she didn’t sound like she was trying to see Alex. She didn’t need a relationship, least of all one that was being forced on her by this stupid soulmate system. It didn’t matter that her soulmate was incredibly sexy and smart and sarcastic enough to keep up with her. No, soulmates were bullshit.

“Yeah, maybe you local cops will learn to cede jurisdiction when it doesn’t belong to you,” Alex winked.

“You wish...fed,” Maggie laughed, even though she meant every word of it. “Alright, later, Danvers.”

“Bye, Sawyer,” Alex teased.

---

When Kara got back, she was annoyed to find Maggie gone and Alex sitting alone with a cup of coffee. “Alex,” Kara whined. “She was cute. She was a cop. She was totally your type. Why did you send her away?”

“I didn’t send her away! I just...didn’t make a big thing out of asking her to stay.”

“Same difference.”
“It’s not something that has to matter, Kara. We’ve gone over this.”

“But now that you’ve met her...couldn’t it be?” Kara had held out hope that once Alex met her soulmate it would be different.

“We’re not all as lucky as you were with James, okay?”

“But maybe you could be! James was dating Lucy when we met.”

“Yeah, and he was lucky that Lucy found Vasquez just a few weeks later. Otherwise, I mean, would you really want to be responsible for buying into a system that broke up a couple of that many years?”

“They both chose to date, knowing they were happy but not soulmates.”

“And what’s so wrong with that?”

“How many people have you actually found willing to do that with you?” Kara demanded, biting back a smile at the winning argument.

“Whatever,” Alex grumbled. “Point is, maybe something will happen, maybe it won’t. It’s not like you and James are always together.”

“We’re a couple, not conjoined twins! We’re allowed to have other friends and time apart. Plus, the promotion keeps him really busy.”

“Fine. I’m just saying, you slept here instead of his place last night.”

“Yeah, but I dropped by his apartment for some fun before I came back to you two lovebirds,” Kara teased.

“Baby sister! Protective instincts kicking in!” Alex yelled, covering her ears.

“Yeah, then why did I have to hear about you…” Kara dropped her voice to a low hiss: “touching yourself this morning?”

Blushing a flaming red, Alex tried to hold her head up high. “There’s nothing to be ashamed of. It is a healthy and perfectly natural thing that I am more than allowed to do in the privacy of my own apartment.”

“But you wanted to discuss that with Maggie?”

“No, it just...came up. Whatever! Can we please talk about something other than our sex lives?”

“You mean my sex life and your lack thereof?”

“Shut up.”

“Fine, fine. Want that donut after all?”

Alex hesitated, then stole one out of the box, ignoring Kara’s gloating grin.

---

“Ooh! You met your soulmate?” Lucy squealed, pulling up Alex’s sleeve.
“Fuck off,” Alex growled, shushing Lucy as she dragged her back to her lab.

“Touchy! What crawled up your butt and died? Did the universe give you someone terrible?”

“No, she’s...she’s fine. It’s just, you know my thoughts on soulmates. And she, thank god, feels similarly. So we’re not doing anything with it.”

“Are you fucking with me, Alex?” Lucy laughed, shoving Alex in the arm.

“No. I just don’t see why we should feel obligated to date.”

“God, it’s not an obligation, Al. Look, if you had run into this woman at a bar, would you have hit on her?”

“Maybe,” Alex shrugged.

“So...why?”

“She’s, well, she’s really cute--about your adorable size, Lane,” Alex teased, laughing as Lucy pursed her lips and glared. “She’s a detective, so she’s used to the line of work, probably doesn’t scare easy. Plus, she’s sort of funny, sarcastic.”

“Then why can’t you date her?”

“Because! It comes with this whole set of extra expectations. All of the sudden, people think it means something, even during the first date, you know?”

“I’m just saying, think about it, okay? Look at how happy Vasquez and I are.”

“Fine,” Alex nodded with no intention of following up on it.

---

“Agent Danvers!” Maggie called out, smirking up at the redhead striding toward her.

“Detective Sawyer. See you found your way to my crime scene.”

“Ah...but why should it get to be yours?”

“Because my lab has technology that makes yours look like an Easy Bake Oven.”

“Good one,” Maggie scoffed. “But seriously, this area falls under my jurisdiction.”

“Your jurisdiction ends where I say it ends,” Alex growled.

“Actually, you two will be teaming up for this op,” J’onn corrected, strolling over and looking between the two women with interest. “NCPD will be partnering with us given the...multi-species nature of the organization. She also has clearance to know that she’ll be working with the DEO.”

Maggie’s jaw dropped for a second before she nodded knowingly. “Fine,” Alex huffed, nodding to J’onn in understanding before he left.

“So, I guess I’ll get to find out how well my soulmate plays with others,” Maggie teased.

“Hmph. Well, why don’t you show off those great detective skills. Tell me what you know already.”

“Jeez, buy a lady a drink first.”
“I believe I gave you brownies, pizza, and drinks last weekend.”

“And yet, that’s so not what I was looking for when I picked up my phone…”

Alex just rolled her eyes, figuring she didn’t need to deal with why the thought of Maggie and her getting into what Maggie had been looking for made her stomach swoop.

Huffing, Maggie began going over what they knew: “Anyway, Supergirl came by and identified the victim as the member of a pretty peaceful species, but I don’t quite see peaceful given the amount of scar tissues built up on his knuckles.”

“Suggests that he didn’t just get into one fight; he made a habit of it,” Alex mused.

“Exactly,” Maggie nodded.

“But that doesn’t make sense. His home planet is a utopia; they fought only when it was necessary for survival,” Supergirl interjected, having been sent over by J’onn to help if they needed more information on the alien.

“Maybe he was attacked?” Alex suggested.

“It would have to be somewhat regularly,” Maggie mused. While Maggie continued talking about what else they knew, Alex slipped on gloves, leaning forward and pulling back the alien’s shirt to remove a spike from his chest. “Looks like we might know what killed him.”

“Oh jeez, want to take it back to your lab to identify it?” Maggie offered, conceding that their lab didn’t have resources as advanced as the DEO’s must be.

“Already sent a text down to have the lab ready.”

Kara bit back a gloating grin that would be inappropriate as Supergirl, but she made a mental note to tease Alex later about how much chemistry she and her soulmate had, the way they seamlessly worked together despite butting heads just moments earlier.

“We’ve heard rumors of an underground alien fight club for National City’s wealthiest…maybe he’s connected to them in some way,” Maggie offered.

“I’ll see if I can’t find a connection or an in through DEO channels. And I’ll let you know if I hear anything back about this claw.”

“Thanks,” Maggie nodded, offering Alex a small smile before she headed out.

“So that was something…” Kara began.

“Don’t even start,” Alex muttered, glaring at Kara.

“Fine, fine…soulmates,” Kara teased before flying off to get back to CatCo.

---

“What ever happened to doing something this weekend?” Darla asked, sliding a plate of fries down the bar to Maggie.

“Long story,” Maggie muttered.

“Bar’s pretty empty, Mags. Bet I’ve got time.”
“You’ll make fun of me.”

“When don’t I make fun of you?”

“In bed.”

“That’s just ’cause my mouth’s normally full,” Darla winked. “Now spill.”

“I tried calling you on Saturday night, but I didn’t have your number in my new phone. I was a little…intoxicated, so when I dialed it, I got the number wrong. Anyway, I told the girl I got the wrong number, and she hung up. But then someone else called me back—her little sister—to tell me I was her sister’s soulmate.”

“You would find your soulmate through a drunk dial,” Darla cackled.

“Whatever. Turns out I’d actually already seen her at the precinct, though we hadn’t met. But, I don’t know, I was a little drunk and the kid sister promised brownies and pizza, so I went over there. The sister took off right away, and Alex and I just talked for a while.”

“You talked,” Darla scoffed.

“Yes, we talked. It was fine. She doesn’t buy into the soulmate crap either, so it works out for both of us.”

“So you’re not gonna do anything with her? What’s wrong with her? Is she really innocent? Too nice? A Republican?”

Laughing, Maggie shook her head. “No, she’s actually gorgeous and really sarcastic and funny. But we’re not turning it into a thing because some dumb marks said we should.”

“Hmm. So you’re not gonna see her again?”

Crinkling her nose, Maggie hedged, “Actually, we’re working a case together now.”

“That’s adorable.”

“Shut up.”

“You love me.”

“I love your french fries.”

“And my hot bod, duh.”

“Maybe. Now why would you want to send me to my soulmate? You’d miss mine just as much.”

“Eh, maybe you deserve a relationship. Someone to come home to, instead of someone to dial up a few times a month.”

“You getting soft on me?”

“No, I’m being realistic,” Darla replied, looking serious for a change.

“Whatever. Can we talk about something else?”

“Like how you chose to spend a night talking to your mystery soulmate instead of getting laid?”
“I regret telling you anything,” Maggie grumbled, dropping her head into her hands. As she felt her phone buzzing in her pocket, she motioned for Darla to wait for a second. “Sawyer.”

“It’s Danvers. I’ve got us an in tonight for the fight club. I’m texting you an address. Meet me at 8, and wear something nice,” Alex’s voice cracked through the line.

“Uh, okay,” Maggie nodded, looking curiously at her phone as soon as Alex hung up.

“What’s up?”

“Update on the case I’m working.”

“The one with your soulmate?”

“With Agent Danvers,” Maggie corrected.

“Same difference. So what does she need with you after hours?” Darla wiggled her eyebrows.

“We’re meeting downtown for a possible in. I’ve gotta go get changed first, though.” Maggie dropped a ten on the bar and slid off the stool to leave.

“Have a nice date!” Darla called after Maggie’s retreating form, laughing as Maggie flipped her off over her shoulder.

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After the bust was over, Maggie tried to ignore how well she and Alex had worked together, how easy it had been to slip her hand into Alex’s under the guise of an undercover mission, how goddam sexy Alex had looked in that navy dress. It didn’t help that everyone down at the station who saw her commented on the newly darkened mark on her arm left totally visible in her dress. It definitely didn’t help that the ones who had met Agent Danvers before and saw her at the event already knew (or at least guessed) exactly who her soulmate was. And her defensiveness over their comments about Alex’s appearance or her personality or her compatibility with Maggie only confirmed their suspicions.

Realizing that Darla was being serious about her giving the relationship thing a shot, Maggie decided to head down to National City’s only gay bar that still felt lesbian friendly. Figuring there was no need to get rid of a perfectly good outfit, she simply threw on her leather jacket, making sure the sleeves were long enough to cover up her wrist, then hailed a cab to take her downtown. Finding someone for the night would take her mind off of all of these lingering questions.

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Alex, meanwhile, had to keep fending off questions from Kara about why she and Maggie were holding hands and standing so close together if they weren’t going to try to date. She waved off J’onn’s knowing looks and Winn’s excited squealing at her darkened soulmate mark. She groaned at the text she received from Lucy: “Kara told me you and Maggie were looking super close tonight. How’s the whole pretending your soulmate doesn’t exist going for you?”

Deciding that what she really needed was a night of fun that didn’t involve her alone in her bed, Alex threw a chunky watch on to cover up her wrist, then called a car to take her down to one of the gay bars in town. When the driver looked knowingly at her, she scowled and snapped at him to drive faster. She just needed a reminder that she could still find someone out there to make her happy when she needed it.
“What happened to your soulmate?” Katrina asked, running her finger along Alex’s wrist where her watch had shifted enough to leave part of the mark visible.

“What? Nothing,” Alex shook her head, flipping her hand over to hold Katrina’s. “So tell me, what brought you out here tonight?” Alex flirted, smiling coyly and looking up at the woman.

“If nothing happened to your soulmate but you know them, what brought you out here tonight?” Katrina asked, looking genuinely confused.

“For fuck’s sake,” Alex grumbled. “Does it matter? We’re both here. We’re both single. We’re both presumably looking for the same thing tonight, yeah?”

“Look, I don’t know what you two are fighting about, but I’m not about to get in the way of true love. Sorry, Alex.” And with that, Katrina was off and back into the crowd on the dancefloor, looking for someone else with an undarkened mark.

“Wait, I thought you said you didn’t know your soulmate?” Marsha yelled over the music.

“I don’t,” Maggie yelled back.

Turning around in Maggie’s arms to look her in the eyes, Marsha pointed to Maggie’s wrist where her jacket had gotten pulled up as she held Marsha close to her. “Really? Wanna stick with that story?”

“We’re not into the idea that soulmate marks are fate,” Maggie conceded. “Come on, weren’t we having fun before this?”

“I don’t go home with liars,” Marsha stated, glaring at Maggie before storming off as best she could through the throng of people that had surrounded them at the center of the dancefloor.

Grumbling about how much trouble this soulmate crap caused for her, Maggie turned around, looking for someone new. Not seeing anyone who wasn’t already with someone else or caught in a group, she took a deep breath and began moving to the music on her own, figuring maybe she could at least attract some attention.

After a few minutes, she felt a pair of hands tentatively wrap around her waist as a low, vaguely familiar voice purred in her ear, “Mind if I jump in?”

Maggie backed into the woman behind her as she nodded. Tossing her hair over her shoulder, she turned around to see what the mystery dancer looked like. “Alex?” she spit out.

Alex jumped back. “Maggie? What are you doing here?”

Smirking, Maggie rolled her eyes. “Same as you, I’d assume.”

“Fine,” Alex conceded. Backing off, she apologized, “Sorry, with the jacket and the hair all the way down, I didn’t recognize you from earlier tonight.”

“Don’t worry about it, Danvers. But, uh, I can leave you to go find someone else,” Maggie shrugged, feeling disconcerted by the way her stomach clenched at the thought of Alex finding another woman to take home.
"I mean, yeah, I assume you’ve got your eye on someone. Or, well, that dancing will attract lots of women over to you soon enough.” Alex didn’t add that it had certainly drawn her eyes or that the knowledge that it was Maggie actually made the mystery woman that much more attractive.

Maggie fought the urge to blurt out that attracting Alex was so much better than finding someone else. “Just because we’re soulmates doesn’t mean we couldn’t dance together…”

“Right, that’s true,” Alex agreed a bit too enthusiastically. She let her fingers drift back to Maggie’s hips, grinning when Maggie stepped further into her space before turning around and placing her hands firmly on Alex’s to hold them tight against her. She hoped Maggie couldn’t hear the way her breath caught in her throat at the feeling of the smaller woman grinding against her in time with the music. After a few moments of adjusting to the pace, Alex began moving with Maggie, letting herself get lost in the low bass and the feeling of Maggie pressed tight up against her.

Several songs later, Maggie was fairly certain that she either needed to leave Alex immediately to find someone new or to go home with Alex (or thoughts of Alex) because there was no way she’d ever get to sleep feeling the way she did now. Trying to gauge Alex’s own feelings, she spun around in Alex’s arms so they were face-to-face. Smirking slightly at the way Alex’s cheeks were flushed and her pupils blown, Maggie let her hands drift down Alex’s back.

“Just because we’re soulmates doesn’t mean we couldn’t do something…” Alex trailed off, her voice low as she let her eyes rake up and down Maggie’s body.

“Do you wanna get out of here?” Maggie asked, her stomach swooping at the idea.

“I thought you’d never ask,” Alex grinned.

---

On the cab ride back to Alex’s place, Maggie let her hands wander, flitting up and down Alex’s thighs, then running through her hair. When the teasing became too much, Alex leaned over and kissed Maggie hard, smiling at the way the smaller woman seemed to melt into her touch. Just as Maggie’s teeth dragged over her lower lip, pulling a low groan from Alex, Alex’s phone trilled loudly.

“Fuck, sorry,” Alex grumbled, fishing around in her bag for the offending device. “Danvers,” she snapped.

“I need you and Detective Sawyer at the NCPD precinct now,” J’onn ordered. “Roulette’s legal team showed up, and they’re demanding access to any and all evidence, including both of your statements, that was used to detain her. She has too many connections for us to push her off until morning.”

Hearing the annoyance in J’onn’s voice that indicated that he and his counterpart at NCPD had already made every effort to hold Roulette to the same standards as any other prisoner, Alex didn’t bother fighting the orders. “Okay, I can be there in 20,” she sighed, feeling beyond grateful that she’d only had one drink.

“Thank you, Alex,” J’onn said. “Are you still in contact with Detective Sawyer to inform her?”

Ignoring what sounded like the subtle amusement in J’onn’s voice, Alex grunted, “I can tell her.”

“I’ll see you both at the station.”

Putting her phone away, Alex told the cab driver to turn around and take them to the NCPD precinct.
“What’s going on?” Maggie asked.

“Roulette’s got a whole fucking legal team bearing down on your headquarters. It’s all hands on deck to bury them in the evidence we gathered to arrest her in the first place.”

Maggie nodded in understanding; it certainly wasn’t her first time arresting a member of National City’s wealthiest, so she was well-versed in what it meant when a legal team showed up.

---

By the time they finished at NCPD, Alex and Maggie were both rather exhausted and miserable, the whole ordeal having lasted into the early hours of Friday morning.

“Agent Danvers,” J’onn called out. “Take today off.” Anticipating Alex’s objections, he added: “You’ve already worked more than 8 hours of overtime, and you won’t be any good to the team this tired.”

“You too, Detective Sawyer,” the NCPD captain added, looking at Maggie.

“Understood,” Maggie nodded, stifling a yawn as she threw back on her coat.

As they stood outside of the precinct together, Alex wrung her hands nervously before finally speaking up. “So, I, uh, know it wasn’t the original plan, but would you maybe want to grab breakfast together? I’m starving and way too tired to bother cooking for myself.”

“You asking me on a date, Danvers?”


“You’re cute when you stammer,” Maggie teased, laughing as Alex blushed an even deeper shade of red. “If you’re not asking, let me give it a shot: I know a great diner halfway between here and my place. What do you say to having breakfast with me? On a date.”

“Alright, yeah, I think I might like that.”

“Oh my god, I knew you two were dating!” Supergirl yelled, grinning broadly as she pumped her fist, dropping down to the sidewalk in front of the two women.

“It’s one date! Get outta here, Supergirl!” Alex yelled, shaking her head and making a mental note to eat the last potsticker in front of Kara later.

“Whatever you say…” she laughed. “I’m just saying: I called it.”

“Guess we do have your meddling to thank, Kara,” Maggie whispered.

“What? Pfft, no! You must be mistaken! I should go!”

“You’re as bad of a liar as your sister,” Maggie grumbled, laughing when Supergirl seemed to falter mid-takeoff. When she had flown away, Maggie looked over at Alex, who seemed rather anxious. Taking Alex’s hands in hers, Maggie added, her voice thick with sincerity: “I promise I won’t say anything. But just, the glasses really don’t help when they’ve got the same personality.”

After a pause, Alex chuckled. “Yeah, I always said that. Now I believe I was promised an excellent diner…”
Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Notes

Someone messaged me to ask if I could post the Tumblr prompts I wrote for people yesterday here to make them easier to access later, so here they are! The second batch will go up today/whenever I finish writing them. Also, for those of you who follow Trace Evidence, the new chapter will go up tonight! Travel took more out of me than I thought it would.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1. “Come over here and make me” – Sanvers

Alex and Maggie danced around one another in the kitchen as they got everything ready for dinner with the whole gang. Well, really, Maggie carefully dodged and weaved her way around Alex who stood cursing at lasagna noodles she kept accidentally breaking as she tried to layer them with cheese and sauce the way Maggie had taught her.

“It doesn’t work when I do it,” Alex whined, growling at yet another torn sheet.

“Baby, I’m sure it does. Let me finish with the cake, then I can come over and help if you need it.”

“Fine,” Alex huffed, resuming her task and hoping to make some progress before Maggie had to come fix all of her mistakes again. She was tired of feeling spectacularly useless in the kitchen. After all, she was the reason they’d gone through five smoke detectors in as many months.

—

By the time Maggie finished icing and decorating the chocolate cake, Alex had gotten all but the top layer done.

“Did you end up having better luck, babe?” Maggie asked, beaming at Alex.

Looking simultaneously proud of herself and a bit guilty, Alex hedged, “Oh, err, well, see the thing is: people will only really be able to see the top layer. Which means only the noodles on that layer need to be all straight and unbroken.”

“Hmm, so smart, Danvers. Very crafty of you.”

“Mhm!” Alex grinned, earning a kiss from her girlfriend.

“Do you want to do the top layer together?”

“Maybe I watch you. Wouldn’t want to disturb an artist at work.”

“I know that you’re Tom Sawyer-ing me, Danvers. You’re just lucky that you’re cute enough for me not to care.”

“It’s one of my best qualities.” Alex watched as Maggie carefully laid out the final layer, then artfully drizzled some of her homemade sauce over it, topping all of it with a generous sprinkling of grated
cheese.

“Alright, I’m gonna go shower. Do you mind just setting the table?” Maggie asked, motioning to her hands and forearms that were covered in a mixture of flour, frosting, and sauce.

“That I can do,” Alex smiled, lightly slapping Maggie’s ass as she walked by. “Go get ‘em, champ!” she teased.

“Yeah, yeah,” Maggie mumbled, making her way to the bathroom.

—

By the time Maggie finished with her shower, she was shocked to realize that not once had Alex come in under the guise of needing something she had forgotten in the bathroom. It wasn’t like Alex was short on opportunities to see her naked, but it had become something of a running joke in their apartment that Alex still never let a chance go by to ogle her girlfriend.

“Alex?” Maggie called out, “Is everything alright?”

“Fine!” came Alex’s slightly high-pitched reply.

Suspicious, Maggie wrapped a towel around herself and padded out into the main area, finding Alex looking like a deer in the headlights, clutching the measuring cup of chocolate sauce Maggie had made to go along with the cake. “Alex…” Maggie said, her voice low and warning.

“Uhm, yeah?”

“Whatcha doing there, babe?”

“Just, ya know, making sure this was stored properly.”

“So the chocolate on your chin is a total coincidence?”

“Mhm,” Alex nodded.

“Put down the chocolate sauce,” Maggie ordered.

“No,” Alex taunted.

“Alex.”

“Come over here and make me.” Before Alex could even stick her tongue out at Maggie, the woman was on her back, her hands reaching out to grab the cup from Alex. “It’s for my birthday!” Alex whined.

“And it’ll still be here for you tonight.”

“But I want it now,” Alex pleaded, licking the last of the chocolate sauce off of her finger.

“We’ve got 30 minutes. How about I give you something else to occupy your mouth?”

After a moment of apparent conflict over the better option, Alex popped the measuring cup back into the fridge, swung Maggie around to the front of her body, and carried her off to the bedroom. “This better be worth sacrificing chocolate for,” Alex grumbled, smirking at Maggie’s offended expression.

Clambering down from Alex’s arms, Maggie let the towel fall to the ground.
“Oh, yeah, mhm, definitely better than chocolate.”

~ ~ ~

19: “The paint’s supposed to go where?” – Director Sanvers

After a long two months of trying to live with three people crammed into Alex’s open floor plan studio, Alex, Maggie, and Lucy decided they desperately needed a new apartment. Having one closet back when it was just Alex and Maggie was bad enough. Adding a third woman who was proud of her extensive wardrobe just didn’t work. And while only one bathroom might make for some fun excuses to never shower alone, it didn’t quite go over so well for just about any other task. Maggie had broken up one too many arm wrestling matches between Alex and Lucy over who got access to the good outlets to still find it endearing.

Which is how they found themselves visiting building after building in downtown National City, looking for a place midway between the city branch of the DEO, where Lucy had luckily been able to transfer, and Maggie’s NCPD precinct. Each one of them had different things they counted as “necessary” for a new place.

Maggie wanted somewhere rent controlled and dog friendly with easy access to a park or lots of green space; though she wasn’t one to admit it freely, she wanted to think about this as their home, a place to start their future as a family.

Lucy wanted something a bit less spartan than her old army barracks or the sparse studio she’d technically been paying rent on during the past two months of living with Alex and Maggie. Even though she knew a lot could be accomplished with the right interior decorating and a good coat of paint, she didn’t want another boxy layout that felt like it was pulled from a college dorm catalog.

And Alex, well, Alex wanted a bedroom that was big enough to accommodate her California king bed and several large dressers and that came with a door–maybe even a lead-lined door. Of course, having a balcony with large bay windows was a given, but she didn’t need Kara to fly directly into her bedroom on a weekly basis in the new place too. Her girlfriends could laugh it off–well, Lucy thought it was hilarious and Maggie had simply learned to laugh at it rather than wanting to die of embarrassment–but Kara was always going to be Alex’s sister, and there were certain things siblings never needed to witness…again.

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Three very long weekends of apartment hunting later and three alien-assisted U-Haul trips later, the three women found themselves happily set up in a new two-bedroom apartment that was spacious enough for all of their belongings, rent-controlled due to the building’s age, which also meant the decorating was ornate enough for Lucy’s taste, close to a park, and full of large windows and doors.

As Maggie took charge of directing where the boxes should go, Lucy yelled out for her to wait before having anyone unpack their boxes. Not only did they definitely not need their friends seeing the contents of some of their boxes marked, “personal,” but she also wanted to paint before they started getting their belongings out, at which point it would be too easy to put it off for god knows how long.
So Lucy dismissed their helpers after feeding them beer and greasy pizza from Kara’s favorite place, then pulled out large bags from the hardware store she’d already brought over. “Alex, you go around with the blue painter’s tape to protect the baseboards. Maggie, you put down the tarps and get the trays and rollers ready. I’ll get the paint cans in the right rooms,” Lucy ordered.

“Who died and made you dictator?” Maggie laughed, even though she honestly didn’t mind Lucy’s bossy side…at least in certain aspects of their lives.

“I’ve spent too many years as an army brat to want to spend another moment in an apartment that doesn’t feel like home,” Lucy grumbled.

“I get it, Luce,” Alex offered, throwing an arm around the woman and holding her close as she kissed the top of her head. “We’ll get right to work, promise!”

And they did. At least, for a while. But then Lucy made the mistake of leaving her two girlfriends alone to paint the spare bedroom/home office and came back only to find them painting silly messages to each other on the white walls. “Is this what I told you to paint?” Lucy huffed.

“Hmm…I can’t recall,” Maggie teased.

“Ya know what, Mags, I think she told us to paint up and down only. Very straight lines.”

“I painted lines as straight as I am,” Maggie proudly declared, grinning at the hearts and squiggly lines adorning her half of the wall. “But we can try again. You know how much Alex likes to be good for you…”

“Shut up,” Alex mumbled, her cheeks flushing a bright red.

“Here I’ll try,” Maggie added, dipping the small brush for getting along the baseboards into the paint and dragging a thin line down Lucy’s thighs.

“Excuse me!” Lucy squealed, not all that mad since she was wearing shitty painting clothes anyway.

“Oh…the paint was supposed to go where again, babe?” Maggie asked cheekily.

“I’ll defend your honor!” Alex yelled, dipping her finger into the paint and drawing a sloppy heart on Maggie’s cheek.

“My hero,” Lucy praised, dazing Alex long enough that Maggie was able to flick blue across the tip of her nose.

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One hour of paint fighting over the tarp, six hours of real painting, and one very long shower in their delightfully large master bath later, and Lucy was pleased enough with their progress to let them go to bed for the night.

“Shall we christen the new bed?” Maggie asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

“It’s actually still the old bed,” Alex corrected.

“But it’s in a new apartment, buzzkill,” Lucy added, sticking her tongue out at the redhead. “Plus, since when do you object to your girlfriends having their way with you?”

“Shutting up now!”
“Good girl.”

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12. “I think we need to talk” – Sanvers

“Congratulations, Detective Sawyer. The appointment is well-deserved,” the Captain praised, clapping Maggie on the shoulder.

“Thank you, sir,” Maggie replied sincerely. “And, uh, when would I need to have an answer to you?”

“An answer?” The captain chuckled. “How could you possibly think of passing up this opportunity?”

“I mean, I’m not saying I will! I just, well, I want to get everything in line.”

“Of course, Detective. How about you let me know on Monday?”

Maggie nodded and thanked him for his time, bracing herself for the deliberations she’d need to have over the next few days. She and Alex had gotten engaged barely over a week ago, and now didn’t feel like the time to uproot her entire life to move across the country for a 10-month assignment in D.C., but she also suspected she’d never forgive herself if she let the opportunity to work with President Marsdin’s newly created office on alien rights pass by.

That night she slept fitfully, feeling guilty for not yet telling Alex. But it was sister night, and Maggie had no desire to ruin that by making the night all about her. After all, they had plans the following day, and it was probably good for Maggie to get her own thoughts on the matter in order before getting into an emotionally charged discussion.

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“Maggie, seriously, what’s wrong? You’re acting…different,” Alex noted, holding Maggie’s hands.

“Stop, please!” Maggie snapped, feeling guilty for making Alex nervous. “It’s just, can we, uh, can we sit?”

“Sure,” Alex nodded, sitting down next to Maggie on the couch.

“I think we need to talk,” Maggie blurted out.

Alex felt her heart stop for a second before it began racing at a dangerous rate. Her hands felt clammy, and her mouth ran dry. She knew that line. She’d heard it more times than she’d care to admit. Between the boys who wouldn’t accommodate her devotion to her sister or her studies or her work and the ones who got frustrated with how infrequently she wanted sex, Alex had plenty of practice being dumped. But this time was different. Because this time it would matter beyond her own idea that it was a failure of sorts. This time it would hurt her, and it would hurt her deeply, perhaps irrecoverably. “What about?” Alex asked, her voice cracking even as she tried to keep her expression blank.

“No! It’s not like that. I mean, I don’t know. I just, I know that I’m still so head over heels in love with you. I know that I still want to be with you, want to marry you, want to spend the rest of my life
with you.”

“Okay…” Alex trailed off, daring to let herself hope.

“So, before we were a thing, I had submitted my name for consideration for a position at the White House. The President is appointing a group of 15 people to serve as the human representatives in her new office on alien rights. I didn’t think I would ever be chosen, but, well, turns out she remembered me from when she came into town during the Daxamite invasion, and I guess my application was one of the finalists, and that was sort of, I don’t know, what sealed the deal. It’s temporary! But it’s still 10 months…all the way across the country.”

“Do you want to accept the appointment?”

“Al, there are so many things to consider. It’s not that simple!”

“I’m not asking if you’re going to take it or anything like that. I’m just asking: if nothing else would change, is this something you’d want?”

After a long pause, Maggie nodded, feeling the tears she’d been blinking back finally fall.

“Then we’ll make it work,” Alex declared. “Unless, well, unless you want to…I don’t know, take a break.”

“No! Never! Unless you wanted to… But you, this is selfish. I’m being selfish,” Maggie insisted, looking up at Alex in confusion. Her other girlfriends had grown frustrated with her for things as simple as accepting a dangerous mission or going out with a team for a week or two. The idea that Alex would simply accept this chosen 10-month separation seemed absurd.

“It’s not selfish. It’s a great opportunity for something you are so passionate about. Plus, ya know, Supergirl and Superman are both alien committee members, so it’s not like I’d have a hard time hitching a ride if you ever wanted me to come visit.”

“Of course I’d want you to visit!”

Maggie gushed, throwing her arms around Alex. “And you’re seriously okay with all of this?”

“I seriously am,” Alex confirmed. “Don’t get me wrong: I’m gonna miss you like crazy, but that doesn’t mean I don’t still want the best for you, and it sounds like the best is sending your cute butt to D.C. to keep everyone in line.” After a moment, she added with a wink, “Plus, there’s always Skye sex for when I get too lonely.”

“You, Alex Danvers, are the perfect partner.”

“You’re not so bad yourself,” Alex grinned. “But if you ever tell me ‘we need to talk’ again, you’re not getting laid for a month!”

“I promise never to do that again!” Maggie swore.

“Good. Because I love you, and that would be damn torture for me too.”

“Have I mentioned that I love you?”

“Hmm…I think I could hear it again.”

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The emergency lockdown bells blared through the DEO, and Alex was quick to follow protocol, locking the door to her lab and shutting all of the blackout blinds. Sure, Supergirl had already called to explain that it was an escaped prisoner contained in the other wing of the building, but she wasn’t about to be docked for not following procedures; she’d had enough paperwork to last her a lifetime after the last time she pulled a stunt like that.

“Away from the windows!” Alex ordered, finding Maggie and Lucy both staring at her. “What?” she asked, suddenly feeling rather self-conscious.

“It’s just, uh, you’re not normally so…authoritative,” Maggie noted, always one to start tactfully and work her way up to it.

Lucy, feeling no need to start subtly, explained: “Normally with the two of us, you’re pretty much the biggest bottom to ever bottom. Not used to taking orders from you…Agent.”

Alex felt her face flush as heat pooled low in her abdomen. “Yeah, well, you’re in my office, so you’ll do as I say.”

Maggie grinned, looking almost as predatory as Lucy did. “Is that so? I mean, it looks like we’ll be trapped here for a while…”

“Yeah…maybe Agent Danvers should help us learn what we can and can’t do in her lab,” Lucy purred, stalking over to Alex and placing her hand on Alex’s chest as she looked up into her eyes.

“Is that, uh, something you want too, Mags?” Alex asked, not wanting to assume that Maggie was fine with something just because Lucy was.

“Mm, I think it could be a fun change of pace,” Maggie grinned, moving to stand behind Alex as she let her hands caress the agent’s hips and ass. “So what is it that we need to do?”

Feeling almost overwhelmed by the possibilities, Alex looked to Lucy, getting a confident nod in return, along with an almost chaste kiss on the cheek. “You’re good,” she murmured, low enough not to break the scene but loud enough for Alex to hear.

Thinking back to the types of things she enjoyed, coupled with what her girls liked, Alex nodded. “On your knees, Luce,” she barked, letting herself embody her DEO persona and once more becoming the commanding presence she was for her fellow agents.

Flicking her tongue across her teeth lasciviously, Lucy dropped to the ground, her hands hovering over Alex’s belt. “Can I?” she asked, letting Alex have the moment.

“Yes,” Alex hissed. While Lucy worked on undoing her undoing her belt and getting her pants down, Alex focused her attention on Maggie. “I want your hands on my chest and your mouth on my neck,” she ordered.

“Yes, Agent,” Maggie nodded, letting her fingers skim across Alex’s defined abs as her lips found the woman’s pulse point and sucked lightly at first, drawing low groans from her.

As Alex’s hips began bucking forward under Maggie’s careful attention, Lucy finally pushed down Alex’s tight boxer briefs and let her mouth hover over Alex’s center. “Can I?” she asked again.
“Please,” Alex whimpered, not caring that tops maybe weren’t supposed to beg or plead—at least not this easily. She was already too far gone to care. And then Lucy’s mouth was on her clit, her tongue flicking between her folds, and Alex couldn’t think of anything other than the sensation any more.

As Maggie’s fingers found their way under Alex’s bra, tugging her nipples into stiff peaks as she dragged her teeth along Alex’s neck, Alex gasped and threw her head back, her knees nearly buckling. But Lucy was there to hold her up with strong arms, her face buried between Alex’s legs as she moaned at just how wet Alex was for them. She could feel arousal dripping down her chin and wanted nothing more than to get Alex back to their place where they could properly fuck her without having to worry about the drill ending or questions of how sanitary (or not) the floor might be.

When the alarms finally stopped ringing—the new silence almost more disconcerting than the alarms had gotten to be—Lucy pulled her head back. “I need you to come for us. Can you do that, Agent? Can we make you come?” she rephrased.

“Yes, please, yes,” Alex panted, her hips canting forward, searching out Lucy’s touch once more. With Lucy’s lips wrapped around her clit and Maggie’s hands on her chest, Alex came with a cry far too loud for the quiet hallways of the DEO. Maggie quickly ducked her head around to capture Alex’s lips in a heated kiss as Lucy carefully licked Alex through the end of her orgasm, holding her steady as her whole body shuddered with the intensity of it.

“How ya doing?” Maggie asked, pulling back only when she was sure Alex would be quiet.

“Good,” Alex nodded, still slightly breathless.

“Yeah?” Lucy checked.

“Definitely. So good.”

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39. “Hey! I was gonna eat that!” – Sanvers

When Alex got back from her conference, she found Maggie sitting in the middle of her now spotless living room looking beyond pleased with herself.

“Did you…did you clean the whole place?” Alex asked, dropping her suitcase in the doorway as she shrugged off her coat and hung it up.

“Mhm,” Maggie nodded.

“That’s really sweet, but…why?”

“Well, I figured you should probably get to enjoy this weekend, which means you shouldn’t have to stress about doing your usual cleaning and chores. Plus, it’s hard to have sex with you when you’ve stripped your bed to wash the sheets.”

“Ah, so purely selfish motives?”

“I mean, I think it was a pretty charitable act, especially considering how many times I plan to make
you come…”

Alex grinned, sucking her lower lip between her teeth. “I can’t wait. Well, maybe we wait until tomorrow? I’m sort of exhausted and feel gross.”

“Of course, babe,” Maggie agreed, kissing Alex softly on the cheek. “How about you go take a shower, and I’ll get something ready for dinner?”

“You’re amazing,” Alex sighed. “Ooh, you know what I really want? There’s a leftover slice of deep-dish pizza in the fridge that Kara got me from that foodtruck I love in Chicago. Would you mind just popping it in the oven?”

Looking confused, Maggie tilted her head to the side. “I threw that out when I cleaned out your fridge, Danvers.”

“But, but, but I was gonna eat that!”

“It was one lonely slice of old pizza…”

“Yeah, and? I was still gonna eat it.”

“It was old. You might have gotten sick!”

“It was, like, three days old.”

“You’ve been gone for four days.”

“Fine, then it was four days old,” Alex grumbled. “Same difference.”

“Are you seriously giving me shit over throwing out your food poisoning risk?”

“It’s my favorite,” Alex pouted, looking up at Maggie through thick lashes and wide eyes.

“Ugh, I hate that look! You know it always makes me feel guilty. So what? Do you want me to order pizza?”

“Yes, please!” Alex chirped. “Love ya, Mags!” she yelled over her shoulder as she ran off to shower.

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Maggie was pretty sure the whole incident was over until she got back to the apartment a few days later and opened the fridge, only to find every single Tupperware with Alex’s leftovers marked with a neon yellow post it note that had scrawled across it in thick black sharpie: “Property of Alex. Do NOT touch!”

“Seriously?” Maggie texted Alex along with a picture of the fridge’s contents.

“What? Wouldn’t want there to be any confusion ;)” Alex replied.

“In that case…” Maggie sent, making Alex wait for a few minutes as she prepared her own post it note, then sent a picture of her, with a neon green note stuck on her chest that read: “Property of Maggie. Do NOT touch!” She captioned it: “Directions apply to you, Danvers.”

“Wait, hey!!!” Alex sent back.
When she didn’t get a response, she added: “Maggiieeeeee! Not the same!”

Then a few minutes later: “Are you ignoring me?”

“Maggie, c’mon.”

“Look, it was really good pizza.”

“You know what, I’m not even mad.”

Finally Maggie responded with a photo of her shirtless, the same post it and another one that simply read: “Do NOT touch,” strategically placed to cover everything Alex wanted to see.

“If I tell you that you can throw away my notes, will you take off yours?” Alex asked.

“Sure,” Maggie agreed.

Almost immediately her phone buzzed with a new text from Alex: “Throw them out!”

After a few minutes, Maggie sent: “Done.”

“So…pix?”

Maggie quickly replied with a photo of the now clean fridge.

“Very funny. You know what I meant.”

“Ohh…that wasn’t part of the deal. Guess you’ll just have to come home and see for yourself :p”

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Since I’ve got a smutty version of #35 coming up with Director Sanvers, I went more cracky on this one.

“You almost ready?” Alex yelled from the living room as she paced around the room, trying not to let her nervousness over meeting Maggie’s friends from Gotham get to her.

“Almost!” Maggie yelled back. “If someone hadn’t taken forever in the shower, maybe I’d be ready by now.”

“I needed to smell good for your friends,” Alex grumbled.

“Hey, Al,” Maggie said, her voice softening, “they’re gonna love you because I love you.”

“You don’t know that,” Alex mumbled, burying her face into Maggie’s shoulder now that her girlfriend finally seemed to be ready.

“I do. They’re my friends, and they’ll love anyone who makes me as happy as you make me.”

“You’re sweet.” Alex took a deep breath as she threw on her black leather jacket.

“Oh, no,” Maggie shook her head, laughing softly. “No, take that off.”
“What?” Alex asked, looking incredulous.


“Seriously, what’s wrong with my jacket?”

“Look at our outfits!” Maggie exclaimed.

Alex looked between them, noting that they were, perhaps, a bit close to matching. From the skinny jeans paired with white tops to the black shoes and black leather jackets, she could sort of see why Maggie was concerned. “No one will notice. Plus, you’re wearing a button up, and I’m wearing a v-neck.”

“Doesn’t matter when the coat on over top of it is the same.”

“It’s not the same. Yours is pleated at the shoulders.”

Taking a deep breath, Maggie tried to explain, “Okay, you’re still sort of new to the whole lesbian culture thing, but there’s a phenomenon called the ‘urge to merge,’ and it’s sort of real, kinda. But more importantly, it’s alive and well in stereotypes and lesbian myth, which means my friends will literally give me shit about it for years. And, if they become your friends, you too. So change.”

“Why can’t you change?” Alex pouted.

“I was in the coat first!”

“But you had already seen the rest of my outfit when you got dressed.”

“Blue jeans with a white top isn’t that distinctive of an outfit.”

“Neither is adding a black jacket.”

“But I had mine on first! Take it off, Al.”

“You take it off,” Alex challenged.

Grinning, Maggie nodded. “Fine.” She then lunged forward, playfully tackling Alex back onto the couch and pushing the coat off of her shoulders. As she raised her arms triumphantly, Alex seized the moment of vulnerability to flip Maggie onto her back, carefully wrangling not only her coat but also her shirt off of her, even as she squirmed around.

“Danvers!” Maggie yelled. “I can’t go like this!”

Surveying her half-naked girlfriend, Alex shrugged. “I think you look great.”

“Do you want everyone at the bar to enjoy the view too?” Maggie taunted.

“Hmm, no…I think I’ll keep that view all to myself. Guess you’ll just need to change your shirt.”

“If I change my shirt, you can’t wear your black leather jacket.”

“If I can’t wear my black leather jacket, we get to make out first.”

“Yeah, okay,” Maggie agreed enthusiastically, dragging Alex to the bedroom before tackling her to the bed.
They showed up almost half an hour late for drinks in two distinct outfits.

“Maggie Sawyer, it’s been a hot minute,” Harley drawled, taking in the sight of the two rather disheveled women in front of her.

“Still in the honeymoon phase, huh?” Pam teased, her gaze flicking down to the hickeys adorning both Alex’s and Maggie’s necks and the traces of Alex’s lipstick on the collar of Maggie’s gray shirt.

Blushing, Alex tried to duck behind Maggie, only to find herself being swept up into Harley’s waiting arms. “C’mon! Any girl that can get Maggie to break her own rules about promptness and propriety is a girl after my own heart. What can I get ya?”

As Alex let herself be dragged off to the bar, glancing over her shoulder at Maggie who was now sitting with Pam, Maggie just grinned and gave her a thumbs up, yelling, “I told you so!”

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35. “You heard me. Take. It. Off.” - Director Sanvers feat. Bottom!Alex

Panting, Alex arched up into Maggie’s torturously slow touches. “Please,” she whined.

“Not until Lucy decides you’re ready,” Maggie grinned, peeking at Lucy out of the corner of her eyes as her fingers drifted up and down Alex’s bare inner thighs.

Lucy looked on as Maggie built Alex up again and again, leaving her whimpering and writhing against the restraints each time Maggie’s mouth and fingers skirted around her panties, leaving her soaked and desperate and wanting.

“Please,” Alex called out, this time looking directly at Lucy. “I can’t wait any longer.”

“Can’t or won’t?” Lucy asked, needing to know. One meant Alex needed the teasing to end; the other meant she was still in on the game.

“I don’t know,” Alex admitted. “Probably just won’t.”

“Take off her panties,” Lucy ordered Maggie, earning a predatory smile from Maggie as she carefully inched the now rather wet garment down Alex’s legs.

“Do you think you’ve earned my tongue?” Maggie rasped. “Or did you want something else tonight?”

Lucy shook her head. “You two don’t get to decide tonight. Don’t you remember the rules we set?” Maggie huffed, and Alex just looked amused at Maggie’s frustration. “You’ll do as I say unless you yell out one of the safewords, okay?” Lucy checked in.

“Got it,” Alex nodded.

“Understood,” Maggie confirmed.

“Good,” Lucy grinned. “Now, Maggie, take off the harness.”
“What?” Maggie asked, looking confused.

“You heard me. Take. It. Off.”

Even though she looked slightly confused and perhaps a bit disappointed, Maggie did as she was told, undoing the straps and letting it fall to the ground before getting back onto the bed with Alex.

“Now unlock Alex’s handcuffs,” Lucy ordered, tossing Maggie the key.

“Really?” Alex asked, looking equally confused as Maggie.

Lucy simply nodded, keeping her full plan to herself. She nodded in approval as Maggie undid the cuffs, freeing Alex from the bedframe. “Now cuff your left hand to Alex’s right hand.”

Maggie quickly complied, wondering if this was going where she though it might be going.

“Now you can start fucking her with your hand,” Lucy explained, sucking her lower lip between her teeth as Alex let out a low groan when Maggie easily slipped two fingers inside of her.

Keeping Alex’s hands above her head with her cuffed hand, Maggie fucked Alex hard with her right, feeling herself getting worked up both by the way Alex’s walls were already clenching and fluttering around her fingers and by her own limited mobility, which had her riding Alex’s hip bone as she desperately sought some relief.

Once it looked like both of her girls were close, Lucy ordered: “Stop.”

Maggie nearly cried out, and Alex whimpered loudly, both of them having been on the brink of coming hard together. “Why?” Maggie managed.

“You don’t get to come unless I give it to you,” Lucy purred. Carefully, she stepped into the discarded harness, fastening it around her waist and rubbing lube up and down the toy. “Maggie, I want you to ride Alex’s face while I fuck her. Are you both okay with that?”

“Yes,” Alex sighed, her pupils blown wide as she waited to taste the arousal that Maggie had been spreading all up and down her thighs and hips.

Nodding, Maggie carefully maneuvered herself to straddle Alex’s face, watching out for their joined hands, which she left linked above Alex’s head. “Tell me if you can’t breathe, okay?” Maggie told Alex, getting a murmur of understanding in response.

Once Alex had gotten into a rhythm that had Maggie crying out for more, Lucy slipped inside of Alex, feeling the woman’s movements falter as she moaned loudly. She watched as Alex’s free hand dragged down Maggie’s back, leaving angry-looking red streaks in its wake that had Maggie hissing in pleasure. The harder she fucked Alex, the more Alex seemed to give to Maggie, pushing them both toward the edge at a startling pace.

Of course, Alex knew better than to come before Lucy told her she was allowed to (at least when they were playing this game), and Maggie was quickly adopting to the rules. When it seemed like Alex truly couldn’t wait any longer, Alex’s hips faltering against her own and her breathing coming in short bursts, Lucy dug her nails into Alex’s hips, catching her attention, as she ordered into the near silence, “Come for me, Alex.”

And then Alex was coming hard, her jaw dropping into a silent scream before she remembered her earlier actions and quickly resumed her earlier task, sucking Maggie’s clit between her lips and sucking hard enough to get her to finally beg Lucy, “Luce, please. Please, I need to come.”
“Then come for me, Mags.” And Maggie did, her free hand falling to Alex’s hair as she rode out the aftershocks of her orgasm on Alex’s tongue, feeling waves of pleasure crashing over her with every noise Alex moaned into her pussy and every touch Lucy so lovingly bestowed upon her as her back arched into Alex’s attention.

Once they had both come down, Maggie rounded on Lucy just as Alex pulled herself up to her knees, eyeing Lucy hungrily.

“You know what’s next, right?” Maggie asked.

“Maybe,” Lucy taunted.

Gesturing at the harness—the last of Lucy’s clothes, Maggie grinned. “Take. It. Off.”

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4. “Do you…well…I mean…I could give you a massage?” – Supercorp

Kara nearly fell out of the air as she flew back from her latest battle with a whole group of aliens that had pushed all of her physical limits. Even with J’onn there to lend a helping hand, they had been outnumbered 10 to 2, while the majority of the DEO’s agents dealt with a simultaneous attack across town.

There was nothing Kara wanted more than to curl up in her bed with the blinds open as she waited for the yellow sun to recharge her Kryptonian cells, but she’d already rescheduled dinner with Lena once, and she was determined to make it this time. After sending a quick text letting Lena know she might be just 5 minutes late—cabs were so much slower than flying—she threw on the outfit she’d worn at CatCo earlier that day and hailed a ride down to Lena’s apartment.

“Kara! It’s so good to see you,” Lena said, smiling as she pulled open the door. After seeing the coverage of the battle, she’d worried that Kara might not be in any shape to come over—not that she was supposed to know that her best friend was also National City’s resident superhero—but it eased her anxiety greatly to see the woman here and relatively unharmed.

“You too,” Kara sighed, basically falling into Lena’s arms as she hugged her—for once not even having to hold back her strength.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Lena asked, looking concerned.

“Fine!” Kara insisted, “Just hungry.”

“Perfect because I think I made far too much food.”

“No such thing,” Kara laughed, finally managing to relax Lena slightly.

“I’ll go grab us some plates. Do you maybe want to eat in the living room? You look like you could use something softer than a wooden chair.”

“Uhm, would that be too much of a hassle?” Kara asked, not wanting to break Lena’s house rules, even though the idea of curling up on the couch with a hot, home-cooked meal and her best friend sounded beyond perfect.
“Nonsense, go get yourself settled in the living room. I’ll be there in just a minute.”

“You’re perfect,” Kara said honestly, too exhausted to notice the way Lena’s heartbeat raced and her cheeks flushed as she spun around.

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By the time they had finished eating, Kara felt a bit better, though she could feel all of the aches from the fight settling into her distinctly non-supercharged muscles. When she leaned forward to get the remote for Lena, she found herself groaning in pain. She wondered if this was what Alex felt like everyday; if so, she should probably get the woman a gift basket or something.

“Are you okay?” Lena asked.

“Oh, yeah! Just, um, went a little too hard at the gym today. Been trying out…CrossFit. Yeah, that one,” she lied rather unconvincingly.

“Mm, I hear it’s difficult,” Lena agreed, not bothering to call Kara out on it. The fight looked bad enough; there was no reason to tease her now too.

“Yep. Sore in muscles I didn’t even know I had.”

Lena bit back her comments about how she knew just how many muscles Kara had, instead offering, “Do you…well…I mean…I could give you a massage?” As soon as the words left her mouth, she bit the inside of her cheek, suspecting that her offer was no less flirty than her unspoken thoughts about Kara’s very attractive back muscles.

“Oh, er, would you, uh, I mean, I don’t want to bother you,” Kara stammered, even though the thought of Lena’s hands on her shoulders sounded heavenly for more reasons than one.

“No, it’s fine. I mean, I offered for a reason, right?”

“Right,” Kara nodded. “Should I, uh, turn around?”

“You’re a bit tall, so maybe you just…lie down?” Lena suggested, definitely not letting her mind drift to all of the other things they could do in this position as Kara sprawled across her couch. “Do you mind if I, er, kneel around you?”

“Perfectly fine!” Kara rushed to answer, feeling exceptionally glad that Lena couldn’t see her face, which she was certain was bright red.

As Lena straddled her hips, then began kneading her fingers expertly into all of the knots and aches in her muscles, Kara couldn’t help but let out small whimpers and deeper moans that had Lena chewing on her bottom lip as she tried desperately not to sexualize her friend.

“You’re amazing,” Kara groaned, immediately tensing as she corrected her statement: “At massages! You’re so great at the massage thing.”

“If you ever, you know, want to do it again—get a massage, I mean! I’m not opposed to lending a helping hand.”

“That could be really nice. But, of course, I mean, I could give you one too. Wouldn’t want you to be, um, left out.”

Lena felt her whole body shudder at the thought of Kara’s strong hands all over her body as she
forced herself to get out words. “Yeah, yeah, that could be great.”

“Maybe tomorrow? I mean, to make up for my being such a terrible houseguest,” Kara suggested. “I could order food to my apartment.”

“It’s a date,” Lena grinned. “I mean, a dinner and massage date…you know, friendly, consensual, platonic touching.”

“Yep! I mean, Maggie and Alex do it all the time.”

“ Aren’t they dating?” Lena asked, arching an eyebrow at Kara.

“Oh, uh, yeah…sorry, I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable.”

“Have you forgotten that I’m a Luthor? I don’t think it’s possible to make me feel uncomfortable,” Lena laughed. Hedging her bets and hoping that Kara wouldn’t freak out, she added, “Plus, no part of being with you could ever make me uncomfortable.”

Kara grinned broadly. “Okay, then tomorrow! I’ll see you at my place.”

Shaking her head at the abrupt end to the conversation that was sort of Kara’s style, Lena nodded. “Tomorrow. Bye, Kara.”

“Bye! Thanks again for everything!”

“Anytime…”

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers 2x09 Missing Morning Scene

Chapter Summary

Requests from Alexs Bonsai and Directordimples for elaboration of Sanvers scenes from the episodes/what happens after the CW cuts away, and from an anon on Tumblr: “I would be really happy if you could write a 2x9 morning fic? Or a 2x12 Maggie meeting super friends we didn't get much from the show.”

A/N: With the shorter drabbles I’ve been doing on Tumblr, some of them are tied to episodes (and they have been or will be posted here as well), so feel free to check them out too! Here’s 2x09 for now. The 2x12 one should be up soon enough.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Stretching out as the sun finally woke her up, Alex panicked for a brief moment, feeling a weight on her chest that kept her from moving as freely as she’d like. Her years of training started to kick in as she began assessing the situation. But when she blinked open her eyes to see the threat, she was met with the sight of a very naked Maggie Sawyer sprawled across her, hair flung over her neck and body draped protectively over her chest. Taking a few deep breaths, Alex willed herself to believe that it was real, that last night had happened, that she had a girlfriend, that she’d had sex with her girlfriend, that she’d learned she really did enjoy intimacy when it was with the right person.

Part of her didn’t want to disturb the moment; Maggie looked so peaceful sleeping soundly. But a bigger part of her very much wanted Maggie to confirm that this was real, that she was as happy as Alex was. So with gentle touches, Alex ran her fingers up and down Maggie’s back, biting back a sappy smile at the way Maggie seemed to fight to stay asleep, covering her eyes with her arm as she relaxed into Alex’s touch.

“Morning,” Alex whispered.

“Hey,” Maggie yawned, pulling herself off of Alex and settling down on the pillow next to her. “How are you?” she asked, wanting to make sure that Alex didn’t regret any part of the night before. Just because they’d talked about it extensively didn’t mean that Alex couldn’t be overwhelmed later.

“Amazing.”

Maggie grinned at Alex, lacing their fingers together. “Me too.” She dropped her mouth to Alex’s shoulder, trailing kisses from her shoulder to her neck and down to her collarbones then back up again.

“And everything…everything was okay?” Alex checked.

“In case the multiple orgasms didn’t cue you in, yes, Alex, last night was amazing and perfect. But it would have been amazing and perfect no matter what had happened. Just getting to be that close and intimate with you was perfect.”

Alex swallowed thickly, willing herself not to tear up as she nodded, pressing a kiss to Maggie’s
“Yeah, yeah, I get that.”

But when Maggie leaned up to kiss her, she startled and pressed back into the pillows. “Shit! I’m sorry! I didn’t, I didn’t mean to assume,” Maggie rambled, moving a substantial distance away from Alex.

“No! It’s just, um, morning breath…I don’t want to scare you off,” Alex added, blushing a bright red.

“I don’t scare easy, Danvers,” Maggie laughed. “But fine. I’ll go find some mints while you brush your teeth or something.”

“Thanks,” Alex grinned sheepishly. She wondered if she should attempt to cover herself up when she went to the bathroom. Maggie had seemed to appreciate the view last night, but perhaps proper etiquette would dictate that she grab a towel or a robe. She’d never mastered the artful sheet draped around her; instead, she’d always looked more like a half-drunk mummy stumbling around random apartments silently trying to find the clothes she had shed on her way to the bedroom. She settled for getting up quickly and grabbing her robe on her way to the bathroom.

While Alex was brushing her teeth and washing her face, Maggie pulled on a t-shirt she’d found sitting on top of Alex’s basket of clean laundry and headed out to the kitchen. After the late night they’d had, she figured Alex could probably use some coffee, so she put on a pot, then looked around for something to make for breakfast.

By the time Alex came back out, now fully dressed, she found Maggie in one of her old t-shirts pouring coffee into a mug. She couldn’t help but smile at the image, at the way Maggie seemed almost haloed in sunlight, at the fact that the domesticity of the scene didn’t scare her for a change.

“You’re wearing my shirt,” Alex noted.

“Yeah…is that okay?”

“That’s amazing.” Alex tried to wrap her head around how right it all felt. As she walked toward Maggie, she continued, gesturing wildly with her hands and not caring even a little bit how dorky she looked or sounded. “I mean, like, you’re in my apartment. And it’s morning. And you slept in my apartment. And now you’re wearing my t-shirt and making coffee, and I can’t believe this is happening, and everything coming out of my mouth is very clichéd.”

“It’s called being happy; get used to it, Danvers,” Maggie whispered, leaning over the counter and kissing Alex softly, kissing Alex like it was the only thing she wanted to do (and it sort of was), kissing Alex like they’d been together for ages already.

Pulling back, Alex nodded. “I think I am…getting, getting used to it.”

Maggie grinned, but when she caught sight of the clock, she furrowed her eyebrows and looked back at Alex. “We’re late for work.”

“I don’t care if we ever go to work again,” Alex shrugged. “I mean, can’t we just quit? And…stay here in this apartment forever?”

“I don’t know about forever,” Maggie mused, making her way around the counter to her adorable girlfriend. “But maybe we can just settle for the morning?”

“We can call in sick?” suggested the same woman who came in at least five days a week, battling through bouts of the flu and strep throat and trying to go into the field with a broken arm, a twisted
ankle, a minor concussion.

“Maybe,” Maggie agreed, trying and failing to look serious. Neither of them commented on the fact that Maggie had been dumped numerous times for putting work above her previous girlfriends, for being “married to her job.”

Faking a cough that wouldn’t have made it past the bullshit detector of even her lenient grade school principal, Alex dramatically declared, “I’ve got the black lung!”

Nearly skipping forward, Maggie led Alex back to the bed, gently pushing her down and straddling her hips. She let out a low noise of contentment as she felt Alex’s hands caressing the backs of her bare thighs, reaching higher and higher until Alex suddenly gasped, freezing for a second before smiling broadly. “You didn’t mention that you were only wearing my t-shirt…”

“Mmm, maybe we should work on getting you down to a comparable outfit.”

“I think I could be amenable to that.”

“Good,” Maggie grinned. “Because I think there should be a strict no clothing allowed rule in this bed, and you seem to be violating it.”

“Gonna punish me, Detective?” Alex flirted.

“Nah, I’m a dirty cop. I think I’d rather reward you.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

47. “No one needs to know.” - Director Sanvers
   So this was supposed to be a drabble for a Tumblr prompt fill that got way out of hand,
   but I loved it so much I couldn't stop writing!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex and Lucy swore up and down that they’d be just fine while Maggie went away for a couple of weeks. After all, Lucy knew how to cook, and Alex was a pro at finding the best takeout deals, so they wouldn’t starve. They were both highly trained and decorated soldiers, so they would certainly be able to protect themselves. And they were both clean enough that the apartment wouldn’t deteriorate while she was gone.

For the most part, they were fine. They missed Maggie like crazy, but they called her every night and sent her incredibly dirty pictures once she let them know she was back in her hotel room. They even managed to send out a postcard or two after they got the first two from Maggie and realized they might be slacking a bit in their girlfriend duties.

But neither of them realized just how fickle Maggie’s bonsai trees were. They had never been happier to remember that M’gann had taken in her two favorite ones—the ones she’d had since her very first assignment in Gotham—though they did wonder if that choice had been intentional.

“Alex!” Lucy hissed, pulling Alex’s attention away from the medical journal she’d been reading.

“What?” Alex whined.

“I need your help!”

“Get your own damn beer,” Alex huffed, settling back down into the couch.

“Not that. Come look at Maggie’s tree.” Lucy chewed on her lower lip as she took in the sight of the half-dead bonsai tree.

“Fuck,” Alex muttered, noticing how distinctly unhealthy it looked. “Um, we’ve been watering it, right?”

“Yeah? I mean, I think so…don’t trees just grow naturally and shit?”

“I think the little guys need some extra help.”

“Is that a short joke? It’s not fair when Maggie isn’t here to help me defend our honor.”

“No…well, not intentionally,” Alex chuckled. “Okay, so do we just…water it a little extra?”

“Maybe? Yeah, I guess.”
So they gave it quite a bit of water and went to bed feeling okay about their actions, though they were noticeably reticent during their evening call with Maggie.

The next morning, however, the tree looked even worse. “Luce…” Alex called out.

“What?” Lucy asked from the kitchen where she was preparing eggs for the two of them.

“Um…the tree looks like shit. I think we fucked it up even more.”

“How is that possible? Isn’t water always good?” Lucy ranted, plating their eggs and hurrying over to inspect the damage. “Okay…maybe we can google some answers.”

Which is how the two girlfriends found themselves deep in the online world of bonsai blogs that morning, clicking through links about caring for them that were more often than not full of personal anecdotes and words of wisdom that had Lucy and Alex giggling and snorting into their coffee.

“Ooh! This blog sounds more our style!” Alex called out, motioning for Lucy to look at her laptop screen. “It’s called, ‘Badass Bonsais.’”

“What sort of loser dude-bro names his blog that?” Lucy laughed.

“Nope. Look in the bio, this one is run by a woman!”

“Huh, okay…I guess we can look through it.” So they began scrolling and reading the surprisingly witty and insightful posts. “She’s sort of cool,” Lucy eventually conceded. “I think she might bat for our team too.”

“You think everyone bats for our team,” Alex scoffed.

“Uh, they all would if they met us.”

“We are attractive…”

Before they could get too distracted, Alex turned her attention back to the blog, clicking through a few more articles that seemed directly relevant to questions of how to care for the trees. “Wait a second…is that our living room?”

“Huh?” Lucy asked, looking up from her phone where she’d gotten distracted by a Buzzfeed article Kara sent to their group text. “Oh, hey! That looks like Maggie’s tree.”

“Dude…I think that is Maggie’s tree. Think about it: this blogger is a woman, probably a gay woman. We both find her oddly charming and her bonsai puns delightfully endearing, rather than weird. And that is 100% our furniture in the background of these photos.” After a long enough pause for it to be dramatic, Alex declared: “Maggie runs the Badass Bonsais blog!”

After a moment, Lucy burst out laughing. “Oh my god! We have to tease her about this forever!”

After they enjoyed a good laugh, Alex seemed to sober. “Shit…if she runs a blog, she definitely cares about these stupid little trees a lot. Which means we have royally fucked up.”

“Okay, but no one needs to know,” Lucy corrected, looking sternly at Alex. “We still have a few days; we’ll fix it by then.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, trust me.”
Hours later, they found themselves writing desperate please in online bonsai tree care forums under the username, “Badass Bonsai Babes.”

“We should make up a backstory in case Maggie reads these forums,” Lucy suggested.

“Ooh, good thinking! Um…here, how about this? ‘Hey! My best gal pal and I are looking after our friend’s bonsai. Our friend is a great guy, who is also an accountant. We might have messed up his tree a little. Please advise.’”

“How did you possibly make it through a lie detector test?” Lucy laughed, staring incredulously at Alex.

“Because I’m an amazing liar.”

“That sounds absurd!”

“No…I offer just a bit too much personal information just like all the other weirdos on these forums! Therefore, I blend in perfectly. Boom.”

Shrugging, Lucy conceded, “Alright, maybe…add a typo. Maggie would never believe you’d let an imperfect draft go live.”

“Good thinking!” Alex quickly switched advise to advice, then abbreviated please to plz before finally hitting post. They watched with bated breath as the replies began to come in.

“What kind of bonsai does your friend have?” is how almost all of them started.

They both shrugged. “Um…it sort of looks like the sad tree in Charlie Brown’s Christmas episode?” Lucy wrote back.

Ignoring the somewhat condescending responses, they were at least able to get at the fact that they were likely working with a Juniper, which had rather important watering instructions that they definitely hadn’t followed. After sending pictures of the browning needles that had begun falling off of the branches, they were advised to simply get a new tree, which brought them to a quirky bonsai shop downtown that Monday morning—just one day before Maggie was due home.

“What the fuck?” Lucy hissed. “How are they so expensive?”

Alex just shrugged, feeling rather awkward lugging around the bonsai they’d killed, which looked even worse now, almost entirely bereft of needles. The shopkeeper had looked judgmentally at her, eyeing the dead Juniper suspiciously and asking Alex to stand farther away from her bonsais.

Finally Alex went directly up to the counter. “Look, I need a tree that looks exactly like this one with a matching pot. Do you have something?”

The woman explained that she could carefully repot the tree for them, since she didn’t trust them to do it (and, she explained, it shouldn’t be done frequently, but she would do them a favor). She helped them look through the Junipers and find one that looked at least similar to the one they’d killed—or, the way it looked before they’d killed it.

One expensive purchase and a lengthy repotting process later, Alex and Lucy were ready. They set the tree up exactly where Maggie’s old one had been and prayed she wouldn’t notice.

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Maggie said nothing when she got home. It helped that she was distracted by the sight of her two girlfriends waiting for her in lingerie, matching grins on their faces, ready to apologize for a plant crime she didn’t know they’d committed.

They were pretty sure they had gotten away with it when they didn’t hear a word from Maggie for a full week. But then Lucy got an email from Alex with the subject line “*facepalm*” that contained a link to the Badass Bonsais blog.

She pulled it up, finding a new post with a picture of their newest acquisition. It began: “Well, you were right. Turns out my favorite Badass Bonsai Babes (hey, guys, by the way!) weren’t quite up to the pressure of caring for my little guys just right. Thanks to all for the suggestions about leaving my favorites with a friend. But, these two were sweet enough to try to replace my lovely Juniper with this new one—as if any gardener worth their salt wouldn’t notice!—so there will still be tales and lessons learned with this one. To be continued!”

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers BDSM Smut

Chapter Summary

So, I got lots of requests for Sanvers getting into kinkier sex/BDSM. I totally see Maggie as capable of being a switch but also the brattiest of bottoms, so yeah…enjoy the smut!
Though this isn’t anything particularly hardcore as far as kink goes, I know it’s not for everyone. So for those who want a heads up there’s some dom/sub, very minor daddy kink, a bit of spanking, and bratting. But it’s all consensual (and that’s worked in throughout), and there’s fluffy aftercare.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex flipped Maggie over, pinning her to the bed with a wicked smirk. “I believe you lost the bet, which means I get to top tonight.”

“Mm, but I thought you loved bottoming for me,” Maggie purred, watching as Alex licked her lips, her pupils dilating with want.

“Maybe. But it doesn’t mean I don’t love getting to pin you down and fuck you until you’re begging me,” Alex rasped.

“Fuck.” And then Maggie’s mouth was busy once more as Alex leaned down and kissed her—hard and bruising, teeth dragging across lips, tongues clashing. Holding Maggie’s hands down with just one of her own, Alex slipped a hand between their bodies, cupping Maggie through her boyshorts and groaning at how wet she already was.

Grinding into Alex’s hand, Maggie groaned at the much-needed friction, feeling herself getting embarrassingly close to coming. But then Alex’s hand was gone and Maggie’s thighs were being pushed apart, leaving her desperate for anything to relieve the ache between her legs.

“Why?” Maggie whined, her hips bucking up into the air.

“Had I told you to move? Had I told you that you could grind into my hand? Had I told you that you could come yet?”

“You didn’t say I couldn’t,” Maggie taunted, biting her lip as she looked up at Alex, just waiting for the woman to assert control.

“Then let me make it crystal fucking clear,” Alex growled. “You are not to come until I tell you that you can. You are not to do anything except what I tell you you’re allowed to do. Do you get it now?”

“Perfectly.”

“You good?” Alex checked.

“Very green. You?”
“Same,” Alex nodded before dropping her hand back between Maggie’s legs. In a much lower timbre, she continued, “You won’t move, and you’ll say thank you for everything I’m generous enough to give you.”

“Yes, Alex,” Maggie nodded, earning a smile in return as Alex’s fingers slid under her waistband, slowly inching the rather damp piece of fabric down her thighs before carelessly tossing it to the side.

“Look at how wet you are for me,” Alex purred, running her finger between Maggie’s folds and up the length of her sex—stopping just short of Maggie’s clit as she followed her slow, teasing path. She continued doing this until Maggie was obviously fighting to keep her hips still. “Do you like what I’m doing?”

“I suppose,” Maggie shrugged, her voice breathier than she would have liked.

“Then aren’t you supposed to say thank you?”

Smirking, Maggie shook her head. “I don’t think that earns a thank you.”

Alex arched an eyebrow. “Are you really the one to decide that? It’s almost like you’re asking for me to punish you.”

“Please,” Maggie finally asked, smirk still firmly in place as she rolled over onto her stomach, sticking her ass in the air.

“You know, when you beg me to spank you, is it really a punishment?” Alex mused, her fingertips trailing lightly over Maggie’s ass and the backs of her thighs.

“Please, daddy,” Maggie begged, moaning at the way Alex’s eyes seemed to flash as she brought a hand down, clapping it firmly against her ass.

“You still good?” Alex asked.

“Yes!” Maggie gasped. “So good. Don’t stop, please.”

“I’ll give you five more if you’re good…”

“I’ll be good.”

“And you need to thank me for them.”

“I will,” Maggie promised. Then, trying to get a rise out of Alex, she added, “If they’re hard enough.”

Shaking her head at Maggie, Alex brought her hand down hard, the noise ringing out along with Maggie’s low groan. Again and again, Alex spanked Maggie, watching as arousal dripped down Maggie’s inner thighs. With the final strike, Alex asked, “Now what do we say?”

“Mm,” Maggie mumbled, her hips bucking into the mattress below her.

“Sorry, I didn’t catch that. You’ll need to speak more clearly.”

“Thank you,” Maggie spit out, rolling over and looking up at Alex, daring her to take control.

And in an instant, Alex was on top of her, pinning her hands above her head. “I’m gonna fuck you, and you don’t get to come until you ask me. When I tell you that you can come, that’s when you can, got it?” Dropping her voice to softer levels, Alex added, “And are you okay with it?”
“I’m good. And, yes, I understand the rules.”

Nodding, Alex dropped her hands between Maggie’s legs, scratching up and down her thighs, ignoring the way Maggie’s hips jerked under her touch, desperately seeking out her fingers. After what felt like an eternity to Maggie, Alex finally let her fingers drop between Maggie’s legs, and she slipped one finger inside of Maggie, pulling a whimper out of the smaller woman. Because it was good but it wasn’t enough, not nearly enough.

Alex slowly fucked Maggie with one finger, feeling the way Maggie’s arousal dripped down into her palm. She wanted nothing more than to taste her, but she didn’t want to break the scene—that could come later. As Maggie squirmed under her touch, Alex finally slipped a second finger inside of her. She curled hard against Maggie’s front wall, dragging down the way she knew Maggie loved, the way that made Maggie come hard, that made Maggie come all over her hand and the sheets.

Maggie fisted the sheets in her hands, her hips pulsing against Alex’s hand, grinding up into Alex’s palm. She could feel herself speeding toward an orgasm, all of her muscles clenching tightly, her walls fluttering around Alex’s fingers. The tension of holding back was delicious, but, god, coming would be so much better.

“Don’t forget to ask, Mags,” Alex reminded her. “Don’t forget that you need to beg me and hope I say yes.”

Maggie grunted, her hips canting hard up into Alex’s insistent thrusts. “Fuck,” she growled, feeling Alex’s fingers scissoring inside of her. “Fuck, fuck. Alex,” she panted. “Alex, I need to come.”

“That’s not asking…” Alex taunted.

Nothing turned Maggie on more than watching Alex try to top, the taunting back-and-forth of power as they urged one another on. Her exes had always been satisfied with the smallest signs of submission. Getting Maggie on her back had been enough for them. But Alex…she wanted more, and that thought pushed Maggie dangerously close to an edge she wasn’t supposed to fall over just yet. But as much as Alex’s topping her turned her on, misbehaving, being punished, watching the flash of frustration in Alex’s eyes—that turned her on even more.

“Can’t wait,” Maggie panted, feeling her whole body start to shudder.

“Wait,” Alex ordered. “Don’t come yet.”

And that command pushed Maggie over the edge as it always did, rocketing her to a world-shaking orgasm as her whole body trembled and convulsed around Alex’s fingers, her hands fisting the sheets as she cried out loudly, finally falling back into the mattress, ignoring the wet spot she now found under her ass and upper thighs.

Glaring down at Maggie, Alex shook her head. Of course, she knew the games Maggie played. She wasn’t surprised that, yet again, Maggie came before she was allowed to. But it didn’t mean that she wouldn’t be punished if she were still up for it.

“What happened to my orders?” Alex asked, her voice low and dangerous.

Maggie sucked her lower lip between her teeth and grinned up at Alex. “I couldn’t help myself. You just felt so good, baby.”

“Hmm…well, I guess that means you need to be punished. Don’t you agree?” And the question was about more than just the game.
Maggie nodded, smiling genuinely up at Alex before switching back into the scene. “I mean, I suppose if you have to…” she trailed off, rolling over once more.

“No…see, I think you like that too much. So instead of giving you something you want, I’m taking away something you like.”

“What?” Maggie asked, looking both confused and intrigued.

“Why don’t you get comfortable against the pillows there, Mags,” Alex offered, her voice saccharine sweet.

“Um, okay,” Maggie nodded, quickly setting herself up at the head of the bed.

“Now you’re gonna watch me fuck myself, and you can’t touch me.”

Maggie groaned loudly, even as she muttered, “Green.” Because Alex knew Maggie wanted to fuck her more than anything, wanted to taste her, to feel Alex riding her face or her hand as she came hard. But she also knew that Maggie respected no touching rules, knew that Maggie wouldn’t break those kinds of orders, the ones that came anywhere near another person’s consent. So Maggie settled back in.

Alex settled back, tearing off her bra and underwear and watching as Maggie’s eyes hungrily raked across her body. She made a show of running her nails up and down her torso, feeling herself getting worked up from all of the attention on her. She pinched and pulled at her nipples, her back arching into the touch as Maggie’s own nails bit into her thighs, keeping her from reaching out to touch Alex.

Then Alex’s hands were dropping down between her legs, running through the copious arousal that had built up there as she circled her clit a few times for good measure, gasping with every touch. Knowing her own fingers, at least in this position, never felt like enough any more, but refusing to cede her position and beg Maggie to fuck her, Alex reached into their bedside table, pulling out their vibrating dildo and quickly coating it in lube, even though she was probably wet enough for it to be entirely unnecessary.

Sliding the toy inside of herself, Alex set a rhythm before clicking on the vibrator, moaning loudly. Her hips jerked into every thrust, and she could feel herself hurtling toward the edge. Switching it up to a higher level, Alex panted, settling for fast, shallow thrusts to keep the vibrator against her clit as much as possible.

As Alex felt her walls clenching around the toy, she managed to pull herself forward, straddling Maggie’s hips and bracing herself against the wall, her chest directly in front of Maggie’s face. And with Maggie’s eyes on her, with Maggie’s desperate whimpers ringing through the room, Alex came hard with a loud, “Fuck,” her hips rocking forward as her whole body shook with the strength of her orgasm.

When she finally pulled the toy out of herself, Alex sank down into Maggie’s lap, nodding to let Maggie know that she could touch her now. She soon found herself wrapped in Maggie’s arms as she trailed soft kisses across Maggie’s cheeks and lips.

“You okay?” Alex asked.

“Good, definitely good,” Maggie nodded. “Really turned on, but I don’t know that I have it in me to go again.”

“Good,” Alex sighed, “cause my legs feel like jello.”
Maggie chuckled, carefully guiding Alex down to the pillows. Alex wrapped her arms and legs around Maggie, holding her close as she stroked soothing patterns up and down Maggie’s back the way she liked. Maggie sighed and relaxed into Alex’s touch, kissing her softly.

“And you…are you okay?” Maggie asked.

“Definitely. Thanks,” Alex whispered, nudging Maggie’s nose with her own. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Alex. Always.”

“Always,” Alex repeated.

Chapter End Notes

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These are going to get back to the proper "drabble" length soon...at least if I ever want to finish all the numbers I've been given. But there will be at least a part 3 of this series!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

30. “It’s not what it looks like…” – Sanvers

Maggie stood quietly in the doorway, watching Alex, clad in her wintry red flannel pajamas, as she sat beneath their Christmas tree, holding boxes up to her ear and shaking lightly, then trying to weigh them, then what looked like testing them for structural stability. She watched as Alex picked up a bag, then seemed to steel her resolve and put it back down, then picked it back up again.

Figuring Alex’s will power might not last too much longer, Maggie cleared her throat. “Whatcha doin’ there, Danvers?"

Gasp ing and throwing the present back under the tree, Alex ninja rolled out and stood up, trying to act like she had definitely not been caught snooping. “Nothing. It’s, uh, it’s not what it looks like…”

“Really? Cause it looks like you were trying to figure out what I got you for Christmas.”

“What?” Alex asked, scoffing and looking beyond guilty. “I don’t…I can’t believe you would accuse me of such a thing.”

“Really? So why were you shaking your gifts?”

“Er, uhm, see, the thing is, I needed to make sure they were sturdy enough for Kara. She gets so enthusiastic about unwrapping her presents, you know.”

“Mhm,” Maggie nodded, trying to bite back her smile. “But we both know that Kara’s gifts are locked in the lead-lined safe we bought to store…other things, which means only our gifts to and from each other are under the tree.”

“Oh, yeah…but I just, well, I needed to make sure my presents to you were still safe.”

“I think those boxes had my wrapping paper,” Maggie corrected, loving the sight of Alex squirming under the attention.

“Okay…but what if we had gotten each other the same bottle of scotch? Or the same gun? It might be so embarrassing to go out in the field matching…like, do they even make hers and hers guns? I’m really looking out for you here, Mags.”

“Ah, is that so?”

“Yep. You should probably thank me.”

“Mhm…got any ideas in mind?”
“I can think of a few. But they all start with you taking off your clothes.”

~ ~ ~

28. “Marry me?” – Sanvers (Maggie asking)

Maggie wasn’t great at emotional declarations. In her relationship with Alex, Alex had been the one to make most of them. Sure, she had told her that they should kiss the girls they want to kiss, but otherwise…well, otherwise Alex took point. Alex came out to her. Alex called her out on the rejection. Alex kissed her first and said “I love you” first. She’d just said those things back. And even that was so much more than she’d given to any of her exes.

Her therapist would probably say it was the result of childhood trauma, the result of her heartfelt note being rejected by Eliza, of her words about her own sexuality being ignored and denied by her parents. Maggie didn’t much care for her therapist. But she cared a lot about Alex, which made every pang of anxiety about the coming night worth it.

She paced around in the suit she’d worn on their first Valentine’s Day together. She’d tried to recreate the date as much as possible. Well, except for the fact that it wasn’t on actual Valentine’s Day; that seemed too clichéd, too heterosexual. No, Maggie chose the anniversary of the day they’d gone undercover to the alien fight club. Like that day, she’d left Alex a note with the instructions: “Wear something nice and meet me at 8. There’ll be a car out front for you at 7:30 sharp.”

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Alex was slightly confused by the note. She wondered if she’d forgotten an important event or a date they’d scheduled. Their anniversary wasn’t for another few weeks, and she couldn’t think of any birthdays or planned dates. Figuring she may as well follow the instructions, she showered and pulled on a nice black dress. Sure, she’d once gone out on a very terrible date with Max Lord while wearing it, but all the more reasons to make better memories in it. She carefully styled her hair and put on a bit of makeup. Catching sight of the time, she threw her phone, keys, and alien gun (just in case) into a small purse and hurried to the elevator to catch the car that was supposedly waiting for her.

She fretted almost the entire ride over, watching each turn they took through downtown National City as she tried to figure out where they could possibly be going. About a block or two away from the destination, Alex thought she might know where they were going, recognizing the route she’d taken once before, but she wasn’t sure why. It wasn’t Valentine’s Day…

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Maggie’s breath caught in her throat at the sight of Alex strolling into the empty hall. She looked beautiful and radiant and just a little confused. She watched as Alex took in the minimal decorations. She hadn’t gone all out for this; she’d wanted the focus to be on them, on her words.

“What’s all this?” Alex asked, gesturing around her.

“Sometimes they let you call in favors more than once,” Maggie joked.

Laughing, Alex shook her head as she wrapped her arms around Maggie. “You look beautiful,” she whispered.
“You’re looking pretty stunning yourself,” Maggie complimented, kissing Alex softly while she gathered her courage and tried to calm her nerves.

“Is there an event today…?” Alex asked. “Did I forget something?”

“No,” Maggie shook her head, trying to reassure Alex. “Well, a year ago I did call you up and tell you to meet wearing something nice, but it’s not really a date I’d expect you to remember.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded.

“But, um, here’s the thing. That day? Well, that day I got to hold your hand for the first time. That day I realized that what I was feeling for you wasn’t just professional respect or physical attraction. I knew that I liked you in that moment. I knew that you, Alex Danvers, you could change my life. You were nervous and adorable and so deep in the closet, but you made me feel things I hadn’t felt in years. And I just, I know I talked about wanting firsts with you in the future, but some of those firsts were coming long before we ever got together.”

Taking a deep breath, Maggie continued, “I never want to stop having firsts with you, Alex. I want to be by your side for the rest of my life. I want to take down criminals and awful organizations with you. I want to play pool together and hang out with your sister and all of her friends while we play obnoxiously long boardgames. I want to go to bed every night curled in your arms and wake up to the sight of the woman I adore. I just, I guess what I’m trying to say is that I want to spend my life with you.”

Dropping down to one knee and pulling the ring out of her pocket, Maggie looked up, her eyes glimmering with unshed tears. “Alex Danvers, will you marry me?”

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Not trusting her voice not to crack, Alex just nodded at first, holding out her hand as Maggie slipped the band onto her ring finger. Helping Maggie to her feet, Alex kissed her, trying to pour every ounce of the emotions she felt into the kiss.

“Yes,” she finally whispered between desperate kisses. “Yes, I want to marry you. Yes, yes, yes.”

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20. “You need to wake up because I can’t do this without you.” – Sanvers

It was supposed to be a routine mission—the kind Alex and her team went on well before Kara came out as Supergirl and Hank came out as J’onn; the kind that wasn’t really dangerous enough to worry anyone but the newest of agents. Only, something had gone wrong. Because the alien wasn’t alone. And the alien Alex’s team had captured? Well, that was the baby. And there were two very angry, full-grown, full-powered aliens now on the hunt for them.

Alex had texted Maggie telling her she loved her when their van was picked up and thrown across the highway. She knew she was lucky to have survived the fall—at least one of her agents was unconscious and bleeding badly, while another looked like he might not have made it—and she had no idea what would come next. Hell, she had no idea if she would live.

“Agents down,” Alex barked into her radio, hoping it still worked. She carefully cut herself out of the seatbelt and freed the two other conscious agents, instructing the one who was clutching his bent
arm to his chest to stay behind and take care of the other two. As much as she wanted to stay behind and hide too, to preserve herself—now not only for Kara but also for Maggie, for the loving relationship she’d never believed herself capable of having—she knew that she was the team leader for a reason. There were two hostile aliens loose, and she had another van of agents to locate and protect.

With Agent Hamilton on her 6, Alex took off, dodging behind parked cars with every attack launched their way. When the attacks suddenly ceased, Alex poked her head around the truck they’d crouched behind, catching sight of the two aliens lumbering off in the direction of what she could now see was the other DEO van, which also lay on its side.

Knowing not one of the trapped agents would survive an encounter with both angry aliens, Alex steeled her nerves and lit a small explosive throwing it down the road and away from the van. Only, it didn’t draw their attention down the road; their eyes found Alex instead. Pushing Hamilton away, Alex hissed, “Get to the other van!”

“But you’ll never survive!”

“And those agents won’t either if you don’t assess their injuries. Now go!” To distract from Hamilton, Alex took off at a sprint in the other direction, drawing both of the large aliens with her.

Hitting the ground hard and hearing bones crack was the last thing she remembered.

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Maggie and Kara sat watch by Alex’s hospital bed for days, which turned into weeks. After the first week, Kara had to go back to work, at least part-time, but Maggie was committed to using all of her leave time if she had to. J’onn and Winn and James all dropped in regularly to check on Alex’s progress. Eliza spent days sitting by Maggie’s side watching her daughter, listening to the hum of the machines that were keeping her alive.

But Maggie? Maggie never once left. She slept poorly in the recliner next to the bed, holding Alex’s slightly cold hand in her own. She read the news to Alex each morning, then some of her favorite stories to her at night. She talked to her about everything they would do when she woke up from the coma, told her that it was medically-induced, reminded her that it meant that she had much better chances of waking up, and waking up without too much lasting damage. Sometimes she got frustrated and berated Alex for putting herself in such danger, but always she ended the rants by shaking her head at herself, knowing she didn’t quite mean it. “You would be the woman I fell in love with otherwise. I know that. But Alex? You need to wake up, okay? You need to wake up because I don’t think I can do this without you,” she sobbed.

And for days, her words were met with radio silence. But sometime toward the end of the second week, she felt Alex’s hand twitch. She yelled for the doctors until her voice was hoarse, but they told her it didn’t mean Alex was waking up yet, that these things—and even more—happened naturally, that she shouldn’t get her hopes up so high.

But Maggie never stopped believing, clutching Alex’s hand tighter each time there was movement. As more days passed, the movements sometimes got bigger, more emphatic, until finally, one day Alex’s eyes were blinking and she was coughing and spluttering around the tubes they had run down her nose and throat, and Maggie swore she was watching a miracle sent to her by the god she’d stopped praying to when her father kicked her out of her home as a child.

Doctors swarmed in and pushed Maggie outside, shoved her into the hallway where she paced and texted the others and waited impatiently for someone, anyone to come give her news.
“Maggie,” one of the doctors—Maggie couldn’t recall the names; it was never what she cared most about when someone said Alex’s name—called to her. She recognized the woman as one of the doctors she liked most; she didn’t bullshit, but she also treated Maggie with respect, treated her like Alex’s partner, even if it wasn’t in a legally binding sense.

“Yeah?” Maggie asked, her voice cracking.

“Alex woke up. We’re still going to need to run a lot of tests, but the initial results look promising. We might need to sedate her for a little bit until her body can adjust enough for her not to hurt herself, but you should be able to talk to her in the next 24 hours.

Maggie just nodded, not trusting herself to speak, but the doctor seemed to understand anyway.

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The next morning, after the doctors slowed the drip of sedatives, Alex finally woke up, her breathing slightly more regular this time, her heart rate almost normal. “Maggie?” she croaked, her throat dry and cracked, her voice hoarse from weeks without use.

“Alex?” Maggie asked, whispered, her voice soft as she held Alex’s hand between her own. She could feel her whole body trembling as she struggled to believe what she was seeing.

“I love you.”

Maggie wanted to say so many things. She wanted to tell Alex about how much she had missed her, how scared she had been. She wanted to insist that Alex never scare her like that again. She wanted to get down on one knee and propose and promise this woman the world because, dammit, she deserved it and so much more. Instead, she settled with holding her hand even tighter as she struggled for words. “I love you too. So much. I, I just, thank you for waking up, for coming back to me.”

“Always.”

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5. “Wait a minute. Are you jealous?” Sanvers

A/N: Set pre-2x09 but post-2x08

Alex didn’t get the chance to see Kara when she finally got back from her Earth-1 heroics; instead, she saw Supergirl swooping in from behind her to easily take out the alien that had been ravishing his way down Main Street. She’d only gotten to the scene this quickly because she’d been out to lunch one block away with Maggie, and both of them were quick to intervene to protect all of the civilians out shopping and eating, even though they didn’t have all of their equipment with them and J’onn had told her DEO reinforcements wouldn’t be there for another 5 minutes. He didn’t mention that Supergirl would be among them, though.

Once Supergirl had subdued the alien and Alex’s team had loaded him into the back of one of the recently arrived DEO vans to transport back to headquarters, Alex flung herself into Kara’s arms—oblivious to the way Maggie looked at them as she dropped her own waiting arms.
“Wasn’t like I wanted to see that you were okay,” Maggie mumbled, looking down at her feet. She tried to ignore the way her stomach clenched at the sight of Supergirl’s muscular arms wrapped around her girlfriend.

She walked over just in time to hear Alex exclaiming: “Don’t ever leave like that again!” Alex sniffled as she fought back tears, burying her head into the superhero’s shoulder. “I don’t know how I could live with myself if something happened to you, and I wasn’t there to protect you.”

Maggie swallowed thickly as she tried to back away from the tender moment, especially now that Supergirl was whispering calming reassurances in Alex’s ear and stroking her hand up and down Alex’s back.

After what felt like hours, Alex turned around, looking almost startled to see Maggie still there waiting for her.

“God, I’m glad you’re okay!” Alex added, reaching a hand out to Maggie who took it but somewhat reluctantly.

“Yeah, you too…” Maggie replied, looking glum.

“You okay?” Alex asked.

But before Maggie could respond, Supergirl was swooping in and dropping down on Alex’s other side. “Forgot to ask, but dinner tonight? I saw your texts and want to hear everything!” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, making Alex blush and stammer as she nodded. “Perfect! My place at 8?”

“Yeah,” Alex finally managed, getting another too tight hug from Supergirl before she flew back into the air.

“So…I guess we’re not doing dinner tonight,” Maggie mumbled. This is exactly why she had worried about dating Alex. The woman was damn near perfect and beautiful and brave and crazy smart; of course other women would want her, and now she could be receptive to all that attention. Who was she to compete with a superhero?

“Oh, shit! Mags, I’m sorry. I didn’t think. It’s just…a thing we do sometimes. I can cancel on her if you want.”

“What? No…it’s not like we had set plans. You should, you know, get to experience everything.”

“I think I’ve experienced pizza with…Supergirl before,” Alex corrected herself before she could use Kara’s name, then laughed.

“Oh, right, yeah. Forgot you two were running buddies.”

“Is something wrong? You’re acting…strange. Did I mess up? Fuck! Did you want me to introduce you to her as my girlfriend? I’m so sorry. That’s it, isn’t it?” Alex berated herself internally, wondering how she’d already messed it all up.

“No! Alex, you’re fine. I’m sure Supergirl wouldn’t be all that pleased to hear about your girlfriend.”

“What? No. She’s very supportive of the LGBTQ community,” Alex insisted.

“I’ll bet she is,” Maggie scoffed.
“What do you mean?”

“It’d be a little weird if she didn’t support her own community…I mean, it’s happened; the Log Cabin Republicans exist, but still, not quite the norm.”


“Dear god, you were that oblivious about other people too?”

“She’s not gay,” Alex shook her head.

“Care to explain your interactions with her?”

“What?” Noting the slightly hurt expression on Maggie’s face that was being almost completely masked by defensiveness, Alex started to understand what was going on. “Wait a minute. Are you jealous?”


“You are!” Alex exclaimed. “That’s amazing. You, Maggie Sawyer, who seem to have dated every beautiful queer woman in this city, are jealous of me.” Seeing the way Maggie didn’t quite look comforted she continued, “You have no reason to be. Least of all over Supergirl.”

“Really? Cause the way she looks at you…that’s love, Danvers.”

“It’s a more…familial kind of love. Trust me, we’ve worked together for a while. It’s more than a professional relationship, but it’s purely platonic.”

“You sure? Because, I mean, she’s a superhero, Alex. I shouldn’t stand in the way of that.”

And the worst part was the fact that Maggie looked sincere; she would back off without a question if Alex asked her to. “First of all, ew, no. I don’t think about her that way at all. Second of all, please trust me when I say that I like you. I like you so much. And it’s not just because you’re new or shiny or whatever crap you suggested before. I like you, Maggie Sawyer, for exactly who you are.” As if to prove her point, Alex kissed Maggie on the lips, lingering slightly longer than was necessary.

Looking chagrined, Maggie hung her head. “I’m sorry for getting jealous. I don’t, that’s not normally my thing. And I hate that I did it to you. I just, I saw the way you two looked at each other, and I just, I got a little nervous. But I promise that I trust you.”

“Good because you have nothing to worry about. Plus, tonight Supergirl is going to hear all about you!”

“Does that mean I’m gonna get the shovel talk from someone who could literally throw me into outer space?” Maggie asked, looking both amused and slightly scared.

“Hmm…good question.”

22. “I’ve see the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice.” – Sanvers (Alex saying it to Maggie)
A/N: This one is a bit canon divergent, but I do love the idea of an already out Alex being assertive enough to call Maggie out for pining after her.

After running into the cocky new NCPD detective at the President’s crime scene, Alex had tried pulling up her Facebook page to play the “Is she gay?” game. She was fairly certain the woman had been checking her out, but if the woman hadn’t figured it out herself yet, there was no need to be the great gay awakening for someone she just met.

With a little help from Lucy and Vasquez, Alex had estimated that there was about an 80% chance that Maggie was also a big lesbian, though she’d need a bit more proof.

When Maggie took her down to the alien bar and introduced her to her ex, Alex smirked to herself. She knew this game, had played this game—the “I’m gonna casually use female pronouns or talk about a non-male ex to test your reaction.” Alex, though—she kept her cards close to her chest.

But then she found herself saving Maggie, found herself noticing more than just how hot Maggie looked. She didn’t want this infuriating detective hurt. And the look of adoration Maggie gave her—even if it disappeared quickly into a practiced expression of stoicism and professional gratitude—well, Alex would do a lot of things to see that look again. Perhaps in another context next time.

When they went undercover at the alien fight club, Alex knew she hadn’t been making up the way Maggie looked at her. There was something slightly too needy, too desiring, in the way Maggie’s eyes raked up and down her body as she took in the dress Alex had pulled from the very back of her closet. It was even more blatant than the looks she had gotten when she pulled up on her Ducati in her leather jacket outside the bar, and that was saying something.

And when Maggie took Alex’s hand in her own, Alex heard the almost inaudible sigh, the quickly stifled noise of contentment. She grinned at the possessive way Maggie wrapped an arm around her waist when she caught sight of the men at the bar leering at Alex. She nearly kissed Maggie when the woman leaned over and whispered to her, her voice hot against Alex’s ear.

After their mission was over, when Alex suspected they’d go back to being occasional colleagues with only limited interactions, Alex called out to Maggie before they could both head home for the night. “Hey! Do you maybe want to grab a drink with me?”

“Oh, sorry,” Maggie muttered. “My, uh, my girlfriend’s actually coming to pick me up.” She didn’t mention that her girlfriend had essentially insisted that she be allowed to come get a good look at this federal agent her girlfriend hadn’t shut up about since the president’s visit. “Next time?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, alright,” Alex nodded. She wondered if she had misread the signs; they were undercover, after all. But Alex was overly cautious more often than not. The thought that she might have invented attraction where there was none, while possible, seemed implausible.

She tried not to read anything into the fact that Maggie didn’t introduced her to her girlfriend or to the way the blonde wrapped both arms around Maggie as if to claim ownership. Perhaps the woman felt something for her after all.

A couple of weeks later, Alex found herself at the alien bar playing another round of pool with Maggie who was, per usual, losing spectacularly. “You okay? I feel like you’re not even trying today,” Alex asked.

“Fine,” Maggie shrugged. “I just got dumped, that’s all.” The words were upsetting, but Maggie didn’t look particularly distraught, though that might have had more to do with her enjoyment of the
present company.

“What? Really?” Alex asked, trying to sound like she hadn’t seen it coming, like she hadn’t felt the tension simmering between them that must surely have been affecting other areas of Maggie’s life.

“Eh, it’s whatever. But I think I’m gonna go home and drink something a little harder, maybe loose my cool a little bit.”

“What if you stay here and have a drink with me,” Alex suggested, her voice low. “It’ll be good; we can keep each other company.”

“I… I shouldn’t,” Maggie shook her head.

“Are you even that upset about the breakup?” Alex asked, hoping she hadn’t crossed a line.

“What? Of course I am. Who likes being dumped?”

“That’s not quite the same thing as being upset, though.”

Maggie chewed on her lip, wondering if Alex would feel used, like some kind of rebound, if she were to kiss her now. “I don’t know, okay. I just, I should go home.”

“Did she dump you because she thought you might leave her for someone else?”

“What’s it matter to you?” Maggie snapped, feeling herself getting defensive. What she felt was up to her.

“It matters because I’ve see the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice.” Before Maggie could correct her, Alex continued: “I knew you were checking me out at the first crime scene. I saw the way you couldn’t help yourself from staring at the fight club. And I have definitely noticed the way your eyes follow me when we play pool together.”

“Sorry,” Maggie muttered. It was bad enough that her girlfriend had noticed and left her; to have had Alex notice just felt like an extra punch to the gut.

“I didn’t say you should apologize,” Alex purred, stalking closer to Maggie. “But if you’re just going to stand there pretending like you haven’t wanted me from the moment we met, then yeah, you can start groveling.”

Grinning, Maggie stepped forward into Alex’s space. “I guess if my girlfriend already dumped me over it, it’s only fair I let it happen…”

“Smart thinking, Detective,” Alex winked, winding an arm around Maggie’s neck as the woman leaned into her, finally meeting her lips with a hard kiss full of the pent up passion and intimacy and emotions of the past month.

Chapter End Notes

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Kara darted into the bar, quickly maneuvering her way over to the table where all of her friends were waiting. “Sorry I’m late!” she apologized, flinging herself down into one of the chairs. “Another round’s on its way.” She checked in with J’onn, who seemed to be holding up despite it being his first time back in the bar since the Cadmus attack.

“Hey, I for one am very excited to meet Alex’s new mystery man!” Winn added, wiggling his eyebrows for effect and completely missing the curious look Kara shot in his direction.

“Hey, do we, uh, do we know what he does for a living—Alex’s guy?” James asked, looking to Kara as the expert on all things Alex.

“Cop,” Kara answered simply, not wanting to come out to them for Alex.

“Oh, duh,” James rolled his eyes as though the answer had been obvious.

“Yeah, no way Alex Danvers dates someone who doesn’t own a firearm,” Winn laughed, thinking the guy must be strong to hold up to all the threats Alex was so keen on doling out regularly. He wondered if the guy liked them…no, nope! Too much like a sister.

Taking a deep breath, Alex strolled over to the table, feeling only slightly guilty for running so late when she’d asked them all here. She’d really needed the last minute make out session in the car—some stress relief before Maggie met the family, as it were.

“Hey, guys,” Alex waved, her voice slightly tight, a little breathless, but noticeable only to Kara, who knew to listen for signs of nervousness. Kara shot a small smile at Maggie who stood at Alex’s side looking just slightly nervous but forcing a smile onto her face. “You all, uh, remember Maggie, right?” Alex asked.

While J’onn looked on smiling proudly at his girl, James’s mouth dropped open in a moment of surprise that he quickly covered, nodding and scrunching up his eyebrows. “Oh, yeah! Hey, good, uh, good to see you again.” And he meant it, of course. He hadn’t necessarily seen it coming—after all, he’d heard Kara talk about Alex’s dates with Max Lord back when the two of them had been dating—but now that he saw the two of them together, thought back on their interactions, it made sense. They worked seamlessly, worked together in a way he hadn’t really seen apart, perhaps, from Kara and Clark or maybe even him and Winn.

“Alex,” Winn chuckled, wondering how he’d been the last one to know that there was another queer member of the Superfriends. “I, uh, I didn’t know.” Looking at the rest of the table he asked, “Did
“Of course I knew,” J’onn scoffed. “I’m psychic.”

Alex blanched, wondering about all of the terribly inappropriate things she’d thought about Maggie. Oh god, if she thought she’d been obvious to all of the other agents after their first night together, her brain must have been just screaming at J’onn. She remembered the way he’d excused himself and spent most of the day locked in his office…well, that was a conversation about privacy to save for another day, she thought. Forcing herself back into the conversation, hoping that her whole thought process had lasted only a second or two, she asked, “How come you never said anything before?”

“It’s not for me to say. Good for you, Alex.” He gave her and Maggie a smile, then winked at Alex.

Maggie beamed. She hadn’t met J’onn many times, but she’d heard all about him from Alex; she knew that her girlfriend thought of him like a dad, that he’d treated her like a father should all these years. And to hear a father’s loving acceptance nearly broke her heart. But she kept it together, kept grinning like an idiot at the sight of Alex’s friends all coming together to support her.

“Yeah,” Alex sighed, nudging Maggie to let her know she hadn’t forgotten her.

At that moment, Mon-El came by with a tray of drinks. “Drinks up!” he announced, quickly distributing the new beer bottles to the boys, a glass of water for J’onn, and a club soda for Kara.

“Hey,” Alex interjected, grabbing his attention, waiting as he finished up with the table.

“Hey,” he grinned back, looking at Alex. “What’s up?”

“Um, well, I just wanted to let you now that Maggie and I are dating,” Alex explained matter-of-factly, gesturing over her shoulder at Maggie, who leaned in and smiled.

“Oh…oh, that was the thing? Okay,” Mon-El nodded, smiling broadly. “Okay! That’s, is that, like, a problem here on Earth?” He looked around the table trying to figure out if any of them weren’t okay with it. Kara assessed him over her glasses. Maybe there were some redeeming qualities to him.

“Well on Earth, not everybody supports ladies lovin’ ladies…” Alex explained.

“Oh,” Mon-El sighed, finally getting it. He had come to realize that Daxam had more than a few customs that were, how to put it, terrible. But sexuality had not been one of them. He explained, “Well on Daxam it’s the more the merrier, so…”

“Okay,” Alex laughed awkwardly, nodding at the man she didn’t know particularly well standing in front of her.

Breaking the tension, Mon-El pointed at them and asked, “Drinks for you guys?” When the whole table gave a resounding yes, he nodded, “On it!” and took off for the bar again.

Trying to find a way to connect with some of Alex’s friends, Maggie looked over to Winn, since he was sitting right in front of her. “Hey, do you play pool?” she asked, figuring that would be a pretty easy way to chat and hang out without needing to sustain intimate conversation just yet.

“Yeah,” Winn nodded, sipping at his beer and trying to look cool.

“Wait…” James trailed off, looking suspiciously at Winn.

“What?” Kara laughed, regarding Winn closely.
“It is—it is geometry with sticks, folks. Pool is easy,” he declared. “Let’s go do it.”

“Okay,” Maggie chuckled, wondering if this might be a game she could win easily.

As they wandered off together, James stood up and walked over to Alex. “Alex?”

“Yeah?”

“Congrats,” he said, his voice deep and sincere as he wrapped her up in his arms.

“Thank you.” And Alex meant it. She had missed James as a constant presence at game nights, even if she might not openly admit it. Things had been…just a bit awkward after he and Kara broke up, but it seemed like they were finally getting back to normal.

Walking by the still hugging pair, J’onn hummed happily. “Alex, my money’s on your girl.”

“Yes,” Alex agreed, feeling what felt like small fireworks exploding in her chest at the idea of Maggie being her girl, of all of her friends and family recognizing Maggie as her girl. “Thanks, me too.” She wandered over to the pool table to take in the sight of two fairly terrible pool players going up against one another, leaving James and Kara to chat.

She chuckled as she watched Winn try to line up a shot, holding the cue entirely wrong as he muttered to himself about triangles and angles and force and velocity, only to send the cue ball flying at an alarming rate off of the table and in front of Kara and James.

“Sorry!” Winn called out, looking slightly chagrined, especially when Alex took to pointing at him in case any of the other bar patrons got annoyed.

“Maybe we, uh, just drink some beers together,” Maggie suggested, and Winn happily agreed, sinking back down into a smaller booth across from Maggie. “So, I hear you’re the first one to inadvertently suggest to Danvers that she might like me.”

“What?” Winn laughed, trying to think back.

“I mean, you told her she didn’t, but that got her thinking…so perhaps I have you to think just a bit.”

“Oh, er, sorry,” Winn blushed. “I didn’t, I just, I didn’t know Alex liked women.”

“Eh, she didn’t know she liked women either,” Maggie shrugged. “Heteronormativity’s a bitch.”

“Cheers,” Winn laughed offering his beer in a toast. Maggie regarded him more closely; perhaps she and Winn could get along even better.

“Hey, what are you two talking about?” James asked, squeezing in beside Winn as Alex slid in next to Maggie.

“Missed me so soon?” Maggie whispered, kissing Alex’s cheek and distracting her sufficiently for Winn to get away with aww-ing at the display of affection.

“So, what were you two chatting about?” Alex asked.

“You,” Maggie grinned, biting back a laugh at the panicked expression on Winn’s face.

“Nothing bad! Just how great you two are together! And, ya know, I hadn’t gotten to this part, but I, of course, was going to tell her that she better not hurt you.”
“You threatening my girlfriend, Schott?” Alex asked, her voice low.

“What? No…I mean, she wouldn’t be your girlfriend at the point at which said threat was realized,” he stammered, trying to right the situation. “I just, I mean, you’re like a sister. Like, a really scary, sort of threatening sister. But she makes you happy. And I want her to keep making you happy, you know? And she should know that you’ve got lots of people looking out for you.”

“Hey,” James added, clapping Winn on the back, “you just about salvaged that situation. Way to go, buddy.”

“Shut up.” Winn grumbled, punching James in the arm only to rub his own knuckles as he hid the slight wince of pain.

“You two are adorable,” Maggie teased.

“You just trying to drag the whole squad out of the closet?” Alex whispered, nudging Maggie.

Waiting until Winn and James were distracted by their own conversation again, she whispered, “Is he even in the closet?”

“What knows,” Alex shrugged.

“Detective Sawyer, do you have a minute?” J’onn asked, looking more formal than he had earlier.

Maggie gulped and nodded, making her way out of the booth. Her heart raced and she could feel her palms growing clammy. She wondered if this would be the moment when everything fell apart, when yet another parent decided that she wasn’t good enough for their kid. “Um, yes, sir?”

“Let’s walk outside for a minute, get a bit of fresh air,” J’onn suggested.

“Okay,” Maggie nodded, thinking, perhaps irrationally, that outside would be a much better place if someone wanted to hurt her or yell at her.

Feeling the waves of fear radiating off of Maggie and trying not to pry into the panicked thoughts spiraling out from Maggie’s psyche, J’onn explained: “I just, I lost friends here very recently, as I know you did too. It would, well, it would be nice to step outside and get a little farther away from all that pain and unnecessary destruction.”

“Right, of course,” Maggie nodded, feeling her guard fall ever so slightly.

When they got outside, J’onn gestured to the hood of the DEO-issued sedan he’d brought just in case after catching sight of Kara flying her intoxicated friends home one too many times. “I, well, perhaps this is not my place, but I care deeply for Alex. Over the years, I have watched her mature and become one of the finest agents and people I know. I swore many years ago to a good man that I would protect her, treat her like my own daughter. And I suspect that that protection means making sure that Alex chooses someone worthy of her.” Noting the way Maggie’s whole body seemed to tense, he quickly added: “I believe you are. But I would be remiss if I didn’t say something to you. I want only the best for her, so I want you to promise me that you’ll always try your best to be that for my girl.”

“Of course,” Maggie nodded, tears glistening in her eyes at the care this man had for the woman she adored. “I know that maybe she could do better, and maybe she’ll see that one day, but for now? For now, I want to be there for her as best as I can.”

Putting a tentative arm around Maggie’s shoulder, J’onn checked: “May I?”
“Sure,” Maggie nodded, letting herself relax slightly into the strong touch.

“Please don’t ever think of yourself as less than. I’ve watched you work too. I’ve watched you push Alex, not just to be true to herself, but also to interrogate some of the assumptions she’d built up over the years of working at the DEO—years spent dealing with some of the worst criminals of any species. And that? That’s an amazing ability. So don’t sell yourself short. Because you deserve all that happiness and care too.”

“Thanks,” Maggie sniffed, trying desperately not to cry in front of this man she’d barely met. But when he wrapped his arm around her just a little more closely, she let herself accept the comfort, let herself hear the words that had been denied to her for just a little too long.

When Alex came out, she found Maggie and J’onn lying back on the hood of the car, gesturing to stars and constellations as they laughed and talked about what they saw when they looked into the night sky. “Hey,” she said quietly, not wanting to disturb the moment.

“Hey!” Maggie waved, quickly sitting up and hopping down from the hood to pull Alex in for a hug. “How are you?”

“Not bad…had a nice chat with M’gann. I assume you heard something similar from J’onn?” Alex asked, a knowing look in her eyes.

“Ah…so the space parents tag-teamed us, huh?”

“It would seem so.”

Chapter End Notes

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Pre-Director Sanvers V Part 1

Chapter Summary

4 Prompts in 1 – What?? Some of these have been sitting with me for a little while now, and then they sort of coalesced nicely (maybe? hopefully?) into one massive piece that brought together a few ideas I’d had - part 2 is still in the works, but I wanted to get some feedback before I threw myself into something that maybe you all really won’t be able to get behind.
Also, the title is shit...I recognize that. Feel free to suggest new ones.

1. Lillil40: fic of alex/lucy or maybe pre-sanvers maggie being jealous of lucy

2. Hi! Could write Director Sanvers as a V instead of a triad sometimes? I like your existing Director Sanvers work, it's just that I've only seen them as a V once, if ever. Please and thank you!

3. Lou: Please do a jealous angsty Sanvers fanfic.

4. Tumblr prompt fill for 12. “I think we need to talk.” – Director Sanvers

Also! Happy tits out for Lucy Lane Day, everyone! And with that, I bid you goodnight.

Chapter Notes

A/N: This is set earlier on in Alex’s relationship with Maggie than we’ve gotten to in the show, and, obviously, it is canon-divergent (heyyy, Lucy!)

A/N 2: Credit for a small joke about Alex’s wanted poster goes out to nerdsbianhokie and iamsuperconfused and definitely probably some more people whose names I can’t find at the moment

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Lucy?” Alex asked, her voice tinged with disbelief. It had been so many months with only the most sporadic of updates.

“Hey,” Lucy waved, a huge grin on her face as she jogged over to Alex. “How are you? It feels like it’s been forever”

“Me? I’ve been in National City this whole time. What about you? What have you been doing? Hell, where have you been?”

“Didn’t you get my carrier pigeons?” Lucy asked, looking genuinely confused by Alex’s reaction.

“Carrier pigeons?” Maggie interjected, scoffing quietly. She didn’t ask it yet, but she also desperately wanted to know who this gorgeous woman was whose hands hadn’t stopped touching her girlfriend since she arrived.
Alex chuckled. “Yeah, apparently Luce thinks it’s, and I’ll quote, ‘not that weird.’ I told her she’s just being a hipster.”

“Not a hipster if I’m not trying to be one,” Lucy countered.

“So you’re just…weird?” Alex teased, nudging Lucy. Maggie forced a laugh, her eyes focusing on the way that Lucy and Alex seemed to draw energy from one another, both looking significantly lighter and cheerier with every casual touch, every teasing remark.

Before Maggie could interject again, maybe to introduce herself, Kara was flying into the room and pulling Lucy into a tight hug that left her feet dangling in the air. “Lucy!” Kara squealed. “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming back?”

“I wanted to surprise this one,” Lucy winked, nudging Alex, “and you can’t keep a secret to save your life.”

“I’ve gotten better,” Kara grumbled.

“Sure you have, dear.”

“So why’d you want to surprise me?” Alex asked.

“Also, who are you?” Maggie finally chimed in. Perhaps the question was a bit rude, but she really didn’t appreciate being shunted to the sidelines without a word the second someone new came back.

“Major Lucy Lane, Co-Director of the DEO,” Lucy introduced herself, suddenly standing tall and offering a formal handshake.

Of course she is, Maggie thought as she extended her hand. “Detective Maggie Sawyer, NCPD, Science Division.”

“You’re letting local cops in here now?” Lucy laughed incredulously, wondering when Alex had grown so lenient.

Clearing her throat and blushing a bright shade of pink, Alex rubbed her hand across the back of her neck and added, “Maggie is also my girlfriend.”

“Right,” Lucy nodded curtly, her jaw clenching slightly. “Well, we should definitely catch up, huh? Maybe drinks tonight? I’ve got to go talk to J’onn now, update him on the project I’ve been working on.”

“Sure,” Alex nodded. “Noonan’s at 8?”

“Yeah, alright. See you then.”

Once Lucy had left and Kara had gotten distracted by something Winn was looking at on his computer, Maggie turned to Alex. “What, uh, what was that about?”

“What was what about?” Alex asked, her voice slightly breathier than normal.

“Oh, I don’t know. The touching? The flirtiness? The sexual tension? The way I could have disappeared without either of you two noticing? The way she got all weird when you introduced me as your girlfriend? Maybe we start with literally any of that.”

“Are you…are you jealous?” Alex asked, deflecting attention away from a few of the more legitimate points Maggie had made. She was still head over heels for Maggie; Lucy’s return didn’t
change that fact.

“It sure looked like I had reason to be! Either she’s homophobic or she likes you.”

“What? Pfft, no. She’s not, she doesn’t do relationships these days.”

“Until recently lot of my ex-girlfriends would have said the same thing about me,” Maggie mumbled, not wanting to add that now she let herself think about a rather domestic future with Alex—the kind of future she used to mock regularly.

“Look, I don’t want to talk about it here,” Alex finally said.

“That means there’s something to talk about.”

“I’m not leaving you for Lucy,” Alex snapped.

“Fine. I’m gonna go…just, I don’t know…enjoy drinks.” And before Alex could say any more, Maggie was turning on her heel and walking quickly out of the DEO.

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“Wanna grab dinner too?” Alex texted Lucy, figuring she might as well make plans since Maggie wasn’t answering any of her texts or calls.

“Yeah…sure your girlfriend won’t mind?” Lucy sent back.

“Are you not okay with her?”

“Fine. Just surprised to see you suddenly so…out of the closet.”

“Can we not do this over text?”

“Fine…that Chinese place Kara loves?”

“6pm,” Alex sent, putting her phone down and groaning into her hands. She’d been so excited to see Lucy back at the DEO, but somehow it had all gone downhill from there.

Her afternoon seemed to race by, propelling her closer and closer to her dinner with Lucy. She had no idea what to expect, though she was fairly certain it would involve a lot of rehashing of old arguments that she thought were long since resolved.

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“So…what finally dragged Alex Danvers out of the closet?” Lucy asked, forcing a laugh that sounded fake even to her.

“I just, Maggie said some things, and I got to thinking…I don’t know. She got me to tell Kara, then, you know how Kara is—once I told her it was real, a thing about me. And once I kind of wrapped my head around that, I felt…better about it—proud, even.”

“So it was Maggie?”

“I mean, kind of. But it’s also something I was going to need to deal with eventually.”

Lucy nodded, picking at her food in silence for a few minutes. But the nagging questions at the back of her head made her stomach twist painfully. “Why wasn’t I enough?” Lucy finally snapped.
“You never asked for anything more than what we had,” Alex retorted, feeling herself getting defensive at Lucy’s tone.

Lucy swallowed heavily, shoving down all the angry things she could yell, knowing they wouldn’t help—never had, especially not with Alex. In the beginning, she’d been perfectly happy with how things were…

~

Lucy ran into Alex at one of the more…eclectic bars in National City—the kind of place you went to get drunk away from the people you knew or to go home with someone who’d help you to forget whatever drove you there in the first place. She knew why she was there. It was the kind of place you went when the man you moved across the country for leaves you for some blonde chick he’s clearly been in love with since before you showed up. And Lucy couldn’t even be mad at the woman—Kara, she corrected—she was the walking, talking embodiment of fucking sunshine, which just left her even more frustrated. Between the breakup and learning that her dad hadn’t been the type of man she’d once believed him to be—a common thread in her life—she needed a drink and maybe a warm body to remind her she was still desirable.

She made eye contact with Alex, nodding her head slightly and getting a tip of Alex’s glass in return. She wondered what drove the other woman here…

Between failing her dad again and being forced to attack her own sister before nearly losing her to some starry void, Alex was exhausted. Kara had made her promise to find love, to find happiness, but she didn’t feel worthy of either of those things. She’d killed people, aliens. She’d disappointed her parents again. She hadn’t been able to save J’onn the way she should have—had forced him to expose himself, nearly getting a second father killed. All Alex wanted was a drink or five in a bar where she wouldn’t have to see her sister look at her over her glasses, leave her boyfriend for the night to make sure that Alex was okay. It would just mean that Alex spent another night less drunk than she’d like to be and lying through her teeth to try to assuage Kara’s fears.

She noticed as Lucy settled in a couple seats down from her at the bar, motioning for the bartender and smiling gratefully when he brought over a generous glass of some amber-colored liquid—Alex had been too distracted by the sight of Lucy waiting to look at what the bartender was getting her. She dropped her gaze back to her own tumbler before Lucy could notice her staring. It wasn’t her place to pry. Just because the woman had tried to send her to some government black ops site from which she’d never return—and rescued her, Alex added, not letting herself think back to the way her heart had thundered in her chest at the sight of Lucy pulling off her motorcycle helmet and shaking out locks of wavy brown hair, somehow looking like a model even after being shot at for blocks.

A couple of drinks later, Lucy moved down two seats. She felt pleasantly warm. Everything was just a little softer at the edges, but nowhere near being doubled yet. She left one seat between them—respectable distance, she thought. Professional.

“Hey,” Alex finally said.

“Hey,” Lucy answered, looking at the empty seat. As if she knew exactly what Lucy was thinking, Alex slid over one.

“What brings you here? I didn’t really think of you at a place like this.” Someone like Alex belonged here; someone like Lucy—with her designer clothes and director title—she belonged somewhere nice.

Lucy debated lying, but she’d had enough to drink that the truth slipped out: “Oh, you know: break
up, newfound distaste for my father, gut-wrenching guilt over nearly sending two innocent people to an underground prison. The usual. You?”

Alex laughed darkly. “Sounds about right. Let’s just leave it at perpetual disappointment, hmm?”

“Cheers to having sisters who can do no wrong,” Lucy raised her nearly empty glass, clinking it against Alex’s.

Alex swallowed the last of her drink in one go, feeling warmth run through her veins. She was by no means as drunk as she had planned to get, but she found, sitting next to Lucy, that she was content. She’d had enough to numb the aching sense of guilt, to quiet the voices yelling at her, reminding her how unworthy she was, how she could never even hope to compare.

Lucy nodded, then continued, “You’re, uh, you’re pretty impressive yourself, though. I mean, I know that’s not why you’re here, maybe not even something you want to hear, probably not from me, at least. But it’s true.”

Alex shrugged. “Appreciate it,” she mumbled, “even if I don’t believe it.”

“I called you a traitor and sent you to Cadmus. Really think I’m one to pull punches?” Lucy asked, arching an eyebrow.

“You’ve got a point. But you also rescued me. And J’onn. And that makes you a much better person than your father could ever hope to be.”

“Thanks,” Lucy whispered. It sort of felt like forgiveness.

After another drink, Lucy’s head found it’s way to Alex’s shoulder. Alex’s hand moved toward hers on the bar. Then Lucy’s other hand was on Alex’s thigh, feeling the toned muscles tighten under her touch.

“Do you want to…” Lucy trailed off, skimming her fingers higher up Alex’s thigh. She’d seen the way Alex’s legs had spread almost imperceptibly each time she went higher. She’d heard the slight hitch in Alex’s breath. And, god, she wanted something to clear her head tonight.

“I’m not gay,” Alex spat out, feeling her stomach churn at the thought of yet another way she could disappoint her mother.

“Okay. So you don’t want to?” Lucy checked, pulling her hand away.

Breathing heavily, Alex tried to say no, no she didn’t want this; no, she wasn’t gay. But she already missed Lucy’s warm hands on her thigh, wanted to know what they might feel like elsewhere. And just because she did something with a woman, it didn’t make her gay… After all, she was fairly certain she might have done something with women during grad school—she didn’t quite remember, and there was a good chance she did it for free drinks, but still—and that hadn’t made her any less heterosexual.

“I didn’t say that,” Alex finally whispered.

“Good.” Lucy grinned and slipped off of the barstool, dropping enough cash on the bar to cover both of their drinks and a generous tip.

By the time they got back to Lucy’s place—there was never a question, given Kara’s penchant for flying in at odd hours—they had both sobered slightly, both sobered enough to confirm that they were consenting adults who would be able to look at each other tomorrow, see one another at work,
be professionals. Tonight was about—about the same reasons that drove them to the bar in the first place.

It had been equal parts rough and soft—wet, hungry kisses mixed with achingly tender caresses; deep, hard thrusts and long, slow licks. It was clumsy and a little sloppy and perfectly satisfying. They fell asleep naked and sweaty and spent, sprawled across Lucy’s bed.

The next morning, they’d nodded and pulled on clothing. Alex had smiled when she said goodbye, and Lucy hadn’t asked her to stay. It was good.

~

“I guess it’s too late to tell you that I regret never asking for more?” Lucy asked, looking wistful as she played with the straw in her drink.

“You’re the one that left, Luce.”

“And you’re the one that freaked out when I took you to dinner.”

“It wasn’t like you were out either.”

“But I would have been—that’s the difference, Alex.”

“Look, I…I’m with Maggie now. And I’m sorry. I’m sorry for the way I treated you after the date-dinner thing. I was shitty. To you. And to myself. But I liked how close we were—the friend bit too. And if that’s still an option, I’d like that.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to put all that on you. I just, I’ve been away for a long time. And I missed you…more than I thought I would. Then I made the mistake of surprising you, not knowing that things had changed. But I can do that—be friends, I mean. Because that’s what we were, right? Friends. Friends who slept together, but still friends.”

“Right,” Alex nodded, willing herself to believe that friendship was safe, to forget the way her body still seemed to react to Lucy’s proximity.

“So…drinks?” Lucy suggested, thinking it would probably do them both some good to get out of the restaurant and into a more open space.

---

Hours later, Lucy and Alex stumbled down the hallway of Alex’s building, giggling loudly and shushing each other. Lucy’s heels were dangling from her fingers, and Alex was missing the sweater she’d been wearing earlier, but, god, she didn’t even care—it had been so much fun.

Around drink number three the awkwardness between them had seemed to dissipate. Alex started playing, “Have you met Luce?” with the most attractive men and women she could find at the bar, while Lucy earned them free drinks for the night by getting Alex to arm wrestle men two to three times her size and win.

Eventually they’d started subbing out free drinks for free bar food, stuffing their faces with enough fried goodness to absorb some of the alcohol, trying to save themselves from the hangover from hell the following day. It was then, a bit sobered up, that Lucy grumbled, “Fuck.”

“What? What’s wrong?” Alex asked, ready to go punch whatever asshole had knocked into Lucy or stolen her tater tots or something else equally awful.
“I, er, I sort of assumed that I would just crash at your place tonight…”

“Oh…well, I mean, you still can. Friends sleep with each other—I mean sleep next to each other.”

“I can sleep on the couch,” Lucy offered, but Alex had just shrugged, said they’d figure it out when they got home.

What she hadn’t planned on was that when they stumbled through the door to her apartment, Maggie would be sitting in the living room, her eyes rimmed in red and a mug of tea clutched in her hands, waiting for any sign that Alex was okay, alive, hadn’t gotten hurt or something out on a mission.

“You’re here? At my place? Thought you said you didn’t want to see me,” Alex slurred.

Maggie clenched her jaw, grabbing her keys and her coat. “Didn’t realize you’d rebound so soon,” she growled, desperate to get out of the apartment before the tears came.

“No! No, no, no, you’ve got it all wrong,” Lucy said, standing in the doorway and blocking Maggie’s path. “I’m just here because I didn’t get a hotel. We’re not fucking anymore.”

“Anymore?” Maggie repeated, looking incredulously over at Alex. “What happened to telling me I had no reason to be jealous?”

“You don’t,” Alex insisted, but she couldn’t find the words to explain it properly, her head spinning now and incapable of coherent thought. “I just, it was a thing. Way before you. Not a thing now, though. Because we’re together. And I…I want to be together. With you, I mean.”

“Thanks for the clarification, Al.”

“She’s being honest,” Lucy added, rather unhelpfully.

“Yeah, well, you can just have a great night with my girlfriend. Alex, I’ll talk to you when you’re not falling over yourself drunk.”

“You don’t get to judge me!” Alex yelled, hearing every complaint her mother had ever made about her drinking echoed in those words, feeling her own self-hatred, memories of wasted years, of wasted potential, bubbling up inside her.

“Yeah, actually, I think I do.” And then Maggie was forcing her way past Lucy, who wasn’t exactly steady enough to defend the doorway, and storming down the hallway.

Feeling incredibly guilty for wishing that Alex could still be hers, feeling like she’d somehow caused this whole mess, Lucy looked up at Alex. “You should probably go get her if you want to keep doing whatever it is you two are doing.”

“Fuck, right,” Alex nodded, ditching her shoes and taking off down the hall, dashing into the stairwell and hoping it would be faster. After stumbling a few times, she finally got to a good pace, ignoring the way her head spun and her vision blurred with each turn. She ran into Maggie around the first floor, since she was apparently walking at a more human pace.

“What do you want?” Maggie snapped, trying to covertly dry her cheeks.

“You,” Alex declared, pushing Maggie up against the wall and kissing her hard.

“Stop!” Maggie yelled, shoving Alex off of her. “I don’t want your pity fuck or whatever it is you think we’re doing. You taste like the floor of a fucking bar.”
“I’m not that drunk anymore, Maggie. I kissed you because I want to kiss you—I always want to kiss you. I’m not trying to cheat on you or anything like that, okay? I’m sorry. I’m sorry for not telling you. How was I supposed to explain something I never really dealt with myself?”

Seeing the way Alex looked so upset, so pitiful, Maggie’s shoulders sagged slightly, the fight draining from her. “Look, I’m still not happy.”

“I know. I get that.”

“But you can kiss me if you want, if you’re sober enough for it.”

“I am,” Alex nodded, surging forward and pushing Maggie into the wall, sliding her tongue between Maggie’s lips and tugging Maggie closer by her belt loops. “God, you feel so good,” Alex groaned.

Maggie moaned loudly—too loudly for the stairwell, the sound echoing around them—but pulled back when Alex’s fingers fumbled with her zipper. “Not tonight.”

“I’m not that drunk. I want you.”

“But I need some space,” Maggie explained.

“Oh, oh, right. Sorry,” Alex apologized, taking several steps backward and looking distraught.

“You’re okay. You didn’t do anything I didn’t want.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded.

“Just…go sleep this off. And we’ll talk tomorrow.”

“Okay…”

“Night, Alex.”

“Night, Maggie.”

---

The next day, Alex found herself sitting in Maggie’s apartment, nursing a strong coffee and squinting in the last fading rays of daylight streaming through Maggie’s windows.

“So you didn’t drink that much, huh?” Maggie asked, looking slightly pleased by Alex’s discomfort.

“Shut up, please.”

“Hmm…no. I think you deserve this.”

“Probably,” Alex admitted.

“Want to tell me what’s really up with you and the Major?”

Taking a deep breath, Alex finally launched into the whole story, starting with the accusations of treason, essentially, and being shipped off to Cadmus, then being on the run from the law for several months.

“Fuck! That’s why you looked so familiar! I mean, your hair was straighter then, but your face was plastered on all the wanted posters we had to hang up at the station!”
“You take one home and frame it?” Alex teased.

“Nah, just jacked off to it, obviously,” Maggie deadpanned.

“You’re so gross.”

“You like it.”

“I do,” Alex admitted.

“But continue…so the woman accuses you of lying and ships you off to a black ops prison that doesn’t exist, much like the DEO.”

“Right,” Alex laughed humorlessly, then continued, detailing the rescue and the way they reconnected when she got back, how they lived through Myriad together, how they worked side-by-side at the DEO, grew to respect each other. With a deep breath, she told Maggie about their first night together, then skimmed over all of the following nights they’d fallen into bed together.

“And you didn’t, at any point, pause to ask whether that was a little gay?”

“I mean, I didn’t let myself pause long enough to be forced to think about it.” Maggie nodded; she got it, even if it wasn’t her own experience. “But you…you’re the one that finally did that for me. You’re the one I fell for so hard that I couldn’t ignore it anymore.”

“But Lucy…I mean, she came back for you, right?”

“How did you—how could you—how?” Alex stammered.

“I can see the way she looks at you, Danvers. It’s the same way I look at you. And as much as she tried to hide it over breakfast—which, can we just go ahead and call it what it was: the world’s most awkward breakfast?—there’s so much regret there. Who wouldn’t fall for you?”

“Vicky Donahue,” Alex laughed, dismissing further questions with a shake of her head. “But, fine, yes, she did mention that she regretted not trying harder to do more than just sleep together. But I said no! I told her I have a girlfriend, that I’d never cheat on you.”

“I believe you, Al, I do,” Maggie began, her voice soft as she put a hand on top of Alex’s. “But I think we need to talk.”

“No! Maggie, please, no,” Alex pleaded. She knew those words, knew they came before a breakup—the kind where she gets let down easily, like someone so much more fragile than she really is.

“You told me you didn’t want to imagine your life without me in it, but I feel the same way. I can’t, I don’t want to have to lose you. I said no. Nothing happened, I swear.”

“Alex, I mean it when I say that I believe you. But I also see the way you look at her. And I don’t think she’s wrong for thinking that there might have been something between the two of you. That there might still be something between the two of you.”

“But I’m with you.”

Maggie took a deep breath, trying to get her feelings in order for this conversation. She’d thought about it all night, then again after their breakfast together, and tried to focus on the words she’d planned then. “Right. And I want to be with you too. But, well, just because we’re together doesn’t mean you couldn’t date Lucy as well.”
“Are we…are we not exclusive?”

“We have been, but I’ve also been in poly relationships. Right now, I’m happy with just you, but I want to see you happy too, Alex. I’ve always wanted to see you happy. And…” she took a deep breath, “I think being with Lucy would make you happy.”

“Does that mean—are we all dating?”

“Fuck, no,” Maggie laughed. “Look, I can see the way she looks at you and the way she treats you, but for now, she and I aren’t even friends, and I don’t want to try dating her from a starting point of literally nothing. Could that change in the future? Maybe. Do I see it changing? Not really.”

“So I would…I would date both of you?”

“I mean, you’d definitely date me. I suggest you check in with Lucy first about you two.”

“No shit,” Alex laughed, hoping that was appropriate. But then Maggie was grinning and rolling her eyes, and things almost felt okay.

“And you won’t be jealous? I mean, you seemed pretty upset yesterday.”

“I was upset when it was a surprise,” Maggie explained. “This—this would be deliberate, a choice we made together. I’d know why you were out late or spending time with her. And that makes a huge difference.”

“But, I mean, we’ve been together for a little while. I feel like, like we’re more serious, further along in the relationship, you know?”

“Well, maybe I’m your primary partner, at least for now. Maybe you try dating Lucy, and it doesn’t work. Maybe she won’t even want to try this—not everyone is as…open as you seem to be about trying something new. And maybe none of it will work. It’s something we’ll need to talk about and be really honest about.”

“I will, I know,” Alex nodded.

“Alright. Well, did you want to go ask her out and kiss the girls you wanna kiss and all that?”

“That plural suddenly makes a lot more sense,” Alex mused.

“You’re such a dork,” Maggie teased.

“Takes one to know one.” Maggie stuck her tongue out. “But I think tonight—tonight I want to spend with you.”

“Is that so?” Maggie asked, arching an eyebrow. She might have said no when Alex was drunk, but she wasn’t going to turn down makeup sex; it was the best kind, after all.

“Yeah…I think I’d like to remind you just how much I like being with you.”

“Well, then, demonstrate away,” Maggie grinned.

Chapter End Notes
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Also, anticipating the: “But wait! Isn’t Maggie the reason Alex came out? How could she have been sleeping with Lucy for months and still think of herself as straight?” that I’ve gotten when talking about this type of plot before, I reply: you were clearly not as closeted/Catholic as I was. Congratulations! That is all.
Supercorp - Lena's Fantasy

Chapter Summary

Requests for more daddy!Kara from ProfessionalGoof, AnnetheFire, and some lovely anons

Chapter Notes

Tonight I'll have another round of Tumblr prompts going up and possibly another episode add-on/fix-it, but I'm leaving tomorrow up to you! I've got requests for a part 2 to the following: the soulmate AU (smut), the Hogwarts AU (Hogsmeade date fluff), and the Director Sanvers V. Any preferences on what you want to see? Let me know here or on Tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey, Kara,” Lena whispered, her fingernails trailing up and down Kara’s strong arms as they lay curled around one another in bed.

“Mhm?” Kara asked, lazily blinking open her eyes until she felt more alert.

“So… I’ve been thinking…”

“About?” Because, honestly, with Lena it could be anything from quantum entanglement to that place Kara once went to in France to buy her crepes.

“Well, the other night when you were gone for a sister night sleepover, I got to thinking about you, about last week. Then I couldn’t stop thinking about you. Missing you. Needing you.” Kara whimpered, but Lena just kept talking, her voice still gravelly with sleep. “While I was touching myself,” Kara groaned loudly, her fingers dropping down Lena’s body, “I had this… thought—a scenario I thought maybe we could act out, if you’d like to as well.”

“Yeah, I, uh, I think I would.”

“Don’t you want to hear it first?” Lena teased. “Don’t you want to hear what I was thinking about when I was coming, wishing you were here with me?”

“Lena,” Kara groaned.

“Should I take that as a yes?”

“Yes, please,” Kara nodded.

“I suppose I should set the scene first,” Lena mused, loving the way that Kara’s eyes darkened and her fingers curled harder into her hips. “I was fucking myself with the purple cock—you know the one, the one I use when I need to come hard and come fast.” Kara nodded rapidly. “But without you there, I was having a little bit of trouble getting over the edge, so I got out the vibrator. And while I
“Yeah?” Kara asked, her voice pleading.

“I saw my legs spread apart and cuffed to the bedframe, and you were kneeling between them, telling me just how hard and how fast to fuck myself, when I could come for you.” If she were being perfectly honest, the fact that she was being so submissive in her own fantasies—something she’d never done for anyone before Kara—had taken her by surprise. Though the way she’d hurtled over the edge with a loud cry and a gush of arousal at the thought suggested that it was an unexpected fantasy worth exploring.

Kara could feel her heart racing at the thought, an insistent throbbing between her legs. She cleared her throat, trying to sound unaffected. “And, uh, this is something you’d like to…try?”

“It is,” Lena purred, her lips hot on the shell of Kara’s ear. “Do you think you’re up for the challenge, daddy?”

And then Lena was flat on her back, Kara’s mouth hot on her neck while her hands held Lena’s tight (though quite loosely for Kara’s strength) above her head. “Today?” Kara asked.

“Now,” Lena demanded. On her back or not, certain tendencies died hard.

Kara was back in mere moments clutching both the heavier leather restraints and the silk ties. “Do you have a preference?”

“Let’s do the silk ones,” Lena answered. “Do you remember how to do the knots?”

Kara just looked down at her, arching an eyebrow. “Is that lesson one I’m literally ever going to be able to forget?” She shuddered as she thought back to the afternoon Lena had spent teaching her all about safety with ropes and restraints—specifically, to the way Lena had rewarded her each time she got something correct.

Lena grinned, falling back against the mattress as she felt Kara’s nimble fingers winding the silk cords around her ankles, then fastening them to the frame of the bed, leaving more than enough wiggle room in case Lena needed it. She shuddered as Kara’s fingers ran up the length of her bare legs.

“You good?” Kara checked.

“Yes,” Lena hissed, watching as Kara grabbed the toys she’d described from their cabinet and brought them back to her.

“Are you ready for these?”

“Yes,” Lena nodded, her hips bucking up, already feeling rather desperate.

“Yes, what?” Kara rasped.

“Yes, daddy,” Lena answered, sucking her lip between her teeth as Kara fought to keep from just fucking Lena herself.

Handing over the purple dildo, already coated in lube, Kara sat back on her heels, watching as Lena slowly slid the toy inside herself, groaning at how perfectly filled she felt.

“Start slowly,” Kara ordered, watching as the toy slowly appeared then disappeared, looking slightly
wetter with every thrust. Once Lena appeared to have adjusted to that pace, Kara ordered her to speed up, watching with bated breath as Lena’s hips jerked into her hand, desperate for more. “You’re so good for me, baby,” Kara praised, watching as Lena’s hips faltered at her words.

“I’m so wet for you too, daddy,” Lena panted, flicking her wrist slightly faster.

“Show me. I want you to fuck yourself as hard and as fast as you can.” In a quieter voice she added, “Only what feels good, though, okay?”

“I got it,” Lena nodded, smiling at Kara, who was always so caring, so attentive. And then she pumped the cock even harder, even faster, letting out low, guttural moans with every thrust. With her knuckle against her clit and the toy dragging deliciously inside of her, Lena could feel herself getting close. She managed to keep her eyes open, her gaze trained on Kara, whose fingers were digging deep into her own thighs to keep her from pouncing on Lena. “I’m, I’m so close,” Lena panted.

“Not yet,” Kara instructed, handing over the vibrator. “I want to watch you struggle first. I want to see you pulling on those restraints and begging me to let you come.”

Lena groaned loudly as she reached out for the vibrator. “Yes, daddy,” she agreed, watching the way Kara’s eyes darkened and her abs clenched at Lena’s words. “Thank you,” she added, flicking on the vibrator and bringing it down to her clit, letting out a string of obscenities as she fought off her own orgasm. Knowing what Kara wanted to see, remembering her own fantasy, she fucked herself as hard as she would when she just desperately needed to come, her legs pulling at the silk ties as her hips bucked and her back arched off the bed.

Kara looked on, feeling her own arousal building to a point she didn’t even realize was possible. She could swear she felt herself dripping all over the comforter. Noting all of Lena’s tells—the way she’d been holding on for quite some time now—Kara finally bent forward, watching as Lena stared up at her, her eyes pleading. “Come for me,” she ordered.

Clenching around nothing, Kara desperately watched as Lena’s jaw dropped in a silent scream as she came, slamming back into the bed as her whole body trembled. But then Kara couldn’t wait any longer, couldn’t watch another second of Lena’s pleasure without touching herself. She knew Lena would have been only too happy to help, but she needed something hard, something as rough as only she could give herself with the red sunlamps off.

Lena’s eyes snapped open at the sound of Kara’s ragged breathing, the gasps of pleasure and the whimpered cries to Rao as she knelt above Lena, her hand moved between her legs. Lena began thrusting into herself with the cock once more, moving in time with Kara’s hurried thrusts. Lena noted the exact moment when Kara noticed Lena’s own movements, her eyes zeroing in on Lena’s hand, her own fingers faltering for a just a second before moving again with renewed zeal. And then Kara was coming with a loud cry, her body falling forward as she caught herself with her free hand, holding herself just above Lena.

“I need to taste,” Lena panted. “Please, daddy.”

Kara drew her fingers out of herself and brought them up to Lena’s mouth, groaning as she eagerly wrapped her lips around them, swirling her tongue up and down the length of them as she savored every drop. With the memory of Kara’s orgasm fresh in her head and the powerful woman still hovering above her, her taste lingering on Lena’s tongue and her scent heavy in the air, Lena felt herself falling over the edge once more, calling out for Kara, whose arms instinctively wrapped around her, holding Lena tight against her chest until she finally stilled.

With a quick kiss to Lena’s lips, Kara was gone, freeing Lena’s legs and pressing kisses against
Lena’s ankles, making sure everything was okay before moving back up the bed to cradle Lena against her chest. “You okay?”

“Perfect. You?”

“Very, very good.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Chapter Summary

Right now, it's looking like the soulmate AU will be up tomorrow night! Thanks always for the comments and kudos--they mean the world! (Also, now that I'm finally back home and without house guests, I will be getting around to replying)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

3. “Please, don’t leave.” – Sanvers (double requested)

By the time they were well and truly screaming, Alex couldn’t even remember how the fight had escalated. She was mad, but it felt directionless, like she needed to vent without any particular target. After two missions that had both been busts, leaving her with bruised ribs and a metric fuckton of guilt over having left Kara without backup when she let herself get injured, Alex wanted nothing more than to curl up on the couch and drink a little bit more whiskey than Maggie deemed healthy and fall asleep before Kara could come over and insist that Alex wasn’t responsible for her being left in danger from kryptonite weapons that none of them had anticipated.

Alex remembered Maggie getting home and immediately complaining, not noticing that she was upset, that maybe she wasn’t in a good place to hear everything else that had gone wrong today, that she wasn’t ready for reminders of other people being left vulnerable or alone. So she just grunted and nodded, not really listening to what Maggie said. And then Maggie was rounding on her, asking why she wasn’t paying attention, reminding Alex that not being heard was her pet peeve, the one thing she couldn’t stand above anything else. Maybe she didn’t respond to that criticism well, but then Maggie had the audacity to guilt her over the drinking too, telling her she was being irresponsible. Alex suspected that might have been the point at which she snapped, even if she couldn’t be sure. Because, dammit, she was an adult. She was an adult who had a terrible day and already feels guilty and irresponsible and dumb, and she really didn’t need to hear it all confirmed by her girlfriend too.

But at some point the fight had spiraled out of control. And then Maggie was yelling at Alex for that time a couple of weeks ago when she had taken Supergirl’s side over her girlfriend’s in front of the other detectives, when she hadn’t even tried to listen to Maggie’s explanation of the events before assuming that Kara had been in the right. And Alex was shutting down and turning cold and just a little cruel as she reminded Maggie of the times when she and her NCPD friends would have died without Supergirl’s intervention. And then it was about the chores not being done and who had been responsible for RSVP-ing to that wedding and why the same carton of very expired takeout from Kara’s visit two weeks ago was still rotting in the fridge despite someone having been asked to throw it away on four separate occasions, and Alex knew these were little things, that these were issues solved with reminders not accusations, but she was too far gone, and they were both far too stubborn to back down from a fight that they were convinced they hadn’t started but were determined to end.

And then Maggie was shutting down, closing off, putting back up her walls as she told Alex not to wait up for her tonight. Her voice was hoarse and her eyes rimmed with red as she shrugged on the jacket that never even made it into the closest.

As much as Alex knew that Maggie deserved a chance to walk away and cool off, between the
emotions that had been running high all day and the whiskey that had gone to her head a bit too fast
without dinner, all Alex could think about was the last time she’d told Maggie not to wait up. All she
could picture was Maggie being dragged somewhere. All she could imagine was not being good
enough, not being fast enough, not being smart enough to save her. And then she was sobbing and
chasing after Maggie, grabbing her at the doorway before quickly letting go, muttering out apologies
about boundaries and not touching when angry.

“Please, please wait,” Alex choked out.

“Why?” Maggie snapped. “So you can yell at me some more?”

“No,” Alex shook her head. “I can, we don’t have to share the bed. I just, please don’t leave. I can’t
—I couldn’t—what if something happened? It’d all be my fault.”

Almost instantly, Maggie’s eyes softened as she relocked the deadbolt and slid the chain back into
the lock. “Hey, you’re okay. I’m okay. We’re both safe and here, okay?”

“Yeah,” Alex hiccupped, her eyes still watery.

“C’mere,” Maggie offered, opening her arms and letting Alex bury her head in the crook of her neck.
“I’m still angry,” Maggie whispered, “but I’ll stay here.”

“Thanks,” Alex replied, her voice muffled. Pulling back and swallowing hard, she looked at Maggie
with those big brown eyes that were so hard to resist. “I’m sorry. I just, today was rough. And I
know, I didn’t tell you like I promised I would. But telling you would have just reminded me of
everything I was trying to forget. And then we were yelling, and it was too late, and I was angry, but
I don’t even think I was angry with you.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not yet,” Alex shook her head.

“Since you’re upset, can we at least switch out the drink for some food? I haven’t eaten yet either.
Maybe we get something easy, like takeout?”

“I’ll treat,” Alex offered.

“Sounds good. And look, just, I don’t know, as a reminder, even when I’m mad, I still love you.”

“Love you too,” Alex whispered.

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24. “You’re the only one I trust to do this.” (Sanvers smut)

“Are you sure?” Alex asked, always wanting to check, always wanting to be sure.

“I promise,” Maggie assured her. “I trust you to do this. Hell, you’re the only one I trust to do this.”

“That’s not necessarily reassuring,” Alex sighed. “It’s your first time. What if I fuck it up?”
“Then I say, ‘Red,’ you stop, and we cuddle until we’re both feeling good again.”

“Okay. And you promise you’ll use our safewords if you aren’t okay? You’re not gonna feel guilty or something?”

“Alex, just like I promised you I would when we were talking about it as an idea and then as a more concrete idea, I still promise to use them if I need them. But I also feel safe with you. And that’s something I didn’t really have in past relationships, which is why I never let myself be the one tied up.”

“Okay,” Alex nodded, moving up the bed and fastening the leather cuffs to Maggie’s wrists and then to the bed frame. They were already completely naked—had been for what felt like hours as they teased one another, built each other up. Then Maggie had asked if tonight could be the night she tried getting tied up. They’d talked about it extensively, but Alex wanted to wait for Maggie to be the one to choose the time. And even though she theoretically knew it was coming, the request had thrilled her (and made her just a little nervous, if she were being honest).

“Do they feel okay?” Alex asked.

Pulling on the cuffs and trying to twist around to see what her mobility was like, Maggie bit her lip and nodded. “They feel perfect.”

“Good,” Alex grinned, dropping her mouth down to kiss Maggie, her movements slow and sensuous as she savored every whimper Maggie let out, the way her hips bucked up into hers, desperately seeking purchase on something, anything.

Then Alex’s mouth was dropping, her lips hot on Maggie’s neck, on her collarbones, across her chest; her teeth dragging along Maggie’s nipples, sending a jolt of white-hot desire through her. As Alex’s mouth skirted around her pussy, lavishing attention across her abs and up and down her inner thighs, Maggie tried to reach out, to wind her fingers through Alex’s hair and pull her close, only to find her hands snapped backward in the cuffs. For a moment it was disconcerting, but as she willed herself to relax, to give herself over entirely to Alex, she began to think of the restraints as an enhancement of sorts, a way to make sure she got lost in the experience. She let herself relax into Alex’s touches, trusting Alex to give her exactly what she wanted.

Noting the exact moment when Maggie seemed to switch into a more submissive headspace, Alex rewarded her, dipping her tongue between her folds and moaning loudly, appreciatively at the taste of the arousal that was dripping from Maggie. She grinned as Maggie’s hips canted up, at the way Maggie whimpered.

“Still good?” Alex checked, popping her head up.

“Yes, green,” Maggie whined, wishing she could guide Alex’s head back down.

“Good,” Alex purred, gripping Maggie’s hips tightly, bruisingly, as she sucked Maggie’s clit between her lips in the way that always drove her crazy. When she heard Maggie’s moaning suddenly quiet, felt her thighs quivering beneath her touch, her hips faltering under her mouth, Alex pulled back. “Do you want to keep playing, or should I let you come?”

“Let me come,” Maggie panted. In the future, yes, absolutely, she wanted to play for hours, for Alex to take her to the edge again and again before letting her come. But for now she wanted her hands back, wanted to be able to wrap them around Alex and hold her tight.

Nodding, Alex dropped her head back down, licking hard, slow licks up the length of Maggie’s sex
before moving her lips back to the hard nub. Maggie groaned at every flick of Alex’s tongue. Pulling at the restraints, she felt herself getting even wetter, knowing that—in the safest of all possible ways—she was bound here, bound to this bed, at Alex’s mercy. And that thought finally pushed her over, her whole body shaking as she wrapped her thighs around Alex’s face, riding out her orgasm.

When she finally felt like she could think again, could speak coherently, Maggie grinned down at Alex. “Hey,” she whispered.

“Hey,” Alex replied between long, lazy licks. “You okay?”

“Very, very good. But I think I’m done for tonight.”

Immediately, Alex was up the bed and by her side, unlocking the cuffs and rubbing Maggie’s wrists softly. “Do you feel okay?”

“Yeah, I promise! I just, I wanted to be able to hold you.”

“Ah, well that I can absolutely do,” Alex grinned.

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31. “You lied to me.” – Sanvers

Eliza had been trying, rather hard, to be better to Alex, to give her the benefit of the doubt and not thrust her own expectations onto her daughter. And, if the length and tone of their weekly phone calls were anything to go by, she’d been doing a rather decent job of it. Alex actually called her sometimes—voluntarily and all—just to chat, to give her updates from the lab now that Eliza had been cleared after helping with the Medusa virus, to tell her stories about Maggie and Kara.

But she was finding it increasingly difficult to keep her mouth shut over brunch. She was also finding it increasingly difficult to swallow without gagging. “Alex…” she began, trying to keep her tone light and friendly. “What, uh, what recipe did you use for the pancakes?”

“Oh! It’s a vegan recipe that I make just for Maggie.” Alex smiled widely at her girlfriend who just nodded and looked back at her plate.

Noting the way Maggie remained suspiciously silent, Eliza asked, “Have you been making them long?”

“Uh, a few brunches. Some breakfasts in bed. Just being a good girlfriend,” she added, kissing Maggie on the forehead.

“You’re the best girlfriend, whether or not you cook, Danvers,” Maggie insisted, wondering if this might be the day Alex learned the truth about her pancakes from hell.

Trying to figure out how the situation had gotten this far, Eliza continued, “Have you ever tried them?”

“Eh, once, but I don’t think vegan food is for me,” Alex shrugged. “But it’s good. More leftovers for her!”
“Mhm,” Maggie nodded, stuffing a large bite in her mouth and forcing it down. “So good. Take them in for early mornings at the precinct.”

“Maybe you can share that recipe with me,” Eliza suggested, determined to figure out what had gone so terribly wrong with a food that was typically quite simple to make.

“I’ve got it right here,” Alex declared, popping a piece of bacon in her mouth as she rummaged through the recipe drawer that she had only recently taken to investigating. “I mean, I don’t really need the recipe anymore—good memory and all.”

Going through the list and looking at the ingredients still on the counter, Eliza’s eyes narrowed. “Now…the recipe calls for baking powder, but you’ve got the baking soda sitting on your counter.”

“Oh… I guess they’re pretty interchangeable,” Alex shrugged.

“Oh, sweetie,” Eliza sighed, wrapping an arm around Alex’s shoulders. “What would you say if someone told you two different acids were interchangeable in the lab?”

“That’s just ridiculous,” Alex scoffed.

“Exactly. Ingredients are equally important.” Pausing, she continued, “I want to start by reminding you that I love you and that your cooking abilities are in no way a measure of your self-worth, but I have to be honest, these pancakes are inedible. They taste like soap.”

“Maggie loves them!” Alex retorted. “Tell her,” she demanded, turning to look at Maggie, who had been trying to slink out of the room unnoticed.

“Oh, uh, I heard my phone ringing,” Maggie mumbled through a mouth full of pancakes that she had been planning to spit out in the privacy of the bathroom.

“Oh, uh, I heard my phone ringing,” Maggie mumbled through a mouth full of pancakes that she had been planning to spit out in the privacy of the bathroom.

“Your phone’s out here,” Alex said suspiciously.

“Oh, she must have heard mine,” Eliza smiled, making a hasty retreat to the balcony with her own phone.

“Do you… do you not like my pancakes?” Alex asked.

“I mean, I love that you make them.”

“But… do you like the taste of them?”

“Um, they, er, could make use a little work, or, I guess some baking powder.”

“So… you lied to me?” Alex asked, looking utterly crestfallen.

Feeling terrible and wanting nothing more than to kiss away Alex’s frown, Maggie rushed out: “No! I mean, sort of… But I like them in the sense that you made them for me. And, well, I didn’t really think it’d be more than a one-time thing. But it’s so sweet that you kept making them! So how could I possibly say something mean?”

“What do you do with them?”

“I eat the ones you give me here,” Maggie assured her. “But then maybe I dispose of the leftovers…”

“But you eat, like, three or four soapy, inedible discs for me?”
“Every weekend, babe.”

Alex paused for a moment, weighing her pride against Maggie’s actions. “That’s sort of sweet.”

“I do what I can,” Maggie laughed. “But, you know, I bet if you just switched out the baking soda for baking powder, they’d be amazing.”

“Just because you did something sort of sweet doesn’t mean you’re forgiven for lying to me. You don’t get pancakes for several weekends,” Alex huffed.

“What if I made your favorite risotto this week?” Maggie offered.

“Hmm…I might consider it.”

“Progress!”

Seeing that her daughter and Maggie seemed to have reconciled and were now wrapped in each other’s arms, Eliza let herself back into the house. “How about I go pick up some pastries from the coffee shop down the street?”

“I guess that could be good,” Alex mumbled.

“We need something to go with the very delicious bacon you cooked so perfectly, right?” Eliza added, hoping her daughter wouldn’t let the criticism go to her head.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m hearing your compliments, remembering that you still love me.”

Smiling and shaking her head, Eliza headed over to the door to grab her coat and wallet, finding herself joined by Maggie, who offered her a bit of cash to chip in for the pastries as well as a desperate, whispered, “Thank you, thank you so much,” that left Eliza laughing loudly her whole way down the stairs.

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38. “You fainted…straight into my arms. You know, if you wanted my attention you didn’t have to go to such extremes.” – Sanvers

“Just stitch it!” Maggie growled, determined to get back into the fight despite the rather jagged cut deep in her thigh that was currently being wrapped tightly by Alex with the t-shirt she’d been wearing under her DEO pullover.

“Maggie, I don’t even have something to numb the area. You almost passed out when I sanitized the wound. Do you have any idea how much worse it’ll hurt to have me give you stitches?” Alex asked, looking incredulously down at her girlfriend, who wouldn’t stop struggling against Alex’s restraining grip.

“It’ll be better for me to be fighting alongside you than worrying about you from an ambulance.”

“But I’ll be preoccupied protecting you if you’re fighting hurt,” Alex explained, willing to be patient now that J’onn had arrived as backup for Supergirl. She suspected that the fight wouldn’t last too much longer. It was just a shame that reinforcements didn’t come until after Maggie had taken the
brunt of a knife sent hurtling through the air at them first. “Please, Maggie, for me? Will you please wait.”

“No,” Maggie insisted.

Rolling her eyes, Alex picked Maggie up, keeping pressure on the wound the whole time, and carried her over to the squad car, trying to ignore the memories of why they had just so happened to have been parked in this alleyway when the alien weapons dealers showed up. With a towel spread out across the backseat, Alex instructed Maggie to keep pressure on her leg while she sanitized the needle from the emergency kit she’d insisted Maggie carry.

“Ready?” Alex asked, holding up the needle.

Trying to make light of the situation, especially after having caught a glimpse of the bloody shirt, Maggie joked, “Remember the first time you gave me stitches? Last Thanksgiving? Full circle again, Danvers. Full circle.”

“Yeah, only this time, you won’t have those nice DEO drugs because you’re insisting we do this here.”

“Didn’t need ’em then,” Maggie scoffed.

“Sure you didn’t.” Alex carefully removed the shirt, glad to see that the bleeding wasn’t nearly as bad as she’d feared it might be, then pulled through the first stitch.

With a loud grunt of pain, Maggie collapsed into Alex’s chest, while Alex instinctively curled her free arm around the woman to catch her. “Told you so,” Alex mumbled, shaking her head. With a radio call in to J’onn and Kara, both of whom confirmed that they were fine, just about done at this point, Alex took off for the DEO, intent on properly stitching Maggie up.

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“Hey, what happened?” Maggie asked groggily, her memory of the day’s events still a bit hazy.

“Good to see you awake,” Alex sighed, looking at Maggie with a fond, if slightly exasperated expression. “Do you remember getting cut with a knife?”

“Oh…yeah,” Maggie nodded. She was surprised to find she didn’t feel any pain.

“Then do you remember insisting that I stitch you up without any anesthesia in the middle of the alley?”

“I’m pretty badass like that, Danvers. So did we get all the bad guys?”

Chuckling, Alex shook her head. “Well, Supergirl and J’onn did. I barely gave you one stitch before you fainted…straight into my arms. You know, if you wanted my attention you didn’t have to go to such extremes.”

Maggie blushed and scrunched up her face. “So…do I still need stitches?”

“No, dear, you’re all done now. I drove you back to the DEO, gave you some proper medication and eleven stitches. You were such a good patient all passed out for me,” she teased.

“Ah, yeah, well, it’s been known to happen.”

“Mhm, anyway, I know it’s useless giving you medical instructions since I’ll be the one making sure
you follow them, so I won’t even bother.”

“You don’t follow yours,” Maggie retorted.

“Yeah, but I’m a doctor.”

“And infuriating.”

“Yeah…I’m not the one who fainted because I was trying to be all hardcore.”

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
#SanversWeek Soulmate AU Part 3

Chapter Summary

Requested by WonderWorld223, bambambamboo, Cherrydrama, Ashkela, fearlesselephant, silentlucidity, KoalaBearz, Chloe, genderwow, and KimberKatie for a part 3, including a few requests for that part 3 to include some smut.

This is a follow up to Chapters 80 and 86 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25472811). For now, this AU will stay part of Stronger Together, since I don’t have enough time to invest/update regularly in a fic of its own, but I’m not opposed to adding additional chapters to it if there are request!

Chapter Notes

Up tomorrow will be another chapter with NB!Sawyer and Alex!

Also, fun fact, we're coming up on chapter 100! Any thoughts on what you'd like to see?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Hey, Maggie,” Debbie called from her spot behind the counter at the diner as Maggie and Alex strolled through the door. “Late night?”

“It could be an early morning,” Maggie grumbled.

“In those dresses?” she asked, arching an eyebrow. “No offense, darling,” she added, waving to Alex.

“None taken,” Alex shrugged.

“Be nice to my date,” Maggie instructed Debbie, laughing at the way Debbie nearly jumped over the counter—arthritic hips be damned—to come meet Alex.

“I have got to meet the first woman Maggie here has introduced as a date,” Debbie grinned, motioning for the women to sit at the booth closest to the counter. She handed over two menus, even though she knew Maggie had it memorized at this point, then sat down next to Maggie, grinning over her folded hands at Alex. “So, what’s your name? What’s your story?”

Alex smiled at the way Maggie blushed. “I’m Alex, Alex Danvers.”

“The soulmate!” Debbie exclaimed. “Little miss non-believer met her soulmate! And brought her here—on a date!”

“Oh, er, yeah,” Alex stammered, surprised to hear that Debbie already knew.
“Sorry,” Maggie whispered. “This one hasn’t met a personal boundary she liked since the 60s, so she, uh, might have seen my wrist already. The last name thing…”

“Right,” Alex nodded. “So, yes, soulmate, I suppose, though we’re just seeing how things go.”

“You two really are meant for each other.” Debbie rolled her eyes, looking between the two women. She wondered how long it would take for them to notice just how perfect they already seemed together, the way Maggie’s harder edges seemed to soften around the redhead, or the way Alex looked to Maggie first when she smiled, as if wanting to share every happy moment with her. “I won’t bother you two any longer. You both look half-asleep, so should I go ahead and bring out some coffee?”

“Yes, please!” Maggie sighed, throwing her arm around the woman and hugging her close.

“That’d be great, thank you,” Alex added, smiling at the sight in front of her.

“Coming right up,” Debbie announced, prying herself from Maggie’s grip and walking behind the counter to grab two mugs.

“So, she’s amazing,” Alex declared.

“Glad you think so.” Truth be told, Maggie had worried slightly—not so much about Debbie embarrassing her (that was a guarantee), but about Alex not liking someone who had become rather important to her over the past couple of years. But, of course, Alex was there, exceeding her expectations and almost making her believe some of this crap about your soulmate bringing just what you needed into your life.

“Now, what are you thinking of getting?” Maggie asked.

Alex skimmed over the menu quickly, her eyes landing on what had been called the, “Supergirl Special.” “Would you judge me if I got the special?” she asked, feeling especially hungry.

Laughing, Maggie shook her head. “Not even a little bit. I’m starving too.”

“Sounds like you two might be ready?” Debbie interjected as she sat their coffees down.

Nodding, Alex ordered: “Could I get the Supergirl Special? Um, I’ll do the French toast with hash browns and bacon, please.”

“And how do you want the eggs?”

“Right,” Alex blushed, having forgotten just how much food it came with, even though all of it sounded amazing right now. “Over medium, please.”

“And what kind of toast?”

“Oh, uh, I’ll probably be okay with just the French toast.”

“Got it,” Debbie nodded. “And you, Mags?”

“Can I do the veggie breakfast burrito with a side of hash browns?”

“Of course. Be back with those soon!”

Over breakfast, they talked about the case, then reminisced on some of the wilder cases they’d worked during their years at NCPD and the DEO, respectively. Maggie regaled Alex with stories
from her days in Gotham and the hordes of supervillains and vigilantes who had prowled the streets
every night. Alex talked about her adventures with Supergirl and getting to meet not only Superman,
but also the Flash, a superhero from another Earth.

They got into how they both ended up working in law enforcement, Maggie surprising even herself
by opening up to Alex about her family and her past more than she normally would, especially with
a relative stranger. Since Maggie already knew Kara’s secret, Alex was able to speak more freely
than she usually could, though she still kept to a whisper with how frequently Debbie dropped by
“just to check on them.” By the time they had finished eating, both of them were delightfully full,
very sleepy, and quite pleased with how well they had gotten to know the other.

“Well, I, uh, guess it’s time to say goodbye,” Alex said as they stood outside the door, having paid
and bid Debbie a farewell with a promise to return soon.

“I mean, I did say that one of the selling points of this diner was that it was halfway between the
precinct and my place…” Maggie trailed off. “We could just sleep! You were yawning a lot at the
end there, Danvers.”

“Right, of course,” Alex chuckled. Seeing the look of concern on Maggie’s face she quickly added:
“But, uh, yeah, that sounds nice.”

“Great,” Maggie nodded, tentatively taking Alex’s hand in her own as she walked down the street
the remaining few blocks to her building. With every step, she felt herself getting even sleepier and
couldn’t have been happier to be this close to getting into bed (and, with a very pretty woman, at
that). She was also incredibly grateful to have cleaned the place just a couple of days before, not
needing to apologize for what had gotten to be a bit of a mess during weeks of overtime with a string
of kidnapping cases.

“Oh, make yourself comfortable. I can find you some clothes to wear to bed,” Maggie told Alex,
happily kicking off her heels as she walked over to the dresser.

Alex did the same, following Maggie toward what she assumed was the bedroom. “Your bed’s so
small,” Alex scoffed without thinking.

“Excuse me. It’s a queen-sized bed.”

“Sorry, I, uh, I have a bigger bed, so this just looks small.”

“What, you’re one of those people who only sleeps in king-sized beds?”

“It’s actually a California king,” Alex added, blushing as she rubbed at the back of her neck.

“Wow…lots of room for you and your vibrators,” she teased.

“Rude. I’ll have you know, Kara sprawls. Before she met James, she used to spend a lot of time
hanging out in my apartment, so, ya know, I got something that would fit her needs. And then, yes, it
is nice for other things as well…with partners too!” Alex added.

Ignoring the way her gut clenched with jealousy, Maggie nodded. “Of course. Right. Well, I hope
you’ll deign to join me in my tiny bed.”

“I suppose it’s the right size for such a tiny human,” Alex joked, cackling at the way Maggie nearly
stomped her foot in annoyance.

“For that, you have to sleep in an NCPD t-shirt.”
“I suppose if I’m in bed with one of National City’s finest, I may as well wear her shirt,” Alex sighed in an exaggerated manner, reaching out to grab the offered pajamas. “Would you, uh, unzip me?” Alex asked, motioning to the zipper.

“Sure,” Maggie agreed, gulping as every tug down revealed more and more of Alex’s perfectly toned back. Turning around to hide what she assumed was an incredibly desperate look on her face, Maggie cleared her throat. “Would you do mine?”

“Yeah, let me just throw on a t-shirt.” After quickly discarding her dress and bra and pulling the shirt over her head, Alex turned toward Maggie, carefully undoing the zipper on her dress, trying to ignore the fact that she now knew Maggie hadn’t been wearing a bra all night. She thought back to the cab ride, to the way Maggie’s fingers had teased up and down her bare thighs, to the way she had shuddered under Maggie’s touch. She quickly spun around when Maggie let the dress fall to the floor. Even though they had been planning to go home and fuck just the night before, Alex somehow felt like it would be a violation of the woman’s privacy to look before being invited to do so.

“I’m decent,” Maggie added as she headed toward the bed, gulping when she saw that Alex had opted to wear only the NCPD shirt, the hem just skimming the tops of her thighs and leaving Maggie with a perfect view that, if Alex’s smirk meant anything, was very intentional.

“Do you have a side of the bed you prefer?” Maggie asked.

“This one,” Alex answered, gesturing toward the left.

“Works for me.” Maggie clambered into bed, feeling her whole body melt into the soft blankets, as waves of exhaustion seemed to hit her hard. Alex quickly joined her, slipping under the covers as she got settled on her side of the bed.

For a few minutes, they stayed like that, both of them quite still, not letting anything touch. Finally Maggie whispered, “If you’re still awake, we could, you know, be closer. I don’t bite.”

“I think you did a little,” Alex teased back, thinking back to the rather delightful cab ride.

“Only in the best of ways.”

“Maybe you remind me?”

“Happily, Danvers,” Maggie grinned, leaning over and kissing Alex softly, feeling the woman’s arms wrap around her, holding her close. It was nice, their lips moving easily, softly, against one another, tongues dipping between lips, soft whimpers filling the air. They couldn’t say who fell asleep first, but soon enough they found themselves sleeping soundly, curled into one another’s arms.

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For the second day in a row, Alex woke up next to Maggie, this time wrapped up in Maggie’s arms as she played little spoon to Maggie’s small body. She felt more refreshed than she had in quite some time, but tried not to dwell too long on its significance. Carefully pulling herself up, Alex made her way to the bathroom, then rinsed her mouth with some of the mint mouthwash she found on the counter—just in case.

“I see you had similar ideas,” Maggie teased, her voice thick with sleep. She quickly brushed her own teeth, watching as Alex yawned and made her way back to the bed.

“So…did you want to spend the rest of your rare day off here with me?” Maggie asked, slipping back into the bed next to Alex. “Or do you have other plans?” Just because Alex had spent most of
the workday sleeping next to her didn’t mean that her evening wasn’t filled with other plans.

“I think I wouldn’t mind making good on the offer I made you last night,” Alex offered, pulling her lower lip between her teeth as she gazed at Maggie.

“That sounds pretty perfect,” Maggie grinned, rolling over and on top of Alex as their lips found one another’s. As much fun as making out in the cab had been and as sweet as their pre-sleep kisses were, Maggie found that this was even better—somehow blending the sweetness of before with the passion of earlier and leaving Maggie weak in the knees and keening for more.

Alex felt her hips rolling up into Maggie’s as their mouths melded together, hands hot on skin, slipping under shirts and over bare thighs. Sure, it had been a long time, but she suspected this was more about Maggie than about her—it felt more about the way Maggie just seemed to fit right, about the way her hands made Alex’s skin tingle and the way Alex’s whole body responded to her every touch. And then that voice—that gravelly voice whispering against her lips, against her neck, telling her how amazing she felt, how much Maggie wanted her—god, it did so many things to her.

Finally it was too much to wait, and Alex pulled back, tugging at the hem of Maggie’s shirt. “Can this come off?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, balancing on her knees as she let Alex pull her shirt over her head and arms. “Yours?”

“Please,” Alex sighed, lifting up as Maggie removed the NCPD shirt, leaving her in just a pair of black briefs—a bit more business-like than she would have liked, but they had been out on a case, not a planned date. But if Maggie’s gaze were anything to go by, she definitely didn’t mind.

“You’re so sexy,” Maggie moaned, taking in the beautiful sight in front of her.

“So are you. Can I, uh, take off your boxers?”

“Oh, right!” Maggie nodded, flinging them off before remembering that she had only been wearing boxers. “Sorry is that…too soon?”

“No, nope, definitely not,” Alex shook her head, her hands immediately finding their way to Maggie’s ass, kneading the firm flesh and grinning at the noises Maggie made.

“Could yours come off too?” Maggie asked, motioning to Alex’s briefs.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, her breath catching as Maggie moved between her legs, trailing kisses down her abs, then biting at the waistband with her teeth, pulling it down as her hot breath teased at Alex’s center. “Fuck,” Alex groaned, struggling to keep her hips still as they involuntarily rocked up into Maggie’s touch. Finally the woman stripped them off, leaving Alex completely exposed as she took in the view.

As much as Maggie wanted—needed to touch Alex, to feel her coming undone beneath her, she also wanted to hold her, to feel her molding to her body, moving with her. So she moved back down, pressing up against Alex as her hands worked at her chest, her lips finding Alex’s once more.

Feeling how wet Maggie was against her thigh, Alex let her hands drop lower, moving one to take the place of her thigh, her fingers pausing as she pulled back. “Is this okay?”

“Yes, yeah, you’re good.” Maggie confirmed, sighing as Alex’s fingers found their way between Maggie’s folds, trailing through the arousal that had built up there and swirling it up around her clit.

She felt far too close to the edge so soon, but she was also too far gone to even care how desperate
she might look. Instead, she gave herself over to the experience, kissing Alex hard as she rode her fingers, groaning loudly when Alex slipped one digit inside of her, and finally gasping as her whole body trembled, her walls fluttering around Alex’s finger as the woman continued to thrust steadily inside of her.

“Fuck,” Maggie finally managed as she fell against Alex’s chest, her hips still rolling gently against Alex’s fingers as she rode out the end of her orgasm. “That was, that was really, really good.” She didn’t mention the intense waves of emotion that had hit her during it as well, wondering if the closeness was something only she felt.

“How can I?” she asked, moving between Alex’s legs. Alex nodded quickly, not trusting herself to speak when the only thoughts in her head were of how fucking gorgeous Maggie looked when she came, how much she wanted to spend the next several hours doing that over and over again, pulling those noises from the woman until her voice was ragged and her hunger temporarily sated.

Alex whimpered when Maggie lay down between her legs, kissing a teasing path up her thighs that left Alex’s hips bucking up into nothing. And then Maggie’s mouth was hot on her sex, and Maggie was moaning and telling Alex how good she tasted, and Alex was whimpering in desperation, needing to hear Maggie talk like that again. But then Maggie’s tongue was on her clit, then thrusting deep inside her, then swirling back around her clit, dragging her own arousal all around her pussy, and Alex lost the ability to form coherent words until she came with a loud cry, Maggie’s name spilling off her tongue like a prayer she never knew would sound so right.

Once she regained some semblance of control, Alex dragged Maggie back up, kissing her deeply, tasting herself all over Maggie’s tongue. “You’re amazing. But now I want my turn.”

“I think that can be arranged,” Maggie teased, though the tremor in her voice gave away just how much she wanted it too, just how desperate she was to have Alex’s mouth on her, to relax in the intimacy of the act in a way she never had before.

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The next morning, Alex woke, yet again, next to Maggie—this time to the sound of an alarm blaring loudly. “What’s that?” she grumbled.

“Time for work,” Maggie sighed, hitting blindly for her alarm and grumbling when she knocked both a vibrator and a dildo off of the nightstand before finally locating the alarm. “Breakfast?”

“My, I feel like I’m getting spoiled,” Alex laughed, not wanting to dwell on the fact that it felt perfect, on the fact that she wanted this kind of domesticity with Maggie—soulmates disbelief be damned.

Maggie shrugged. “I like having you here, Danvers. Get used to it.” After a pause, she rushed to add: “Only if you want to! I wouldn’t, you know, force you to hang out with me.”

“We just had something like a 24-hour-long first date. I think you’re safe to say I like you too, Sawyer.”

“Right, yeah.” Maggie grinned, kissing Alex softly before rolling out of bed to put on some coffee.

After a nice breakfast and an even nicer shower, Alex was forced to admit that she really did need to leave, since the DEO wasn’t quite as close to Maggie’s apartment as it was to her own. “Would you maybe want to grab dinner tonight? Or should we wait…I mean, is it weird to do dates two nights in a row?”
“Maybe,” Maggie shrugged. “But I think it sounds perfect.”

“Great. Would you want to come over to my place for a movie? Maybe afterward you can even experience the joys of a California king bed,” Alex winked.

“Mm, I think that sounds perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Alex cheered loudly as the NCPD Captain announced that Sawyer had been awarded the Commendation for Community Service—specifically for the work they had done in treating National City’s alien population with the respect and dignity they deserved and helping to make the police aware of best practices in inter-species interactions. As Sawyer stepped to the front of the stage to receive the bar for their dress uniform, Alex couldn’t help the way her eyes drifted down Sawyer’s body, noting just how sexy the blazer and tie and dress pants, complete with perfectly shined shoes, made them look.

She spent much of the night thinking about all of the ways they could have fun with that uniform, even as she mingled and made small talk with Sawyer’s coworkers. She was pleasantly surprised to find that Jane McCarthy had mysteriously vanished, having found that Opal City was more her style—or, at least, that’s what the Captain had allowed her to say in her resignation letter. Smiling proudly, Alex listened as all of Sawyer’s coworkers sang their praises, making sure to add in her own litany of compliments too.

“You ready to head out?” Sawyer finally whispered, pulling Alex to the side of the now dwindling crowd.

“Why, I thought you’d never ask, Detective,” Alex flirted, linking her fingers into their belt loops and pulling them close.

Laughing softly, Sawyer shoved them back. “Keep it in your pants until we get home.”

“Fine,” Alex huffed, sighing loudly.

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They barely made it through the door before Alex was kissing Sawyer hard and rough, tossing their dress cap across the room—adorable as it might be, it was making it too difficult to properly access Sawyer’s mouth without bumping her forehead against the brim.

“Can the uniform stay on?” Alex rasped, her eyes glazing over with want as she took in Sawyer’s attire once more.

Sawyer grinned and nodded, letting their hands drop to Alex’s ass and pulling her back into them. As they dragged their teeth along Alex’s lower lip, Alex moaned loudly, surging forward and pushing Sawyer back against the wall. But when they brought their hands around the front to skim
under Alex’s shirt, they found them being pushed away, then pinned up above their head.

“You okay?” Alex checked.

“Yeah, do you not want…?”

“I, uh, have my period,” Alex admitted.

“Oh, I mean…I don’t mind.”

“It’s the first day, but maybe later?”

“Yeah, okay. But we don’t have to do anything,” Sawyer added, not wanting Alex to feel obliged. They could take care of themselves or wait until Alex was feeling more in the mood for something.

“I definitely want to. If you want to, of course!” Alex wouldn’t want to presume. She knew there were days when Sawyer wasn’t really up for anything other than giving in bed, and that was fine—she wouldn’t push on those kinds of limits.

“Yeah, that, uh, that would be nice.”

“Do you think I could…uh, I know we’ve been talking about it, but are you in the mood to have me go down on you?”

Sawyer stepped back for a minute, trying to mentally check in with themselves, figure out if it sounded amazing because just being touched by Alex in any way sounded amazing right now, or if it sounded amazing because they really, genuinely wanted that from Alex in this moment. “Yeah, I’d be comfortable with it,” they finally declared. “But, um, I don’t necessarily want to be totally exposed.”

“I think I have an idea…if you’re okay with it,” Alex offered, already feeling heat pooling between her legs and dreaming of a long shower to take the edge off of her desire before she tried going to bed.

“I trust you,” Sawyer whispered, the sincerity and depth of that statement almost shocking them. Normally it took a little while to get to this point—if they ever did—but with Alex, it just seemed to come naturally. Of course, Sawyer suspected the woman worked her ass off to deserve that trust, but still, it felt nice to let their guard down this much.

Beaming and trying not to focus too much on the way Sawyer’s words warmed her heart, Alex leaned forward and kissed them passionately, letting her tongue dance across their lower lip, then dip into their mouth, feeling the way Sawyer’s whole body grew pliant under her wandering touches. Letting her hands drop to their belt, Alex asked, “Can I?” getting an enthusiastic nod in response. She made quick work of it, tossing it to the ground and trying not to focus too much on how many other uses she could think of for that leather belt. As her fingers fumbled around the button on their pants, Sawyer preempted the questions, putting their hand on top of Alex’s and helping her to pop open the button and push down the zipper.

“Please tell me if you need me to stop, okay?” Alex whispered.

“Of course,” Sawyer nodded.

And then Alex was dropping to her knees pushing Sawyer’s pants and boxers down just enough to give Alex access, but otherwise leaving them fully covered and, if Alex could say so, looking powerful and sexy as hell. “Can I?” Alex asked, her breath hot between Sawyer’s legs.
“Yes,” Sawyer sighed, their head hitting the wall with the first touch of Alex’s tongue. Spreading their legs slightly further apart, they groaned at just how good everything felt, the way Alex gripped the backs of their thighs tightly, keeping them stable and upright as she went down on them enthusiastically, every so often pulling back to tell them just how fucking perfect they were, how much Alex loved being between their legs, how strong and sexy they looked standing above her in full uniform.

When Alex did something that had Sawyer’s whole body convulsing, they dropped their hands to Alex’s hair, holding her close and urging her on with their words. They could feel Alex moaning into them, the vibrations making their thighs weak. “Please,” they finally whimpered, feeling their body tensing as they sought to stay standing. And then their whole body was awash with pleasure, their head slamming back against the wall so hard it would probably hurt the next morning, as they gasped loudly, holding Alex close the whole time.

Once Sawyer seemed steadier on their legs, Alex carefully pulled up their boxers and pants, even tucking in their shirt to leave them once more in full dress uniform, save for the belt and cap that had been flung somewhere in the living room. She drew herself back up and pressed her lips to Sawyer’s—the kiss sloppy and lighthearted—before pulling back. “Well, officer, if I can ever be of service again,” she drawled, laughing at her own joke, while Sawyer just rolled their eyes, though their grin gave them away.

But then Alex looked more serious. “Thank you for trusting me.”

“Thank you for making me feel good, like me, you know? Like, sure, sometimes I’ll be fine being totally undressed and having you go down on me, but that wasn’t for today, and I really appreciate the way you respected that.”

“Of course,” Alex nodded, pulling her arms around Sawyer and dragging them toward the bed as she kicked off her heels.

“No,” Sawyer shook their head. “You’re not getting it. You say of course, but it’s, well, it’s not a lot of people’s experiences with partners, especially cis partners who haven’t been in a relationship with a non-cis partner. And I don’t say that to try to disparage people for not immediately getting it—there are learning curves and all. But it’s just, I love how hard you try to anticipate my needs before I have to voice them. It, it really means a lot,” they finished, their voice cracking as they quickly wiped away the few tears that had started to fall.

“I lo—” Alex cut herself off, not wanting to say something like that so early on in their relationship. “I really like you, Sawyer, so I promise to keep trying for you. And, you know, you work pretty hard to be there for me yourself.”

“Wouldn’t want to let a lady as sexy as you get away because I couldn’t put in the effort,” Sawyer teased, nudging Alex with their shoulder.

“Mm, I think you’re pretty safe. But on that note, what do you say to getting me some advil and hot tea?”

“I think I’d say absolutely. Get on your pajamas and relax; I’ll be right back. You can even pick the TV show.”

“So generous,” Alex laughed.

Chapter End Notes
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
I've very much enjoyed writing these fanfics and sharing them all with you. While I do still have some going, for the moment, I think I'll be stepping back and taking time to myself. Waking up to numerous comments about not liking some types of chapters is one thing--something that would hurt, but that I could get over--but waking up to 45 anonymous Tumblr messages telling me some variant of: you're not a lesbian; you should be kicked out of the lesbian community; and you should hurt/kill/erase yourself--really not my cup of tea. I'm sure, given the consistently poor grammar and atrocious spelling, that it was one person (maybe two) who just spammed my inbox. But it's still not something I'm down to wake up to on the regular. As someone who is on the older side for that platform, I would encourage you to go out into your supposed communities a bit more. I would encourage you to go volunteer in community centers, in youth shelters, to see what happens when people, by their words or by their actions, tell LGBTQ+ folks that their lives aren't worth living--because, guess what, you're not the first ones to tell me that I'm a disgrace or should kill myself. And if it didn't work when people I grew up with said it, it sure as fuck won't work now. So don't spread that hate any more than it already is under the current political climate. And please, don't suggest that writing numerous versions of a canon lesbian character (which are literally all tagged in the titles) is "the worst thing" I could do. Not only is fiction, by its name, quite that, but I've also been around and gay long enough to have been through things so much worse than watching someone write a character in a way that I didn't like. I've been told to confess my homosexuality as a sin; I've been sexually assaulted because "a girlfriend doesn't count"; I've had had to go to court with partners while we got restraining orders against violently homophobic parents; I've watched family and friends die of ongoing complications from HIV and AIDS from years when the government would not acknowledge our existence, so I'm fairly confident that a handful of "ooc" chapters are not the worst thing to have ever happened to the community. And while I try to respect all criticism, when it comes at me in droves like some kind of concentrated attack full of violent rhetoric meant to trigger, that's a much different story.

Maybe I'll feel better about this stuff later, but for now, when I'm just starting a new job and already struggling with things like bills as I adjust to a lower salary, I don't need one extra thing eating away at my mental health. I'm still a human behind the screen who doesn't just churn out words like some kind of robot. And right now? I'm an exhausted woman having my cereal with a side of a panic attack.

To those of you who have been nothing but supportive and wonderful readers (even when you wanted to see something different/some story that sounded more like your own), please know that I've absolutely adored interacting with all of you! I am still going back to respond to all of your comments from earlier chapters. Perhaps with a long workout to vent my anger and some tlc from my girlfriend, I'll feel a little better, a little less anxious, and can get back to working on some of the prompts that I still had. For now, though, I'm off to hang out with my own chosen family and step as far the fuck away from some of this as I can.
Post-2x22 Sanvers Proposal Fix It Fic

Chapter Summary

Prompt from lilbevmary: Hey girl, so Chyler said they are busted, Sanvers has rings, can you write a filler smut fic about the proposal or how Alex gave Maggie the ring?

Chapter Notes

(Long) A/N: Thank you all for the very kind messages both here and on Tumblr! As much as I needed a few days to step away from the fandom nonsense, they were a real motivator to come back. That being said, a few things going forward: For now, I’ll be keeping anonymous asks and commenting open. I’ve gotten enough asks from folks who aren’t out or who want to ask for something kinkier than they’d be comfortable voicing (even under an online name only) to see value in leaving it that way. But if the trolls return in droves, it’ll go away.

Finally (and most importantly), what let me feel good about coming back so soon was actually a comment my girlfriend made to me, reminding me that in my professional life, I’m passionate about teaching and that maybe I could think of this as an opportunity. After all, ignorance is treatable! So now, in the endnotes of each chapter, will be a small quote or tidbit from texts I taught in my Queer Theory and LGBTQ history and literature courses as a reminder of what members of this community have fought for over the years that extend well beyond the 2000s. I know not everyone wants their smut to come with a side of Foucault (though if you do, you are 100% my kind of people), but it’s there for me at least

“Nolite te bastardes carborundorum!”

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Standing side-by-side, Alex and Kara looked out at National City from the DEO’s broken balcony, both of them thinking about the devastation that had been wrought, about the ones who’d been lost and the lives they’d managed to save. Seeing the look of hurt on Kara’s face, Alex edged closer to her, speaking softly: “There was a moment this year where I felt completely broken. When I regretted a choice that changed my life. And then you,” she paused, chuckling softly, “you forced your way into my home, wrapped your arms around me, and you said, ‘I’m proud of you.’ It didn’t make me feel any better at the time,” Alex admitted, “but it was something to hold on to. And I am so proud of you.” When Kara didn’t respond, Alex pushed forward: “Do you, do you want me to stay over tonight? I can be there as long as you need.”

Shaking her head, Kara replied, “No, no, go be with your girlfriend.” And as much as Alex wanted to insist that Kara stay with her, that Maggie would understand because she would, of course she would, she also heard the way Kara’s voice cracked, suspected that Kara might need those first few hours alone, in the same way that she had needed time alone after Maggie first rejected her—had needed that time to break and hurt and feel without it being on display, even just to her sister.
She remembered the way that Kara hadn’t wanted to share her grief right away when she got to Midvale, had taken years to reveal the true depth of the pain she felt at having lost not only her parents, her friends, her family, but her whole world. She might not have loved Mon-El, but Alex understood that he gave Kara some connection to her home planet, and she wondered if her sister would want to spend tonight at the Fortress or in with her mother’s AI, reconnecting to the other things she still had on this planet that let her feel connected to an obliterated civilization.

Kara added, “I need to know you two are happy, like I need to know about Winn and Lyra, J’onnn and M’gann, Clark and Lois. It’s not like everybody else’s world stopped. You don’t have to act like it.”

“What do you need right now?” Alex asked, her voice soft, comforting.

“Just never let her go, okay?” And Kara looked impossibly sincere, her eyes glistening with unshed tears, with hope for Alex’s future with this woman she’d so recently come to accept, come to see as family, as someone truly worthy of her sister, despite the pain she’d once caused her.

“Okay,” Alex nodded. Because she had no intention of letting Maggie go, had learned that she did deserve to be happy and understood that Maggie was so integral to that happiness. She watched as Supergirl took off, wishing that she could follow, that saving her this time would be as easy as getting into her pod and taking off after her. But this was a different kind of danger—one that would require time and finesse. Alex knew she’d be there in the morning, that she’d be waiting outside Kara’s door with coffee and enough sticky buns to cater a party, and they’d begin whatever healing process it would take, but for now, she’d leave her alone, she’d be with her girlfriend the way Kara told her to.

As if she heard Kara’s instructions, Maggie took that moment to step out onto the balcony and wrap her arms around Alex, feeling the way she melted into Maggie’s touch as she rested her chin on Alex’s shoulder. “She’ll be okay,” Maggie promised, thinking back to how strong Kara had been when Alex had been kidnapped, to the bravery she’d displayed during her fight with Superman and every other villain that had threatened the citizens of National City.

“I hope so,” Alex whispered.

Maggie looked up at Alex, smiling at the way Alex still stared up into the skies, as though she could follow her sister’s progress. “Hey, I know the Danvers girls. You don’t break easy.”

Cutting Maggie off, Alex blurted out, “Marry me.”

“Excuse me?” Maggie scoffed, her expression one of disbelief.

“Seriously. Marry me? Please.” And even though it wasn’t quite planned, even though they had only hinted at it in talking about firsts, it felt like a whole lifetime had passed since then. They’d had their lives flash before their eyes too many times to feel secure in thinking that their lifetimes would last the eternity they wanted to spend together. And all Alex could think of now was how much she needed Maggie and the world to see that they were ready to seize whatever time they had—together.

Seeing the earnestness on Alex’s face, Maggie broke into a wide grin. “Yes.” She nodded.

“Yes?” Alex checked.

“Yes,” Maggie confirmed, throwing her arms around Alex as she felt Alex’s lips find hers—crashing together, impossibly tender and needy all at once.

Alex had never wished for superpowers—specifically, flight—more than she had in that moment,
wishing she could simply whisk Maggie from the balcony straight to her apartment, their hands never needing to leave one another’s bodies. Instead, Alex wrapped Maggie’s hand in hers, dragging her through the balcony door and down the stairs, hurrying like giddy teenagers as they rushed into the street and down the block, grateful for the short distance to Alex’s apartment, which had felt more and more like their apartment over the course of the past couple of months.

As they crashed through the door, slamming it shut and quickly turning the locks, they dropped their bags and kicked off their shoes, stumbling their way toward the bed, eyes locked and hands refusing to leave one another’s bodies for even an instant. Maggie pulled Alex’s shirt off as they hit the edge of the bed, letting her own pants be unbuttoned and pushed down without a second thought, and then Alex’s hands were hot against her abs, pushing her shirt up and over her head as she nudged forward, intent on getting the rest of Alex’s clothes off as well.

The next few minutes were a blur as the final layers found their way to the floor and both women made their way up the bed, curled into one another, side-by-side, as their lips slid together, the kiss effortless as their hands sought out every inch of available skin.

“I love you,” Alex sighed.

“Forever,” Maggie kissed her back. And then Maggie’s mouth was on Alex’s neck, her hands on Alex’s chest, as she mumbled sweet nothings against her skin. She moaned as Alex’s hands found their way to her hair and Alex’s leg hooked around her waist, pulling her on top of Alex.

Alex wasn’t quite sure how it happened, but she found herself shuddering under the firm press of Maggie’s thigh, coming undone before she’d even realized they’d begun in earnest. And then she was dropping a hand between Maggie’s legs and rolling her to the side, slipping her fingers easily into the familiar warmth between Maggie’s legs, kissing Maggie softly even as her thrusts grew harder and faster, cradling Maggie as she came with a soft cry.

They stayed tangled in each other’s arms for hours, pushing one another over the edge time and time again with hands and mouths and thighs, not even wanting to touch their nightstand, wanting tonight to be about them and them alone, soft skin on soft skin, two warm bodies drawing comfort from the other after too many insecure nights spent wondering if life would ever continue as they knew it.

Lying on her side, her head buried between Maggie’s legs as Maggie’s tongue teased at her entrance, slowly and lovingly, Alex noticed the warm glow of sunrise they were suddenly bathed in. She almost laughed, thinking back to how recently she’d been convinced that she just wasn’t built for intimacy, that these types of long nights spent lost in another person’s body would never be for her. Instead, she settled for more insistently running her tongue between Maggie’s folds, sucking her clit between her lips as she felt Maggie shudder through what felt like their hundredth orgasm of the night.

Carefully, Alex pulled herself away, crawling up to curl around her girlfriend—no, her fiancée. “Morning,” she whispered, her voice gravelly from too many hours spent crying out Maggie’s name. “Is it really?”

“Mhm,” Alex nodded, smiling up at Maggie. “It’s been quite a few months since we pulled an all-nighter like that,” Maggie chuckled. “Nothing like a proposal to set the mood,” Alex laughed. “God, I love you so much.”
“I love you too.” After a pause, Alex added, “But maybe we get a couple of hours of sleep? I want to go check on Kara soon.”

“Of course,” Maggie nodded. “Do you want me to help with anything? I can clear out if you think she’ll want to come over here. Or I can run to Noonan’s, get some of their pastries for her.”

“No,” Alex shook her head, “I’ll go to her place. But maybe we could go to Noonan’s together? After some sleep…and you can always come back here and keep sleeping,” Alex added.

“Mm, maybe,” Maggie yawned, nestling her head into the crook of Alex’s neck and throwing a leg around her waist.

After setting an alarm for just a couple of hours from then, Alex let herself fall asleep, curled around Maggie and perfectly content.

Chapter End Notes

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And now, for some long-form (longer than they will be in the future) fun academic notes:

Within not only queer theory, but also among (especially American) LGBTQ advocacy groups, there emerged a debate in the 1990s and early 2000s over the question of same-sex marriage and its centrality in the movement’s priorities. Although few claimed that same-sex couples and families should be denied the insurance benefits and protections under the law that accompanied state-recognized unions, they protested both the notion that the state should be allowed to determine who and what types of kinship unions are granted legitimacy, as well as the type of respectability politics that often accompanied HRC-style gay rights movements.

Someone like Andrew Sullivan, author of Virtually Normal: An Argument About Homosexuality (1995), best exemplifies the attitudes that more radical queer theorists and long-time activists railed against. In this work he advocates for a politics that “affirms a simple and limited principle: that all public (as opposed to private) discrimination against homosexuals be ended and that every right and responsibility heterosexuals enjoy as public citizens be extended to those who grow up and find themselves emotionally different. And that is all” (171). He argues that the “most powerful and important elements” of this new politics “are equal access to the military and [civil] marriage” (173). He suggests that legalizing same-sex marriage, which for Sullivan is the most important right of all, will strengthen the traditional, nuclear family; provide gay children with hope and aspirations; and help prevent promiscuity within gay communities, and should therefore be supported by conservatives as well as liberals (182-83) as a “profoundly humanizing, traditionalizing step” (185).

Thinkers like Michael Warner, whose 1999 book, The Trouble with Normal: Sex, Politics, and the Ethics of Queer Life, was seen as a direct response to Sullivan’s Virtually Normal, and Judith Butler, among others, responded with a critique of Sullivan’s insistence upon “normal” as a standard for respectability and his trust in the state and its fundamentally conservative institutions.
In her essay, “Is Kinship Always Already Heterosexual?” (2002), Butler argues, “The petition for marriage rights seeks to solicit state recognition for nonheterosexual unions, and so configures the state as withholding an entitlement that it really should distribute in a nondiscriminatory way, regardless of sexual orientation. That the state’s offer might result in the intensification of normalization is not widely recognized as a problem within the mainstream lesbian and gay movement, typified by the Human Rights Campaign” (16). Her primary concern centers on the tactics being used to sway public opinion. Who’s left behind? Whose unions are being moved to an increasingly marginalized position? As she points out, “The stable pair who would marry if only they could are cast as currently illegitimate, but eligible for a future legitimacy, whereas the sexual agents who function outside the purview of the marriage bond and its recognized, if illegitimate, alternative form now constitute sexual possibilities that will never be eligible for a translation into legitimacy. These are possibilities that become increasingly disregarded within the sphere of politics as a consequence of the priority that the marriage debate has assumed. This is an illegitimacy whose temporal condition is to be foreclosed from any possible future transformation. It is not only not yet legitimate, but it is, we might say, the irrecoverable and irreversible past of legitimacy: the never will be, the never was” (18). If you’re interested in more about this argument, look for the endnotes at the next Director Sanvers chapter, where I’ll be talking about Gayle Rubin’s “Thinking Sex.”

I’ll close with a quote from the introduction to Warner’s book: “Shouldn’t it be possible to allow everyone sexual autonomy, in a way consistent with everyone else’s sexual autonomy? As simple as this ethical principle sounds, we have not come close to putting it into practice. The culture has thousands of ways for people to govern the sex of others —and not just harmful or coercive sex, like rape, but the most personal dimensions of pleasure, identity, and practice. We do this directly, through prohibition and regulation, and indirectly by embracing one identity or one set of tastes as though they were universally shared, or should be. Not only do we do this; we congratulate ourselves for doing it” (1).
Chapter Summary

Happy sort of unplanned Chapter 100! This is mainly Sanvers with one Director Sanvers for good measure - they run the gamut from fluff and pure crack to angst and smut.

There will be just one last installment of these Tumblr drabbles once I finish writing/posting them. Even if you follow me on Tumblr and have already seen some/all/most of these, there are some fresh academic endnotes about chosen family and resources for LGBTQ youth that might still be of interest!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

7. “I almost lost you.” – Sanvers (triple requested)

Specifically from the thebiwisebrownkid: 7 Sanvers Post dangerous mission really emotional kinda rough smut and some fluffy aftercare

A/N: Set post-2x15

Maggie waited, impatiently, for Alex to get out of the shower. Waited to tell her that J’onn and Winn had texted her, had asked her to watch over Alex, make sure she was doing alright after nearly being flung into the abyss of outer space, after nearly be rocketed out of orbit on a ship full of aliens being exiled back into space—a move her father had dared to call humane. Waited to ask her why, why she had done something like that, why, if nothing else, she hadn’t saved herself.

Of course, she already knew the answer, knew it was exactly why she was falling so hard for this beautiful, reckless woman who would sacrificed herself ten times over if it meant saving others, especially if it meant saving her sister. But it didn’t make it any easier to accept. It didn’t make her heart slow down or her anxiety levels drop. And it especially didn’t make it easier to wait for Alex to finish showering, so far away from Maggie’s arms, from her bed, from her warm embrace.

So when Maggie heard the water stop, she knocked on the door. “Alex?” she called out. “Alex, can I come in?” Because she needed to see her, to touch her, to feel that she was still alive, know that she was still on this planet, with Maggie.

“Oh, yeah,” Alex nodded, cracking open the door. The room was slightly steamy, and she was wrapped in only a towel. And then Maggie was on her, pushing her through the doorway, checking in, murmuring against her lips, asking if it was okay, if this was all alright, and getting only nods and a whimpered “yes” in return.

Pulling the towel off of Alex’s body and letting it drop to the floor, Maggie carelessly shed her own clothing, pushing Alex back into the bathroom. She kissed Alex hard, letting her nails dig into Alex’s back and ass as she reminded herself that Alex was still on earth with her. Dropping to her knees,
Maggie nosed her way between Alex’s legs, pushing her tongue between Alex’s folds, moaning at
the way Alex already seemed to be dripping for her.

Alex groaned and spread her legs, pulling one up and letting her foot rest on Maggie’s back as her
fingers threaded through Maggie’s hair, holding her close, demanding that she stay close after Alex
came so close to never seeing this woman again.

Maggie whined as Alex pulled her back up, but then Alex was kissing her hard once more and lifting
herself up to perch on the edge of the sink, spreading her legs wide for Maggie, who eagerly dropped
to her knees once more. Wordlessly, she dove back between Alex’s legs, fucking her hard and fast
with her tongue, listening to Alex’s loud moans and strangled cries fill the silence.

Alex dropped her head back against the mirror, not even caring if it broke, unwilling to lose contact
with Maggie’s mouth for even a second. With her hands braced on either side of the sink and her
legs hooked around Maggie’s shoulders, Maggie’s nails digging into her hips and her tongue buried
deep inside of her, Alex came with a low moan, clutching Maggie to her, riding her tongue through
an orgasm that felt like it went on for ages.

When Maggie came back up, tears glistened in her eyes, even as her nails left angry red marks up
Alex’s back, pulling her close—hard and desperate. “I almost lost you,” Maggie murmured. “I
almost lost you.”

“But you didn’t. I’m here. I came back to you—always. Like you said, ride or die, right?”

“I’d rather you not die,” Maggie admitted, looking up at Alex.

“I’m here with you right now. Alive.” As though to affirm that sentiment, Alex hooked her legs
around Maggie’s waist, pulling Maggie into her as her arms rested on Maggie’s shoulders.

“Let me take you to bed,” Maggie told her, but then her abs were clenching as she lifted Alex, and
Alex was whimpering and panting into Maggie’s shoulder as waves of pleasure crashed across her
with every roll of her hips against Maggie’s abs. Noticing this, Maggie lifted Alex, pulling the
woman into her.

“You’re so strong.” Alex panted. “So good. So fucking good.” Grinding against Maggie, Alex could
feel herself leaving a slick trail of wetness all across her abs as her fingers dug into Maggie’s back,
hers lips hot on Maggie’s. And suddenly Alex was coming once more—so much harder than she
normally did from tribbing, her whole body shaking as she bit down on Maggie’s shoulder to stifle
her moans.

When Alex finally stilled, Maggie carefully carried her to the bedroom, placing her gently on the bed
and pulling the covers up around them as she held Alex against her, running her hands up and down
the woman’s body.

“Please don’t leave me. Not yet,” Maggie pleaded.

“I won’t. I’ll always come back to you,” Alex promised, knowing that Maggie would hear it as she
meant it—a promise to always try, to always have Maggie in the back of her mind, right there with
Kara—both of them reminders of what was at home, reminders not to take unnecessary risks, not to
treat her own life as disposable when there were other options.

“Good,” Maggie nodded, trailing soft kisses all across Alex’s face and upper body. “I’m not ready
for us to be done.”

“We’re just starting. I want a life with you, Mags,” Alex whispered, pulling Maggie back up to kiss
her, their lips soft and pliant.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

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11. “Don’t you dare throw that snowba-, goddammit!”

Even though Maggie had absolutely no desire to go back to Blue Springs or ever see her family again, she had missed the winters. Maybe not the bone-chilling cold for months at a time or the hours spent shoveling a path down the driveway and into the road, but she missed the way it felt like winter, the way she knew she could start getting excited for the holidays about the time of the first big snowfall, the way everything in the small town just looked better coated in a thick blanket of fresh snow.

So being up in a secluded cottage in the Northeast for a week-long winter vacation/one-year anniversary getaway with Alex was pretty perfect. Because this time, she didn’t have to shovel. This time, she didn’t have to shiver her way through the night because otherwise the gas bill might be too high. This time, most importantly, she got to be with someone who adored every single part of her.

While Alex showered and took countless pictures from the large bay windows of the wintry landscape, Maggie got the fire going and started preparing pancakes for breakfast. She was pretty convinced that pancakes and hot chocolate were the only way to start a proper snow day.

“Breakfast is ready!” Maggie yelled from the kitchen as she flipped the last pancake, pulling the pan out from the oven where she’d been keeping the rest warm.

“Coming!” Alex called back, bounding down the stairs and looking as excited as Maggie remembered feeling during the first snow she’d really understood. “It smells amazing,” Alex sighed, coming up behind Maggie and wrapping her arms around her waist as she peppered her neck with kisses.

“That’s because it is amazing,” Maggie teased, handing Alex a plate and a mug, while she took her own over to the coffee table set up in front of the fire. Once she returned again with the syrup and the butter, she settled down on the couch next to Alex, curling her legs underneath her and draping one of the blankets across her lap.

While they ate, Maggie regaled Alex with stories of the huge snowball fights she used to have with her neighbors and the trips they would make to the park with the big hill—how they used to build ramps midway down and risk their tailbones by flying down at full speed and launching themselves into the air, rating their tricks and spins by difficulty and the elusive “coolness factor.” Alex, for her part, was determined to do it all, including building a snowman and making snow angels, even though Maggie insisted that the latter just left you soaked.

Once they had done the dishes, Alex was bouncing up and down, beyond ready to go outside and experience snow of this magnitude. Sure, she’d seen a bit of it out in Midvale, but they rarely got more than a dusting, and whole feet of the fluffy stuff were unheard of.

“We need to get dressed in proper clothing first, Maggie explained, laughing at the pout Alex gave
“Can we just…look? I’ll put on my boots,” Alex pleaded.

“Fine,” Maggie relented. She always had a hard time saying no to Alex, and this was just such a pure wish.

“Yay!” Alex squealed, sounding more like Kara than ever. Lacing up the snowboots that they rented with the cabin and tossing on a sweatshirt, since they weren’t going to be outside for a particularly long time, Alex happily made her way outside, marveling at the sight.

Maggie followed quickly behind her, snapping photos with her phone to document Alex’s look of complete and utter wonder as she took in the image.

“Pretty amazing, huh?” Maggie asked.

“It’s perfect,” Alex breathed out, turning around and pulling Maggie into a tight hug. “Being here with you is even more perfect.”

“You’ve gotten so soft on me, Danvers,” she teased.

Alex just shrugged, not denying it as she walked a few steps further out into the snow, while Maggie stayed on the front porch, watching Alex and shivering slightly from the cold. She sort of wished she had grabbed more than a sweater. Back when she lived in Blue Springs, all she really needed was a sweatshirt, but she’d clearly grown accustomed to the warm weather of National City.

“Hey, Mags!” Alex called out. “Ready to start on that winter wonderland checklist?”

“Not in this outfit,” Maggie laughed, gesturing to her cotton sweatpants and barely warm sweater. It was then that she noticed the glint in Alex’s eyes and the way her hands were clutching a perfectly round ball of snow. “Alex,” she said, her voice low and warning. “Don’t you dare throw that snowball—, goddammit!” she groaned as the snowball hit her directly in the chest, promptly soaking through the thin material of her sweater and dripping down her front. “You’ll pay for that!” she yelled, jumping off of the porch and charging at Alex, who stood frozen, not having anticipated such a prompt counterattack. Within seconds, Maggie had tackled Alex to the ground, cackling with glee at the way Alex sputtered and shivered.

“What the hell!” Alex grumbled, even as she continued to pelt Maggie with all of the snow she could reach.

“You said you wanted to make snow angels…I’m just helping.”

“In that case…” Alex trailed off, before flipping Maggie over so that she was on her back. “You should probably give it a try too.”

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36. “I wish I could hate you.” – Director Sanvers

“What is this nonsense?” Lucy’s voice carried through the apartment, causing both Maggie and Alex
to look up from their breakfast.

“What’s wrong, dear?” Alex asked, already moving to pour a mug of coffee for Lucy, figuring a lack of caffeine was probably a large part of the issue. Maggie bit down on the inside of her cheek, stifling a laugh.

“I got kicked out of my gym 15 minutes before I hit 24 hours defending.” Lucy pouted, her hair sticking up at odd angles as she glared at her phone.

“Are you seriously this upset about that dumb Pokémon game you and Winn keep playing around the DEO?” Alex scoffed, pulling back the proffered coffee. When Lucy glared, she added: “Only adults get coffee, not kids playing games on their phones.”

“This is serious business, Alex,” Lucy grumbled. “Do you remember how many kilometers I ran to get all of my candy for this Dragonite?”

“I vaguely remember you asking me to drive at 5-10mph on my motorcycle,” Alex teased.

“Okay, look, I did most of them myself.”

“Maybe someone just wanted to prove to you that you aren’t, what’s your username again, Number1Lane, right?”

“Oh! I should see who kicked me out! Do you think it’s that creepy middle-aged man that always looks at us funny in the elevator?” Lucy mused, pulling back up the gym to look at the person who’d had the audacity to dethrone her and replace her high-powered Dragonite with a damn Pikachu wearing Ash’s hat.

Burying her face in her bagel, Maggie tried not to giggle when Lucy made a high-pitched noise of indignation. “Their username is BtrThnLane! How dare they? This is basically in-game harassment.” At that, Maggie couldn’t hold back her laugh any longer and ended up choking on her bagel, coughing and spluttering for a good minute while Alex looked suspiciously at her.

“Where’d you go on your run this morning, Mags?” Alex asked, her voice too sweet not to raise suspicions.

“Uh, ya know, the usual route down to the waterfront.”

“You’re not as sweaty as you normally are,” Alex pointed out.

“Oh, just getting more and more in shape,” Maggie grinned, flexing her arms to demonstrate.

“I will not be distracted!” Lucy railed. “You!” she accused, pointing at Maggie. “This is why you were suddenly all buddy-buddy with Winn, wasn’t it?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Maggie hummed, looking the picture of innocence as she demurely crossed her legs and took a small sip of coffee.

“Maggie,” Alex said, her voice quiet but serious. “Did you kick Lucy out of her gym?”

“You sound like a mom, and not in the hot mommi way that Autostraddle is really trying to make happen,” Maggie retorted.

“That’s not a no.”

“Maybe…” Maggie taunted, winking at Lucy. “But only ’cause she got so damn cocky about it.”
“I hate you,” Lucy grumbled, tossing her phone down against the couch.

“No you don’t,” Maggie laughed. “I’m too cute.”

“Fine, then, I wish I could hate you,” Lucy rephrased, sticking her tongue out at Maggie.

“No you don’t!” Maggie teased again.

“Yes I do!” Lucy retorted.

“It’s too early for this shit!” Alex finally snapped, rubbing at her temples. “I am—thank God—not either of your mothers, and I so don’t want to have to act like it this early in the day. So, let me phrase it this way: if you want me to think of you as adults that I would one day like to have sex with again, act like it!”

“Okay…sorry,” both Maggie and Lucy mumbled, looking contrite. But then Lucy’s face brightened: “Wait! What if you played with us? Since Maggie has Winn on her team, what if you got to be on my team? Then we both get a genius.”

Even as she rolled her eyes, Alex was already shrugging and nodding. “Alright, I guess,” she finally conceded.

Within minutes, Lucy and Maggie were giggling over Alex’s phone as they created an account and an avatar for her. Finally, they held the phone back out to her, both of them stifling laughs as Alex narrowed her eyes suspiciously at them before dropping her gaze to look at her profile. “Hey!” she exclaimed. “Why is my username AgentPraiseKink?”

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33. “Please don’t do this” – Sanvers (but maybe with a happy ending?)

44. “If you die, I’m gonna kill you.” – Sanvers (triple requested now)

“Please don’t do this,” Alex pleaded, holding Maggie’s hands tightly between her own.

“Alex, you know I love you, but if we could bring them down…think of how much good we’d be doing!”

“But why do you have to be the one to go undercover?” Alex knew the end goal was worthwhile—after all, there was nothing quite so dangerous as an offshoot of Cadmus that broke away because they thought the original group wasn’t radical enough—but she didn’t want to have to sacrifice Maggie to them.

Maggie shrugged. “I’ve been looking into this group ever since their first attack a few months ago. I know the key players. I’ve been watching all of their movements. I’m the best-informed detective on the force.” She didn’t add that it was personal, that she wanted to see justice served after the attack that had wounded too many of her friends, of her sources, of refugees just hanging out at National City’s first alien-human community day celebrations.

“But what if they recognize you, Mags? You haven’t exactly kept a low profile,” Alex reasoned.
“You’re at all the community relations meetings. You hang out at Dollywood. You work side-by-side with Supergirl!”

“We’ve been planning this for a while; I haven’t been as present at those types of events or crime scenes in over a month. I’ve been working at the station, doing research, getting ready for this assignment,” Maggie explained.

“I know, I know,” Alex lamented. “But still, what if they had eyes on you way before that?”

“Hence the blonde hair,” Maggie cringed. She still freaked herself out every time she looked in the mirror, and she could tell Alex wasn’t the biggest fan either.

“Does a change in hair color really help?”

“You barely recognize me in the mornings,” Maggie retorted, trying desperately to lighten the mood.

Alex just shrugged, still looking unconvinced. Of course she wouldn’t be the one to tell Maggie she couldn’t go; she understood why Maggie felt so personally invested in the case and what a takedown of this scale could do not only for Maggie’s career but for the fight against the anti-alien extremists. But none of that made her any happier about the situation.

“Alex, come on, just like you needed to go in to stop Cadmus yourself, I need to do this,” Maggie reasoned, her voice soft as she ran her fingers through Alex’s hair.

“I know,” Alex nodded, her voice cracking. “I know. I know. Just remember that I’ll be here waiting for you, okay? And promise to at least try to be safe. For me.”

“Of course,” Maggie nodded, wiping away the few tears that had rolled down Alex’s cheeks. “I love you, Alex, and I will fight so much harder knowing who’s waiting for me at home, okay?”

“Ohokay,” Alex nodded, hiccupping softly. Then, looking serious as she sniffed and wiped away any lingering tears, Alex fixed Maggie with a stern stare. “And know that if you die, I’m gonna kill you.”

Maggie laughed loudly, even though she suspected Alex was quite serious about the sentiment. “Roger that, Agent.”

“Good,” Alex nodded, seemingly satisfied—or as satisfied as she could be with the situation. “Now come to bed. You need a proper sendoff for your last day as Maggie Sawyer before you go off for weeks to be some bigoted, blonde asshole, huh?”

“But I’m already blonde…” Maggie trailed off, grinning at Alex.

“Yeah…maybe you put on that sexy snapback of yours,” Alex teased, pulling Maggie toward the bed as they laughed, letting themselves have tonight before reality set in the next morning.

Chapter End Notes

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Academic Endnotes:

In Kath Weston’s 1991 book, Families We Choose: Lesbians, Gays, Kinship, she
discusses the notion of chosen family as a form of kinship that arose in the gay community in response not only to the ruling ideology that described family as a biological unit grounded in procreation, heterosexuality, and state-sanctioned unions, but also to the very real phenomenon of LGBTQ+ individuals reaching out to others like themselves for love and support after being turned away by the biological families so highly esteemed within the dominant culture. Not wanting to sound as though she is dismissing the possibilities of gay families with children and other biological ties, Weston explains: “What many kinship ideologies challenge is not the concept of procreation that informs kinship in the United States, but the belief that procreation alone constitutes kinship, and that ‘nonbiological’ ties must be patterned after a biological model (like adoption) or forfeit any claim to kinship status” (34). Specifically, Weston argues for a new notion of kinship grounded in love, rather than eroticism. Although she was criticized for this paradigm by queer theorists like Michael Warner, who fought against the de-eroticization of same-sex couples that too often accompanied "respectable" political movements and, later on, popular media representations (think Mitch and Cam on Modern Family, if you will), she draws support from thinkers like gay historian John D'Emilio, who saw this foregrounding of love as the basis for what we came to think of as a gay community. Although this could become problematic insofar as claiming a gay identity seemed to flatten out all other aspects of identity into one untenable notion of sameness (something we've seen explicitly challenged, especially in regards to race and class, over the past few years), it did allow for the building of strong ties that were so vitally important to survival, especially during periods like the height of the AIDS crisis. Ultimately, she stresses that this is a new and novel form of kinship--it is not derivative (from the heterosexual ideal), but rather, it is transformative. This insistence on the transformative nature of queer forms of kinship is so significant, Weston argues, because “[w]hen we assume male-headed, nuclear families to be central units of kinship, and all alternative patterns to be extensions or exceptions, we accept an aspect of cultural hegemony instead of studying it. In the process, we miss the contested domain in which symbolic innovation may occur” (Rayna Rapp qtd. in 106-7).

Although chosen family is important at any stage in life, it is especially significant for younger LGBTQ+ folks who may not have support networks in place when families, communities, and countries are intolerant around these issues. For anyone who might need resources, which are increasingly global and available online, please check out the following options:

Project Trevor: http://www.thetrevorproject.org/section/resources

The CDC's long list of links for LGBTQ Youth Resources: https://www.cdc.gov/lgbthealth/youth-resources.htm

GLAAD's list (separated by topic): https://www.glaad.org/resourcelist


The Point Foundation (more for scholarships): https://pointfoundation.org/
Apologies for the very American bias to my resource list. I'm working with what I know best and wouldn't want to include links to defunct or particularly problematic organizations in countries whose activist networks I'm unfamiliar with.
Sanvers Smut - First Time Anal

Chapter Summary

Baggs: What about the first anal sex? Sanvers, strapon, Alex is passive

Tumblr anon: “Can you please try to write Sanvers anal with a strapon? Or ass eating you talked about it in one fic (refers to brief mention in Chapter 69: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25055550)

And another Tumblr anon also requesting anal with Maggie topping Alex

If it's not super evident from the prompt requests and chapter title, this chapter features penetrative anal sex and rimming. If it's not your jam, that's okay, but I'm just gonna put another reminder out there that kink shaming will be deleted. If you wanna stick around just for the queer theory, you'll find some Leo Bersani in the endnotes down at the bottom :) 

Chapter Notes

A/N: The trained queer sex educator in me insists that I really need to mention:
1. A lubed, gloved finger is typically the best way to ease into anal for the first time, rather than a strap on, which offers slightly less control if the wearer isn’t used to it.
2. If you aren’t fluid bonded/clean of STDs, use a dental dam before rimming.
3. If a toy is going in someone’s ass, make sure it has a wide-enough flared base to avoid embarrassing mishaps that will lead you straight to the ER.
4. If you’re not using a condom/glove, a toy/finger shouldn’t go from one opening or person to another until it’s been thoroughly washed.

Updated with another excellent tip from JSkippy: I’d add it can be a good idea if the receiver (passive) is in a position which gives him/her some ability to move and control the pace and depth and speed of penetration. (Thanks for reminding me!)

Anyhow, play safe! Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex sighed into Maggie’s touch as her hands slipped up Alex’s back, pulling her even closer as the water from the shower cascaded down around them. “You feel amazing.”

Grinning, Maggie kissed Alex harder, letting her tongue flick between Alex’s lips as one of her hands moved up to tangle in Alex’s hair. “So do you,” she finally whispered, pulling back. “And we can just, you know, if you want to keep it at this, that’s fine too.” She knew they had gotten into the shower for a reason, had both wanted to be as clean as possible before trying some of the new things they’d talked about doing in bed, but she also wasn’t going to force anything on Alex.

“You act like you’re making me try something I don’t want to do,” Alex pointed out, pulling back to look Maggie in the eyes. “I’m the one who found the questionnaire thing and sent it to you. You
“Okay, right,” Maggie nodded. “Sorry, I just worry. I don’t, I don’t know, sometimes it feels selfish.”

“It’s not selfish to voice your own desires, Mags. As much as I deserve to be happy and honest, so do you.”

“You know I’d be happy with anything, though, right? You could tell me that really, all you want to do today is watch mindless television and eat pizza, and I’d be right there with you, happy just to be spending time together.”

“You’re sappy and sweet, and I love it. But I really want to fuck. As long as you do too,” Alex added.

“In that case, maybe we get out of the shower?” Maggie suggested, feeling heat coiling low in her abdomen at the thought of what was to come.

Alex nodded, reaching behind her to turn off the water, then grabbing two towels from the hooks and handing one over to Maggie. It took longer than usual to dry off, both of them getting distracted by the other’s close proximity. Eventually they managed to get themselves back to the bedroom, giggling with anticipation as they pulled each other down onto the bed.

Maggie’s lips soon found Alex’s, claiming them in a searing kiss that had both women grabbing at each other, trying to pull the other impossibly close. “Please,” Alex whimpered, her hips bucking up into Maggie’s as she tried to relieve some of the aching pressure between her legs.

Maggie pulled away, dropping her head down to kiss a meandering path down Alex’s chest before her tongue found its way to Alex’s pussy. “You’re so wet,” Maggie groaned. Licking long and slow up the length of Alex’s folds, she moaned. “God, you taste amazing.”

Alex whimpered, her hips canting up into Maggie’s gentle touch—wanting, needing more. Knowing that Alex had specific things she was more than a little eager to try, Maggie decided to be generous and not tease Alex, not force her to wait, to beg for permission to come. So she pushed her tongue inside of Alex the way she knew her girlfriend liked, her fingers digging into Alex’s hips to hold her still as she tried to fuck herself on Maggie’s tongue. Once she could feel Alex’s body tensing, Maggie dragged her tongue up Alex’s sex, sucking her clit between her lips and swirling her tongue roughly around it.

Alex could barely manage a strangled cry, her fingers flying to Maggie’s hair as she came hard, her whole body shaking under Maggie’s grip. As she lay sprawled across the bed, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath, she felt Maggie slowly kissing all up and down her inner thighs, barely giving her a moment to recover as she felt heat building once more.

“Did you still want to try?” Maggie asked, motioning to the bedside table where the harness, toy, and lube were still set out from before their shower.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded. “Do you?”

Maggie just grinned and nodded, forcing herself out of bed and away from Alex, if only for a second, to get on the harness, slipping their newly acquired, very small dildo inside of it.

“Cute look,” Alex teased.
“The better to not hurt you with, my dear,” Maggie retorted, sticking her tongue out at Alex.

“I know, I know. I’m just keeping the mood light.”

“Are you nervous? Because I’m serious, Al, we don’t have to do this—at least not today, you know?”

“Just because I’m a little nervous doesn’t mean I don’t want to do it. I trust you, and I do want it. Plus, if I don’t like it, all I have to do is say so.”

“Right, of course,” Maggie nodded, knowing she’d never force something onto Alex. “So, do you have a position you want?”

“Could I be on my knees?” Alex asked. “With you behind me?”

Maggie quickly nodded, hoping she didn’t look too overeager. She flipped the dildo so it curved downward before reaching for the lube.

“Is there a reason you’re going upside down?” Alex asked, looking curiously at Maggie.

“Oh, uh, since it’s curved more than, ya know, a penis is, it’ll follow the shape of your body better if it’s turned the other direction.”

“Makes sense,” Alex nodded before moving up the bed on her knees and setting up a pillow to have under her chest.

With everything properly lubricated, Maggie looked up to Alex. “You still okay?”

“Yeah, I promise.”

With a kiss to Alex’s shoulder, Maggie pulled back and let her fingers dip between Alex’s cheeks, making sure everything was slick and ready—she’d hate herself if she hurt Alex by being less than careful. While she rubbed slow circles with her finger, Maggie brought her other hand up, sensuously kneading at Alex’s ass and thighs.

Once Alex began pushing her own hips back into Maggie’s fingers, Maggie raised herself up, lining up the toy with Alex’s ass, letting her get used to the feel of the cool, slick silicone in a new place before she began to very slowly and carefully push inside of her.

Alex could feel the press of the toy against her entrance. The sensation was foreign, but the familiar feeling of Maggie’s hands warm and solid on her hips steadied her, made her feel safe, as her emotions teetered halfway between nervousness and excitement. She gasped as she began to feel a slight stretch.

“You okay?” Maggie checked.

“Yeah, Alex nodded, looking over her shoulder at Maggie. Her heart warmed at the look of nervous concern on Maggie’s face. “I promise, you’re being very gentle. Nothing hurts.”

“Okay,” Maggie finally accepted Alex’s assurances and began carefully moving her hips forward, pushing in just a little further with each movement until finally her hips met Alex’s ass, causing them both to moan softly at the contact, at what that contact meant.

“You feel good,” Alex whispered, pushing her own hips back to show Maggie that she could keep moving.
Maggie began thrusting smoothly inside of Alex, biting her lip to keep from whimpering at the visual of Alex taking all of her, of Alex thrusting back into her hips with her perfectly toned ass on full display.

Alex groaned at how full she felt in a way that was both intimately familiar and totally new. It was good. Really good. Much better than she had expected. She had checked it off thinking it might be something fun, something different—maybe sexy for the taboo that still lingered around the act.

She hadn’t expected to enjoy it so much, to feel herself clenching around the toy and almost wishing for more. And she’d certainly had no idea that when Maggie dropped the hand that hadn’t touched her ass around to her clit, it would only take the smallest amount of pressure to leave her crying out and lurching forward as she came, waves of pleasure crashing over her as she bit down into the pillow, her hips still rocking back into Maggie.

When Alex seemed to have her breathing back under control, Maggie slowly slid the toy out from Alex and hopped off of the bed, shedding the harness and dropping it by the sink in the bathroom as she washed her hands before quickly heading back into the bedroom. Curling up around Alex, she splayed her hand across Alex’s abs, smiling when Alex put her own hand on top of Maggie’s and scooted back to be even closer.

“How are you?” Maggie asked.

“Good, really good,” Alex sighed.

“Good, I’m glad to hear it,” Maggie added, kissing the back of Alex’s neck.

After a few minutes of silence, Alex asked, “Does that make me weird? Am I weird for liking that?”

“You’re not weird for liking that,” Maggie swore to Alex, pulling her closer. “I liked it too. A lot.”

“And you’re not just saying that?”

“No, I’m not just saying that. Plus, c’mon, you saw what I said yes to on the survey too. You know that I like certain things…down there as well.”

“You just fucked me in the ass, and you’re gonna call it, ‘down there?’” Alex laughed, rolling over to look at Maggie.

“Shut up,” Maggie blushed. “It’s just, there’s not a sexy word for asshole,” she stammered.

“I thought it was very sexy when you told me you’d like me to eat your ass.”

“Really?” Maggie asked, looking slightly incredulous. Sure, she’d had past partners who really liked it, but they had been the ones to offer, the ones to bring it up—not her.

“Yeah, really,” Alex nodded. “Is that, uh, still something you’d want to try together?”

“I mean, look, I’m not going to pressure you. You decide if you want to on your own. I like it, but I’m more than okay without it.”

“Maggie, I’m going to say this one more time: I’m only offering because I’d be happy to try it with you. If it turns out I don’t like it, we stop, and I’ll fuck you like we normally do, okay?”

“Yeah, okay.” Grinning, Maggie patted Alex’s shoulder. “Look at you being all sex positive and shit.”
“It’s been known to happen,” Alex grumbled. “But, uh, did you want to try today?”

Maggie’s hips bucked forward involuntarily, even as she managed, “It’s your call. I’m fine either way.”

“It sort of seems like you’d prefer one way,” Alex teased. “And I’m happy to try. We literally just showered together.”

“And just remember, once your tongue goes there, it can’t go anywhere else.”

“I know, I know. Not until I’ve rinsed with some heavy duty mouthwash to kill any possible germs. Trust me, I did my research.”

“Nerd.”

“You wouldn’t have me any other way.”

“True,” Maggie shrugged. “You are pretty excellent, Dr. Danvers.”

Alex grinned and nodded, kissing her way up from Maggie’s collarbones toward her neck and jaw. “How does this work best?” she murmured between kisses. “Do you get on your knees like I did?”

“That works,” Maggie sighed, feeling herself getting worked up again with every nip of Alex’s teeth and every soft caress of Alex’s tongue.

“Then why don’t you get on your knees,” Alex purred, smirking at the feeling of Maggie’s hips rocking into hers. Once Maggie was in position, Alex let her hands run up and down Maggie’s back, feeling the woman tensing, then relaxing under her touch. With each stroke, she dropped her hands lower and lower, until they were both massaging Maggie’s ass, carefully parting her cheeks and letting her get used to the feeling of being more open, more exposed.

Careful to keep her right hand clean in case Maggie wanted her to fuck her or touch her clit during, Alex used her other fingers to gently massage around the area before dropping her mouth down. Tentatively, she stuck her tongue out and quickly ran it between Maggie’s cheeks. She was relieved to find that it was nothing really to be nervous about—pretty much just tasted like skin with a hint of Maggie’s arousal that had dripped down and across her inner thighs while she fucked Alex. As she grew more comfortable, she let her tongue linger, flicking teasing circles, then broad strokes with a flat tongue as she tried to figure out what Maggie liked.

Maggie whimpered, her arms giving out as she hit the mattress. Every swipe of Alex’s tongue felt amazing, alighting her nerves and sending pleasurable waves across the whole area, causing her to clench down around nothing. It took her by surprise—the way Alex seemed so…into it, moaning as she parted Maggie’s cheeks wider, swirling her tongue around her ass. But then she started feeling guilty, wondering if perhaps Alex was only doing this for her, putting on a show to keep Maggie’s guilt at bay. “Hey, uh, Alex,” Maggie called, shifting forward slightly.

“Yeah? Are you okay? Am I doing something wrong?”

“No! I just, um, I mean, everything feels really good, but I don’t…I can’t normally come from this alone. It’s more, like, something fun. But I feel like you’ve already done a lot for me, so we can just, you know, be done.”

“Do you want to be done?”

“I’m happy to be done.”
“That’s not what I asked,” Alex said, looking sternly at Maggie, knowing the woman’s tendency to
dismiss her own desires when she thought they might inconvenience others.

“Fine, I’m enjoying it. A lot. But, I mean, if you want to fuck me or touch me with your hand, I’d
probably come.” Anticipating Alex’s next question, she added: “And I want to come. It’s not just me
finding a way to let you off the hook faster.”

“Well, if you want to come, I’ll wait for you to beg for my hand,” Alex taunted, dropping her mouth
back to Maggie’s ass and flicking her tongue back out to lick across the puckered flesh.

Whimpering, Maggie dropped her head against the mattress, feeling her hips bucking back into
Alex’s slow, sensual touch. “Please,” she finally pleaded, needing to feel Alex’s fingers. And then
she was groaning loudly as Alex’s hand found its way between her legs, two fingers easily slipping
inside of her and curling forward as Alex’s thumb came to rest on her clit. “Fuck,” Maggie panted,
her cries muffled only by the blankets as she grew louder and louder.

“Baby, please, harder,” she whimpered, her words dissolving into incoherent noises as Alex
complied, dragging her fingers hard down her front wall. “You’re so good, so good,” Maggie nearly
yelled as her hips stuttered, her back arching and her thighs tensing for what felt like a small eternity
until finally everything was crashing down around her as she came with a loud cry, her vision
flashing white and her hips falling to the mattress.

“I’ll be right back,” Alex promised before hurrying to the bathroom to rinse her mouth and brush her
teeth.

When she got back, Maggie was still sprawled across the bed where she had left her. “You okay?”

“So good. Will move when I can feel my legs. Promise.”

“So…uh, you’re saying I did a good job, then?” Alex teased.

“Shut up,” Maggie grumbled, reaching out blindly for Alex’s hand and, when she finally found it,
dragging her down to the bed. “Now cuddle me.”

“Yes, dear.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

While I don’t have the time or space here to get into everything going on in Leo
Bersani’s delightful and complicated essay “Is the Rectum a Grave?” I want to look here
at his discussion of anal sex—he’s thinking about it primarily in terms of male
homosexuality, though it’s heavily associated, through the theoretical connections he
draws, with female sexuality as well. Specifically, Bersani interrogates the idea of
passivity as a bad or negative quality. (This type of reclamation of negative things like
shame, humiliation, passivity, stigma, etc. is representative of the “negative turn” in
queer theory that someone like Bersani exemplifies.)

Bersani pulls sources from as far back as ancient Athens where “the moral taboo on
‘passive’ anal sex…is primarily formulated as a kind of hygienics of social power. To be
penetrated is to abdicate power” (19). He connects this type of logic to contemporary feminist arguments (he wrote this essay in 1987) made by the likes of Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon, who argued that sex in our patriarchal society is necessarily violent toward women, structured and conceived of as it is under an ideology that encourages mastery of and violence against women. In many ways, Bersani accepts this premise, arguing “that those effects of power which, as Foucault has argued, are inherent in the relational itself (they are immediately produced by ‘the divisions, inequalities and disequilibrums’ inescapably present ‘in every relation from one point to another’) can perhaps most easily be exacerbated, and polarized into relations of mastery and subordination, in sex, and that this potential may be grounded in the shifting experience that every human being has of his or her body’s capacity, or failure, to control and to manipulate the world beyond the self” (23).

But he wants to avoid the “temptation to deny the perhaps equally strong appeal of powerlessness of the loss of control” (24). Instead, Bersani redefines phallocentrism as: “not primarily the denial of power to women (although it has obviously also led to that, everywhere and at all times), but above all the denial of the value of powerlessness in both men and women. I don’t mean the value of gentleness, or nonaggressiveness, or even of passivity, but rather of a more radical disintegration and humiliation of the self” (24). While this “radical disintegration and humiliation of the self” may not sound pleasant, he wants to argue that it is precisely what is required for the type of almost utopian radical reinvention of sex for which someone like MacKinnon advocates precisely because “the self which the sexual shatters provides the basis on which sexuality is associated with power” (25). Drawing on what were contemporary associations of sex—specifically gay male sex—and death, Bersani wants to reclaim this type of phobic rhetoric to find power and value in it—a power that stems from disrupting existing hierarchies and notions of power and self. He ultimately concludes, “[I]f the rectum is the grave in which the masculine ideal (an ideal shared – differently – by men and women) of proud subjectivity is buried, then it should be celebrated for its very potential for death” (29).
Chapter Summary

Director Sanvers prompt: They're all too gay to function while at the gym!

Hope the folks wanting to see Director Sanvers as Chapter 100 (sorry!) enjoy. As a heads up, this starts out cracky but ends smutty (the switch happens around the time of the push up contest). But then, of course, we end with some queer theory (that is, I'll admit, a bit more NSFW than usual).

Chapter Notes

So, after yesterday evening's chapter, I've gotten quite a few requests for Sanvers with different kinds of kink. While I'm happy enough to include it here, I do wonder if it might be best moved into a fic of its own (think: The ABCs of Kink)—not to relegate healthy, consensual kink to the sidelines, but rather, to help folks who are interested in learning about it find it, while leaving this one a bit more varied (i.e. not *all* smut *all* the time).

Thoughts?? You can come chat in the comments or on Tumblr!

On the one hand, Alex was beyond relieved to have to work most of the winter holidays, since it meant that she wouldn’t have to head back to Midvale to deal with intrusive questions about her relationship—why, yes, I am a lesbian, and yes, they are both my girlfriends—from well-meaning family and friends. But a part of her felt guilty; she and Eliza were doing better, and after losing Jeremiah a second time, she suspected Eliza might have liked to have been surrounded by both her daughters and their partners during a time of year that seemed to designed to make single people feel lonely. Sure, she’d promised Eliza that she would come visit the weekend after New Years to make up for it, but she still felt guilty, like she was failing her mother yet again.

Sensing Alex’s mood, Maggie and Lucy resolved to do everything they could to cheer her up. Some of it was as straightforward as helping Alex to pick out presents for the family and ship them to Midvale on the Supergirl express so that they would arrive in plenty of time. But with alien crime requiring DEO intervention at all-time low levels—like most everyone, they too wanted to take a few days to eat too many sweets and drink a bit too much and enjoy time with families after what had been a rather long and tense year for the whole community—Alex was restless. And restless Alex had too much time and mental energy that she used to dwell on how she should really be at home, being a better daughter.

“You know what you need, Alex?” Lucy asked, hopping up on Alex’s desk.

“A larger desk to accommodate both you and Maggie?” Alex snarked back.

“Nah, I fit just fine,” Maggie lilted, clambering up onto the desk to perch next to Lucy. Even though
she was working a few shifts this week, she’d gotten more time off than Alex.

“You need something to burn off some of that excess energy,” Lucy declared.

“Mmm, are you thinking what I’m thinking?” Maggie asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Probably not,” Lucy shrugged. “We should go to the gym.” Seeing the looks of disappointment on both of their faces, Lucy continued: “Think about it: we’re all so used to morning training sessions and fighting with huge aliens all day…”

“And fucking all night,” Maggie chimed in, looking beyond pleased with herself.

“Yes, well, that one we’re still doing. But we should get in a workout. I’m telling you, we’ll all feel better,” Lucy insisted.

“Fine,” Alex shrugged, figuring Lucy probably had a point. It had been colder than usual in the mornings, which made the option of staying in her bed curled in between her girlfriends so much more tempting than usual, leading her to skip more runs than was, perhaps, advisable.

“Ugh, I guess,” Maggie finally gave in, dragging herself off of the desk. “I assume we’ll be going to the DEO’s indoor gym for my two California girls?”

“Hey, I didn’t grow up here,” Lucy pouted. “Army brat, remember?”

“Ah, right, you just acclimated too well,” Maggie teased. Even if she didn’t consider Nebraska her home in any real sense anymore—and hadn’t for a long time—she still enjoyed making fun of Lucy and Alex’s hatred of any kind of prolonged exposure to the cold.

Rolling her eyes, Lucy hopped off of the desk, grabbing Alex’s hand and leading her toward the locker rooms where she knew Alex kept plenty of spare workout clothes.

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“The treadmill, Danvers, really?” Maggie teased.

“Warming up is good for you,” Alex yelled back. “Plus, Lucy’s on the damn elliptical!”

“You two both love what it does for my ass,” Lucy shot back, grinning when she noticed two sets of eyes fall to her butt, watching as Alex broke her stride and Maggie completely stopped doing jumping jacks.

“Well, the treadmill is great for my thigh muscles,” Alex added, looking rather smug as she got back into her workout, upping the speed—maybe to show off just a little, though she’d never admit it.

“The better to strain against the restraints with, huh?” Lucy teased, cackling as Alex nearly tripped and fell off of the treadmill, her face suddenly bright red from something other than exertion.

Figuring if she was already blushing, she might as well go all in, Alex craned her neck to glare at Lucy. “Are we just going to let you off the hook for why you might want your ass to look so perfect?”

“Ooh, she’s got you there, Lane!” Maggie yelled as she wrapped her hands before heading over to the punching bag. “Nothing like those nights when you finally bottom for me and beg for—”

“Are we not going to talk about why you’re so adamant about having so much upper body strength?” Lucy interjected, effectively cutting off Maggie’s taunts.
“Uh, cause you love it when I pick Alex up, duh,” Maggie retorted, winking at Alex in the mirror, who just shook her head, glad to find Maggie and Lucy picking on each other for a change.

“More like you need to practice so your arm doesn’t cramp up again when Alex begs you to fuck her harder,” Lucy teased.

“It was one time!” Maggie whined, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Yeah…one time when you were damn lucky that I was there to step in to make sure our Alex was satisfied.”

“I’m right here,” Alex grumbled. “Plus, you know that I’ve got more upper body strength than either of you.”

“What?” Lucy exclaimed, shooting Alex a look of mock indignation.

“That sounds like a challenge issued,” Maggie declared.

“I literally spar with Supergirl.”

“Under kryptonite emitters,” Maggie countered.

“They’re not turned all the way up,” Alex shot back.

“Push up contest!” Lucy yelled gleefully. “I’ll judge.”

“You forfeiting?” Maggie asked, looking incredulous.

“I’d rather watch you two go at it,” Lucy winked.

“You did seem to get off on it last night,” Alex chimed in, always glad to remind her girlfriends that she could give as good as they could, even if she didn’t do it as often.

“Is that how you’re gonna judge the competition too? One hand between your legs…?” Maggie asked, sucking her lower lip between her teeth and grinning broadly at Lucy’s huff of indignation as she got off the elliptical.

“On the mats,” Lucy barked, taking on the drill sergeant persona that Alex and even Maggie seemed to enjoy.

“Yes, ma’am,” Maggie mock saluted.

After getting off of the treadmill, Alex nodded, “Will do,” before pulling Lucy in for a decidedly non-chaste kiss.

“Cheating!” Maggie yelled. “You’re biasing the judge!”

“Mm, the judge declares it perfectly legal,” Lucy murmured, losing herself once more in Alex’s lips.

By the time they got around to the actual competition, both Maggie and Alex had taken plenty of turns “biasing the judge” in their favor. But Alex was still competitive enough to want to go ahead with the competition. So she dropped to the mats, arching an eyebrow challengingly up at Maggie.

“You gonna forfeit before we even start?”

“Not a chance, Danvers,” Maggie retorted, getting down so that they were facing one another.
Alex just licked her lips at the sight of Maggie’s cleavage now on prominent display as she held herself up right in front of Alex.

“Go!” Lucy yelled, before counting out numbers, making sure they stayed even and that their noses made it all the way down to the ground before they pushed themselves back up.

Around number 80, Maggie’s arms started to shake. It wasn’t fair, she reasoned; she had been doing arm work before, while Alex had just been running—and she was quick to voice those concerns. Playing arbiter to this dispute, Lucy decided they should change the rules to make it more fun and “fair.”

“Think you can handle a little more, Alex?” Lucy asked, grinning when Alex just scoffed and nodded that, yes, of course she could.

To her credit, Alex made only the smallest of groans when Lucy climbed onto her back, before finding her rhythm once more. “This is really sexy,” Lucy purred into Alex’s ear, feeling the woman’s arms falter at that.

When Maggie’s arms finally gave out, she decided to give Lucy a hand in making this workout increasingly difficult for Alex, who, she had to admit, looked impossibly attractive with her muscles out and on full display and sweat beading on her forehead and chest. Plus, there was the fact that Lucy had wrapped herself around Alex and was pressing teasing kisses to her shoulders and neck that were not helping Alex’s form.

Very carefully, Maggie maneuvered herself, slipping between Alex’s arms when she raised herself up so that Alex’s face came straight down into her chest, which, admittedly, wasn’t quite her intention—she’d just been too slow to get all the way down to greet Alex with a kiss—but it worked just as well.

On Alex’s next trip down to the mat, Maggie was waiting with a long, smoldering kiss that only ended when Alex finally dropped her knees to the ground, happily giving in if it meant that Lucy and Maggie would stop teasing her. Plus, she had already proved that she clearly had the superior upper body strength.

“I think you should reward the winner, Mags,” Lucy suggested, a flirty lilt to her voice as she rolled Alex over on the mat.

“Mm, and how do you suggest I reward her?” Maggie asked, already crawling between Alex’s legs and fingerling the waistband of her shorts.

“With how sore your arms are, I assume your tongue’s probably the safer bet…” Lucy trailed off, grinning at the way Alex’s hips bucked up into the air at that, the way her quiet, desperate whimpers echoed off the walls of the otherwise empty gym.

“Wait!” Alex suddenly gasped, pulling her head up. “Are all of our phones on loud, right? J’onn would kill us if we missed an emergency for…for, this!”

“To be fair, I think he’d also pull that horrified dad act if he knew that this happened at all, regardless of whether we missed an alien attack because of it,” Lucy added, shrugging nonchalantly.

But Maggie, knowing Alex well enough to know that she’d be far too stressed to come if she thought they were missing an emergency, rushed over to their bags, pulling all three phones out, setting the volume to loud, and lining them up on the side of the mat.

“Feel better now?” Maggie asked, smiling softly at her ever-responsible girlfriend.
“Much,” Alex nodded.

“Good,” Lucy sighed, feigning exasperation at the delay. “Now, come on, I’d like a show.”

Rolling her eyes, Maggie took pains to stick her ass out as she bent forward, hooking her fingers under Alex’s shorts and pulling them down along with her underwear, licking her lips at the string of arousal that still connected Alex to them. She found she couldn’t wait, didn’t have the patience to tease Alex, who still looked sweaty and strong and perfect underneath her.

Alex moaned loudly at the first slow stroke of Maggie’s tongue, only thinking afterward to keep the volume low in case one of the two or three agents also on duty dared to leave the posts she’d assigned them to.

The vibrations of Maggie’s own moans against her clit quickly pulled Alex from her thoughts, and her hips bucked up at the sight of Lucy on her knees behind Maggie, her fingers thrusting into the woman. When Lucy caught her gaze and winked, it took all of Alex’s self-restraint to keep from lunging forward and kissing Lucy hard, maybe helping her to fuck Maggie…

Feeling Maggie’s walls clenching around her fingers, Lucy smirked, hooking them forward to drag against Maggie’s front wall the way she knew the detective loved. “You get to come once Alex does,” Lucy instructed.

And suddenly Alex was crying out as Maggie redoubled her efforts, sucking her clit between her lips and slipping a finger inside of Alex. Maggie always wanted Alex to come, but right now she absolutely needed her to come, needed her to come hard and fast so that Maggie could stop fighting back her own orgasm. And so she fucked Alex harder, ignoring the way her muscles ached, let her free hand come up to find Alex’s chest, tugging at her nipples through her sports bra.

When Alex finally came, hips stuttering under Maggie’s touch and moans stifled into her own fist, Lucy finally whispered her permission to Maggie, groaning at the sight of her girls both coming beneath her.

By the time they had caught their breath and managed to pull their eyes open, Lucy was already two fingers-deep inside of herself, biting at her lips as her hips rolled forward into her own hand.

“I think our judge deserves more of a reward than that, don’t you?” Maggie asked, grinning salaciously at Lucy.

“Mm, I think so,” Alex nodded in agreement.

But then Alex’s phone was ringing and the DEO pager she still had was pinging from over in her bag. So Lucy let herself fall over the edge, gasping and catching herself on her free hand as she fell forward. “Later,” she panted. “After whatever this is.”

“Promise,” Alex nodded before answering her phone. “Danvers.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, I'm on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

In light of the poly triad today's smut featured, I figured it was only appropriate to look at Gayle Rubin's seminal 1984 essay, “Thinking Sex: Notes for a Radical Theory of the
Politics of Sexuality,” in which she evaluates the type of moral panic that too often surrounds any kind of sexual variance. In this essay, she coined the term, “the charmed circle,” for that small subset of sexual acts deemed "good," "natural," and "normal" by social norms. (See the graph here https://krystalfawn.files.wordpress.com/2012/03/thinkingsex.png.) Outside of the charmed circle lie the “outer limits,” which make clear the types of sex seen as unnatural or perverted—acts that are, in many instances, outlawed or harshly regulated. The supposedly “ideal” sex takes place between a monogamous, dyadic (2-person), married male-female couple, wherein both partners are roughly the same age, and it should occur within the confines of the bedroom and not involve any kinds of kink, BDSM, or sex toys. If you think about the smut you just read (and maybe enjoyed), they fall outside the norm insofar as they are unmarried, non-heterosexual, non-procreative, and non-dyadic (more than two people and, in one instance, one alone). Furthermore, the public nature of the DEO gym and the light BDSM overtones push it further away from the realm of acceptability.

Although any sort of public moralizing can be frustrating, Rubin emphasizes that in the context of sexuality, it is often taken to an extreme, leading to “moral panic.” Unlike the way we might judge differences in taste when it comes to food or other recreational activities, “[s]mall differences in [erotic] value or behaviour are often experienced as cosmic threats,” routinely provoking “rage, anxiety, and sheer terror” because “[s]exual acts are burdened with an excess of significance” (151). Rubin theorizes that these moral panics occur because the way public figures talk about sex assumes a “domino theory of sexual peril” (see figure 2: https://politicsofsexulalitywordpresscom.files.wordpress.com/2016/01/hierarchy.png?w=660). When we try to conceive of what it would mean to draw that line of acceptability between “good” and “bad” sex, we build it up into something so much bigger than what it is. As Rubin explains in one of my favorite snarky lines from this piece: “The line appears to stand between sexual order and chaos. It expresses the fear that if anything is permitted to cross this erotic DMZ, the barrier against scary sex will crumble and something unspeakable will skitter across” (152).

Rubin instead wants us to understand sexual differences as “benign sexual variation” (153). While quite a few people were ready to get behind her on just about all of her points, the inclusion of sadomasochism and relationships between people of different generations (large age gaps) troubled many. Today, the latter seems much more troubling (at least to my students, who seem much more comfortable with kink), but Rubin’s essay came out at a high point in the feminist crusade against porn—especially against any porn that featured eroticized violence and BDSM, given how often women were placed in the role of the submissive partner—something feminists argued seemed to reify their treatment as second-class citizens. Rubin, however, pushed back, arguing that no one kind of sexual act or predilection should be judged based on its worst proponents. Instead, she argues, “A democratic morality should judge sexual acts by the way partners treat one another, the level of mutual consideration, the presence or absence of coercion, and quantity and quality of the pleasures they provide. Whether sex acts are gay or straight, coupled or in groups, naked or in underwear, commercial or free, with or without video, should not be ethical concerns” (153). And that, I would argue, is a point worth getting behind.
Prompt from Iamsuperconfused: Jessie (Winn's new girl) returns! (If she could maybe meet Kara and geek out on Supergirl with her too (like: You met her! you interviewed her! Are you friends like she is with winn!!?) and/or maybe getting an invite to a game night?

There is talk of sex, but no actual smut here (so questionably safe for work?)

This is a follow up to chapter 8:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24077343 (Jessie also appears in chapter 19: http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24347370)

Question: I had a suggestion to move the Director Sanvers prompts over to their own separate fic. Thoughts? It'd take me a little while to find the time to copy them all over into new chapters, so it might mean a delay on new Director Sanvers stuff. I'm somewhat ambivalent. Also...if you do recommend it, title ideas? They're not my forte...

“You sure it’s okay that I’m coming?” Jessie asked, tugging at her flannel shirt. “I mean, it’s your thing with your friends. I don’t want to intrude.”

“I promise, they’re happy to have new people join in, and I’m sure they’ll love you!” Winn added, not mentioning that Kara, as Supergirl, had already met Jessie and liked her. Lacing his fingers through hers, Winn guided her the last few feet to the door. “Plus, you brought brownies and wine, so you already won over both of the Danvers sisters.”

With a smile and a soft laugh, Jessie shrugged, standing back as Winn knocked on the door.

“Winn!” Kara cried out, pulling him into the apartment. “And you must be Jessie! It’s so nice to finally meet you.”

“You too,” Jessie replied, catching sight of Winn giving her a big thumbs up over Kara’s shoulder. “I’ve heard so much about everyone—it’ll be nice to finally put names with faces.”

“All good things, I trust?” Alex asked, arching an eyebrow at Winn.

“You must be Alex,” Jessie chimed in, extending a hand.

“Hmm, good guess.” Catching sight of the wine in Jessie’s hand, Alex smiled. “And good taste.”

“Aww, that’s the closest you’ve gotten to complimenting Winn,” James’s deep voice rang out as he strode across the apartment to introduce himself to Winn’s girlfriend. “James, by the way. It’s nice to
finally meet you.”

“While we’re all doing this, I’m Maggie,” Maggie added, pulling herself off of the couch where she had been lounging with Lena.

“And I’m Lena. Nice to meet you.”

“Thanks, I, uh, I think I’ve got all the names.” After teaching classes, she had a number of tricks for remembering names, and with so few of them, she doubted it would be a problem. Still, she was nervous. It had been a while since she’d been in a relationship that seemed serious enough to meet the friends, who were, at least for Winn, very much family as well.

“We’ll forgive you if you mess them up,” Kara added cheerily, shooting a broad smile at Jessie. Turning to address the group, she directed them to the kitchen: “Pizza awaits! Then it’s all games, all night!”

“Mm, but we can do something else later tonight, right babe?” Maggie murmured, nudging Alex who laughed at Kara’s attempts to hide the fact that she could hear every word.

“I’ll base my decision on how well we do tonight,” Alex teased, sticking her tongue out at her girlfriend.

“Don’t show me what I might not get to enjoy,” Maggie teased back, cackling at how easy it was to make Alex flush a bright shade of red. Figuring she’d spare Alex further embarrassment and Kara whatever aneurism was surely building, Maggie waved Alex into the kitchen, hanging back to catch up with Jessie.

“How’s meeting the friends going?” Maggie asked, keeping her voice low so as not to draw attention to the conversation.

“It’s good,” Jessie nodded. “I mean, I’ve not really met anyone beyond brief introductions, but I’m sure it’ll be good.”

“Hmm… I was a nervous wreck,” Maggie admitted, figuring even if Jessie didn’t want to talk about her own nerves, it would help to hear about someone else’s.

“Oh, when did you first, uh, join the friend group?”

“About a year ago,” Maggie replied. “It took me a few months to really believe that they’d accepted me, but it was true. They’re good people. Little exuberant. Very competitive. But good people—they’d die for each other.”

“Hopefully it won’t come to that,” Jessie chuckled nervously.

“Right, no… sure, it probably won’t,” Maggie backtracked, realizing that Winn wouldn’t have blabbed about the DEO right away and that not everyone was as tapped into the gossip mills about alien activity as she was. “I’m a detective, been in police work for enough years that it comes naturally.”

“Yes, I remember Winn mentioning that. You work with the Science Division, right?”

“Mhm,” Maggie nodded. “I hear you do the philosophy of science, right?”

“Yeah!” Jessie smiled brightly at Maggie, always excited to have the chance to talk about her work. “Did you study philosophy at all?”
“Uh…I dated a philosophy major,” Maggie offered, rubbing the back of her neck. “But, I mean, I did get into some of the critical theory stuff…maybe not quite philosophy, but sort of related?”

“Definitely! Hey, any way we can bring more people into the conversation is great. It’s so important to get a variety of perspectives. Otherwise…what are we even doing?”

Maggie nodded, liking the woman already. “We should definitely talk more, but I don’t want to keep you from pizza and playing games. I’m sure Winn is already mapping out your strategy for world domination in Risk or something.”

Glancing across the room to where Winn was settled into the couch talking animatedly with Lena, Jessie fought to keep her lovestruck smile in check. “Yeah, probably something like that.”

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By the end of the first hour, Jessie felt much more relaxed. They had take dinner as an opportunity to chat, rather than risk getting pizza grease all over any of their games after the last incident with some very sticky cards that had attracted far too many bugs for Kara to chance it again. Jessie had gotten to chat quite a bit with Lena before Kara interjected, swinging an arm around Lena’s shoulders as she settled in to join them in conversation.

“How’s my favorite reporter doing?” Lena asked, grinning and nudging Kara.

“Oh my gosh, wait, you’re that Kara Danvers? The Tribune writer?”

“The one and only,” Lena answered for her, while Kara fumbled with her glasses and nodded, not used to being recognized with this level of excitement as plain old Kara Danvers.

“You do all of the alien coverage! And you got those interviews with Supergirl after Cat left!”

“Oh, uh, yeah,” Kara nodded, hoping that she could make her way through this conversation without outing herself as Supergirl.

“That’s amazing! I’m so jealous. I mean, sure, I got to meet her once, which was basically the best day of my life, but you actually got to talk to her for a sustained period of time. What’s it like? What’s she like? Are you good friends with her like Winn is?”

“She’s, uh, I mean, we got along,” Kara stammered.

“What’s not to like about her?” Alex chimed in, giving Kara a bit of an out.

“The property damage,” Maggie shrugged, stifling a laugh at the pout on Kara’s face.

“I might not like the utilitarians, but you have to admit, Supergirl prevents far more damage than she causes,” Jessie jumped in, ready to defend Supergirl to the death.

“I like her. Work hard enough to keep her around,” Kara declared, her face serious as she looked at Winn.

“I like her too,” Winn added with a smile, moving down the couch to settle in next to Jessie. “Though whether or not she’ll stick around is up to her.”

“Good answer, Schott,” Alex nodded.

“Wait, do you all know Supergirl?” Jessie asked. “I mean, James, duh, you took enough photos of her. Plus, you’re friends with her cousin, right?” Kara beamed at the idea of Superman being her...
cousin rather than her being his cousin, the way it was normally phrased. “And Maggie, you must get to work with her if you do alien cases with the NCPD. Kara, you get to interview her. Lena’s company is all about partnering with her—which, by the way, amazing job! Really love the new direction you’ve taken the company.” Lena smiled and nodded her head slightly. “Winn is obviously really good friends with her. Alex…have you met her?”

Keeping a straight face, Alex nodded. “I have, and I’ll be the first to agree that she really is phenomenal.”

“Aww, you’re sweet,” Kara nudged her big sister. Realizing that it was odd for Kara to think it was sweet that Alex liked Supergirl, she quickly stammered: “I mean, just, since, you know, for you to like someone is such a big thing. You’re normally all gruff. And surly.”

Alex fixed Kara with a stern glare, making a mental note to point out that she’d gone a bit overboard there with trying to cover up her mistake. “I’ll have you know, I’m a very pleasant person. Just ask Maggie.”

“Cheers,” Maggie chimed in, holding up her beer, a shit-eating grin on her face. “I can 100% confirm that Alex pleases me on a regular basis.”

“Baby sister!” Kara squealed, covering her ears, while Maggie cackled loudly and Lena, Winn, and James both stifled their laughs. Jessie was glad she was being allowed to see this side of their dynamic, feeling as though it were probably more authentic than the slightly proper version she got earlier in the evening.

“On that note, maybe we play some games?” James offered, always ready to step in as the peacemaker as the oldest of the friend group.

“What’s up first?” Winn asked, surveying the large stack of games in the corner.

“Taboo!” Kara yelled out.

Without any major outcry, the group eventually settled themselves into slightly uneven teams with Alex, Maggie, Winn, and Jessie playing against Kara, James, and Lena.

Over the course of the rounds, everyone found out just how much Jessie seemed to have taught Winn about philosophy in the weeks they’d been together, as she shouted out increasingly esoteric clues that Winn got right away with a triumphant yell. Of course, Alex and Maggie had plenty of inside jokes and stories to fall back on, making sure that they didn’t slack off when they were up either. While Kara was normally one of the most sought after teammates, having to think through what she’d be revealing with every clue quickly dropped her down to dead last. James and Lena tried their best, but within a few rounds, they were down by enough points that it wasn’t even close to salvageable.

“I forfeit!” Lena finally yelled, dropping her head to her hands. “I can’t take it any more.”

“Couple versus couple!” Kara yelled, ready to see someone else in the hot seat after her last disastrous turn.

“Hey! They’re engaged! Is that really fair?” Winn protested.

“Are you doubting us, babe?” Jessie asked, looking scandalized.

“Never!” Winn rushed to reassure her, visibly relaxing when she just laughed and kissed his cheek.
“I’m just kidding around. But I do believe we have it in us to kick some ass.”

“How about this? Maggie and I will get a little drunk to even the playing field.” Alex offered, knowing that Maggie was typically okay with them drinking when it was out with their friends and away from the stresses of work and family. Plus, with how much they’d both cut back over the past few months, it didn’t take much to get them giggly and tipsy enough to probably miss easy clues.

“Deal,” Winn nodded.

“So long as you don’t drink enough that I find you in my bathroom again,” Kara warned with a shudder. Stifling a laugh, Lena pulled Kara in close, unable to resist the power of the pout.

“I promise to try, little Danvers,” Maggie added with a wink as she poured a shot for both her and Alex, quickly sliding it down the counter. With little preamble, they threw back their shots, clinking their glasses down before grabbing beers, neither of them actually wanting to deal with a hangover (and both of them still very much hoping to be sober enough for good sex when they got home).

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“The philosophy problem with the switch and the utilitarians and saving a fat man!”

“Trolley car!” Winn yelled out, and Jessie nodded, having just needed him to get “trolley.”

“You didn’t hate the gluten free version of this thing I made last weekend.”

“Pancakes!” Winn grinned.

“Are we really here or are we just a blank in a vat?” Jessie called out.

“Brain!” Winn yelled just before Kara called time.

“Seven! Very impressive,” Kara announced, quickly adding up the point totals. “That puts Winn and Jessie in the lead: 35 to 29.”

“What?” Alex exclaimed. The shots had gotten to both of them a little faster than they’d expected, and neither of them had wanted to totally blow Winn and Jessie out of the water. But apparently they’d been taking it a bit too casually and had somehow ended up trailing by a few points.

“This is your last chance. You need six to tie or seven to win,” James explained, using the deep announcer voice that never failed to make Kara and Winn giggle.

“Alright, game face on, Danvers,” Maggie declared, looking seriously at Alex as she picked up the stack of cards. She just needed to focus, get back to the personal clues that helped them wipe the floor with the other team during the first game of Taboo with the whole group. The fact that Alex had spent the last round stroking up and down her thigh didn’t exactly help with the focus, but she was ready and willing to try.

When Kara yelled go, Maggie flipped over the first card. “Oh! Kara’s favorite kind of this is chocolate pecan.”

“Pie!” Alex yelled a bit more exuberantly than was really necessary.

“Yes! Um…on Valentine’s Day, you wore this.”

“A dress? A red dress,” Alex guessed. When Maggie shook her head, she tried to think of synonyms: “A gown? An outfit? Clothing?”
“No, no,” Maggie shook her head. “Uh…earlier, the actual day. With the card and the music…”

Blushing a bright red but unwilling to lose a point based on propriety, Alex quickly mumbled: “Lingerie?”

Maggie nodded, not bothering to even look at Kara’s surely horrified expression. “Oh! We saw this in theaters two weeks ago.”

“Wonder Woman!”

Looking at the next card, Maggie worried her lip between her teeth, watching the sand tick by. They still needed at least three more just to tie. She figured Kara could kill her later; right now they needed the win. “Your favorite part of my uniform.”

“Handcuffs?”

Maggie nodded, throwing the card down. Maybe sex clues were the way to go, as long as Alex’s reluctance to talk about that type of thing in front of her sister didn’t pose a problem. “I licked this off of you last night!”

“Whipped cream!”

“Other one!”

“Chocolate!”

“Yes!” Maggie yelled, ignoring Kara’s chorus of “no” in the background or Jessie’s whispered, “We should try that,” and Winn’s overenthusiastic agreement.

“Oh! Buffy dated a guy named…?”

“Riley, Spike, Angel?”

“Yeah, Angel!”

“Now you’re tied,” Kara announced quickly, watching as the final seconds ticked by.

Flipping over the next card, Maggie grinned, figuring she may as well go for broke on the last card they needed to win. “We did it on one of these!”

Ignoring the blush she could feel creeping all the way down her cheek and averting her eyes to avoid having to see anyone’s reactions, Alex let the alcohol lower her inhibitions and began listing as many places as she could think of: “Bed, sofa, floor, kitchen counter, kitchen table, my desk, your desk?”

“Think kinkier,” Maggie yelled, desperate to get the last point with mere seconds to spare.


“Time!” Kara yelled loudly, so ready for this game to be over.

“Did you get it?” Lena asked, looking significantly more amused and curious than Kara.

“She did,” Maggie nodded, grinning fondly at Alex and looking particularly proud of herself. “Pool table,” she added, brandishing the winning card.

“There were so many other ways to get that clue!” Kara protested. “What about, oh, I don’t know:
“what you two did on all of your first dates?”

“They weren’t dates yet,” Maggie interjected.

“Semantics!”

“Look, the adrenaline kicks in, I can’t help it,” Maggie shrugged, still riding high on the last-minute win.

“Well played,” Jessie conceded. “Give us a month or so to build up some clues like those, and I bet we’ll kick your butts, though.”

“Ooh, I really, really like her,” Maggie grinned. “You should come back, come back for sure.”

“Or we never, ever play this game again, and Jessie comes back to do totally normal things that won’t scar anyone’s family members for life,” Kara shot back, before looking at Jessie. “But you should really come back. I like you. It’s those two I’m not so sure about,” she pouted, glaring at Alex and Maggie.

“Yeah, I, um, tomorrow morning, I’ll maybe definitely hate myself for that, but for now, I want to gloat and leave before I regret my life choices,” Alex rushed. “Anyway, nice to meet you!”

“You too,” Jessie grinned. “Go enjoy doing it on your pool table.”

“Oh, we don’t own a pool table,” Maggie winked, before whisking a blushing Alex out of the apartment and down to catch a cab home.

Chapter End Notes

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To go along with today’s chapter that looks at friendship and different forms of relationships, I’ll be talking about Foucault’s “Friendship as a Way of Life.” In an interview with the French magazine Gai Pied in April 1981, Foucault proposed rethinking the idea of homosexuality—specifically, a move away from how it had been postulated as the definition or “the secret” of an individual and toward something more open, less bound. He encouraged individuals to “use one’s sexuality henceforth to arrive at a multiplicity of relationships” (135). Drawing on the distinction most clearly articulated (I should add that by clearly, I here mean in great detail, rather than easily comprehensible…) by Heidegger between “being” (static) and “becoming” (an ongoing process), Foucault urges: “[W]e have to work at becoming homosexuals” and “invent—I do not say discover—a manner of being that is still improbable” (136-37). Part of this move away from one fixed ideal is getting rid of what was, in Foucault’s context (France in the latter half of the twentieth century), the prevailing paradigm around what homosexuality “is,” what it looks like. Thinking specifically of male homosexuality here, the dominant image conjured by the term was one of sex without feeling, of meaningless fucking done under the cloak of secrecy and darkness and anonymity. For Foucault, no matter how “perverse” or unlawful this kind of sex was, this particular vision of homosexuality was much more palatable to society because “it cancels everything that can be troubling in affection, tenderness, friendship, fidelity, camaraderie, and companionship, things that our rather sanitized society can’t allow a
place for without fearing the formation of new alliances and the tying together of unforeseen lines of force” (136). Thinking about Foucault's more well-known work on power and its pervasiveness in any form of relationship, we might question why he would advocate for a proliferation of relationships. Yet he would respond that this kind of friendship—a friendship he defines as “the sum of everything through which they can give each other pleasure” (136)—opens up new, enriching forms of power, thereby loosening, even just slightly, the grip of the old forms of power.

Without instituting a new program or enforcing some set of guidelines which will, by their mere existence, cancel out any chance of a genuine proliferation of possibilities, Foucault encourages his readers to think about homosexuality as “a historic occasion to reopen affective and relational virtualities, not so much through the intrinsic qualities of the homosexual but because the ‘slantwise’ position of the latter, as it were, the diagonal lines he can lay out in the social fabric allow these virtualities to come to light” (138). He draws here on the nineteenth-century work of another French philosopher, Henri Bergson, who introduced the idea of the virtual or virtuality to describe the way we perceive the world according to how we understand our own capacity to act upon it (a power to do—potensia—rather than an established power). Foucault suggests that entering into new kinds of relationships will allow us to act differently and thereby allow us to see the world in and on which we act differently. Ultimately, he challenges his readers to keep pushing themselves to investigate friendship as a “way of life” and the possibilities it might open. He ends the interview: “We must make the intelligible appear against a background of emptiness and deny its necessity. We must think that what exists is far from filling all possible spaces. To make a truly unavoidable challenge of the question: What can be played?” (140).
Chapter Summary

Prompt 1: Would you write another chapter with Maggie packing? I'll leave the rest to your imagination and fancy.

Prompt 2: Ever since I heard first position by Kehlani I can't stop thinking about Maggie giving Alex a lap dance to it so if you're ever up to writing some smut pls consider this

Prompt 3 Willow: Just read a short shot of Maggie giving Alex a lap dance in her cop uniform but there was no description the dance itself and I really need a long sexy version of it and wouldn't mind if it ends with them having sex

I'm now making a concentrated effort to go in order with the prompts I received, since some folks have been waiting patiently for a while now. So if you recently submitted something, expect it to take a little longer. BUT you get tomorrow's chapter early because I don't know that I'll be around tomorrow night and figured you didn't necessarily want/need smut first thing in the morning. Maybe? I don't know your lives.

Chapter Notes

This might be thought of as a complementary piece to Chapter 11 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24114969)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Please,” Alex whimpered, her hand stroking up and down Maggie’s thighs.

Maggie bit the inside of her cheek hard to try to keep her attention focused on the road and not on her very attractive girlfriend leaning into her seat as she tried to drive them home. “Just wait a few more minutes,” Maggie assured Alex.

“This is your fault, you know,” Alex pouted. If Maggie hadn’t looked so damn perfect in her dress uniform, Alex wouldn’t have thought to try to get handsy in the bathroom—well, maybe not. And if she hadn’t gotten handsy in the bathroom, she wouldn’t have felt the bulge beneath Maggie’s dress pants—subtle enough to go unnoticed on a night when she wasn’t an honoree, merely there as a supportive colleague. And if she hadn’t felt that, she wouldn’t have gotten nearly so worked up before they could even make it out to the car with what felt like a torturously long drive still ahead of them.

“My fault, you say? So would you prefer I don’t play this sort of game anymore?”

“No!” Alex blurted out. “I didn’t say that. No need to rush to hasty conclusions.”

“Mm, my mistake,” Maggie murmured, slowing down to turn at a light. “While I get us the rest of the way home, why don’t you just close your eyes and fantasize about all the ways I’m gonna make
you come tonight.”

Alex whimpered loudly. “You can’t say things like that when I’ve still got whole blocks to go before I can touch you!”

“It’s actually going to be a little longer than that,” Maggie teased, “but I promise you’ll enjoy it.”

Alex doubted it.

But when they got back to her place and Maggie pushed her down on the sofa, told her she could look all she wanted to but couldn’t touch, put on the music and dimmed the lights—Alex found she didn’t mind.

Slowly, Maggie unbuttoned her shirt, watching as Alex’s eyes tracked her every moment, as Alex’s tongue ran across her lips, as Alex’s fingers trembled and dug into the couch cushions as she fought to stay still. When she let the shirt fall to the floor, leaving her in just a tight sports bra and a ribbed white tank top with her dog tags dangling from her neck, she swore she could hear Alex’s breath hitch, watched as Alex’s jaw dropped ever so slightly.

Between the sports bra and the men’s fit pants, complete with bulge and all, the way her hair was pulled back tight and tucked up into her cap, Maggie knew she was as close to drag as she’d been in a while and couldn’t help but remember what had happened the last time. But she didn’t let herself get distracted. She queued up the song and strutted over to Alex as the opening notes of Kehlani’s “First Position” rang out.

With the first words, Maggie put a knee on either side of Alex’s hips, then dropped her hands forward, placing them around Alex’s shoulders as she rolled her hips forward, letting Alex feel the hard length under her uniform.

*Could expose you to this life, if that’s what you like*
*Explore your thoughts, stop actin’ scared*
*I could see you watching let me take it there*
*Let me show you what it’s like, to fuck with something right*

Alex sucked her lower lip between her teeth, thinking about those first nights with Maggie—nights she spent alone with her thoughts, swirling strands of desire and confusion, of something long-repressed forcing its way to the surface, moments of self-hatred that gave way all too easily to overpowering arousal when a drink or two or four had her mind drifting to the way Maggie’s hands had felt in hers, to the way Maggie looked leaning over a pool table, to the low rasp of Maggie’s voice when she thought Alex had asked her out as she cocked her head to the side and regarded Alex with something new in her expression—something less guarded, more open, maybe even interested. Alex had said no, had shaken her head and stammered her way far away from that crime scene, far away from the small woman who’d reintroduced questions she swore she’d locked away years ago. But when she got home, she hadn’t been able to stop thinking about it, to stop imagining what it would have meant to go with it, to keep each other company in all the ways Maggie had assumed she meant. And when her fingers had drifted between her legs, the idea of acting on those thoughts was exactly what she was imagining as she came with a low groan.

But then her attention snapped back to Maggie’s dance, to the way the woman’s hips were rolling expertly into her, the way Maggie’s fingers were dancing up her torso, lifting her shirt just high enough to let Alex catch glimpses of the abs she loved to lick and suck her way up. But then Maggie was pulling her up and off of the couch, guiding her down onto the thick rug and shaking her head at Alex’s confused expression.
I start off slow so you feel secure
Just let me know where you feel it more
If your breath gets quick, that’s normal
If my hands move slick, that’s normal

Alex wondered if she had died and gone to heaven as Maggie did pushup after pushup over her, letting her tongue flick across Alex’s lips and into her mouth each time she met her. And then Maggie’s hips were dropping and thrusting against her, letting Alex feel the length of her cock with every dip. But when Alex’s hands came up to grip Maggie’s ass, they were quickly pushed off as Maggie rolled her body up, dipping down to help Alex up and back onto the couch.

As Alex settled in, Maggie turned around and popped the button of her dress pants, letting them fall to the ground before she stepped out of them, kicking them carelessly to the side. Maggie smirked at the sound of Alex’s whimpers coming from behind her, knowing the moment when Alex had taken in the sight of the tight black boxer briefs she’d picked up from the men’s department for this occasion. And then she was lowering her ass to Alex’s lap, grinding hard against her as the final refrain played through. She didn’t even bother pushing Alex’s hands back against the couch as they came around to drag across Maggie’s thighs and abs, her teeth and lips finding Maggie’s neck and shoulders and marking their way across them.

When the song ended, Alex quickly shut off the speakers, flipping them over so that Maggie was sitting on the couch looking like a damn fantasy in that tank top and dog tag and uniform hat. Alex ripped off the boxer briefs, grinning as the dick sprang up, slapping against Maggie’s abs before it stilled, standing at full attention.

Maggie wanted nothing more than to pick Alex up and sweep her off to the bedroom, but when Alex dropped to her knees, looking up at Maggie through thick lashes as her mouth hovered over her cock, Maggie wasn’t going to say no.

Grinning, Alex moved her hand up to cup the base of the dick, pushing it down and watching as Maggie gasped, then began moving her hips in time with Alex’s movements. When Alex’s tongue flicked out, licking up Maggie’s length, Maggie moaned loudly. She watched with darkened eyes as Alex sucked her cock between her lips, bobbing her head up and down as she continued to thrust against Maggie with the base.

Maggie wanted to come with her cock deep inside Alex, but at a certain point, she couldn’t wait any longer, and with a low whimper, she found her hips stuttering as her whole body trembled through her orgasm. Panting, Maggie whimpered, “Please? Please, let me fuck you.”

With a grin and a heated kiss, Alex nodded and quickly ran to grab the lube, coming back with her dress and underwear notably missing. Normally Maggie would point out that she really likes being the one to take them off, but in that moment she couldn’t find it in herself to mind that her stunning girlfriend was completely naked in front of her, her eyes dark with want and her hair slightly mussed from Maggie’s fingers.

“I want you to ride me,” Maggie finally managed to get out once she dragged her eyes back up to look at Alex’s face. “If that’s okay with you!”

“Yes,” Alex hissed, getting enough lube to coat the toy then moving to kneel over Maggie, waiting for her girlfriend to line the tip of the toy up with her entrance before she sank down, letting Maggie’s strong hands guide her. She groaned deeply when the full length was finally inside her, letting herself get used to the feeling before she began moving her hips, rolling them down and into Maggie. With every thrust, she felt herself getting closer and closer as memories of the night, of Maggie’s dance, of the way Maggie’s mouth had fallen open as she came under Alex’s mouth and
hands, flooded her thoughts. And then Maggie’s thumb was on her clit and her other hand was cupping Alex’s breasts, tugging at her nipples.

“Are you good?” Maggie checked.

“Fuck, yes,” Alex moaned in response, grinding down harder, letting the base of the harness rub up against her. And between that and Maggie’s thumb, Alex felt her thighs tensing, felt herself clenching at Maggie’s cock as she braced her hands on Maggie’s shoulders, her head falling back and her mouth dropping wide in a silent scream as she came hard with Maggie deep inside her. When her body finally stopped shaking, Alex collapsed, sweaty and exhausted, into Maggie’s chest, humming as Maggie wrapped her arms around her, holding her close until she gathered enough energy to pull herself off of Maggie and drag her to bed, sleepily insisting that they were definitely going to do that again.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites!

And now for your academic endnotes:

In her groundbreaking 1990 work, Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity, Judith Butler troubled the essentiality of gender, positing that it is, instead, a kind of repeated performance that through its repetition has taken on the quality of a real and unquestioned truth. At the time, she was responding to popular feminist arguments that drew strength from the idea of there being an essential quality to femininity, to womanhood. Butler instead argued, “If the inner truth of gender is a fabrication and if true gender is a fantasy instituted and inscribed on the surface of bodies, then it seems that genders can be neither true nor false, but are only produced as the truth effects of a discourse of primary and stable identity” (174). Although later trans* activists took issue with this claim—and it is one that Butler has nuanced over the years, explaining that in our culture, we are made to feel and experience these identities deeply, as though they were inherent to our very being—her early work has remained influential as part of the foundational canon for queer theory and later critical feminist theory.

These discursively produced identities are made transparent through things like drag, which Butler explores in-depth in this work as a practice that “fully subverts the distinction between inner and outer psychic space and effectively mocks both the expressive model of gender and the notion of a true gender identity” (174). Of course, Butler is quick to note that drag is not the only way to parody the notion of gender essentialism and expose its performative dimensions; things like “cross-dressing” and “the sexual stylization of butch/femme identities” do so as well, insofar as they all reveal “the distinctness of those [three] aspects of gendered experience”—anatomical sex, gender identity, and gender performance—“which are falsely naturalized as a unity through the regulatory fiction of heterosexual coherence” (174-75). [We’ll come back to the supposedly neat unities heterosexism naturalizes when we look at Eve Sedgwick’s “Queer and Now” and the “Christmas effect” in later chapters.] A summary of Butler’s argument can be found in the conclusion to this chapter: “That gender reality is created through sustained social performances means that the very notion of an essential sex and a true or abiding masculinity or femininity are also constituted as part of the strategy that conceals gender’s performative character and the performative possibilities for
proliferating gender configurations outside the restricting frames of masculinist domination and compulsory heterosexuality” (180)
Prompt from Megane: Hi! I love all of your work! You're awesome and it's not the first time I'm saying it I think :P You asked us to leave a comment about what we would eventually like, well I would love to read a chapter where in some universe, Alex or Maggie -you can choose- prefer sex without penetration. So just rubbing on one another or just oral sex. It would mean a lot but feel free to write it :) And you can decide if it's the first time and they talk about it or if it's like, the 10th time and they know what to do ;) THANK YOU so much!

A/N: I already had a few chapters where just one of them likes sex without penetration, so I figured I’d do one where both of them prefer it that way :)
Also, this chapter is not as smutty as it might sound? It's certainly NSFW, but there's more conversation than sex.

Sitting beside Alex, her legs strewn across Alex’s lap, Maggie watched as her girlfriend finished the last sip of wine in her glass, gently setting it down on the table behind her.

“Hey,” Maggie whispered.

“Hey, yourself,” Alex grinned. She wondered how she had gotten quite so lucky, how she had ended up with a woman who made her feel safe and cared for—hell, how she’d ended up with a woman at all after enough years of internalized homophobia and fear.

Maggie scooted closer to Alex, not wanting to assume, but also knowing how most of their recent dates had been ending. She laced her fingers into Alex’s, her thumb tracing mindless patterns along the back of Alex’s hand. Slowly, Alex drew their joined hands up to her mouth, kissing across Maggie’s knuckles before drawing the woman in closer with her free hand.

“You good?” Maggie checked, always wanting to make sure that Alex was comfortable, that she felt safe and happy with anything they were doing. It might have been more than a decade ago that she was coming out, but she still remembered just how overwhelming it felt, how perfect—how scarily perfect, because what if it ended?

“Yeah,” Alex sighed, resting her forehead against Maggie’s. “Do you want to come to bed with me?”

Maggie nodded, pulling her legs off of Alex’s lap and taking her by the hand to guide her back to the
bed. Once they had made their way across the room, Maggie looped her arms around Alex, pulling her in close as their lips found each other. Alex felt the stress of the day slowly melting away with every press of Maggie’s warm lips against hers, with the way Maggie’s hands slipped under her shirt, every touch making her skin feel electrified. When Maggie’s tongue flicked out and across her lower lip, Alex’s hips bucked forward, a low whimper escaping her mouth as she thought about the nights they’d spent together—the long hours spent kissing and touching, pulling each other’s clothes off and learning the other’s body, of grinding against one another, thighs slick with sweat and arousal as they tumbled over the edge again and again.

“Please,” Alex finally whimpered guiding Maggie toward the bed.

Biting at her lower lip, Maggie nodded, her fingers moving deftly to unbutton Alex’s shirt, pushing it off her shoulders and onto the ground. “Can I?” she checked, motioning at Alex’s bra and getting an enthusiastic nod in return.

Within minutes, they were both naked in Alex’s bed, Maggie straddling Alex’s hips as her mouth worked at Alex’s chest, trailing hot kisses and teasing bites across her breasts. She tried to ignore the way Alex struggled beneath her, her hips rolling up toward Maggie’s, desperately seeking purchase—anything to relieve the ache between her legs.

When Maggie finally dropped a leg between hers, Alex groaned in relief, her hands moving to cup Maggie’s ass, pulling the woman closer to her as Alex positioned her own thigh between Maggie’s legs. Alex keened at the feeling of Maggie rutting against her, at the warm press of her body, at the way Maggie seemed to know exactly what Alex needed, what pace and angle would drive her wild.

With Maggie’s mouth on her neck, Maggie’s hands on her chest, and Maggie’s thigh grinding firmly into her pussy, Alex came with a cry, her fingers digging into Maggie’s shoulders as she sought to steady herself once more. But then she was pushing her thigh back up between Maggie’s legs and urging Maggie down, urging Maggie to grind against her, to use her body for her pleasure, to let Alex make her feel good. Alex grinned when she felt Maggie’s whole body stiffen, as time seemed to freeze, until finally she shuddered and collapsed into Alex, coming with a gasp and a satisfied whimper. They lay there for a while, kissing softly as they caught their breath.

As they cuddled, running fingertips along each other’s bodies, Alex took a deep breath, trying to find the words for what she wanted to say. Because, well, she loved what they did together—she came harder and more regularly than she had with any man she’d ever been with—but she wondered if Maggie was holding back. She’d been on the internet; she knew there were other things two women could and did do together.

“What’s going on in that brilliant head of yours?” Maggie asked, turning slightly to face Alex.

“How did you know?”

“I know you, Alex, I’ve got a pretty good sense of when you want to say something but aren’t sure how I’ll take it. Plus, your fingers have been frozen on my hips for a few minutes now.”

“Ah,” Alex blushed. “Well, I just, first let me say: I like this. I like this so much. But…well…is this all you want? Or are you, I don’t know, just trying to ease me into it?”

“Into what? Lesbian sex?”

“Yeah, kinda,” Alex shrugged.

“I mean, there are other things we can do, yeah. There are things I could do for you or you could do
for me, but this is also fun and valid and real—sex is what you make it, not what Cosmo or porn or whatever tells you it has to be.”

“But, well, you’re the one with more experience. What would you normally do?”

“There’s no such thing as normally, Alex,” Maggie added, her voice gentle as she brushed Alex’s hair back and off of her face. “I mean, have I done other things to past partners? Yes. Have I had other things done to me and enjoyed them? Also yes. But what’s important here is also what you want.”

“Right, um, I don’t necessarily know. I like this,” Alex offered.

“Great, me too. So we have that. I also—and, please, don’t hear this as me telling you that you have to do it, especially not right now—but I also enjoy having partners go down on me.”

“Right, yeah,” Alex nodded, feeling her breath catch in her throat, because even if it wasn’t something they did today or even this week, it was definitely something that excited her, that made her heart race as a pulsing heat between her legs drew her attention. “Yeah, I could, I could definitely be interested in learning how to do that for you.”

Maggie bit back a whine but couldn’t help the way her whole body seemed to roll into Alex’s at that. Luckily, Alex seemed turned on and pleased by her reaction more than anything. “And, uh, what about you? Would you want me to go down on you?” Maggie asked, wanting Alex to feel that she had the freedom to ask for whatever she wanted. Maggie didn’t mention that she wanted nothing more than to taste Alex, to feel her coming beneath her tongue. She didn’t tell Alex that she had woken up from more than one dream about the very idea of it recently, that her thoughts had drifted back to those scenes on the nights they’d been apart, when Maggie found herself with her fingers or her showerhead or her vibrator between her legs.

“Maybe? I mean, I like the idea of it a lot. I just…I don’t really know what I like,” Alex admitted, looking chagrined. “All I know for sure is that I really did not like the sex I was having with guys in undergrad and grad school.”

Maggie nodded, “I get that. Well, what do you like when you touch yourself?”

Alex flushed a brilliant shade of red. She’d definitely never had these sorts of conversations before. She’d never had a partner who wanted so badly to hear about what she wanted, what she liked, and she’d certainly never talked about the fact that she masturbated—let alone how—with another person.

“It’s okay if you don’t do that too!” Maggie rushed to add, not wanting to make Alex feel badly if she didn’t. “I just use that as a gauge for figuring out what I personally like. But we can try things together, figure out what works best for you. There are always other ways,” Maggie reassured Alex.

“No, I, uh, I do…I do that,” she whispered.

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of,” Maggie said, cradling Alex against her, drawing her close to her chest. “I mean, I get that everyone out there sort of acts like it’s something teenage boys do, and that’s about it, but it’s good and healthy if it’s something you want to do.”

“Right,” Alex nodded, trying to draw strength from this woman who seemed so wise, so able to read Alex’s tells and get right to the root of what was bothering her. “I, um, I mainly focus on my clit,” Alex admitted.

“Great!” Maggie praised Alex for sharing, noting the way a bright smile found its way onto Alex’s
face at her words. “Do you like hands or toys or…? What do you use? And do you just like your clit or do you fuck yourself too?”

Alex suddenly looked overwhelmed, so Maggie backpedalled. “Okay, is it just your clit?”

Alex nodded. “I, uh, I don’t know, penetration doesn’t really do it for me,” she shrugged.

“That’s fine, you know. I don’t actually care for it myself. I mean, I’m happy to fuck my partners, but I prefer things like tribbing or oral myself.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded. “It’s not that uncommon. We just don’t really talk about it much as a culture, given that, ya know, heterosexual sex, which is supposed to the be all end all, is pretty much grounded in the idea that men penetrate, women get penetrated, and they both love it.”

“Right, yeah,” Alex mumbled, thinking back to how much she had very much not enjoyed it.

“So, no penetration. What do you normally do when it’s just you?”

Figuring Maggie meant the mechanics and not what she thought about or what she wore (or didn’t) or where she was, Alex stammered, “Uh, I don’t know, I mean, my fingers…that’s normal, right?”

“I mean, it’s fine and common, but you shouldn’t have to worry so much about what normal means. I promise, I’m not going to judge you for anything.” Maggie added, “Plus, I use my fingers too.”

The corners of Alex’s mouth quirked up. “Yeah, um, I use my fingers, and er, the edge of my hand, to you know, grind against. I mean, I don’t know…” Taking of deep breath, she rushed out: “Also, uh, sometimes my bathtub—the faucet, I mean…just, the water, you know.”

Unable to keep that visual from her head, Maggie whimpered softly, then cleared her throat, wondering if she could disguise that noise. “Uh, yeah, yep, I get it. Sounds great.”

A lopsided smile on her face, Alex looked at Maggie appraisingly, at the way a pink flush was working its way up her chest or the way her already deep brown eyes seemed to darken. “You look…turned on.”

“Alex, c’mon, I’m thinking about you touching yourself, about you in your bathtub with your legs spread and the sounds you might make with those acoustics and, fuck, just all of that. Of course I’m turned on!”

“You know…I think maybe we could add dirty talk to the list of things I’d like to do in bed with you…”

“Oh, really?” Maggie asked, arching an eyebrow.

“Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Rather than theory, today you're getting some poetry! Adrienne Rich, lesbian poet and theorist, has perhaps become best known in women and gender studies departments for her essay, "Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence," but she rose to prominence through her poetry. There'll be more of her in the coming days, but for now enjoy one of my favorite Rich poems.

Adrienne Rich, Love Poem XIX

Can it be growing colder when I begin
to touch myself again, adhesion pull away?
when slowly the naked face turns from staring backward
and looks into the present,
the eye of winter, city, anger, poverty, and death
and the lips part and say: I mean to go on living?
Am I speaking coldly when I tell you in a dream
Or in this poem, There are no miracles?
(I told you from the first I wanted daily life,
this island of Manhattan was island enough for me.)
If I could let you know—
two women together is a work
nothing in civilization has made simple,
two people together is a work
heroic in its ordinariness,
the slow—picked, halting traverse of a pitch
where the fiercest attention becomes routine
—look at the faces of those who have chosen it.
Chapter Summary

Angst, flashback angst, pure crack, and more angst... all Sanvers

I think I've gotten all the content warnings I added on Tumblr in here along with the individual prompts, but it's mainly the last one I tagged, and, of course, you're always free to skip some!

Chapter Notes

There are resources for LGBTQ youth listed at the end of Chapter 100 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25884795) if anyone needs them

See the end of the chapter for more notes

29. “I thought you were dead.” – Sanvers

By the time Maggie was dragging her body up the stairs—because of course the elevator was broken, of course it was—she was exhausted. The day had started out bad and only gotten worse as the hours ticked by. From the overturned truck that had snarled her morning commute to what seemed like incessant calls for minor disputes that definitely did not require police intervention, she was in desperate need of a very belated lunch break. But then the chief had called her down to his office, insisted that she gather a small team to head down to the docks. He’d said there was a body, alien, that some local fisherman had called in. She got herself ready for a homicide investigation, bringing along the ME, the techs, and two of her better investigators.

Only, a body wasn’t what they found—or, at least not a dead body. Instead, she’d been left protecting the ME and crime scene techs from an alien who was very much alive and definitely not pleased to have been forcibly dredged out of the water. Before he escaped, the alien managed to throw both Maggie and one of the other officers into the water, leaving Maggie drenched with a ruined phone and soggy shoes and zero desire to go back to the precinct. By the time she’d finally finished updating the chief and sending out all of the necessary alerts about the escaped and rather hostile alien, her clothes had pretty much dried, leaving them stiff from caked on mud. She got in on the dinner order at the station, figuring she could deal with sitting in these clothes for a few more minutes if it meant getting greasy pizza after having skipped lunch.

So the last thing she expected when she pulled her body through the door of their apartment was Alex to come bolting toward her, yelling and crying and panicking.

“What?” Maggie finally managed, trying to run her fingers through her hair only to find that they got stuck in the knots that had formed after her impromptu swim.

“Where the hell were you all day?” Alex yelled, feeling her pounding heart finally starting to slow as the panic she had felt all afternoon began abating, being replaced by a desperate anger. If Maggie was fine, why hadn’t she called? Why hadn’t she responded to anything all day?
“I was at work,” Maggie snapped, feeling all of her frustrations from the day bubble up and direct
themselves at Alex, who would barely even let her through the door, let alone to the shower and bed,
which were the only two places she had any desire to be right now.

“Why didn’t you answer anything? Not a call, not a text, not an email!”

“Because I had the day from hell, Al! Not everything is about you! I spent my whole damn morning
out on calls I shouldn’t have had to take. Then I had to go down to the docks and deal with some
alien that was supposedly dead, only he wasn’t. And I got thrown in the fucking water and ruined
my phone and my shoes and my jacket, and now all I want to do is shower to get the fucking mud
off of me, but you won’t even let me into the apartment!”

Alex looked chagrined. “I just, I heard the call about NCPD officers being thrown into the water by
this alien we’ve been chasing for weeks. He was hiding from Supergirl—he’s an old Fort Rozz
escapee. And I’ve seen how badly he’s hurt people—killed people, even. And there weren’t any
more calls about the officers down, about whether they were seriously injured or killed. And then
you weren’t answering anything, and someone at the precinct said you had been sent out on a call
down at the docks not too much earlier. But when I got down there, there was nothing, no one to be
found.” In a softer voice, Alex sniffled, “I just, I didn’t know, had no way of knowing…I thought
you were dead.”

“Oh,” Maggie exhaled, finally dropping her bag to the floor. “Shit, Alex, I’m sorry, okay? I’m really
sorry. I just, I didn’t think you’d be too worried during the day, since we both can get really busy.”

“But normally we check in, you know, before and after missions, especially if they’re dangerous.”

“I know,” Maggie admitted, her voice softer now as she kicked off her ruined shoes, leaving them
close to the doorway. “I was told it was a dead body, so I didn’t think there’d be much of a risk.
Actually, I sort of assumed the DEO would already be there.”

“Most of our teams were out looking for him at some of his other known hideouts,” Alex explained.

“Ah, right…makes sense. I’m sorry I didn’t think to call when I got back. I had to get checked over
by the medics, then I had to give my statement to the captain and get out all of those warnings, which
I’m assuming the DEO did get if that’s where Supergirl is now.”

“Correct,” Alex nodded. “That’s when I heard about the officers too…they didn’t say you were all
okay.”

“Hey, I’m here now, okay? I’m here and alive. I’m also miserable and tired and smell like the docks,
but I’m okay.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, yeah, good. I don’t want you to die, Maggie. I don’t ever want to lose you.”

“I promise, I’m always fighting to come home to you, Alex. And you had better be doing the same.”

“Of course,” Alex nodded seriously. “Now, why don’t you go wash off that dirt while I make you a
mug of tea and find you some warm pajamas for an early night?”

“That sounds perfect. You’re perfect.”
“Eh, I’m not. But I appreciate your saying it,” Alex laughed.

“You’re perfect for me, then,” Maggie corrected, smiling as she kissed Alex’s cheek softly.

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27. “I’m pregnant.” – Sanvers

A/N: I’m sorry, I know this probably isn’t what you wanted, but I have too much of a hard time seeing Alex or Maggie choosing to have a child (not because they couldn’t be good parents—I’m sure they would!) but with their risky jobs, I don’t see either of them wanting to have someone so dependent on them in case anything were to happen, nor do I see either of them wanting to take time off or move into a desk job when they both seem to see their work in the field as being not only important but also integral to their sense of self.

Also playful warning that there’s some flashback heterosexuality!

This probably wasn’t how they should have had this conversation. It should have been planned or done over tea with a list of topics to cover. A beer or two in and halfway through Grease…less so. But somehow now was the time when they were going to talk about whether or not they wanted children. Because Rizzo was on screen getting nervous about the chance that she was pregnant, and Maggie had nonchalantly joked that she was glad that would never happen to her, and Alex had frozen.

“Babe…are you okay?” Maggie asked, her voice soft. “Hey, I didn’t mean, I mean, we can—we probably should talk about whether we want kids. I didn’t mean to sound so dismissive there.”

“That’s not it,” Alex mumbled. “I mean, yeah, okay, we probably should talk about those types of things. Like, do we want to stay in the apartment? Should we be thinking about a house? Do you like the suburbs, like, do you have some fantasy of a house with a fence and kids and neighbors that we talk to instead of avoiding eye contact with them in the elevator because they definitely hear us fucking most nights?”

Maggie laughed loudly before letting the reality of the conversation sink in. “Uh, I mean, I guess…I maybe wouldn’t hate having a house with a yard one day, though I’d like to at least be close to a city. I want a dog, maybe two, and it’d be cool if they had a fenced-in yard where they could play! But, um, I don’t know…I don’t really, I never really saw myself having kids. And at first it was because, well, it can get expensive. And not just the 18 years of expenses, but also the legal paperwork for adoption or whatever, depending on how you do it. Since, well, it was never really something that would just happen to people like us, you know?”

Alex didn’t reply, feeling waves of shame wash over her as she tried to blink back tears.

“Al? Are you okay? Did you want kids? I, fuck, I know I’m not doing this right.”

“No, I just, no, I don’t really want kids. I mean, I’m going to want to be out in the field for as long as I can be, out there protecting Supergirl and National City without having to think of whether I’m abandoning a little kid who wants their mother home to tuck them into bed at night or wake them up in the morning. I mean, I went through some of that, you know? I grew up fast…with my dad dying
and my mom sort of throwing herself into her work after...but at least I still had a childhood where I
didn’t really worry, where I didn’t have to think about my parents out in danger. Because, even
though I was just barely a teenager when my dad joined the DEO, I sort of understood that it was
something risky. I knew what it meant when my mom answered the phone in another room. I knew
it meant that maybe one day I wouldn’t have a parent coming home to me. And one day...well, one
day that was what it meant,” Alex finished, her voice cracking even though the tears didn’t fall. It
was too complicated with her dad now, with what he had become, to let sadness be her primary
emotion.

Shifting down the sofa, Maggie drew Alex into her arms. “Hey, I’m here, I’ve got you,” she
whispered as she carded her fingers through Alex’s hair, letting the woman relax in her strong arms.

“I’m okay,” Alex finally said. “Really, I am.”

“Okay, it’s just...you had looked upset. I mean, we agree about the no kids thing...I sort of assumed
you were gonna say something about that when you got all panicked looking.”

“I don’t panic,” Alex scoffed.

“Really? Want to tell me about the deer in the headlights look I got when I told you that you liked
women?” Maggie joked.

fine, maybe I panic sometimes...”

“Want to tell me what I said made you panic? Was I moving too fast with all the talk of the
suburbs?”

“No,” Alex chuckled, shaking her head. “I asked you to marry me; I think I can survive the thought
of buying a house with you, dear.”

“Right,” Maggie nodded, fiddling absentmindedly with the engagement ring on her finger. “So, um,
did you want to tell me what was going on in your head there?”

Alex shrugged. “I don’t...it was...there was just a thing. It wasn’t at a good time in my life.”

“I love you for you, Alex, not for some idealized version of your past.”

“Right, yeah, it’s just, no one else really knows. It’s just, during grad school, before J’onn found me,
though not that much earlier, I, well, I thought I was pregnant.”

“Oh.” Maggie tried to quickly process the information. “I...were you?”

“No,” Alex shook her head. “It’s just, I was...well...” Alex took a deep breath, steeling her nerves
to talk about a time in her life that she still hadn’t completely come to terms with. It wasn’t that she
didn’t trust Maggie; she trusted her with everything, with her life, her happiness, her future. She
thought back to those years as she began to talk...

~

Thumbing through her calendar, looking for when her last missed deadline was, Alex noted the
small row of red dots in the upper right hand corners of the calendar boxes, noticed the way that
they ran across the first week of October. Then she remembered that it was now the third week of
November, but there were no red dots, no indication that her period had come and gone because it
simply hadn’t.
She tried to think back over the past month, tried to remember the nights she’d stumbled home in the early hours of the morning after leaving some guy’s apartment before he could wake up and try to ask her to stay or cuddle or go out again. Everything was just so blurry—the nights blending together in a mix of alcohol and late nights and early mornings and nameless faces. Oh god, what if she was pregnant…what would she put on the birth certificate? Club guy, October 2009? She felt like she was going to throw up—a feeling that only got worse as she remembered that morning sickness was an early sign of pregnancy.

Eliza would be even more disappointed in her now. And Kara, god, how would she ever tell Kara? How would she break it to her perfect younger sister that she was a failure, that she wasn’t thriving and publishing and acing everything, but was instead on academic probation, barely skating by, behind on bills, drunk half of the time and almost always depressed, and now she was single and pregnant too?

After sitting for a very, very long time on the floor of the shower letting scalding water wash over her, rinse away the stench of the club and sweat and booze and traces of whatever cologne the men she’d let touch her had been wearing too much of, Alex finally pulled herself up and forced herself to put on clothes. One step at a time, she got herself to the door, then down to her car. She drove, barely focusing on the road, until she got to the parking lot of a pharmacy far enough away from campus to hope that she wouldn’t see anyone she knew.

As she paced up and down the aisle, looking at the condoms she was fairly certain she always made sure the guys used and the rows of pads and tampons that for a change she really wished she needed, she wondered what genius thought to put the pregnancy tests here. Why remind women of what they didn’t use and won’t need? She couldn’t bring herself to look at the tests just yet, couldn’t bring herself to try to compare prices, figure out what she could afford on a graduate stipend she too often wasted on booze and coffee and Advil.

“Can I help you?” a middle-aged woman asked.

Alex looked up, noting the store vest and customer service smile. “Uh, no,” she shook her head, wondering if she should stop pacing, if she was going to be asked to leave soon.

Later, she’d wonder how crazy or how panicked she looked for this woman, who was probably making the minimum wage and definitely not being paid enough to deal with customers’ personal problems, to stay there and add, in a quiet voice, “I’m here if you need something, okay, hon?”

Alex nodded frantically, trying to steady her shaking legs. Even though she suspected the woman didn’t care, didn’t actually want to help, she turned to her, eyes wild and red-rimmed, and blurted out: “I think I’m pregnant.”

“Okay,” the woman nodded. “Let’s get you a test to find out, alright?”

Alex just nodded—couldn’t find it within herself to make noises, too worried she would cry if she opened her mouth.

After a moment or two of searching, the woman handed her a box: “Here, this one is on sale, and it only takes two minutes for results.”

“Thanks,” Alex mumbled, taking the test from her. She looked up to the front counter, bracing herself for whatever judgmental look she would get from the teenager working the register. She knew what she looked like—sweatpants and a stained shirt, hungover and barely holding back tears—and knew exactly what she might think about someone in her position.
“How about I ring you up at the pharmacy counter in the back,” the woman offered. “There’s a bathroom there too.”

“Oh, no, I think I’ll need a drink before I take this test,” Alex added, shaking her head.

“Uh, okay, but maybe you want to wait to have that drink until after you find out if you’re pregnant?”

“Fuck,” Alex swore. As her thoughts began spiraling, she tried to keep them in check. All that mattered in this moment was peeing on a stick, waiting two minutes, and reading some results. Easier than lab work. She’d deal with the results later.

~

“So…you weren’t pregnant?” Maggie asked. “And it’s fine if you were and you made a choice or something too.”

“No,” Alex shook her head. “I wasn’t. I just…I don’t know, you were saying that we’d never have to worry about that, and I got nervous because I did and maybe that makes me horribly irresponsible or a bad person or—”

“Alex, it just makes you human, okay? I told you, I love you. Always. No matter what that story was, I knew going into it that I’d love you and support whatever decisions were made.”

“Really?”

“Really. Ride or die, Danvers.”

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9. “Don’t you ever do that again!” – Sanvers

Alex didn’t love the major holidays—too often they were focused on big family events that had her drinking too much and hiding from her mother—but the little ones? Those ones were her favorite. They were unexpected and trivial and had no real expectations built into them. Plus, getting to teach Kara about them had been fun and lighthearted in a way that most things hadn’t been those first few months.

So when March 31st rolled around, Alex was busy planning up a storm. She and Kara had been rather intense about their prank wars during their teenage years, though they had pretty much fallen off during Alex’s years away at school. Since they were reunited in National City, however, they had picked back up, and now Kara felt free to use her powers to get the upper hand. They’d worked together to prank the boys as well as Vasquez and Lucy, but this year, they had a brand new target: Maggie.

“Now, are you sure she doesn’t have anything against April Fools?” Kara asked once more, thinking back to how guilty Alex had felt after getting the full story about Valentine’s Day.

“I’m positive. She talked about doing a few small pranks with her roommates in college, but she just sort of sounded ambivalent about it.”
“Okay,” Kara nodded, grinning as she thought about all of the plans they had made.

“So, you’ll distract her while I take care of her office and the motorcycle?”

“Mhm, and you’ll distract her while I deal with her apartment?”

“Deal,” Alex grinned, offering her hand out to Kara, wondering how long their own prank war truce would last.

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The next morning, Alex slipped out of bed a few minutes before Maggie’s alarm went off, tip-toeing her way to the bathroom where she found the fake blood she had from Kara’s last Halloween party. She pulled out the prop ax she had stored under her sink and quickly coated it in fake blood, then added some to her hands and forearms for a finishing touch. Quietly, she flicked off the lights and threw the container of fake blood under the sink before climbing into the bathtub and pulling the shower curtain all the way shut. Now it was just a matter of waiting.

She still found it so endearing that Maggie—badass detective who would show up to a gun fight with a pocket knife and still fight her way through—got scared by the idea of something hiding behind the shower curtain. Maggie blamed it on having watched The Sixth Sense and Psycho far too early in her formative years. But every so often, Maggie would insist that Alex come rip back the shower curtain for her if it was really late, especially if she’d had a drink or two and didn’t feel with it enough to fight off a murderer.

Alex just hoped that the neighbors wouldn’t get too upset by the early morning squealing. But then again, it was April Fools…

After a few minutes of waiting, Alex heard Maggie’s alarm go off and grinned, knowing that on mornings when she “went for a run,” Maggie would shower before eating breakfast, so at least she wouldn’t have to wait long. Sure enough, she soon heard the soft footfalls making their way from the bedroom to the bathroom and she bit her lip to keep from giggling in anticipation—not that Alex Danvers would ever giggle, no, of course not.

She waited impatiently as Maggie brushed her teeth, then tried not to feel guilty about being in the bathroom while she peed, figuring it was a relationship milestone that engaged couples surely passed, so Maggie couldn’t get too annoyed about it. Finally she heard the sounds of Maggie’s clothes hitting the floor and Maggie humming as she set out a fresh towel for herself.

When Maggie pulled back the shower curtain, she screamed—perhaps louder than she ever had—after all, she wasn’t normally shocked by things at work, but in her home, it was new. But before she could really process that it was Alex now cackling maniacally, she had drawn back and punched her “attacker” in the nose, leaving Alex with actual blood now dripping down her face.

“Maggie! What the hell? It’s me!” Alex yelled, pinching her nose as she tried to stem the flow of blood. Luckily she’d seen it coming and had been able to move enough that she didn’t get hit too hard, but it still stung enough to make her eyes water.

“What the fuck?” Maggie yelled, panting as she clutched at her chest. “You could have given me a heart attack!”

“It’s April Fools! Weren’t you kind of expecting it?” Alex protested.

“No!” Maggie yelled. “Jesus, Danvers, never again. Don’t you ever do that again!”
“So, uh, fuck…are you opposed to the whole day of pranks?”

“I mean, like I said, it’s whatever. But that is—that freaked me out,” Maggie finally admitted, only now realizing that Alex appeared to be covered in blood. “Wait! Did I hit you that hard? Are you okay?” Maggie panicked.

While Alex might normally extend the prank and say that, yes, the blood had all come from her, she felt guilty enough already. “No, uh, most of it’s fake blood. The stuff on my face is from my nose…”

“Shoot, I’m really sorry, baby! I’ll get you some ice.”

“It’s fine, I got it. Why don’t you, uh, shower.” Alex offered, realizing she had a lot of calls to make to get rid of the rest of the pranks before they could begin.

Once she heard the sound of the water running, Alex pulled out her phone and dialed Kara.

“H’lo?” Kara yawned.

“Kara! I need help!” Alex hissed.

“Ha! Not falling for that again,” Kara laughed before hanging up the phone.

A few seconds later it rang again.

“What?” Kara whined.

“It’s not a prank this time! I genuinely need your help!” Alex rushed out, needing to get Kara to believe her before hanging up again.

“What happened?”

“Maggie did not like the shower prank…like, at all.”

“Alex! I told you to make sure she didn’t have a problem with this holiday!”

“No, not like that. I think…I think she was expecting stupid stuff, like whipped cream in the hand or whoopie cushions, you know? This one was a little scary for her tastes, so now I think it would be best if we didn’t have any more pranks waiting for her.”

“You always did have a dark sense of humor,” Kara mused.

“It was the best way to get a reaction out of you!” Alex countered.

Kara laughed. “Fair enough. But why do you need me this early?”

“Because I need your help getting rid of the rest of them,” Alex explained.

“Oh, shoot. I didn’t even think about all of them.”

“Exactly! So can you go take care of her apartment?”

“Yeah, yeah, I can do that,” Kara agreed, pulling herself out of bed and shuffling around to find clothes.

“Great, I’m gonna go undo all the stuff on her motorcycle.”

“Good luck!”
“Thanks…bye, Kara.”

Alex quickly made her way down to the parking garage, pulling off the rainbow tassles and the fake vanity license plate (MRS-DANVERS), then ripping out the old-timey car horn she had wired to go off every time Maggie accelerated. With everything from her bike stuffed into a bag, Alex raced back upstairs in time to throw out the fake carton of vegan ice cream she’d filled with ice cubes and a note that read: “Now, with extra flavor!” before Maggie was done with her shower.

“Ready for breakfast?” Maggie asked, ringing her hair out and looking slightly chagrined at the streaks of blood that still decorated Alex’s face.

“Yes, uh, let me just shower really fast,” Alex mumbled, making her way into the bathroom to text Kara. “Did you get everything?” Alex texted.

“Working on it,” Kara sent back.

“Will you have time to get her office?”

“No, sorry! Also, I don’t think Supergirl can casually walk into Maggie’s office.”

Alex debated what to do. She figured maybe she could walk Maggie to work, but she probably wouldn’t get any time alone to undo it all. Realizing that most of it was stuff on Maggie’s phone and computer, Alex texted Winn, hoping perhaps he could undo it remotely.

“Winn! Tech help needed ASAP!”

“I don’t fall for it 2 years in a row,” Winn sent back.

“Not a prank! I pulled pranks on Maggie and need them undone. Can you help? I’ll be nice to you at the DEO for a full week.”

“I’m listening.”

“Great. I need you to remotely change her desktop so it isn’t that photo of her next to the ‘You must be this tall to ride’ sign.”

“Got it,” Winn sent back.

“Oh…I’m not done. Also, her personal email: please remove the link to her Badass Bonsai blog from the signature line. Then her phone, I programmed it so that no matter what she dials, it goes to the pizza place where the delivery girl is desperately in love with her.”

“You really went all out for her first year with the gang, huh?”

“I love her,” Alex replied, as though it were the most obvious explanation for the excessive number of pranks.

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Although Winn ended up being able to get all of the technology pranks taken care of, Alex remembered—somewhat belatedly—about the whoopee cushion she had hidden inside of Maggie’s desk chair.

“Hey!” Alex yelled to Maggie on her way out the door. “Do you, uh, can I walk you to work?”

“You gonna jump out at me on every street corner?” Maggie teased, thinking to the bag of assorted
prank items she’d found stuffed under the sink when she went to get a new trashbag. A few of them were actually quite sweet, and she felt almost guilty for making Alex think that they couldn’t have some fun, which may or may not have been why Alex’s motorcycle now sported a new “Mrs- Danvers” license plate.

“No…” Alex trailed off, rubbing the back of her neck awkwardly.

“You’re okay, I’m just teasing,” Maggie reassured Alex, offering her hand to walk outside.

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At the precinct, it soon became clear that Alex was waiting for a moment alone in Maggie’s office. Even though Maggie was more than willing to indulge Alex with at least one or two of her more harmless pranks, she figured she’d give her a break. “I’m gonna run to grab a cup of coffee, I’ll be right back.”

“Great!” Alex exclaimed, beaming at Maggie until she was out of sight. She quickly got down on her hands and knees and unzipped the seat cushion, pulling out the whoopee cushion she’d slipped in there the night before and quickly rising to her feet at the sound of Maggie clearing her throat. “Ah, my, uh, my boot was untied. See you tonight! Love you!” Alex yelled, hightailing it out of the precinct.

Maggie just bit the inside of her cheek, trying not to laugh at the telltale bright pink cushion Alex was trying (unsuccessfully) to hide behind her back. “Happy April Fools, Danvers,” she muttered, sinking down into her now silent desk chair.

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TW for homophobia, anxiety, panic attacks

Maggie stared at her cell phone, willing the screen to be wrong, for those 10 digits flashing across her screen to be some sort of nightmare pulled from her unconscious, rather than anything real, rather than something she might have to deal with. Because she was 30, dammit, she was 30 and successful and engaged and happy, but those 10 numbers she once claimed as her own had her feeling like a terrified, powerless 14-year-old again.

She dropped her phone onto the mattress, watching as it rang out to voicemail. She felt her heart racing, felt her breathing getting shallower, and intellectually, she understood this was panic. She understood that nothing about that call had harmed her in a physical sense. But it didn’t make it any easier, didn’t make it feel any less like the world was spinning out of control, like her head was reeling, like her stomach was churning and clenching around something solid.

She didn’t want to have to deal with this, but she also desperately needed to know what it was. When the voicemail notification pinged, she tried—tried so hard—to pick up her phone and swipe across the screen. It was a movement she was used to, one she’d done thousands of times. But now her fingers shook. Her field of vision narrowed. She thought she might throw up. And she knew, deep down, that she couldn’t be the one to listen to that voicemail. It didn’t matter that it would just
be sound, didn’t matter that they could be thousands of miles away, because she knew they could still touch her, that hearing their voices again might be too much, might be something she couldn’t just recover from—not again.

By the time Alex made it into the apartment, into the bedroom, Maggie was curled on her side, phone clutched tightly between her fingers, still blinking up at her about the missed call and voicemail. Her eyes were open but vacant as she stared blankly ahead, visually tracing the threads of the pillowcase as she tried to center herself, tried desperately to keep herself in the moment, not to slip away, not to let the panic and the catastrophizing and the swirling thoughts drown her.

“Maggie?” Alex called out. “Maggie?” The panic in her voice was evident, and Maggie wanted to tell her that she was okay, to prove to Alex that she was worth her time, wasn’t some weak thing that would crumble, but she couldn’t manage to get the words out, couldn’t get herself to stop trembling, knew that if she opened her mouth so much more than simple reassurances would tumble out.

But then Alex was on the bed, keeping enough distance between them for Maggie not to feel claustrophobic. She was placing a glass of water on Maggie’s bedside table and kicking off her shoes and texting Kara that she wasn’t feeling too well and Maggie was going to stay home and take care of her, so they’d have to miss game night.

“Is it okay if I talk to you?” Alex whispered, trying to think about what helped her when she got like this, when her anxiety or depression swirled out of control, about what helped Kara when she was overwhelmed with the weight of her grief, of her responsibilities, of her powers and senses that weren’t designed for this world.

Maggie managed to nod her head jerkily.

So Alex spoke to her, told her about the most mundane parts of her day, let her know about how grateful she was that Maggie packed her a lunch because she had so much paperwork to do that she wouldn’t have had time to get out to the store. She told her about the podcast she listened to while she was driving out to the desert base. She let Maggie know about how boring her run today was, how much she loves the mornings they spend together jogging in the park and sprinting up the hills, challenging one another to run faster, push harder, dig deeper. She pulled back, worried that perhaps Maggie didn’t need that right now, and talked about some previews for new movies that Winn was watching. Most of them were male-dominated superhero movies—he has a type, after all—but a few of them looked good.

After a while, Maggie was able to drown out her own thoughts with Alex’s chatter. And so she reached out one hand, curling it into Alex’s outstretched hand—the hand she’d left, palm up, waiting for Maggie, open if and when she needed it—and she wondered how she had gotten this lucky, how she found a woman who not only understood what she needed but was happy to provide it, never making her feel guilty, like she was some kind of burden.

After Maggie’s hand seemed to relax, her fingers loosening and the pulse Alex had been measuring finally slowing, Alex asked quietly: “Can I touch you?”

Maggie considered it, finally mumbling into the blankets, “Yeah, okay.”

Scooting closer, Alex gingerly ran the fingers of her free hand up and down Maggie’s arm the way she normally liked, the way that helped to calm her down after an especially tough mission or a particularly draining day. She smiled as Maggie snuggled into her side, feeling the woman’s breathing finally even out to its normal levels as her eyes drooped closed—this time looking peaceful, not screwed tightly shut.
“Thanks,” Maggie murmured. “For, you know, staying with me.”

“Hey, I’m with you, okay? Always.”

“Thanks.”

“Want to tell me what happened?” Alex asked, hoping Maggie knew that she didn’t need to share.

Maggie just nudged her phone into Alex’s lap.

Looking at the screen, Alex noted the missed call and voicemail, trying to figure out what was so wrong. There wasn’t a name attached to either one, but when she looked at the location, she saw “Blue Springs, NE,” listed. “Oh,” Alex gasped.

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded.

“Did you, uh, did you listen to the voicemail?”

“No. I…I can’t,” Maggie sighed, wishing she didn’t feel this weak, that they didn’t still wield that power over her.

“That’s okay, you know. During grad school I used to let voicemails from my mom go unanswered for weeks. I just, I know it’s not the same—not even close—but I couldn’t bear to listen to the disappointment in her voice, couldn’t bring myself to answer when she called. Those were the nights I’d end up blackout drunk, the nights I couldn’t bear to face anyone—especially not myself. And I hated myself for it, hated the fact that I couldn’t—that I let her have that much power over me.”

“I just…I want to be able to tell them to fuck off, you know?”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded. It was certainly high on her list of the things she’d like to tell the Sawyers if she ever got ahold of them.

“But then, this other part of me keeps asking: why are they calling? They haven’t tried to reach out to me in so many years. Why now? Did they die? Is something horribly wrong?” Maggie could feel her chest starting to feel tight, the weight of the world pressing down on it.

“Aren’t you still in contact with your aunt and her family?” Alex asked.

Maggie nodded, finding that speaking was difficult once more.

“Well…wouldn’t she have told you if something happened to them?”

Maggie considered it. “Yeah…but what if something happened to her?”

“Well…she has a husband and two kids, right? And isn’t one of them off at college now? Surely one of them would be able to call you; they know what your relationship with the rest of the family is like. Hell, her relationship with them wasn’t much better the way you explained it to me.”

“Right,” Maggie nodded, feeling herself getting a bit calmer once more. “Would you—would you listen to it for me?” Maggie asked, her voice weaker than she would have liked it to be. “I mean, I know it’s stupid, and you shouldn’t have to do this. I’m an adult. But it’s just…would you?”

“Of course,” Alex nodded. “I mean it: anything for you, Maggie. I’m always here for you.”

“I love you,” Maggie whispered.
“You too, Maggie. Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Since I already posted one poem today, I figure I'll leave it at that, though I'll be back tomorrow with one of the more...colorful characters in queer theory!
Chapter Summary

Prompt: One shot where Lena is wearing vibrating underwear, Kara has the remote and they’re in public. Relentless teasing that leads to fucking Lena senseless. Your writing is amazing :D

And even if Supercorp isn't your thing, might I recommend the Samuel Delany in the endnotes? (Also, I've left quite a few notes in the author notes section...)

Chapter Notes

A/N 1: Tomorrow will be the Sanvers version of this (they’re actually quite different, though similar in concept?)

A/N 2: The Director Sanvers chapters have begun their migration to “Three Is Never a Crowd” (big thanks to Sarcasticallyinspired for the title!). I’m not going to delete them from here, but the new ones will be posted there in the future. You can find it at: http://archiveofourown.org/works/11602002/chapters/26080053

A/N 3: So I think there will be a more kink-oriented separate fic and, let me stress, not because I think there’s something shameful about kink or that it should be filtered out into its own thing, but I want to make it easier for folks to find those chapters, especially since I’ll probably add safe sex tips with them like I did for the anal chapter, rather than academic theory (not that you couldn’t find it…trust me, I’ve read it; I’ve written it; it’s out there). Part of me kind of wants to do something a little quirky/somewhat challenging and make it like an ABCs of Kink where I do one chapter for each letter, but I don’t know that I have something for every letter? Let me know what you think (and prompts to get a list together for a few chapters) here or on Tumblr. Once I’ve got a couple of chapters written, I’ll start posting them in their own fic. (Note: I’ll also post this note again tomorrow with the Sanvers chapter, since I know that not everyone who ships Supercorp ships Sanvers and vice versa.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Does tomorrow work?” Lena asked, arching an eyebrow at Kara as though she were just talking about another calendar item.

“Uh, wait, what?” Kara stammered.

“For me to wear them out,” Lena clarified, her voice clear as she regarded her girlfriend.

“You would...you would wear them? Out?”

“Isn’t that sort of the point of vibrating underwear?”
“Well, I mean, it was sort of supposed to be funny, since you, you know, made a joke about it when I made you watch The Ugly Truth. Maybe something fun to play with around the apartment…” Kara trailed off.

“So you don’t want me to wear them out? You don’t want to tease me all day and see if I can’t make it through my meetings? You don’t want me to come home begging and desperate?”

Kara could feel her chest heaving as she regarded her very perfect girlfriend. “You’d do that for me?”

“I thought these past few months have established there are very few things I wouldn’t do for you,” Lena purred.

Flushing a deep red, Kara nodded, “Right, right. Yeah, I’m just gonna—gonna tell Snapper I need the day off.”

“The whole day? Really? Here I thought maybe I’d be something for you to fly by and play with when you got in range—what do we have, 30 feet? Maybe you’d pop by the executive suite bathrooms and turn me on?”

Kara shrugged, “I want to be able to listen to you all day.”

Lena whimpered, feeling arousal course through her veins. “Tell me, are you going to touch yourself while you listen to me?”

Biting her lip, her cheeks a bright pink, Kara shook her head, “I was thinking, maybe it’s like when you make me wait…I’ll listen to your heartbeat and your breathing, make sure you get close but never close enough.”

“That’s cruel,” Lena growled.

“Oh…oh! Sorry, we don’t—”

“No! No, darling, that’s not what I meant. I think it sounds perfect.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Lena hissed.

---

The next day, Lena felt like her whole body was on fire, like she would probably come if Kara simply touched her, just grazed her hand between her legs. She had spent most of the morning alone in her office, typing up quarterly reports and sending out emails to departments that were behind schedule or had missed something in their progress reports. Every now and then, the simple black lace underwear would come to life, a low rumble between her legs that Kara assured her was too quiet to be heard by most humans—she’d done her research, after all.

They’d started out small and short, just Kara letting Lena get used to the experience, letting her get used to these particular vibrations. As the morning went on, though, Kara had started playing with the intensity, bumping it up higher, creating playful patterns that left Lena unsure of what to expect next. She let them stay on longer, let Lena get breathless with want, let her breath hitch in her chest, before dialing them back down, leaving Lena panting and unsatisfied.

Kara, for her part, never thought she’d spend hours at a time sprawled out on a picnic blanket on the
roof of L-Corp, listening to her girlfriend directly below her as she turned her on and pushed her closer to the edge without even being there to touch her. As she got bolder with the remote, she felt herself getting wetter, wishing she could simply fly through the balcony doors and take Lena then and there. But that wasn’t the game. She knew the rules and wanted to hew to them as closely as possible. Of course, they both had outs—Lena would text Kara if she couldn’t take it any longer, and Kara would simply turn it off if she had to go for a Supergirl emergency, turning it back on if and when she returned—but for now, the game was simply about testing their patience.

Around lunchtime, Kara flew down to Noonan’s, darting into an alleyway to change into normal clothes before popping in before the lunch hour rush could begin. With a few sandwiches and sides in a bag and drinks in hand, Kara made her way back to L-Corp, figuring she could at least surprise Lena with a meal before their afternoon games began.

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“Hey, Lena!” Kara waved from the doorway, looking significantly more innocent than her morning activities would imply.

“Kara?” Lena tilted her head to the side. “To what do I owe the pleasure?” she asked with a smirk.

“I thought you could use some lunch before your busy afternoon.”

“You’re right, I wouldn’t want to go into those meetings hungry, now would I? I might be distracted.”

Kara grinned as she handed over Lena’s wrap and iced tea, settling in with one of her sandwiches and a bag of chips. “So…how’s your morning been?”

“Haven’t you been listening?”

“I mean, listening and watching only gets you so far…” Kara teased. “But seriously, are you okay?”

“It’s fun,” Lena assured her. “I promise to text you if it gets to be too much.”

“Okay,” Kara nodded. “So it’s not too much yet?”

“Do I want nothing more than for you to lean me over my desk and fuck me? Yes. But has it gotten to the point where I’m in pain or viscerally uncomfortable? No.”

Kara bit back a smile, her cheeks flushed a light pink. “I’ve, uh, I’ve been enjoying it…the noises and all…myself.”

“Mm, really?” Lena purred. “Enjoying them enough to do something about it?”

“In public?” Kara squeaked. “Never!”

Lena arched an eyebrow at Kara, trying to figure out if she was genuinely missing the irony here. After a few moments of silence, she began slowly: “You do realize that I am in public, yes?”

“Well, yeah, but…I’m doing that to you. It’s not like you’re sitting at your desk and, ya know, touching yourself…”

“So when I go to my personal bathroom before a big meeting to help relax…is that wrong?”

“No,” Kara shook her head adamantly. “No that’s…sexy,” Kara added with a bite of her lower lip.
“So why the difference?”

“Just... because, I don’t know, okay!” Kara pouted.

“Hey, okay, that’s fine,” Lena assured her, kissing her softly. “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“No, it’s okay. I don’t know why I think there’s a difference.”

“Well, we can talk about it if you want?” Lena offered.

“I’ll think about it, I promise. But for now, I want you to finish your lunch so that you’re ready in time for your meetings. And then I’ll head up to your roof again.”

“Ah! So that’s where you’ve been.”

“Oh... yeah,” Kara admitted.

“But I shouldn’t worry about finding gouge marks from your fingers up there? You’re not going to do that to yourself, just to me?”

“No,” Kara shook her head. “I think I know why, though. Because my first instinct was: that’s not fair! If you can’t come, why should I?”

“That’s actually quite sweet. Very you,” Lena added, smiling at her too-good-for-this-world girlfriend. “Now, as much as I’d love to stay here and hear more about your remarkable self-control, I really should clean up and take a few minutes before my meeting.”

“Is it a very important meeting?” Kara asked, looking the picture of innocence.

“No,” Lena answered, shaking her head. “Just some self-important ass who thinks he can make demands on my time because he has more money than he knows what to do with.”

“Ah, okay,” Kara nodded. She leaned over Lena’s desk, kissing her a bit more passionately than she normally would at work before pulling back. “Good luck, then,” she added with a wink before whisking her way out the door.

Before Lena could call out to ask Kara what she meant, she felt the underwear rumble back to life, the full meaning of Kara’s words hitting her hard. She bit back a whimper as Kara upped the intensity, her whole body shaking, the feel of Kara’s lips still lingering on her own. “Fuck,” she muttered. She meant it as a curse, but it came out as a desperate prayer. And suddenly the vibrations were softer, slower, as though Kara knew that Lena was seconds away from letting herself fall over that edge.

Lena closed her eyes, trying to steady her breathing as she organized the few things she still had out on her desk before settling into her chair, getting herself in the right mindset to deal with her 1 o’clock.

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Kara listened to the first few minutes of Lena’s meeting, listened to some man explaining Lena’s own inventions back to her—incorrectly, she might add—listened as he told her about all of the ways he could “revolutionize” the work of L-Corp. As much as she understood that Lena was a wonderful CEO, she didn’t realize how much of that success was predicated upon her ability to deal with jackasses like this one, to sit there and listen as they belittled her own successes (or simply ignored them) and told her how and why they would do better until finally they signed over whatever check
amount they decided Lena and her business was worth.

As the visitor began to drone on about the various startups he had helped to fund, Kara decided to make the meeting a bit more enjoyable for Lena. She clicked on the remote, setting it to the lowest level, figuring she should let Lena get used to it again first.

Lena bit down on the inside of her cheek, listening to see if the underwear were making a noise or if she had simply imagined it. Her guest certainly didn’t seem to have noticed, given that he hadn’t even stopped talking. As Kara upped the intensity, Lena began scratching nonsense onto the notepad in front of her, needing something to distract her. Because even though in front of her was nothing more than a balding middle-aged man in an ill-fitting suit, her body was all too aware of the fact that Kara sat almost directly above her, that Kara could hear every pulse of her heart, every hitch of her breath, could even look down and see if she wanted to, to watch the way Lena’s fingers gripped the pen tightly, the way her thigh muscles clenched as she crossed and uncrossed her legs.

When Kara upped it once more, Lena couldn’t help it, blurting out, “Yes!” as she tried to nod, acting like she was simply too excited about his ideas to contain herself any longer.

He preened at her attention. “It really was a great choice, wasn’t it?” he asked, smiling cockily.

“Yes, so good,” Lena panted, discreetly dabbing at her forehead, which she was fairly positive now glistened with a thin sheen of sweat.

“I can just feel that we’re this close to changing the world, you know?”

“Mhm,” Lena nodded. “So close, definitely so close,” she nearly growled, sighing when Kara finally lowered the vibrations down to almost nothing, having clearly heard Lena’s distress call.

The rest of the meeting went off without a hitch, and he ended up writing a much larger check than Lena had expected, though it came with an invitation to join him for dinner that weekend, which Lena graciously declined. Kara buzzed the vibrator on high for a few seconds as Lena turned him down as though to remind Lena exactly what she already had waiting for her at home.

As soon as the door to Lena’s office shut, Lena heard the soft thump of Supergirl’s boots landing on her balcony.

“Can I help you, Supergirl?”

“I just wanted to see my handiwork,” Kara giggled. “Also, I wanted to make sure that wasn’t too much.”

“It was close to being too much,” Lena admitted, thinking back to how close she had been to losing control. “But you listened, and I’m still having fun with you.”

Kara’s face brightened. “Excellent! Well, then, I suppose I’ll let you get to the rest of your afternoon, Ms. Luthor.”

“You as well, Supergirl.”

---

By the time Lena staggered out of the car at her apartment, mumbling to her driver to take the next day off, she felt like her nerve endings were electrified, every small touch making her shudder. She had wondered whether certain things might just end up numb, but Kara had made sure to turn the underwear off for long enough periods that each time the vibrations began again, Lena could feel her
whole body surging to attention. She’d had a few close calls—had even ended up excusing herself to the bathroom at one point to steady her breathing after nearly coming during a particularly dry presentation that certainly didn’t call for gasps or exclamations—but she had held off, and now she was absolutely desperate to come.

“Hey, there,” Kara grinned as Lena clutched at the doorway, Kara having thought it would be fun to turn the underwear up to their second highest intensity for Lena’s elevator ride up to the top floor.

“Fuck me,” Lena growled, slamming the door behind her and throwing her purse to the floor.

Biting her lower lip, Kara nodded. “How do you feel about finally letting go?”

“Please,” Lena whimpered, feeling her knees starting to shake from the effort of holding herself upright, the vibrator still buzzing between her legs.

“Then come for me,” Kara instructed, bumping the vibrations up to the highest setting and holding her arms out for Lena to steady herself. And before Kara could say another word, Lena was coming hard, sobbing with relief as Kara held her up, keeping her steady as she let herself lose all control. Kara gradually lowered the speed until they were off, then scooped Lena up in her arms and carried her to the bedroom.

“Oh, we’re not done,” Lena panted. Even though she suspected she might only have energy for one more round after spending an entire day worked up and on the edge, she was going to make the most of that one.

With a broad smile, Kara used a burst of superspeed to quickly remove both of their clothes. “I never said we were.” As she pulled off the vibrating underwear, Kara groaned at the sight of them, at how drenched through they were with Lena’s arousal, at the way that Lena still seemed to be dripping for her.

“I suspect they’re ruined,” Lena mused, as though they were talking about something utterly banal.

But it drew out a low growl from Kara who pinned Lena to the bed, absolutely needing to have her. “You sure you’re up for more?”

“No more clit, please, but one more,” Lena instructed, watching as Kara nodded, looking down at her with lust-darkened eyes.

Kara dropped her hands between Lena’s legs, swirling her fingers around Lena’s entrance, gathering enough arousal that sliding two, then three inside of her pussy was easy. Lena groaned at the slight stretch, wanting nothing more than to be fucked hard and fast after a long day of enough teasing to last her a lifetime. She dug her nails into Kara’s shoulders, urging her harder and faster.

“Please,” Lena whimpered, muttering obscenities when Kara complied. Her hips rolled into every firm thrust of Kara’s hand. Then Kara’s fingers were fluttering, faster than any human’s could, against her g-spot, curling into her with every thrust. Lena felt like she blacked out with how hard she came, her whole body shaking as it felt like Kara’s fingers were coaxing more and more from her as a flood of wetness soaked Kara’s hand and their sheets. Kara felt almost drunk on it, drawing moans and grunts and even screams from Lena as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over her, leaving her panting and sweaty and spent. Lena could feel Kara’s self-satisfied smirk as the woman licked up and down her thighs, cleaning up all of the arousal that had spilled from her, before she moved back up to settle on the bed next to Lena.

“You feeling alright?”

“Think you could get up for one second while I change the sheets to something…dry?”

Lena pouted. “Must we?”

“I think you’ll be happy for it later tonight.”

Lena grumbled, barely noticing as Kara gently lifted her up, carrying her to the couch and placing her down before using a burst of speed to quickly change the sheets, return, and move Lena back to the bed.

“Goodnight, my love,” Kara whispered, kissing Lena gently on the cheek.

“Night, Kara,” Lena mumbled, already halfway asleep by the time her head hit the pillow.

Chapter End Notes

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As promised, here is one of queer theory’s more “out there” thinkers: Samuel Delany. Better known by most for his science fiction writing, Delany also wrote an impassioned defense of the “old” Times Square in the years before Giuliani and others “cleaned it up,” getting rid of the hustlers and the sex workers, the peep shows and pornographic theaters, the massage parlors and dirty magazine shops, in his 1999 book, Times Square Red, Times Square Blue. The work is divided up into two essays: the first, “Times Square Blue,” is a first-person account of Delany’s years in New York City in which he details his sexual experiences and all of the other transgressive types of sex being had in the pornographic theaters, his hook ups and those of his friends, in all sorts of explicit detail (that’s also quite considerate, nostalgic, even tender at times), as he documents the changes New York went through over time as the economic makeup of the city changed.

In the second, much more academic essay, “…Three, Two, One, Contact: Times Square Red,” Delany draws on urban studies theory—specifically, Jane Jacob’s The Death and Life of Great American Cities and her notion of “contact” relationships, which she discusses in relation to bustling sidewalk life—to analyze what the new Times Square lacks, what was lost in this “cleaning up” and gentrifying process of revitalization. Drawing on classic Marxist theory, Delany contrasts the type of random, unexpected “contact” between strangers that venues like the porn theaters facilitated with the structured “networking” that has replaced it. Like Jacobs, he sees non-contact forms of relationship as often being limiting in terms of who meets whom; for Delany, the theaters allowed for an almost utopian kind of mingling of classes, races, ethnicities, abilities, ages, gender identities, sexualities, religions, etc. As he described in the first part of the work: “The population [in the theaters] was incredibly heterogeneous—white, black, Hispanic, Asian, Indian, Native American, and a variety of Pacific Islanders. In the Forty-second Street area’s sex theaters specifically, since I started frequenting them in the summer of 1975, I’ve met playwrights, carpenters, opera singers, telephone repair men, stockbrokers, guys on welfare, guys with trust funds, guys on crutches, on walkers, in wheelchairs, teachers, warehouse workers, male nurses, fancy chefs, guys who worked at Dunkin Donuts, guys who gave out flyers in
street corners, guys who drove garbage trucks, and guys who washed windows on the Empire State Building” (15). The move to networking-only relations and the destruction of the types of venues that encouraged anonymity and brought together a diverse case of characters for moments of unexpected but not unwanted contact ruins this type of cross-class interchange. You might contrast this position with that taken by someone like Leo Bersani, who is just as in favor of places for public sex as Delany, but who views these spaces much less idealistically. Responding to those who would paint the bathhouses as some sort of sexual utopia or arena of equality among all men, Bersani argues: “Anyone who has ever spent one night in a gay bathhouse knows that it is (or was) one of the most ruthlessly ranked, hierarchized, and competitive environments imaginable.”

However, Delany still sees value in these spaces—notably, for the way in which spaces for public sex, specifically locations of non-normative public sex, allow for a kind of sex education and discussions about safe sex practices. Given the context of the AIDS crisis in which Delany was active and writing, he sees the shutdown of these locations as a form of criminalizing homosexuality (even though sodomy laws were at the same time being struck down in the courts in America) and taking away the only spaces that actually taught young LGBTQ+ folks about safe sex at precisely the time when we should have been encouraging more of them. As Delany puts it: “What makes their shutdown so troubling is that even as the city spoke of supporting ‘safer sex,’ while it hasn’t made ‘being a homosexual’ a crime, by law it has criminalized each and every homosexual act (as well as masturbation and vaginal intercourse: straight sex clubs have fared no better) ‘in public’ (a concept left hopelessly undefined), safe or unsafe, with or without a condom” (91). Although Delany does here try to loop in women, these venues for public sex were, by and large, dominated by men, and the primary target of the shutdowns remained venues for non-heterosexual sex. While readers may or may not agree with all of his arguments—and plenty have taken issue with the work—his argument about the need for queer sex education and his description of the way that it falls to communities, to peer-to-peer relations, still rings unfortunately true nearly two decades later.
Chapter Summary

Prompt: A chapter where Maggie has Alex use a vibrator all day and she has the remote but she isn't allowed to touch herself? Sexting, lots of praise kink, and teasing galore please

Hope you enjoy! Also, damn...this got long.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Since most remotes only work when the wearer and user are within a few feet of one another, I went with the We-Vibe 4, which has an app that apparently works across continents, though it will maybe steal your data, but probably not after the big controversy? (Never say I don’t do my research for these chapters! Also, let's pretend it's as quiet as the manufacturer promises and not as noisy as some reviewers claim it is.)

Quick little sex ed tip: You can keep toys inside of you for somewhat extended periods of time, though lube would be a friend, but if you were going to do something like work out, spar, chase aliens (idk your lives), you'd want to take it out (safety first!). Similarly, you'd want to take it out to use a bathroom at some point to avoid UTIs. These parts aren't written here, since, well, I don't know that I've ever seen smutty fanfics that make a point of talking about bathroom breaks, but I figured I'd put it out there.

A/N 2: Minor Not Another Teen Movie reference in here for those old enough to remember it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Theoretically, Alex knew and understood that she and Maggie had gone through all of the settings and had figured out that no one with regular hearing could hear the We-Vibe while it was inside of her. But that didn’t make her any less nervous—excited, sure, but also incredibly nervous—that someone would manage to hear it, to know exactly what was going on.

Of course, they had their ground rules: Alex would text if she had some emergency where she needed to be out fighting and didn’t have time to take it out, and Maggie would check in regularly throughout the day to make sure all was well. And they had, at Alex’s insistence, chosen a day when Kara was scheduled to be in DC as Supergirl to meet with the President and her new advisory board on alien amnesty. Alex simply wasn’t willing to take the risk of Kara hearing anything and, god forbid, asking her if her phone was ringing in front of other people.

“You ready, babe?” Maggie asked, looking up at Alex.

“I started the day out with my girlfriend going down on me, and now I’ve got on my tightest pair of spandex boyshorts to keep a vibrator inside me: you tell me,” Alex deadpanned.
Flicking her tongue across her lower lip, Maggie grinned as she pulled out the app. “Maybe we test it. Just once more…” As soon as Alex nodded, Maggie was flicking open the app and dragging her finger across the screen to adjust the speed and intensity.

“And you can’t hear?” Alex checked, even as her knuckles grew white from clutching the counter.

“Only that tremor in your voice,” Maggie teased. “Will you be able to keep it under control today? Can you be good for me?”

Even as Alex nodded because, surely, out in public, she could and would be good, she felt herself falling over the edge, gripping the counter as she came with a sharp gasp.

Maggie whimpered before clearing her throat. “Is that, uh, is that gonna happen a lot today?”

“Can it?” Alex asked, feeling much more in control of herself now that Maggie had turned the vibrator back off again.

“You’re so good to ask,” Maggie praised, watching as Alex’s whole body seemed to surge forward at that. “I think you should come as many times as you want today. And trust me, I’ll be there to watch as many as I can.”

“I mean, of course, I doubt that I’ll be, you know…coming or whatever, if I’m out in public…”

“You didn’t seem to have that much trouble in the bar the other night,” Maggie purred, standing up to slip her hands around Alex’s waist.

“That’s different,” Alex explained. “You were there. It’s always hard to help myself with you there.”

“God, you’re perfect.”

“You’re not so bad yourself, Sawyer,” Alex winked, grabbing her keys and her jacket and heading for the door.

“Since you’re just going to the DEO today, are you walking?”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded.

“Excellent.”

Catching sight of the wide grin on Maggie’s face, Alex suspected she was in for quite the walk, though she couldn’t really find it in herself to mind. After all, it was a Friday. Things had been slow, and she had two scheduled free days ahead of her and a dinner date planned with Maggie. Plus, starting the morning off with three incredible orgasms back-to-back-to-back hadn’t really hurt.

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Alex had to admit, the low-level vibrations on her walk into work hadn’t been the worst. It was nowhere near what she would need to come—especially out in public—so it felt more like a dirty secret, something pleasant but not overpowering. No one she walked past had made any indication that they heard any noise, which helped her to feel a bit more comfortable about the whole thing, and even when she got into the building lobby, coming into much closer proximity to others, no one checked their phones or gave her a second look.

When Maggie bumped it up, even just by one small level, as Alex walked into the DEO, she had jolted slightly, but she’d managed to pass it off as a stumble, and her glare at all of the agents in this
early had kept them silent on the matter.

“Got to work safely,” Alex texted once she had settled into her lab. She was grateful that all of her experiments, any work that might have involved handling breakable beakers or expensive technology, were finished. Today would be about paperwork and writing up her results, and Alex really wouldn’t mind finding some way to make the former a bit more…fun.

“Oh, anything eventful happen on your walk?” Maggie sent back, and Alex could just picture the cheeky grin she was surely sporting.

“If you’re asking if I came from barely anything, no.”

“Bet if it were my tongue you would have…”

“And yet, trying to keep you there while I walked would have been so difficult.”

“Buzzkill. Here I am, trying to make your morning with some sexy texts…”

“I believe the young people call them sexts.” Alex cackled at the middle finger emoji she got in return. “Only show me if you’re gonna use it.”

“Happily ;)” Maggie replied.

“Are you driving?” Alex sent, suddenly more than a little concerned about Maggie’s wellbeing.

“No, not yet. Walking to the car now.”

“Good. Don’t text until you’re in safely please.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it. I am a cop, after all.”

“You didn’t care about those public obscenity laws in the bar…”

“And you didn’t care about them in the backseat of that van you borrowed from the DEO.”

“Touché,” Alex sent back, laughing softly as she put away her phone, intent on getting some of these results transferred over from her notebook into proper tables while the vibrations were off.

For a good hour or so, Alex’s day went along smoothly. She had just moved on from entering her data to typing up her analysis when she felt the vibrations kick in again.

“You still good?” Maggie checked in.

“With this or for you?” Alex teased.

“You’re always good for me, baby.” Alex bit her cheek to keep from whimpering aloud. “I mean with the toy.”

“Good. Still alone in lab.”

“With that in mind…” And suddenly the vibrations were revving up, then slowing down, then revving up, then slowing down, in the steady pattern Maggie knew always worked to get Alex right to her peak without quite giving her the satisfying orgasm she craved. But, fuck, did it get her right to the edge fast.

“Do you think you can tell me how you’re doing?” Maggie sent, grateful that her captain had
ordered her out on a low-level stakeout for the morning with one of the other detectives. They took turns texting and scoping out the apartment, though, with only one exit, their job was relatively simple. Maggie was half-convinced the captain just didn’t want them to get too comfortable hanging out around the precinct without any responsibilities for a morning.

“Do you want me to call?” Alex sent back, wondering if she could justify locking her door to eliminate the already minimal risk of anyone walking in on her telling Maggie about how badly she wanted her tongue, her fingers, how she’d be willing to beg, to plead, to do whatever Maggie wanted her to do if she would just let her come.

“Fuck, you know how much I’d love that. But I’m in the car with Johnson—wouldn’t want him to hear anything.”

“Do you need to go?” Alex sent, even though she could feel herself clutching desperately around the toy and really didn’t want to feel it suddenly shut off if Maggie had to run for a case.

“No! No! Just a stakeout. Don’t think the guy’s even going to show.”

“Oh…okay,” Alex sent back, feeling somewhat relieved.

“So…want to tell me about how you’re doing?”

“I want you.”

“Yeah?”

“So much, Mags. This is good, but you know it’s better when you’re watching.”

Maggie cleared her throat loudly, avoiding Johnson’s raised eyebrows and confused glances. “Sorry…allergies,” she muttered.

“They are the worst,” he agreed, before checking out the windows again, then returning his gaze to the newspaper he had propped up on the steering wheel.

Turning her attention back to her phone, Maggie typed: “You’re so sexy, Al. So fucking hot. I wish I could be there to watch. Maybe get to touch you myself. Taste you. See how wet you are for me.”

“God I’m dripping for you.”

“Wanna come for me?” Maggie knew it was risky—Alex had been excited by the idea of having Maggie in control of the vibrator all day, had expressed interest in using it in a bar or a club together, but work had been a hard sell. Of course, getting Kara out of the way and excluding fieldwork had assuaged many of those fears, but Maggie suspected that she was more into the idea of Alex desperately trying to stay in control in the office than Alex was.

So it surprised her a little when she got back Alex’s pleading: “Yes, please. Please let me come, Mags.”

“Fuck, baby, come for me.”

“Need more—constant,” Alex sent back, her fingers shaking slightly in anticipation as she checked the cameras, noting that only two other people were even in the general vicinity of her lab, and neither of them had any reason to actually come all the way down here.

Maggie’s attention was drawn for a minute by a man in a hoodie and a hat smoking outside of the
apartment building, but once she got out the binoculars, she was able to tell that it wasn’t their guy. When she returned to her phone, she quickly called up the app, switching it to the constant, higher intensity setting that she knew was Alex’s favorite. Normally she might play with Alex a bit longer, but she did feel a little guilty for making her wait all that time.

Alex gasped as she felt the mode change. She had started to lose hope, had wondered if Maggie wanted her to start begging, or if, perhaps, this were a test, some way of finding out exactly how much Alex could take before she gave in.

“Is that better?” Maggie sent.

“So good, so good. Thank you,” Alex quickly typed back, her hands shaking slightly as she got up to slip into the supply closet. After all, just because no one was coming yet didn’t mean that she wanted to take that risk.

“I bet you look so gorgeous for me, your chest flushed and heaving, your eyes dark with want. Have you ruined those boyshorts yet?”

Alex was too busy responding to watch the cameras, too engrossed in Maggie’s texts to get any advance warning before the sharp rap at her door followed by a deep: “Agent Danvers?”

“J’onn!” Alex gasped, promptly fumbling her phone and watching helplessly as it skidded across the floor. As he bent over to pick it up, Alex yelled: “Don’t look at it! It’s, uh, a surprise! I just, um, shopping for some presents. Also, making a doctor’s appointment!”

“Okay,” J’onn nodded, not believing a word Alex was saying but also not even wanting to know.

Alex scurried across the lab, quickly pocketing her phone as she retreated back to her desk. Remembering that J’onn could read her thoughts, Alex quickly tried to focus on the least sexy things she could imagine, feeling every bit the part of the teenage boy. She bit down hard on her cheek when Maggie nudged up the vibrations just slightly, giving her everything she had wanted—needed—until J’onn had walked in.

“Did you need something?” Alex managed to get out.

“I just wanted to see if you wanted to spar for old time’s sake,” J’onn answered, smiling at Alex, even if her behavior was a bit…unusual. “It’s a quiet day around here; I suppose I was feeling the drain of paperwork and thought a break might be in order.”

“Yes, absolutely,” Alex nodded. “Let me just, uh, let me just finish one thing here, then I’ll meet you up there?”

“Sounds good, Alex.”

As soon as J’onn was gone—and not just from the lab, but all the way up the stairs—Alex pulled out her phone, noting the number of texts she’d missed from Maggie. Responding to the concerned last one, Alex quickly sent: “I’m fine. J’onn came down. Gone now.”

“Oh, fuck. You okay?”

“Yeah, don’t think he knew.”

“Okay,” Maggie sent back, even if she worried. “Do you want me to turn it off?”

Alex debated: on the one hand, everything about J’onn’s visit had been like a nerve-wracking,
anxiety-producing cold shower. But on the other hand, now that he was gone, Alex was relaxing once more, letting the insistent pulsing between her legs take over all rational thought and wash away all of the anxiety she’d felt. She had been so close when he’d come in…

“No,” Alex finally sent.

Figuring Alex could use something to distract from her unwanted visitor, Maggie scrolled through her camera roll, finding one she had taken but never ended up sending the last time Alex was traveling for work. It wasn’t exactly pornographic…at least, she wasn’t completely naked, but enough was showing beneath the black lace to hopefully help Alex get back in the mood.

When the image popped up on her screen, Alex choked on nothing in particular. Because there was her girlfriend. In black lace lingerie she’d only gotten to see once before (and, truth be told, she’d been far too distracted with getting it off to really appreciate it as much as she should have), which was made only hotter by the fact that she had her black leather jacket draped over her shoulders. Part of her wanted to text Maggie to ask when she had taken such an amazing picture and why this was the first time she was seeing it, but another part of her—the part that was pulsing in time with the vibrator—really just wanted to let her mind wander to thoughts of what she could be doing to Maggie, of what Maggie could be doing to her. And apparently that was all it took these days to send her flying over the edge, her whole body shaking as she collapsed back into her chair.

A minute or two later, Maggie got back: “Fuck, that was amazing. Please turn it off.” She quickly complied, bringing the vibrations down to zero. Her phone buzzed once more: “Thank you. Seriously. Thank you. For that…and the photo. Fuck, you’re so hot.”

“So are you. God, I wish I could have seen you.”

“Play your cards right, and you will tonight…”

“You’re perfect, Danvers. Literally the perfect girlfriend.”

“So then you’ll keep it off while I go spar with J’onn?”

“Absolutely,” Maggie agreed, definitely not wanting whatever stern talking to might come out of messing with space dad’s adopted daughter.

---

By the time the end of the day rolled around, Alex’s nerves were a bit frayed, but she was also far too blissed out to care. Between an orgasm that had her clutching at the sink in the single person bathroom, a second that had hit her hard enough that she ended up on the floor of the lab supply closet, and a third somewhat unexpected orgasm that left her fumbling for the mute button on a conference call, she felt great.

“Hey,” Maggie texted.

“Hey, yourself.”

“Still up for dinner and…?”

“And a personal performance of When Harry Met Sally?”

“Something like that, Danvers.”

“Mm, I suppose so,” Alex sent back.
“You know I’d prefer it if you were only coming for me, though.”

“Yeah? Tell me.”

Maggie groaned, glad that she was out in her car and not back at her desk any longer. “I’m about to be driving, but I’d love to have your nails digging into my thighs as you desperately fight to stay quiet. Your breath hot on my ear, whispering filthy things that are only for me. I want to hear you panting. I want to feel you fighting not to beg me to just take you then and there. And if you want to, god, I want to watch you coming—coming because I know just what you need—in a restaurant full of people when it’s only for me.”

Alex could feel desire pooling low between her legs, could feel the way she clutched around the toy, which had stilled inside of her. But then her phone buzzed again with Maggie’s text: “On my way to the DEO to pick you up for dinner. Meet me out front in 10?”

“Ohkay,” Alex sent back, packing up her things and heading to the restroom before walking outside to meet Maggie.

Within the minute, Maggie pulled up and waved excitedly at Alex.

“Nerd,” Alex muttered.

“You love it.”

“Questionable.”

“Your texts seemed to suggest otherwise…speaking of, how was your day?”

“It was,” Alex paused, as she considered her words carefully: “enjoyable. Definitely not something to do on a regular basis at work, but I’m very, very excited about tonight with you.”

“What about right now with me?” Maggie asked, a playful glint in her eyes.

Alex tried to play it cool, but she couldn’t help the way her whole body seemed to react, could barely swallow the low groan building at the back of her throat.

“Will take that as a yes?”

“Yes,” Alex finally managed.

With a grin, Maggie flicked on the app before pulling out of her spot and back onto the road. She hadn’t anticipated how difficult it would be to only get to look over at Alex at red lights, but she managed, playing with the intensity as she was able to, listening to Alex getting more and more worked up. “Were you this loud at work?”

“No,” Alex gasped. After the long day at the DEO, after too many silent orgasms and muffled gasps, after what felt like hours spent clutching the arms of her chair and trying not to squirm, being able to collapse back into the seat and moan as loudly as she wanted to felt incredibly liberating. It also left her rushing toward the edge at breakneck speed as she gasped and held her hand between her legs, putting enough pressure on the toy to be able to thrust her hips against it.

“Fuck,” Alex groaned, her fingers grasping at Maggie’s seat.

“Hey, baby? Do you think you can be good and wait to come?”

“What?” Alex’s eyes snapped open as she tried to pull herself back from the edge she’d been
“I know how much you like to be a good girl for me. You’d be so good if you could wait until we were at the restaurant, wait until you had to be nice and quiet for me,” Maggie purred, trying not to let on just how much the show in the seat next to her was getting to her as well.

After a few steadying breaths, Alex nodded. “Okay.”

“I’m so proud of you,” Maggie whispered, bringing down the intensity a few levels to make sure Alex wouldn’t end up in pain.

“Thank you,” Alex murmured, shutting her eyes as she tried to regulate her breathing, to bring herself back down.

----

By the time they were seated and had ordered their food, Alex was clawing at Maggie’s thigh, having slid all the way around the half-circle booth to be right next to her girlfriend. “Please, please, Maggie?”

“Please what?” Maggie asked, her voice low and her breath hot on Alex’s ear.

“Please let me come,” Alex begged, the desperation in her voice getting increasingly clear.

“Are you going to be able to stay quiet enough?” Maggie asked, even though she had chosen this restaurant on purpose, had even asked to be seated closer to the noisy bar section just in case.

“Yes,” Alex nodded, willing to agree with absolutely anything at this point.

“Then come for me, Alex,” Maggie finally murmured. And then Alex’s fingers were digging into her thighs, her other hand coming up to rest in front of her face, to muffle any errant sights that might escape, to cover the expression of pure ecstasy that flitted across her features as Maggie ramped up the intensity to finally push her over the edge.

Maggie felt like she could have come just from watching Alex—from watching Alex and catching glimpses of all of the others diners around them who had no idea that this gorgeous woman was coming for her, was falling apart for her.

As Alex’s whole body shuddered then dropped back against the booth, Maggie lowered the intensity, holding Alex’s hand in her own and rubbing gentle patterns across it to help bring her down. “You were so good for me, baby,” Maggie whispered. “You’re perfect, so fucking perfect.”

Alex just nodded, a little too breathless, a little too turned on, a little too blissed out to possibly think about formulating words as she dropped her head to Maggie’s shoulder, letting herself relax into Maggie’s gentle touches.

Chapter End Notes

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For a longer academic note, I’d recommend the writeup on Samuel Delany at the end of the last chapter for anyone who opted not to read the Supercorp smut. But otherwise
here's one of Emily Dickinson's most erotic poems that I leave with no further comment:

Emily Dickinson, F269

Wild nights – Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile – the winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass –
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –
Ah – the Sea!
Might I but moor – tonight –
In thee!
High School Party AU

Chapter Summary

Prompt from recklesslove: I am so very many chapters behind so I'm not sure what I've got coming up, but in the spirit of Glee references I'd love to see the gang in a fun "Blame it on the Alcohol" basement party situation. Might not fit into this particular AU but maybe a different high school situation where it makes someone realise that they're into another person? :)

A/N: This isn’t in the same HSAU world as the others (also, this is a no powers AU), but once more, they’re in high school (Alex, Maggie, James, and Lucy are seniors; Winn, Mike, and Vasquez are juniors; Kara, Lena, and Jess are sophomores)

So much crack! All of the ships!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I hear your mom’s outta town, Luthor,” Mike said with a grin as he slid into the seat beside Lena in the cafeteria.

“Uh, yeah,” Lena nodded.

“Maybe we should do something fun,” Mike mused, taking a large bite of his burger as he regarded Lena.

“I don’t know…”

“C’mon, we can all stay in the basement and everything. I hear your brother used to throw some real ragers down there.” Lena didn’t add that her mother never minded Lex’s parties because Lex could do no wrong in her eyes, whereas Lena always seemed to take the brunt of Lillian’s anger. Sensing her hesitation, Mike forged ahead: “I know Kara was looking for something fun to do this weekend.”

Lena sighed. Much as she disliked Kara’s boyfriend, she did like Kara…as friends, of course. Because that’s what they were—friends. “I guess we could do something,” Lena finally conceded. “But,” she snapped, leveling Mike with a hard glare practiced from years of fighting with Lillian, “only the people I invite can come. And if a single one of you lax bro friends shows up, I’m shutting it down.”

“Okay, okay,” Mike relented. “Do you want me to pick up the booze at least?”

“Yeah, okay,” Lena nodded. He was good for one thing at least. And, Lena had to admit, his carefree attitude—while infuriating in classes—did help Kara to relax a bit, which had its upsides. She could deal with him, she tried to reassure herself.

Once Mike left, Jess slid in to her normal spot across from Lena. “What’d he want this time?”

Lena chuckled. Jess was one of the few people who hated Mike more than she did. “It looks like we’re having a house party tonight.”
“We?”

“Me…but I can’t do it without your help,” Lena added, smiling sweetly and batting her eyelashes.

“Ugh, fine. One day I’m gonna say no to you.”

“She says without a hint of a real threat in her voice,” Lena teased.

“I only keep you around because no one else would keep up as my lab partner.”

“Cheers,” Lena laughed. “Now, let’s spread the word. It’s gonna be small, so just text the people we like.”

“So…you’re inviting Kara and that’s all?” Jess teased.

“Shut up. Well, okay, so we have you, Kara, Mike.”

“If Kara’s coming, we have to invite Alex.”

“I like Alex.”

“I know. I’ve seen the way you look at her during the Science Olympiad meetings,” Jess deadpanned.

Lena’s cheeks colored slightly, but her voice remained steady. “In any case, that means inviting Maggie too. Oh, and Winn, of course!”

“Right, right. Should we invite James?”


“And maybe we can invite Vasquez?” Jess offered.

“Who’s that?”

“She’s new this year, but she plays soccer with Maggie and me. She’s really nice.”

“Sounds good,” Lena agreed. “I think that’s probably enough. I’m not trying to end up with the cops being called.”

“Fair enough.”

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“Did you hear?” Maggie asked, bounding up behind Alex after last period ended.

“Hear what?” Alex asked, spinning around and kissing Maggie softly.

“Party tonight.”

“Oh, really?”

“Mhm, at the Luthor mansion.”

“Oh shit, is Lena about to pull a Lex?”

“Nah, I think it’s just our friend group.”
“Okay, well, as long as you’re going, I’ll be there.”

“I’m not about to miss a chance to hang out with you away from parents and teachers,” Maggie flirted, grabbing Alex’s hand and dragging her to their lockers.

“Are you trying to tell me that you don’t enjoy the backseat of my car?”

“As romantic as it is…”

“It’ll be that much more romantic to make out to the dulcet sounds of top 100 blasting and Mike calling for shots?” Alex teased.

“Yeah, well, maybe we make our way upstairs or something.”

“That is an idea I can get behind,” Alex grinned, pulling her lip between her teeth at the look Maggie was giving her. “Definitely. Yes. Very excited.”

“Such a dork, Danvers.”

“Your dork.”

“Mm, you better be.”

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“I come bearing booze!” Mike yelled as he walked down the stairs to the basement, clutching a bottle of vodka in his outstretched arm.

“Then hurry your ass up,” Lucy yelled back at him. “We’ve been waiting.”

“Do I not get a thank you?”

“No,” Lucy answered, her expression anything but amused. “Now please tell me you brought something other than vodka for me to add to my soda.”

“There’s beer and rum too,” Kara added, cringing at the thought of voluntarily drinking beer…not that she drank much as it was.

“Well, at least someone has taste,” Alex added, smiling at her little sister. It had taken a while for her to get used to the idea that Kara would drink and date and maybe even be friends with her friends, but once she got over it, they had grown closer than ever.

Lucy met Mike at the bottom of the stairs, plucking the bottle of rum from his bag and quickly adding a shot or two to her cup. Winn and James helped Mike grab the six-packs of beer and set them up on the table, along with ice, cups, and soda. Soon enough, everyone who wanted a drink had one, music was on, and people were mingling.

“Thanks for having us all over, Lena!” Kara yelled over the music, throwing an arm around Lena’s shoulders.

“Oh, uh, yeah, of course,” Lena nodded, not wanting to add that she certainly wouldn’t have chosen to have this party on her own. “Are you having fun?”

“Yeah,” Kara nodded, sipping the fruity vodka drink Mike had made for her (which she had subsequently watered down after gagging on the first sip). “Are you?”
“Sure,” Lena agreed, smiling up at Kara.

“We should play something, you know? Get everyone together.”

“Whatever you want.”

“How true that is,” Jess whispered in Lena’s ear as soon as Kara stepped away.

“Shut up,” Lena mumbled. “I hate you.”

“Only cause I speak the truth.”

“Hey, guys!” Kara yelled over the music, smiling at Vasquez when she turned down the volume. “I thought maybe we could all play a game?”

“Beer pong!” James called out as a suggestion. But when everyone looked around, they were soon confronted with the reality that there was only one very expensive looking table in the basement, and Lena was shaking her head at them before anyone could even suggest it.

“What about King’s Cup?” Vasquez suggested.

“Do you have cards?” Winn asked Lena, who nodded, grabbing a deck from behind the bar.

“King’s Cup it is,” Kara declared triumphantly.

They all gathered in a circle on the floor, watching while James flared out the cards around one of the bottles of beer. “Who starts?”

“Youngest,” Mike answered, turning to look between Kara, Jess, and Lena.

“Then it’s our host,” Kara grinned, knowing that Lena had skipped a grade.

“Alright,” Lena conceded, reaching in and pulling a card out of the deck. “Five – that means the guys drink, right?” Everyone nodded as Winn, James, and Mike all drank from their cups.

Jess went next, drawing a two and forcing Kara to drink. After Jess was Mike, who pulled an ace and forced everyone to keep drinking as he chugged his whole beer.

“You’re the worst,” Winn whined, as he wiped up the beer that had spilled down his chin as he tried to keep up.

“Nah,” Mike shook his head. “You’re just jealous.”

Rolling her eyes, Kara pulled a card. “Jack—that’s never have I ever, right?”

“Three fingers up, bitches!” Lucy called out.

“Uh, never have I ever…played spin the bottle,” Kara offered, watching as a few people in the group drank.

“We could fix that tonight,” Winn offered, not wanting to add that there were a few people here he might not mind kissing himself. Figuring it was good not to dwell, though, he quickly chimed in: “Never have I ever gotten blackout drunk.”

“We could fix that too,” Mike laughed.
“No, not a fun experience,” Alex added, putting down one of her fingers and watching as Maggie, Lucy, and Mike all did the same. Realizing she was next in the circle she tried to think of something to use in front of her sister when they were both this sober. “Uh, never have I ever gotten high.”

“I’m out,” Mike declared, having put down a finger for all of them.

They played a few more rounds until they all felt sufficiently tipsy to be done with any more forced drinking. Lena settled in on the couch, watching fondly as Kara and Winn set the speakers up again and began performing along with the songs.

“Hey,” Vasquez said, sitting down next to Lena. “I’m Vasquez.”

“Lena,” Lena offered. “I’m glad you could come.”

“Yeah, thanks for having me. I know, I mean, you certainly didn’t have to invite me over.”

“You’re friends with my friends,” Lena shrugged.

“Sort of… I definitely don’t know everyone. Want to enlighten me?” she asked, a playful smile on her face.

“Could be fun,” Lena mused, finally tearing her gaze away from Kara and trying to ignore the knowing look in Vasquez’s eyes. “Um, what do you want to know?”

“Well, let’s start with who everyone is.”

“Alright,” Lena nodded. “Well, over there you’ve got Alex and Maggie,” she began, gesturing to the couple now wrapped up in each other’s arms and making out on the other couch, completely oblivious to the world around them. “They’ve been dating for over a year now. Maggie transferred here sophomore year, and they got together that next summer.”

“Okay. Any other couples?”

“Lucy and James,” Lena added, gesturing at them across the room. “Lucy is, quite clearly, a flirty drunk,” Lena laughed, not even bothering to ask where Lucy’s shirt had gone.

“They’re a couple?” Vasquez asked, needing to confirm. It was only a few minutes earlier that Lucy had been offering to let Vasquez do body shots off of her very defined stomach.

“On again, off again. James had a fling with Kara’s older cousin before he went off to college last year, and I think Lucy doesn’t really believe he’s over Clark. I actually don’t know how much of a couple they are right now…if nothing else, they’re still good friends.”

“Huh, okay,” Vasquez nodded, trying to process all of the information. “And, uh, Kara? She and Mike are…together?”

“Tragically,” Lena admitted, speaking a bit more freely with a few drinks in her.

“Tragically because you like her?”

“What?” Lena spluttered, coughing as she choked on her drink. “No! It’s just that Kara could do much better, that’s all.”

“Hm,” Vasquez hummed. “And you would be much better?”

“I didn’t say that,” Lena insisted.
“It’s just the truth,” Jess added with a grin as she flung herself onto the couch. “Plus, look at them… trouble in paradise.” They all turned and found Kara yelling at Mike in the back corner of the party, which, unfortunately, wasn’t an uncommon sight. Vasquez shook her head. She had heard bits and pieces of their argument earlier and did suspect that Kara could do better, or at least better than the drunk version of Mike she’d gotten to see.

“Excuse my insufferable sober friend,” Lena grumbled, poking at Jess.

“Please, you love that I can give you all of the details the next day.”

“It’s not like I normally drink that much,” Lena objected.

“True. But when you do, isn’t it nice to know who was hitting on you?”

Lena just shrugged. “I guess you two already know each other?” she asked, gesturing between Vasquez and Jess.

Vasquez nodded. “Yep. So, last one: Winn. What’s his deal?”

“Oh, he’s a nerd. Little bi disaster, but he can be quite sweet,” Lena explained.

“I’m still taking bets on whether he has a bigger crush on Kara or James,” Jess noted cheekily.

“Ugh, don’t forget that bromance he had going with Mike when Mike first transferred here,” Lena added with a groan.

“It wasn’t meant to last,” Jess insisted.

From across the room, Lucy’s slightly slurred voice suddenly called out: “Oh my god! We still need to play spin the bottle for all these poor newbies who didn’t have to put down a finger!”

A few people looked reluctant, but eventually they gathered once more in the center of the room, pulling down one of the empty pizza boxes to use as a makeshift table to spin the empty beer bottle on.

“Wait!” We’re missing people,” Lucy declared, intent on playing this game with the full group. “Alex! Maggie!” she yelled loud enough that Kara, who was sitting right next to her, had to cover her ears.

“I call not it on finding them,” Kara groaned. She definitely didn’t need to find her sister and her sister’s girlfriend topless and making out ever again.

“I’ll do it!” Mike volunteered.

“Sit the fuck down,” Lucy growled, pulling Mike back to the floor. “I’ll go,” she volunteered, noisily making her way up the stairs as she yelled out for Alex and Maggie to get their asses back to the basement.

A few minutes later, Maggie and Alex rejoined the group, looking a little flushed and disheveled but blissfully still dressed.

“Winn, since you wanted to play so badly, why don’t you go first,” Lucy suggested, smiling broadly at him.

“Uh, okay,” Winn nodded, trying not to look too nervous as he spun the bottle. When it finally came to rest, it was pointing right back at him, and the rest of the group laughed.
“Try again, Schott,” Alex offered, nudging him in the shoulder.

Winn nodded, blushing slightly as the bottle went spinning once more, this time coming to land on Jess. Shrugging, they kissed chastely before pulling back.

“Who’s turn is it now?” Jess asked, having not played before either.

“Yours,” Mike answered.

Nodding, Jess spun the bottle, chuckling as it landed on Lena, who was sitting right next to her.

“Prepare to be amazed,” Lena teased, turning and, once Jess had smiled back and nodded, kissing her soundly.

“Wooh!” Lucy yelled, glad to see someone finally getting into the game. “Your turn, Luthor!”

When Lena spun, she was both excited and terrified to find it pointing between Kara and Mike.

“I’ve got it,” Kara offered, ignoring Mike’s suggestion that all three of them could try as she leaned forward, biting at her lower lip as she waiting for Lena to meet her in the middle.

Lena froze. On the one hand, this was everything she wanted. Kara had even volunteered, had been the first one to lean forward. But at the same time, she was still with Mike. Though, she reasoned, it was the point of the game… A pat on the back from Jess was all it took for Lena to lean forward, finding Kara’s lips and shutting her eyes, drowning out the whooping and cheers of the others with the sound of the music still pulsing in the air around them, letting herself get lost in the feel of Kara’s mouth moving slowly but passionately against hers, in the way that Kara even dared to flick her tongue across Lena’s lower lip.

“Alright, that’s probably enough!” Mike yelled. “Other people want to play!”

When they pulled back, Kara’s cheeks were pink and her eyes bright. She tried to tamp down the hope surging in her chest at the idea that maybe Lena had felt whatever spark was building between them—the same spark that had flared during one of her breakups with Mike and had simmered without their acknowledgement for months now.

“Your turn,” Mike added loudly, snapping Kara out of whatever place she had gone to. “Aim for me, right babe?”

“Uh, yeah,” Kara nodded, trying not to feel too guilty over the way Lena’s face fell at that. Only, when she spun, the bottle landed on Maggie, and, awkward as it was, she couldn’t find it within herself to be all that mad.

“Godfather style!” Maggie yelled, grabbing Kara by the cheeks and kissing her the way her grandfather might have kissed one of his friends. Alex nodded her approval at the comedic gesture that kept anything from getting weird and watched as Maggie spun the bottle.

“Winn!” Kara yelled out, laughing at the expression of disappointment that crossed Alex’s face when the bottle missed her.

Chuckling, Maggie leaned forward, pressing a light kiss to Winn’s mouth. “Guess who’s officially kissed a boy now?” she cackled as she pulled back.

“Glad I could be of service,” Winn offered, tipping an imaginary hat before reaching down to spin the bottle himself. His breath caught in his throat when the bottle landed on James, especially when
Kara winked at him when James wasn’t looking.

James smiled broadly, looking over at Winn like it wasn’t a huge fucking deal. “Show me what you’ve got, Schott,” James challenged.

With a deep drink from his glass, Winn leaned forward, figuring if he was being challenged, he’d at least put on a show. Grabbing James’s shirt, Winn pulled the man toward him and kissed him deeply, stopping only when he desperately needed air.

“Ow, ow!” Lucy catcalled.

“Damn, Schott,” Maggie laughed, “you were holding back on me.”

Feeling some of the liquid courage drain away, Winn just blushed and stammered, sitting back down and returning to his cup as James, looking a little thrown off, spun the bottle himself, looking up at Alex when it landed on her.

Shrugging, Alex pressed a chaste kiss to James’ lips. “I wasn’t gonna try to compete,” Alex laughed by way of explanation.

Maggie nudged Alex as she spun it, watching as it landed on Lucy.

“Aww, just like old times’ sake!” Lucy grinned as she leaned forward, meeting Alex in the middle and kissing her a bit more enthusiastically than Alex had expected.

“What do you mean ‘old times’ sake’?” Kara was yelling when Alex pulled back. Blushing, Alex shook her head. “Alex!” Kara protested.

“You had just moved in with us! We weren’t close enough to share yet,” Alex explained.

“I just blew her mind a few times fall of sophomore year,” Lucy helpfully added, looking far too pleased with herself.

“Please, we just made out,” Alex scoffed, rolling her eyes.

“You never forget your first, Al,” Lucy teased.

“I’d already made out with Rick.”

“Still your first woman,” Lucy corrected, sticking her tongue out at Alex. “And you ended up being a big lez, right?”

“Oh shut up,” Alex grumbled, letting Maggie pull her into her side and pepper her face with kisses.

“Whatever,” Lucy sighed, flicking the bottle and watching as it landed on Vasquez. “Excellent,” she grinned. “Welcome to the group.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Chapter Summary

Prompt from Aliesanvers: Hey, so I’ve been reading every single story of yours on ao3 and I’ve made this tumblr acc just to ask you a favor. ;) So, here’s a prompt: a story where Maggie cheats on Alex and Alex finds out. But then they somehow work it out together and live happily ever after :) Please?
P.s.: plus, maybe a smutty make up…? :D
I’d be so glad if you could do that :))

Prompt from SomeoneUnexpected: Could you write sanvers fighting and yelling before starting to make out without a word and maybe doing more ;)

Tumblr prompt: I was wondering if it was possible you could do a prompt of alex and Maggie having a big fight, and end up having some make up sex

A/N: Obviously there is cheating ahead…if you don’t want to read it, that’s totally your call. I tried to stay in character as best I could, though certain things and conversations from canon haven’t happened here so that some of these issues can come out in a new order. C/W for some self-hatred, heavy drinking, anger, etc.
If you just wanna read about Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West, check the endnotes!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Seated at a bar far away from Dollywood, from Alex’s apartment, from the DEO, Maggie slumped forward with a row of shots lined up in front of her.

Maggie closed her eyes, but all she could picture was Alex’s tear-streaked cheeks, the way her voice had cracked as she screamed at Maggie to get out of her apartment and not come back. But her hand—that had stayed steady, had stayed firm and unwavering as she pointed at the door.

Maggie threw back the first shot, wincing but refusing to allow herself the luxury of a chaser.

The sound of the chainlock sliding into place echoed in her head, the way that Alex had slammed the door behind her, locking her out of the apartment that had so recently started feeling like a second home.

She tossed back the second shot. It didn’t burn quite so much as the first.

She knew Alex was too good for her, knew it was only a matter of time before Alex figured it out, before Alex realized she could find someone so much smarter, funnier, kinder, better. And now she’d have that chance, Maggie reasoned. She always knew she’d be temporary; this shouldn’t have hurt as much as it did.

She slammed the now empty third shot glass back down on the table, feeling the edges of her emotions start to dull just a little—not nearly enough.
She should have known that Alex would side with Kara, that Alex would never let Maggie explain, let her give her own side of the story. Because, yes, she’d yelled at Kara as Supergirl in front of some of the other cops and, inadvertently, a few members of the media. But she did it to protect Supergirl, to try to save her in the long term from incurring the wrath of the NCPD Commissioner, who was far too buddy-buddy with Max Lord for Maggie’s liking. Sure, she also got frustrated by Supergirl’s heroics sometimes, got pissed when criminals used the Supergirl defense to have their charges dropped, got annoyed when Supergirl swooped in after hours of hostage negotiations or trying to talk someone back from the edge. But for the most part, she understood the risks that Kara took and appreciated everything she did for the city. But she knew that Max Lord didn’t and had heard from Alex about the times he’d actively sought to harm Supergirl or to create weapons to “protect” National City from her. And dammit, she was just trying to help minimize that risk.

She swallowed the last shot she had, growling when she could still remember, could still feel the pain of what felt too much like betrayal, like rejection.

She caught sight of the blinking text notification on her phone. Alex: We need to talk. She already knew what that meant, had gotten that message from enough women to be prepared, to guard herself before they could hurt her with the element of surprise.

Stumbling slightly, Maggie pulled herself out of the booth and made her way over to the bar. “Another,” she ordered.

“Yeah…I think you’re getting water,” the bartender suggested.

“I can still do my ABCs backwards,” Maggie insisted.

“I just gave you four shots of hard liquor, which you downed in maybe half an hour max. You can have water.”

“What about a beer?”

The bartender hesitated, noting the growing crowd behind this small woman. “One beer with a large water. That’s it for the night when it comes to alcohol, though, so you better nurse it.”

“Fine,” Maggie sighed, slumping down into one of the seats toward the end of the bar once she got her drinks.

After a few minutes of silence, Maggie heard a voice from behind her. “Hey there. Anyone sitting next to you?”

Maggie shook her head, keeping her attention on her drinks.

“What’s got you in this mood?” the woman asked, slipping in beside Maggie and turning to face her.

“A girl.”

“A straight girl?”

“No. Girlfriend. About to be ex-girlfriend. Her choice,” Maggie grunted, finishing her beer much too quickly as her mind wrapped around the thought that Alex would soon be her ex, that she really already was.

“Ouch. I’m sorry.”

“Whatever. It’s my fault,” Maggie shrugged.
“What could you have done?”

Maggie let out a bark of a laugh. “Everything.” When the woman didn’t respond, she continued, “I wasn’t there for her family.”

“Your relationship is with her…not her family.”

Maggie shrugged. The thought made her feel a little better, but she also knew better than to really believe it. Because what Alex had with Kara seemed so right, so supportive, so alien to what she had with most of her own fucked up family.

“I’m Jackie, by the way,” the woman offered. “Can I get you another drink?”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Maggie nodded, figuring it was an easy way to get something more. “Maggie, by the way.”

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As Maggie swallowed the last of her second beer, she found herself actually laughing at something Jackie said, some story about a woman she’d slept with on her roadtrip and something about a goat…it didn’t matter; what mattered was that it was funny and mindless and helped her forget just a little bit.

“Where’re you staying?” Maggie asked, her words slurring together a little bit.

“The Baldwin downtown.”

“Ah…yeah, I know it,” Maggie nodded, not bothering to add why, not really wanting to dwell on what a shitty girlfriend she’d apparently always been.

Jackie giggled, finally feeling the effects of the shots she’d ordered for herself to “catch up” with Maggie. “Wanna revisit it then?”

Looking at her phone, at the lone text from Alex about needing to talk, knowing what that meant, Maggie nodded. “Yeah…yeah, okay.”

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Everything was deliciously hazy as Maggie’s jacket found its way to the floor of Jackie’s hotel room, her shirt joining it soon enough.

Nothing about Jackie reminded her of Alex, and it couldn’t have been better. Where Alex was lean lines and lithe muscle, Jackie was curvy and soft, her laugh warm and open, even with strangers, where Alex would have been guarded, closed off, still assessing threat levels when Jackie was letting her sweater fall to the ground. Her hair was long and blonde, woven into a braid that trailed down her back. Her touch was foreign enough to intrigue, to keep Maggie’s mind in the moment and off the pain of loss she didn’t yet want to grieve.

She let herself get lost in the feeling of someone else beneath her, the sounds Jackie made as Maggie fucked her slow and deep, tried to convince herself that she could be happy with someone else, had once been more than content to sleep around with different women, hadn’t felt this need to fight for someone who so clearly didn’t want her, was so much better than her.

She tried not to dwell on the fact that Jackie, beautiful as she might be when she came, still wasn’t Alex, didn’t make her heart hammer or her mouth quirk up in a smile with just about everything she
She let herself believe that she wouldn’t let Jackie touch her because she was nervous about STDs, wouldn’t use anything but her hands for the same reasons, even though she knew they could’ve used dental dams, could’ve made them from the condoms available in the hotel. She didn’t want to believe that the acts felt too intimate now, too much a part of her relationship to let herself do them with a stranger, a woman who was nothing more than a first name and a hotel room number.

The next morning, Maggie crawled out of bed, her head pounding and her stomach churning and her phone beyond dead. Figuring she had already proved herself a terrible person, Maggie let herself out without saying goodbye, stumbled into the elevator with her feet shoved into untied boots, her bra left behind somewhere in the room, dismissed as unworthy of saving—much like herself.

When she got back to her apartment, she found Alex sitting outside her door, her eyes bloodshot and her hair disheveled, like she’d been running her hands through it for too many hours.

“Where were you?” Alex gasped before she could take in Maggie’s appearance, note the thick stench of alcohol, the fact that she was still in her clothes from the night before. “Tell me you crashed with M’gann. Tell me you’re not stupid enough to make the same mistake twice.”

Head pounding too hard for Maggie to come up with answers, she jammed her key into the lock, pushing open the door. “Come in?”

Alex’s expression seemed to harden. “Why didn’t you answer your phone?”

“It died.”

“So tell me: where were you?”

“Why does it matter?” Maggie snapped. “You dumped me! All you wanted to do was finish the job off, right?”

“What? Maggie, we fought. I got angry. I kicked you out because I needed space. That’s not the same thing as dumping you.”

“No,” Maggie shook her head. “No, you dumped me. You did. You realized I’m not worth it.” She had to have dumped Maggie. Otherwise, otherwise Maggie had cheated on another woman she didn’t deserve, had gone out and fucked some stranger to destroy the only good thing in her life.

Seeing Alex’s look of confusion, of hurt, Maggie finally broke down. The tears she’d tried to stop up with alcohol and strangers suddenly flowed freely as she choked out sobs. “No,” she whimpered, again and again as her whole body shook. “No, that’s not, your text…”

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” Alex tried to comfort her. “I’m here for you. We can work through this okay?”

“No!” Maggie yelled, gulping down a shuddering breath as she pulled herself away from Alex’s touches. It was all too much—too kind, too understanding, too gentle. She deserved none of it. “No, I’m, no! I don’t deserve this. I fucked up. I don’t deserve you, Alex!”

“Maggie, I found out about Lord. I still don’t think you handled it the perfect way, but I know I shouldn’t have snapped at you the way I did without letting you give your own side of the story, okay? I’m sorry. We’ll work through it, though.”

“No, no,” Maggie sobbed. Everything was too much. She needed Alex to see her for the awful person that she could be, needed to rid Alex of that pure look, the love in her eyes, needed Alex to
see her for who she really was. “I fucked someone else.”

“What?”

“Last night. When I thought we were done. I went to the bar. And I…I got drunk, and I went home with someone else.”

Alex stood stock still as she processed the news. On some level, she had almost expected it, had let her mind conjure it up as the worst case scenario when Maggie didn’t answer at all last night or this morning. Maggie’s reappearance in her clothes from the night before had seemed to confirm it. But this was the first time she’d really let herself believe it, really let it sink in as something true.

“I, I need to go,” Alex muttered, making her way out of the apartment as she ignored Maggie’s calls to her to wait, to let her explain, to please let her apologize.

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They didn’t talk for weeks. Maggie tried reaching out to Alex, tried texting and calling and even showed up at her door one night. Alex had let it go at first, had simply ignored them, needing time, needing space, to figure out what all of this meant. But finding Maggie at her door had been one attempt too many. She’d snapped, roaring at Maggie to get out, not to show her face again until she had a goddam invitation. And then she’d found her way back to a bottle of whiskey, let Kara come over and hold her, rub her shoulders and promise her everything would be better soon.

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Three weeks of silence later, Alex woke up in bed with another woman, her thoughts groggy and her body stiff, a pleasant ache between her legs bringing back memories from the night before. She was surprised to find that she wasn’t happier. She didn’t feel vindicated or justified or any of the things she’d expected to feel.

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Four weeks of silence later, Alex found herself equally unsatisfied after what was, all things considered, a rather pleasant first date with a woman from CatCo Kara had set her up with. She was funny and ambitious and sexy, but she wasn’t Maggie; they just didn’t click that way.

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Around week five, Alex broke the silence with a simple text: “Hey.”

Maggie tried not to let herself get too excited by this break in the freeze out. “Hi, Alex. How are you?”

“Okay. You?”

Maggie wanted to tell her she’d been miserable, had spent her days throwing herself into her work and her nights home alone with beer and television. But she didn’t need to put her own guilt on Alex. “Okay,” she finally settled on.

“We should talk.”

“Yeah, that sounds good. Where do you want to meet?”

“We should talk in private.”
“Okay, um, your place or mine?”

Alex wasn’t quite ready to go back to Maggie’s place, to remind herself of the morning after their fight, to when she’d found out. “Mine.”

“Okay. When do you want to meet?” Maggie hated this, hated the stilted texts and the cold communication that was so different from the private jokes they’d once shared.

“Tomorrow. 8pm.”

“I’ll be there.”

---

“I’m still angry. But I miss you,” Alex admitted after listening to Maggie apologize and explain for what felt like hours.

“I miss you too, Alex. So much.” After a moment’s hesitation, she added, “I know I probably don’t have a right to ask, but I just, I’ve been thinking about you. I wanted to know what you were up to this past month, wanted to hear about your days, about your sister nights and your phone calls home, about game nights and all of that.”

“I haven’t really gone much,” Alex admitted with a shrug.

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“My choice.”

“I feel like I didn’t leave you with much of one…”

“We always have choices, Maggie.”

“Right,” Maggie nodded, realizing that she’d had one, that she didn’t make a good one, but she’d had it.

“Thinking about choices,” Alex began, taking a deep breath. “I think, if you want, I’d like to choose to give us another chance. I know we have work to do, but I think, I think we were good together. I think if we figure out some shit, I think we can still make each other happy.”

“Yeah?” Maggie asked, her eyes shining as she tried to clamp down on the hope blossoming in her chest at Alex’s words just in case she changed her mind, in case she decided it was too much work keeping Maggie around.

“Yeah,” Alex nodded, the smallest of smiles on her face. “But, uh, in the spirit of our new policy of being more honest and open, I should tell you: I went on a date with someone else. I also slept with someone else.”

“Oh, uh, are you sure, I mean, if you’re already dating someone, maybe you should, um, see how that goes. I’m sure she’s better than me…”

“Maggie, look at me,” Alex instructed, waiting until Maggie’s gaze came up from the floor. “Two different women, first of all. Second, I’m here because they didn’t compare, okay? And maybe, maybe if I kept looking, kept dating, eventually they would. But I’m not done just yet. I’m not ready to give up on us.”

“Yeah?”
“Yeah. And I know, I know we need to talk. But right now, that’s so not what I want.”

And then Maggie was on her, murmuring her consent, checking with Alex as their clothes found their way to the floor and their bodies met, hard and unyielding as they worked out their frustrations against one another, through one another, with one another. Alex’s grip was firm and bruising on Maggie’s waist and thighs, and Maggie’s teeth dragged across Alex’s lower lip then nipped and sucked at her neck and chest hard enough to leave marks.

“Put on the strap on,” Alex ordered as she led Maggie back toward the bed.

Maggie nodded, quickly slipping off her pants and underwear and pulling up the harness, slipping in the toy that Alex handed her. Before she could even try to get on top of Alex, Alex was shoving her back onto her knees, pushing her down so that she was sitting on her own heels. And then Alex was in her lap, straddling her, groaning as Maggie filled her, as her hips sank down to meet Maggie’s.

“Do you want me to…?” Maggie trailed off, not sure of what she was and wasn’t allowed to do.

“Shut up and fuck me,” Alex growled.

With Maggie’s hands gripping her ass, Alex clutched at the headboard, thrusting into Maggie, her eyes screwed shut as she worked herself up, hearing Maggie groaning as the base of the toy rocked into her clit with every thrust. Alex laced her fingers through Maggie’s hair, pulling sharply, earning a low moan from Maggie, as she exposed Maggie’s neck, her lips and teeth falling to it, marking her, claiming her. And then Maggie’s nails were scratching down Alex’s back, pulling her close.

And, oh, this is what had been missing, Alex thought, the way their bodies seemed to fit perfectly together, to mold to one another with every move. She didn’t quite recognize the sounds coming from either of them, the desperate cries, the low moans, the almost primal grunts that filled the room. When Maggie picked up the pace, thrusting hard up to meet the roll of Alex’s hips, Alex came with a low, guttural noise, her hips stuttering against Maggie’s before she fell forward into her, their bodies hot and sweaty, but somehow it seemed more comfortable, more at home, than Alex had felt in a while.

“Can I hold you?” Maggie asked, her voice soft and scared, like she worried that just by opening her mouth she might break the spell, end this moment she’d been dreaming of for so many weeks now.

“Yeah, yeah, okay,” Alex nodded. “Tomorrow we talk.”

“Tomorrow,” Maggie promised.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

Academic Endnotes:
Virginia Woolf is, depending on the circles in which you run/study, perhaps best known as a novelist, a modernist, and a member of the (in)famous Bloomsbury Group. But, as was all too common in the bohemian Bloomsbury Set, she’s also remembered for the years-long affair she carried on with Vita Sackville-West, another married writer ten years her junior. [Seriously, the Bloomsbury folks were awesome - almost all of them were queer in some way, and they pretty much all slept together in some combination:
The women met at a dinner party on December 14, 1922, though at the time, Virginia wasn’t altogether impressed, writing in her diary that Vita was “[n]ot much to my severer taste” and lacked the “wit of the artist,” though she admitted that the woman made her “feel virgin, shy, & schoolgirlish…She is a grenadier; hard; handsome, manly.”

Soon enough, they began exchanging letters, books, and drafts of novels and poems. Virginia recorded once more in her diary: “She [Vita] is a pronounced Sapphist, & may…have an eye on me, old though I am.” At the same time, Vita wrote to her husband: “I simply adore Virginia Woolf, and so would you. You would fall quite flat before her charm and personality…At first you think she is plain, then a sort of spiritual beauty imposes itself on you, and you find a fascination in watching her…She is quite old. I’ve rarely taken such a fancy to anyone, and I think she likes me. At least she’s asked me to Richmond where she lives. Darling, I have quite lost my heart.”

Around December 1925, their relationship progressed to a new physical level over a long weekend holiday, though Woolf seemed preemptively defensive about the “amorosity” of the Sapphists (though she’d already had two affairs with other women, including one significantly older than her, as was something of a rite of passage in early-twentieth-century lesbian circles). Even after this weekend, and assured her husband that this was not the start of yet another affair and that she’d “gone to bed with her (twice), but that’s all” (she’d already had two affairs with Violet Trefusis and Geoffrey Scott, which her husband was distinctly less okay with than Woolf’s husband Leonard Woolf had been about Woolf’s). Yet by 1926, Sackville-West wrote, “I am reduced to a thing that wants Virginia.”

The women’s affair, however, did continue for many years, though in 1927 Sackville-West began a new affair with Mary Campbell, followed by a series of short trysts with women including Margaret Voigt, Hilda Matheson, and Evelyn Irons, even as her letters to Woolf remained constant and passionate. Sackville-West confessed to these other liaisons, which became a main plot point in Woolf’s novel Orlando, which was based largely on Sackville-West, and Woolf found herself increasingly jealous of Campbell, threatening to record the details of the affair in Orland for all to see. Despite putting Sackville-West’s temper and lust on full display in Orlando, the work was hailed as a masterpiece, and the titular Orlando remained the hero of the work. Nigel Nicolson, Sackville-West’s son, called it: “the longest and most charming love letter in literature.” The affair ended in the late 1920s, though their friendship survived until Woolf’s suicide in 1941.

I’m pretty much out of characters now, but perhaps more excerpts from their letters will come up in later notes!
Sanvers Sexting Smut

Chapter Summary

A few people were looking for some long-distance smut. Baggs requested more dirty talk. And an anon on Tumblr asked for a Sanvers one just focused on dirty talk and how it gets both of them so turned on.
Hope you all enjoy! We’re playing with form this time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Maggie: Hey, Alex! How’s training going? I miss you...

Alex: Hey! I miss you too…

Alex: A lot.

Maggie: What are you doing now?

Alex: Now? Trying my best to get out of an incredibly awkward buffet dinner. After 48 hrs in a crisis simulation you kinda lose the will to talk to people, you know?

Maggie: I think you should know by now that I will always understand losing the will to talk to people. But that sounds awful. Need me to call with an “emergency”?

Alex: Hahaha...all I need to do is sit here until the closing keynotes are done. Maybe you can keep me entertained? :P

Maggie: Mm, think you’ll be able to stay quiet enough?

Alex: You know I can be good...

Maggie: That’s true… so tell me: what does one wear during a crisis simulation? Should I be picturing Catwoman style spandex suits?

Alex: Not quite…less spandex, more kevlar. Though I did get to rock the thigh holster you love so much

Maggie: Mm, and you know how much I like it when you double them up. Reminds me a little bit of the black leather harness you like me to wear for you. Maybe I could be wearing that when you get home?

Alex: Fuck.

Maggie: I’m taking that as a yes. Should I be dressed up too? Put on some of those boxer briefs with pants baggy enough to hide it? Maybe even come pick you up from the airport with it on? Let it be a reminder the whole, long ride home?

Maggie: Not to break the mood, but did you forget to pick up a new carton of my ice cream? :( 
Alex: I hate you. I’m dripping wet at the thought of you, and you bring up groceries?

Maggie: Sorry...I was just hungry. But if you were here, you know I’d rather be eating something else…

Alex: Smooth.

Alex: You’re lucky all I can think about is the way you taste.

Maggie: God, I’m so wet, Alex. I’ve been thinking about you all day. I just really, really want you back in our bed. It’s way too big without you.

Maggie: Okay...that’s kind of a lie. For sleeping, it’s a little amazing to be able to roll around as much as I want. BUT would not trade it for actually having you here. Because fuck it’s hard to sleep when I’m this sexually frustrated.

Maggie: Alex...was that too much? Why aren’t you responding? Shit, I’m sorry.

Alex: Fuck, no no I..I just miss you. I wish you were here. I really just...

Alex: I’m kinda embarrassed about what I want right now.

Maggie: Why don’t you tell me? You know I’m down to try almost anything. Do you want to wait until after the buffet/keynote thing is over? I can go buy some ice cream. You know I love my ice cream…

Alex: Ok. Ok. I’ll message you when this thing is done. I love you so much.

When Alex got back to her room, she decided that Maggie deserved something for her patience, a reward of sorts. So she slipped into the bathroom--the only place in this godforsaken army barracks she could be even close to alone--and quickly unbuttoned her shirt, leaving the starched white collar and buttons visible, but pulled back enough to expose her abs and bra. Taking a deep breath and trying not to let herself get overly self-conscious, Alex tried to look seductive and snapped a photo. She hit send before she could second-guess herself.

Maggie: Fuck.

Alex: That’s the idea.

Maggie: So funny, Danvers. But seriously. Fuck. You look so fucking hot. Like, how much trouble would you be in if I came and picked you up right now? Lots of trouble? Some trouble? Little bit of trouble? Because the last two options are sounding worth it right now...

Alex: Tell me what you want.


Alex: Mags, please. I need you. I want to feel your hands tugging at my hair and scratching down my thighs.

Maggie: I want to grind against you and ride your ass. I want you sweaty and writhing underneath me. I want to come before I’ve even been able to get on the strapon to fuck you. I want you dripping and begging for me.

Alex: Fuck I want that so much. I just want to be pressed up against you. I don’t think you understand how fucking desperate I am for you right now
Maggie: Maybe you touch yourself for me? I could give you directions...I remember how much you liked that when you had to go to Opal City for the conference.

Alex: I do remember having fun on that trip. But I don’t have my own hotel room this time...turns out we’re in army barracks, so I’ve got some bunkmates :/

Maggie: Oh. That puts a damper on things.

Maggie: Unless...I mean, it doesn’t have to? I remember college...

Alex: Hahah what?!

Maggie: Didn’t you ever…? idk, my roommate basically never left our room, so at a certain point...desperate times call for desperate measures. If I was dating someone, of course I’d try to get us back to her place, but sometimes they had roommates who needed the room. Or sometimes it was just me, and it had been a while. Are you telling me you *never* got a little desperate?!

Alex: No! Well yes, but idk. I only had a roommate in freshman year and she was an athlete so she was always traveling. I basically had the room to myself.

Maggie: Well lucky you, Danvers. But c’mon, you grew up with a kid sister with super-hearing. You’re telling me you don’t know how to keep quiet?

Maggie: PS if you’re really not into this, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable. Obviously you never have to do anything you don’t want to! I might, um, go take care of myself, tho...

Alex: Hahah no no I’m down. I can be quiet. Just tell me what I should do. You know I like it when you give instructions

Maggie: Mm yeah you do. First I want you to tell me how wet you are. Are you ready? Do you deserve your fingers just yet? Or should we get you a little more worked up?

Alex: I haven’t been able to get the image of you in that harness out of my head since dinner. Trust me, I’m wet

Maggie: Wet isn’t the same thing as wet enough. I want you dripping. Because remember, you’re gonna need to be fast if you’ve got roommates...

Alex: Haha..then perhaps I need a little inspiration? I showed you mine after all...it’s only fair

Grinning to herself, Maggie looked down, finding herself in tattered plaid flannel pajama pants and a worn t-shirt. She snapped a photo and sent it with the caption: “V. seductive. I know.”

Alex: Rude. I sent you a quality photo.

Laughing, Maggie kicked off her pants then slid down her boyshorts enough to show Alex just how soaked they were, along with a glimpse of her neatly trimmed hair and just enough of her hip bones to tease.

Alex: Better.

Figuring Maggie could use a photo of her own, Alex pulled the sheets up and over her, then slipped her hand under her boxers. She ran a finger through her own folds, then brought it to her lips, taking a quick selfie without any flash--that was absolutely not something she wanted to explain. Once more she hit send before she could talk herself out of it.
Alex: Now, is this enough evidence that we can continue?

Maggie: Fuck, you know I’d rather be tasting you. But yes, I suppose you’ve been good for me. I want you to start with your nipples. Are they hard? Can you pinch them for me. You don’t need to send photos. I believe you.

Alex: Yes, they’re hard...I miss your teeth

Maggie: When you get back, I promise. Okay, tbh, I need a little more from you. You know I like giving instructions, but it’s hard when I know you can’t take too long or be too loud. So, tell me about how you masturbated back in high school and college. How does Alex Danvers get off when she’s on a tight deadline?

Alex: Seriously?

Maggie: Seriously

Alex: It’s embarrassing.

Maggie: I literally just roll over onto my stomach and grind off on my own hand. Does that make it easier to share?

Alex: But you’re hot.

Maggie: Uh, have you not seen you? C’mon...I know you like the showerhead these days. Would you go lock yourself in the bathroom at home? I mean, I imagine dorm bathrooms...no. But you went home for breaks. Surely you needed some stress relief.

Alex: Ugh, fine. Yes, I liked the shower. No I didn’t do it a ton. There was a thing...I don’t want to talk about it.

Maggie: Can I guess? I bet I can guess.

Alex: I hate you.

Maggie: I’m taking that as a yes. You gasped. Kara thought you fell and came bursting in on you. You almost died of embarrassment. Did I get it about right?

Alex: I hate you.

Maggie: I’m still taking that as a yes. But okay so shower = great. I’m assuming bunkers don’t come with very clean private bathrooms. So what else would you do?

Alex: idk I’d wait until was already wet enough that it could be fast, you know how fast I can come for you when you’ve been teasing me.

Maggie: Mm, yes. It’s very sexy.

Alex: Anyway, I’d get my fingers wet then play with my clit until I was right on the edge. Then I’d slip one or two fingers inside myself and use my other hand to get my clit again.

Maggie: That’s hot, Alex. Maybe when you get back you can give me a demonstration?

Alex: ...

Maggie: I promise to put on a show for you too.
Alex: Maybe...

Maggie: It’s better than a no. But okay, are you still wet for me?

Alex: Uh, kind of?

Maggie: Well maybe this will help: remember how we ordered that new toy last week? It arrived today.

Alex: Really? I’m so sad I’m not home.

Maggie: Me too. Again, if you want to come home...I’m ready to get on the bike and come all the way out there to rescue you.

Alex: No, no. I need to stay. But I’m really excited to try it out. Did you check sizing and all?

Maggie: It's...uh, it's a little big, but if I’m wet enough it’ll fit.

Alex: Think you’re wet enough now?

Maggie: Probably.

Alex: Want to show me?

Maggie groaned. She loved how turned on Alex got when the played with their strapons. Maggie had always been a fan, had always been able to see the subversive side of it, but she’d definitely had past partners who thought anything remotely phallic was too male-identified, ignoring the diversity of bodies that went along with the label of woman. Maggie was more than happy to stick to non-penetrative sex if her partners preferred it, of course, but these were different types of concerns. Alex, though, Alex loved watching Maggie put on a cock, loved the way Maggie fucked her with it, loved getting to find how wet Maggie was underneath it afterward too.

She went and found their new Feeldoe out in the kitchen from having boiled it to clean it. She brought it back into the bedroom and carefully adding lube to the end she assumed Alex wanted her to wear, before slowly working it inside of herself. Once she was comfortable, she threw her shirt off, wanting to send Alex the best possible visual, then snapped a few pictures of herself with her new appendage sticking straight up.

Alex: You look amazing. How does it feel?

Maggie: Good. Big. I wish I were inside you.

Alex: Mm, I wish you were too.

Maggie: How about you touch yourself for me now?

Maggie waited several minutes for a response. She couldn’t help but wonder if Alex was touching herself, if she was getting off to the picture Maggie sent or their earlier texts. The thought of it had Maggie clenching around the toy inside of her, while her hand dropped down to play with the end she’d use to fuck Alex. She found herself entranced by the aesthetic of it, the way she looked, jerking herself off. It was hotter than she’d expected.

Alex: It’s hard to stay quiet. I’m being good for you, but fuck. I’m so wet, and my clit is so hard, and all I want are your lips wrapped around it and your fingers digging into my hips, holding me down while I come.
Maggie: Fuck I want that too. Are you touching yourself? I am. I can’t help it. I can’t wait.

Alex: Tell me. Please.

Alex knew her texts sounded as breathless as she would be in real life, but her right hand was more than a little busy at the moment. She still wanted, needed to hear from Maggie, to know the effect she was having on the other woman.

Maggie: I’m uh jacking off...with the toy…

Maggie: But if that’s weird or something, we don’t have to talk about it!

Alex: No it's hot. Trust me. I’m close, really close.

Maggie didn’t know what to say because really, all she wanted was Alex here, she wanted to hear Alex gasping and moaning out her name, to feel Alex clutching at her back as she fucked her as hard and as deep as she needed.

Maggie: I want you to slip two fingers inside yourself. Please.

Alex: I wish they were yours. It’s not the same now that I know how well you can fuck me.

Maggie: I bet you can still be good and come for me even when I’m not there.

Alex bit down hard on the fabric of her t-shirt, stifling a groan as she clenched around her own fingers. She let her other hand slide beneath the sheets, flicking fast across her clit until she came, her whole body shuddering even as she fought to stay silent, to stay still.

Maggie: You still there?

Alex: Sorry. Hands were busy. But I’m good now. I’ll be so much better when it’s you.

Maggie: Mm, wish I could’ve helped. I bet you looked just gorgeous coming, fighting to stay quiet.

Alex: What about you? Have you come yet? It’s not like you have to stay quiet.

Maggie: Jealous?

Alex: Very. But I want you to get to come too. Can you get in for your clit with the new toy?

Maggie: It has a ridge thing for my clit

Alex: That doesn’t sound very enthusiastic.

Maggie: I mean...it’s still good. I just miss you

Alex: I get that. But it came with a bullet vibe, right? Why don’t you turn that on. You deserve to come hard too. Plus, I want you to get used to coming with the toy so that when I get home and you fuck me with it, I can feel you shaking and trying to wait for me to come.

Maggie: Mm fuck, Alex.

Maggie’s hips stuttered as she hit the button to turn on the vibrator. She gasped loudly, feeling more than a little grateful that she didn’t have to worry about bunkmates these days as she continued pulling and pushing at the toy, thrusting it inside herself.
Alex: God I can’t wait to have you inside me. I want your cock.

And with that, Maggie came with a sharp cry.

Maggie: Fuck. So good. Can’t wait for you to be home.

Alex: I take it you came?

Maggie: Yeah. Wish you were here.

Alex: Mm two more days, Maggie.

Maggie: I don’t know if I can wait...maybe you skip out on the last day and just come home to me?

Alex: I bet I can make it worth your wait...

Maggie: Fuck. I’m holding you to it.

Alex: Looking forward to it.

Chapter End Notes

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And now for some poetry that is so much better than anything I will ever hope to write, I bring you Adrienne Rich’s erotic poem:

Adrienne Rich, [The Floating Poem, Unnumbered]

Whatever happens with us, your body will haunt mine—tender, delicate your lovemaking, like the half-curled frond of the fiddlehead fern in forests just washed by sun. Your traveled, generous thighs between which my whole face has come and come—the innocence and wisdom of the place my tongue has found there—the live, insatiate dance of your nipples in my mouth—your touch on me, firm, protective, searching me out, your strong tongue and slender fingers reaching where I had been waiting years for you in my rose-wet cave—whatever happens, this is.
Chapter Summary

Request from ProfessionalGoof: Omg please make a supercorp edition with Lena being maggie and Kara being Alex! Also Keep up the good work!

Counterpart to the Sanvers version in Chapter 65 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24972558) - original prompts was for Sanvers making out on the couch, Maggie “accidentally” coming, and Alex desperately trying to make it happen again without Maggie noticing what she’s trying to do

Chapter Notes

Just found out I'll be working an event tomorrow until 10pm....so that follow up smut from last chapter might have to wait for the day after next. In any case, rest assured, it will return!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The clock already read 11, and Lena had sworn to herself that for once she would leave Kara’s at a reasonable hour. But she couldn’t bring herself to leave—not so early in their relationship, not when they had finally gotten over their hesitations and their anxious skirting around the possibility that they both liked one another. So when Kara pushed Lena back down onto the sofa to continue making out in a more comfortable position, Lena couldn’t quite find it in herself to say no.

Instead she reached up and curled her fingers into Kara’s hair, tugging the woman down to meet her. She tasted like the pint of chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream she had practically inhaled, and Lena couldn’t help but smile into the kiss at the memory.

“Are you laughing?” Kara pouted.

“No, dear,” Lena shook her head. “I’m just happy.”

“Oh.” Kara seemed to consider it before smiling broadly. “I always want to make you happy, Lena.”

“I know. So right now there are two things that would make me really happy.”

“Oh really?” Kara asked with a grin. “Tell me.”

“One would be getting to bed at a reasonable hour.” Kara frowned. “The other would be getting to kiss you more.”

“Well…given your history of leaving my apartment only to do more work at your home office, I think the best way to guarantee your happiness would be more kissing.”

“Mm, I think that can be arranged,” Lena murmured, already settling back into the pillows as Kara
lowered herself down to meet Lena’s lips.

Lena pulled Kara closer, flicking her lips across Kara’s to deepen the kiss. As much as she loved kissing Kara, the other woman was impossibly gentle with her, treating her like she was almost too delicate to touch. At first Lena thought it was out of a sense of propriety or perhaps anxiety about being with a woman for the first time.

But as she spent more time with Kara, she realized it was how Kara treated almost everyone, save, perhaps, for Alex, with whom she’d grown so comfortable that the right levels of strength and pressure were ingrained as instinct, coming naturally without her having to think about it, to gauge what would be too much, too painful, damaging. And Lena, well, Lena was still new, an unknown quality. So she felt Kara’s barely there touches and understood them as what they were: an attempt to be sensual and touch without daring to come near the possibility of hurting her.

So she’d started taking the lead, letting Kara feel the strength of Lena’s grip on her hips or in her hair, dragging her teeth across Kara’s lower lip, her neck, her collar bones, knowing nothing she did could ever break the Kryptonian, let alone hurt her, but wanting to show her that there was someone solid beneath her, someone who could handle a little more. And they’d talked about it, of course. Kara understood, though she remained nervous, hesitant. Which is why Lena typically took the lead when it came to all things physical, even when she could hear the need in Kara’s voice, the rasp of desire even as she pulled back.

But tonight Kara seemed a bit more reckless than usual, and Lena wanted to do everything she could to encourage it. So if she was a bit more vocal than usual, if she let her walls down and got into their make out session more than she might normally have at this stage in their relationship, who was to fault her?

When Kara’s hands gingerly skimmed over her chest—even if it was through her shirt and bra, Lena sighed, arching up into Kara’s touches as she nodded her consent at the question in Kara’s eyes. And when Kara finally dropped her lips to Lena’s neck, following the example Lena had been setting all night, Lena certainly didn’t have the heart to ask her not to leave marks. She had concealer, and fuck, did the idea of Kara losing control just a little turn her own.

As Kara nipped lightly and sucked at Lena’s neck, she dropped down to rest her weight on Lena’s chest, letting one of her thighs come to rest between Lena’s legs. Lena groaned at the slight pressure, at the knowledge of just how much force and pure muscle hid beneath those jeans. She dropped her hands to Kara’s ass to urge her closer, pull her flush against her. And then Kara seemed to let instinct take over, rolling her hips into Lena as Lena’s head fell back, exposing her neck to even more of Kara’s ministrations.

“Fuck,” Lena moaned, shaking her head before Kara could even ask to make sure she was okay, to see if she had hurt her.

But then Kara’s hips were rolling more insistently into hers, and Lena felt her whole body tensing. “Ka-, Kara,” Lena panted, trying to catch Kara’s attention before something could happen that might be much too early for Kara’s liking, even if Lena’s body was, at this point, crying out for release.

But Kara, remembering Lena’s earlier assurances that things like her name and moans and pants were good, not a sign that she should stop, just continued exactly what she was doing, smiling at the soft whimper and breathy moans spilling from Lena’s lips. Then Lena was gasping loudly, clutching at Kara as she buried her face in Kara’s neck.

“Are you okay?” Kara asked, rushing to pull back. She felt incredibly guilty, seeing the way Lena’s face was flushed a deep red, hearing her heart hammering in her chest. “Did I do too much? I’m so
“No, no,” Lena tried to reassure her but found herself somewhat out of breath.

“You don’t have to be polite, Lena. I can hear how fast your pulse is.”

Swallowing her own embarrassment, Lena closed her eyes and took a deep breath as she settled her hands on Kara’s shoulders. “You didn’t do anything wrong. You did, well, you did a lot of things right. All at once.”

Kara just tilted her head to the side as she tried to figure out what Lena meant, though she was relieved to find that at least Lena didn’t seem angry.

“I came, Kara,” Lena finally said matter-of-factly.

“Oh.” A beat, then: “Because of me?”

Laughing softly, Lena shook her head. “Yes, Kara, because of you.”

“But I…I mean, we’re just…not that it’s a bad thing!” she rushed to add, seeing the look of chagrin on Lena’s face.

“I trust you,” Lena shrugged. “I guess I let myself get a little too comfortable…”

“I mean, you should be comfortable,” Kara added, not wanting to come out and tell Lena that she really, really wanted to see her come again, to appreciate it instead of freaking out and worrying that she had done something wrong.

Lena nodded and quickly let herself be soothed by Kara’s lips, let herself fall back into their easy rhythm. But as Kara deepened the kiss, Lena noticed the way she also slipped her thigh back between Lena’s legs once more, felt Kara rolling her hips again. At first she thought Kara just wanted to get back into their rhythm, but when Kara began increasing the pressure, moving more insistently against her, Lena pulled back and smirked up at Kara.

“Can I help you?”

“What?” Kara asked, blushing a faint pink.

“Are you hoping to achieve the…same results a second time, perhaps?” Lena teased.

“Oh, um, I mean, would that be a bad thing?”

“It would not…but perhaps I’d like to get you into bed first? Or maybe we get undressed? As much fun as I’m having, I’m rather fond of this pair of underwear and would like them to remain salvageable.”

“Oh,” Kara blushed but smiled, feeling rather proud of herself for being able to do that to Lena. “I, um, I want to check in about, uh, some details…but maybe we do this again soon?”

“Are you talking about making sure you don’t hurt me?” Lena asked.

“Yeah,” Kara nodded. Looking almost pained, she cringed. “I think it means talking to Alex about it.”

Lena laughed softly. “You do have a scientist girlfriend…”
“Those are good points, Ms. Luthor.”

“Mm, very good points,” Lena corrected, drawing Kara down and kissing her deeply.

“Very, very good.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

For anyone hoping for more of Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West... here’s a letter sent from Vita to Virginia on 27 November 1926:

“My beloved Virginia, I am worried about you—I thought you were tired and depressed. What is it? were you just merely tired? I feel a brute for having let you come here. Was it just the bloody flux? I oughtn’t to have let you come. Don’t you know that there is nothing I wouldn’t do to save you a moment’s pain, annoyance, fatigue, irritation? and then I go and let you come all this way to see me! I could kick myself—Please forgive me: my only consolation is that you had the motor. My darling, I will try to make up to you for the past weekend. I would ring you up and say all this instead of writing it, but the reason why I don’t is obvious. I will dine and fetch you on Saturday. I miss you dearest. Perhaps I will see you on Monday? I’ll ring up on Monday at 2.30. I can’t get you out of my mind tonight; the corner of the sofa where you sat is haunted for me by your presence. The whole flat seems full of you—

Your
V.
Sanvers Reunion Smut

Chapter Summary

Request: Could you write Sanvers using a feeldoe for the first time? / Request for a sequel to chapter 111 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/26262246) from the biwisebrown kid, T, CoollatinB, and someone on Tumblr

Another prompt: Chapter 72 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25107483) was so hot sweet god…would you do a follow up where Maggie is very determined to get Alex to squirt for the first time maybe featuring lots of praise kink?
-This has the desired result, though it’s more of a description of the past than of the full prompt…at least for now.

A/N: I think this is actually one of my favorite chapters… I don’t know what that says about me? But also, for a chapter about double-ended dildo sex, this has a surprising amount of non-penetrative sex as well, and actually a lot of talk about preferences in bed. Also, for what was going to just be smut, it quickly turned into porn with feelings (and also a fair amount of fluff/tenderness). Anyhow, it’s late, and I leave you with it!

Chapter Notes

For your queer sex ed tip of the day: double-ended dildos, while marketed as a great way to have sex without the harness, can be really difficult to use that way! So don't beat yourself up if it's not working for you! Also, unfortunately a lot of these toys are still made with skinny users in mind, which can be more than a little frustrating for a lot of people. For recommendations on options for your body and the kind of sex you want to be having, might I recommend chatting with a salesperson before buying anything? Even if you can't go in person (or don't have things like this local...hell, I'm in a big city, and they closed down the one genuinely queer-friendly shop last year), sites like Babeland offer free, anonymous online consultations! They're salespeople, so they are trying to sell you shit, but they're helpful too!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the time Alex got home from her week-long training, it was after 9 at night, and she’d been up since 6, but she’d also spent the drive to the airport and the long ride back from the airport (because, “Maggie, the DEO is literally paying for it! Don’t worry about coming all the way out to get me”) getting worked up over Maggie’s text messages, over the promises they had made while they were away and the scenarios they’d played out in countless iterations. And oh, how she wanted them, wanted Maggie, wanted to feel hands on her body that weren’t her own, touches that weren’t hurried, rushed under the cloak of darkness and silence and military-issued sheets.

“Alex!” Maggie exclaimed, rushing to the door to help Alex with her bags, then pulling her in for a tight hug, trying to make up for the long week away. “How are you? How was the flight? The ride
Alex laughed at Maggie’s barrage of questions. “We did text the whole ride back, remember?”

“Ah, well, yeah,” Maggie admitted, rubbing at the back of her neck. “But we didn’t really talk about these types of things.”

“Mm, no, we did not. How about this: I’m fine, a little tired; the flight was fine; the ride was fine; what is more than fine is the fact that we are now together, and I would very much like to dwell for a bit longer on those promises you made me over text.”

“I think I could be amenable to that,” Maggie declared between kisses, slowly but surely stripping Alex of her layers. Her fingers pulled down the zipper on Alex’s jacket, shoving it to the ground as she murmured against Alex’s lips just how much she had missed her.

Her fingers fumbled with the buttons to Alex’s oxford as her kisses grew heated, her teeth pulling at Alex’s lower lip and drawing low moans from her. Once Maggie had shoved the shirt over Alex’s shoulders, her touches already moving lower, her fingers roaming hungrily over Alex’s chest and abs, nails dragging across heated skin, Alex pulled it the rest of the way off, letting it fall to the ground with her shirt, too deliriously happy to worry about the mess or wrinkles.

As Maggie’s hands dropped even lower, so too did her mouth. She nipped and sucked at Alex’s neck, soothing the skin with her tongue, as her fingers found the button to Alex’s pants, popping it open and pushing down the zipper, as she helped Alex to push them down, holding her tighter as Alex struggled to balance and kick them off along with her shoes.

Figuring it was about time they evened the score a bit, Alex made quick work of Maggie’s t-shirt, grinning when Maggie was left entirely naked from the chest up, now clad only in a pair of boxer shorts. Taking Alex’s hand in hers, Maggie led them over to the bed, fumbling slightly as she insisted on kissing Alex the whole way there, insisted on holding Alex’s waist, on feeling the warmth of her skin beneath her hands.

“I love you,” Maggie whispered. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Alex whispered back, her breath hot on the shell of Maggie’s ear as she pushed down the boxer shorts, feeling Maggie’s fingers pulling away the last of her own clothing as well. “God, I’ve missed you so much,” Alex sighed. As heated as the kiss had been, relaxing into the bed with Maggie, feeling the warm press of her body, the way they seemed to fit so naturally together, was almost better—this reminder that she was home, that they had made this a home together.

Catching sight of the quickly stifled yawn, Maggie chuckled softly. “How about we put off this crazy hot sex until tomorrow?”

“No!” Alex pouted. “Just give me a few minutes, okay?”

“Alright…” Maggie trailed off, not quite believing her, though she was willing to keep Alex entertained as she waited, letting her tongue trace across all the curves and dips of the woman she’d missed so much.

“Please,” Alex whimpered, her hips bucking up.

And Maggie could never say no to Alex, especially not like that. So she dropped her lips between Alex’s legs, kissing up her inner thighs before letting her tongue drag up the length of Alex’s sex, slowly parting her with every swipe of her tongue, whimpering at the taste she’d missed so much these past few days. And as much as their texting had been about rough sex and desperate touches,
right now she wanted soft, wanted to slowly bring Alex to her peak again and again with only her
mouth, wanted to hold Alex’s hips tenderly, her fingertips dancing across soft skin and hard muscles.

“This feels so nice,” Alex sighed. “Like…like home, like a hot bath after a long day.”

Maggie pulled back, laughing softly. “I’m taking that as a compliment.”

“You should,” Alex insisted. “But, um, I might not, ya know, come? I don’t know, I feel like I’m
just a little exhausted from the flight and all. But you feel amazing!”

“That’s okay, Alex. It’s always okay. Do you want me to stop?”

“Do you want to stop?”

“Alex, I would spend days going down on you. It’s what you want.”

“Maybe a few more minutes? Then you cuddle me?” She rushed to add: “Unless you want
something! I mean, I could help? Or you could, ya know, touch yourself. I know you were probably
expecting sex…”

“Hey, Alex?” Maggie said, pulling herself up onto her knees. “It doesn’t matter if I was expecting
sex. It doesn’t matter that we’re having sex. What matters is what you feel up to and what you want
to do. I’m perfectly happy curling up with my girlfriend, whom I have missed very much this past
week, and going to bed right now. Or in a few minutes,” she added, smiling softly up at Alex.


Maggie slowly dropped back down to her stomach, returning her attention to Alex’s pussy, tracing
gentle, teasing patterns between her folds, dragging her tongue softly up and around her clit. And
then Alex was moaning contentedly and reaching down, drawing Maggie back up, kissing her and
tasting herself. “Snuggle?”

“Of course.” Maggie quickly turned off the lights before pulling the blanket up and over them,
curling herself around Alex’s back, and draping an arm protectively across Alex’s waist. “Night,
Alex.”

“Night, Maggie,” Alex yawned back.

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The next morning, though, after a long night’s sleep and a breakfast prepared and delivered to bed by
a one Maggie Sawyer, Alex was very much awake and very much aware of the insistent throbbing
between her legs that had returned after a night’s worth of dreams about all the things she had talked
about with Maggie during her week away.

“Hey,” Alex murmured as she straddled Maggie’s lap, gently prying the book she was reading out of
her hands and trailing hot kisses up and down her neck.

“Now, what ever could you want, Danvers?” Maggie asked, laughing softly.

“You.”

“Mm, I think I like the sound of that.”

“Would you, uh,” Alex paused, trying to get back the same nerve she had over text: “Would you
wear the new dick for me?”
Maggie let out a low whimper and nodded. But before she reached into their drawer, she turned back, wringing her hands together. “I, um, it’s a little big…if, maybe, if you could help me get wet enough?”

“Of course,” Alex nodded, hoping she had never done anything to make Maggie feel like this was some big ask, some demand she wouldn’t be willing to meet. She knew and understood that Maggie didn’t always like or want penetration, that she loved fucking Alex, but often got off more on the friction and pressure of the toy than she would getting her own turn on the other end.

Of course, there were days when she came home and asked for it in that gravelly, low voice that made Alex’s brain short-circuit. And Alex was always more than happy to oblige. But she was just as happy on the days when Maggie just wanted Alex’s fingers on her clit or Alex’s tongue hot against her. Because, god, she could spend hours down there and never get tired of the thrill of it, the thrill of hearing Maggie gasp and moan out her name, of tasting Maggie getting wetter and wetter under her touch, of feeling Maggie’s fingers curling into her hair and holding her tight as she came.

And then Alex found she really needed that right now. So she pulled Maggie back to the bed, helped her pull off the boxer shorts once more. Kneeling between her legs, Alex looked up at Maggie: “Is this okay?”

“Fuck, yes,” Maggie moaned, her head hitting the pillows at the first drag of Alex’s tongue hot and hard against her. “You’re so good,” Maggie whimpered as Alex worked her up, teasing at her entrance and flicking up and around her clit. She knew that she had missed Alex, but she hadn’t dwelled primarily on how much she missed this kind of intimacy. They had texted daily and worked each other up to the point of release almost nightly, but this—being here, with Alex—was so much different, so much better.

Hearing the soft whimpers Alex let out, feeling the way Alex’s hands grabbed at her hips and pulled her closer, desperate for more—those weren’t things she could quite get over text, no matter how much she tried to pull from memory. As Alex swirled her tongue more and more insistently around Maggie’s clit, Maggie came with a gasp, letting herself be brought back down by Alex’s careful ministrations.

“You taste so good,” Alex rasped as she pulled herself back up the bed, letting her thigh drop between Maggie’s legs as she straddled her thigh. “I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too,” Maggie whispered back, whimpering softly as Alex’s lips found hers and her thigh pressed more firmly against Maggie. “Did you want to get the toy?”

“Mm, I think I want you just a little more worked up,” Alex teased, rolling her hips into Maggie’s and gasping as Maggie pressed her own thigh up against Alex.

“Two can play that game,” Maggie said as she rolled them over so that she was on top, quickly resuming their actions as her mouth dropped to Alex’s neck.

“You feel so good,” Alex panted, feeling herself getting closer and closer to the edge she felt like she’d been straddling ever since she knelt between Maggie’s legs. She dropped her hands to Maggie’s ass, pulling her closer with every thrust. She could feel how close Maggie was when her thrusts became more and more erratic, her movements almost frantic as she rutted against Alex’s thigh.

“Together?” Maggie asked, looking both hopeful and a little desperate as she tried to stave off what increasingly felt like the inevitable.
Alex wanted to say yes, wanted to be able to clutch and claw at Maggie as they came together, but she also knew she needed a little more today, desperately wanted Maggie inside of her. So she shook her head, but reassured her: “I want to see you come. Please?”

Never one to say no to Alex, especially when her pupils were blown like that, her cheeks and chest flushed, her nails biting into the skin of Maggie’s ass, Maggie just nodded, managing a strangled “yes” before she felt herself falling over the edge, collapsing into Alex’s chest as she left a streak of arousal all across Alex’s thigh.

“One minute,” Maggie panted. “Then the toy.”

Alex smiled and nodded, stroking her fingers through Maggie’s hair as she caught her breath, let her body cool down for a moment before she got up and found their new double-ended dildo.

“Can I?” Alex asked, motioning to the lube.

Maggie nodded, watching as Alex applied a generous amount of lube to Maggie’s end, then carefully worked it inside of her, checking in and giving Maggie a few moments to adjust to it, to get used to the feeling once more.

“You look really fucking hot,” Alex noted. She remembered Maggie saying they’d still probably want to use a harness at least sometimes, but she loved being able to still see all of Maggie, to have full and easy access to every inch of her girlfriend. “Do you want anything first?”

Maggie shook her head. “Maybe another time, but right now…I really, really want to fuck you.”

Whimpering, Alex grabbed the lube for her own end. “How do you want me?”

“Angle wise, it probably works best if you’re on your back,” Maggie suggested. “And we have the vibrator and everything, so hopefully it’s still good?”

“That works.” Alex kissed Maggie softly, rolling over onto her back and throwing a pillow under her hips. Once Maggie had positioned herself over her, Alex helped to guide her in, moaning at the more forgiving feel of the vixskin, imagining all the ways they could put this to good use, how hard Maggie could fuck her without fear of hurting her when she couldn’t feel with her own hands…

Maggie grinned as she began pumping in and out of Alex, watching Alex’s eyes grew wide when the angles seemed just right. Maggie moaned loudly when Alex wrapped her legs around Maggie’s waist, drawing her in deeper, urging her closer, harder. Maggie was more than happy to oblige, driving her hips forward and gasping as every clench of Alex’s pussy around the toy created a delicious friction for her.

“Do you want me to turn on the vibrator?” Maggie asked, knowing Alex didn’t always have the easiest of times coming on her back.

“Please,” Alex panted, even though she suspected she might have been just fine coming this way, might have come hard with the press of Maggie against her, soft expanses of skin all visible and touchable.

As the vibrator rumbled to life and Maggie slipped it into the toy, Alex gasped, feeling herself clenching around it. “You feel so good,” Alex gasped, holding Maggie tight.

“Fuck, so good,” Maggie agreed, thrusting desperately into Alex, needing more, faster. She grunted with every press of the toy against her clit, the drag of her own end inside of her, the vibrations sending waves of pleasure through her whole body. “I don’t think, don’t think I can last,” Maggie
panted, feeling a little guilty. After all, she’d already come twice now, and Alex was still left hanging, even if she’d only be left for a minute or two longer while Maggie got back in the rhythm.

“So close,” Alex whimpered. “Harder.”

So Maggie held on and drove her hips and her cock harder into Alex, tangling one hand in Alex’s hair as she pulled her head back to expose her neck, licking and sucking up and down the length of it. And then Alex was crying out, her hips stuttering against Maggie’s as she came hard—harder than she had in a long time.

The sound and sight and feeling of Alex coming beneath her was too much for Maggie, pushing her right to the edge herself as her whole body seemed to arch, her muscles all tensing until the vibrations finally nudged her over, and she came with a sharp gasp, collapsing down into Alex’s chest as she fumbled with the now rather wet toy, pulling the vibrator out to give them both a moment’s rest. As she carefully slid out of Alex, she noticed the large wet spot beneath them, noticed the way the toy dripped with arousal on Alex’s end.

“Fuck,” Maggie exhaled.

“What?” Alex mumbled, looking far too blissed out to be bothered to look.

“You came.”

“No shit, babe,” Alex laughed. “Did all those orgasms leave you a little dazed?”

“No, no, no,” Maggie shook her head. “Like, you came the way I did on our kitchen table.”

That got Alex’s attention as she quickly pulled herself up, looking down at a spot that definitely hadn’t been there when they began. “Huh, look at that.”

Maggie looked immensely pleased with herself. It wasn’t like she’d felt inadequate not being able to pull that kind of reaction from Alex, but she’d definitely wanted it, had tried hooking her fingers in different ways, fucking Alex from different angles—all to no avail (well, quite a few orgasms, but still no squirting)—until now.

“Now, are we going for another round, or are we cuddling?” Alex asked.

“Both are so tempting…”

“Mm, then how about you show me how you jerked off with your cock while I was away?” Alex suggested, motioning to the toy and hoping it didn’t sound too dirty.

“You sure?” Maggie asked, her voice cracking slightly at the thought that this might be something Alex wanted to see, wanted to watch her do, wanted to turn into something for them.

Thinking back to Maggie’s descriptions, to the way those texts had made her desperate enough to come against her hand on more than one night that week, Alex nodded quickly: “Please.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
I'll leave you with another erotic poem:

"Recreation," Audre Lorde

Coming together
it is easier to work
after our bodies
meet
paper and pen
neither care nor profit
whether we write or not
but as your body moves
under my hands
charged and waiting
we cut the leash
you create me against your thighs
hilly with images
moving through our word countries
my body
writes into your flesh
the poem
you make of me.

Touching you I catch midnight
as moon fires set in my throat
I love you flesh into blossom
I made you
and take you made
into me.
NB!Sawyer and the Superfriends Family

Chapter Summary

So... I might have a prompt for NB!Sawyer. I'd like to see something between them and Space Dad. I mean, Green Martians are shapeshifters and I'd potentially see a genderfluid!J'onzz. IN short... Space Parent and their Space Kids. -An agender pal

Sawyer Prompt: Alex introducing Sawyer to the superfriends and them (respectfully) asking questions and getting to know Sawyer and then maybe good hangout times? Thanks!

A/N: Because Space Parent is the only dad figure this show needs. And I have so many thoughts on that scene we’re all wondering about. But I won’t be spelling them out here.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Alex got back from the store with the wine she’d promised to bring over to Kara’s, she found Sawyer pacing around the apartment. “Hey, are you okay?”

“I, um, I am, I think. Just, what if your friends don’t like me? What if they think I’m not good enough for you or too…I don’t know, you know?” Looking frustrated with their inability to voice their own fears, Sawyer shuffled their feet, scuffing at the tile with their toes.

Alex strode across the apartment, putting the wine down so that she had both arms free. She reached out, waiting for Sawyer to take her hand, to tell her it was okay to touch them right now. They did, letting themselves be guided over to the couch. “I promise they’re good people. I mean, sure, like everyone they’ve got their quirks, but I know they’ll like you.”

“How? How can you know that?” The fact that their own family couldn’t be bothered to like or love or even support them weighed heavily on them. If someone everyone expected to love them couldn’t, wouldn’t, who was to say these strangers would think any higher of them?

“Because you make me happy,” Alex answered as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“Well, okay, maybe,” Sawyer shrugged.

“No, definitely,” Alex interjected. “Trust me: they’ve seen me in relationships and flings that didn’t last, with people who didn’t make me happy. I know the difference, and so will they.”

“Fine,” Sawyer conceded, though, unbidden, their mouth quirked up in a smile at the knowledge that Alex really was happy with them. “But do you think, do you think they’ll, ya know, be okay about…everything about me?”

“Yeah, I think they will. They’re an…eclectic bunch. Winn sometimes has no filter and might ask questions, but either you can tell him off or nudge me, and I’ll threaten him for you.”

“No! I don’t want to, no threatening…not on my account.”
“Oh,” Alex shrugged, “it happens on a daily basis, so it really wouldn’t be something new.”

“You’re really special, Danvers,” Sawyer laughed.

“And you make me feel it,” Alex added, placing a soft kiss just to the side of Sawyer’s mouth.

“You’re also a big sap,” Sawyer added, letting their lips meet Alex’s.

“Ah, but if you tell them that, then I might have to threaten you…”

“Mm, now would these threats be of an…adult nature?”

“I think you’d enjoy that too much.”

“Maybe,” Sawyer shrugged, “but that’s for me to know and you to find out.”

Alex laughed and shook her head. “You’re a dork. Anyway, want to go over who will be there tonight?” Alex asked, knowing Sawyer often felt more comfortable going into a space if they had all of the details in advance.

“Yeah,” they nodded. “Thanks.”

“Of course. Alright, well, first up is obviously Kara. You already know her—duh.”

“Yes, how could I forget?” Sawyer chuckled. They’d met the woman both as Kara and as Supergirl, and it hadn’t taken too long to put the pieces together after watching both versions interact with Alex. Of course, they’d sworn never to tell anyone, but Alex assured them that tonight would be fine, since everyone there already knew.

“Hard to forget our own little glowing ball of sunshine,” Alex admitted. “Then there are Winn and James. Winn works with me and acts like a total little brother. He’s a big nerd, loves all things sci-fi and superhero-related. I think he’d probably give up a lot of his prized action figures for a chance at a date with Superman…”

“Oh, so Winn is also queer?”

“Eh, I kind of assume so? But he hasn’t really said. He definitely pined after Kara for a while, but now he sure seems to have it bad for James.”

“And he is…?”

“Acting CEO of CatCo. Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist. Kara’s ex. Old running buddy of Superman’s. Winn’s best friend.”

“Wow. That’s…a lot,” Sawyer laughed. “He sounds cool, though.”

“Yeah, he’s a good guy,” Alex admitted. Sure, she’d been ready to give him the shovel talk to end all shovel talks when he had gotten together with Kara, but she did think they worked well together, even if Kara decided they were better off as friends, that she needed some time to be single, to figure out who she was as Kara and as Supergirl on her own.

“Anyone else?” they asked, figuring with a group this small they would definitely be able to keep track of the names.

“Lucy and Vasquez will be coming late. They’re dating, have been for about half a year now, maybe longer? They were really quiet about it when they first got together, since they work together, and
technically Lucy is Vasquez’s boss, but they worked it out with HR so that Vas can report to someone else.”

“Do they work with you?”

“Oh, yeah! They’re down at the desert base, which is where I was before I came to the downtown location. I don’t miss the bats and the commute, but I do miss seeing some of those guys every day.”

“I, for one, am glad you switched bases. Otherwise we might never have met.”

“Very smooth, Sawyer,” Alex laughed. “Anyway, otherwise it’s just J’onn left. M’gann and Lena were both busy tonight with work stuff.” Having been cleared to tell Sawyer the truth about J’onn’s identity since they already knew about Kara, Alex continued. “J’onn is the Director of the DEO, but he’s also very much like, I don’t know, a parent to me. He’s also, and he told me I could tell you, so don’t worry, a Green Martian.”

“Wow,” Sawyer exhaled. “Are there a lot of Green Martians here?”

“No,” Alex shook her head, looking somber. “He, uh, we believe he’s the only one. On Mars, there was a war, genocide really. The White Martians, they exterminated almost all of the Green Martians, threw them in camps, everything.”

Sawyer cursed, shaking their head, trying to wrap their mind around all the death and destruction done in the name of difference. “Are the White Martians at least still on Mars? They didn’t come here?”

“There are some here, but we’ve captured many of them. M’Gann, though, she’s a good one. She turned traitor to her own race, killed a few to let a family of Green Martians escape the camps. They called for her death, so she ran, escaped to Earth. She and J’onn had some…difficulties. But now they’re good, together even.”

“Wow.” The amount of forgiveness that would take, the depth of empathy for someone who had been more than complicit in your own race’s imprisonment and extermination, was almost more than they could fathom.

“Yeah. But, uh, we probably won’t talk about any of that.”

“No, no, of course not!”

“Yeah. Anyway, Martians are shape-shifters, so he takes on the form of Hank Henshaw, who was the old, really xenophobic Director of the DEO. He’s gotten pretty used to that role at this point, though more and more he’s felt comfortable in his Martian form too.”

“Very cool.”

“Mhm, now, do you feel good about going? Or do you need a little more time?”

“I feel good,” Sawyer answered, and they meant it. The nerves would never fully go away until the night was over, until they’d met the friends a few times and really begun to believe that they liked them, that they thought they were good enough for Alex. But it was a start.

“Then let’s go,” Alex grinned, holding out a hand for Sawyer. “You get the wine, I’ll get the keys?”

“Got it!”
“Sawyer! It’s so good to see you,” Kara squealed, throwing her arms around them and pulling them into a very tight hug.

“You too, Kara,” Sawyer laughed, a little breathless. Kara had been a bit standoffish at first, worried about this new person’s intentions with her big sister, but once she’d seen them out in the field, had seen the way they dove to protect Alex, took orders and gave them in turn, always thinking strategically, trying to protect everyone and apprehend criminals and aliens with minimal amounts of force, Kara had quickly come around. And then it was like a complete 180 as she began doling out physical affection freely after checking with Sawyer that they were okay with it. So now a bone-creaking hug just felt like a greeting.

As Alex stopped to chat with Kara, Sawyer walked into the kitchen to drop off the wine, finding two men in there talking to each other. The taller one had clearly made some joke that had the other laughing a little too loudly, touching the taller one’s arm in what seemed maybe a little more than friendly. “Hey, are you two Winn and James?” they asked, hoping they weren’t wrong.

“That we are,” Winn declared, almost bouncing as he spun around to regard the newcomer. “And you must be Sawyer.”

“I am,” Sawyer confirmed.

“It’s really nice to meet you,” James added. “I’m James, and this here is Winn.” Winn waved in greeting. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“Oh, uh, yeah? Alex picked up some wine if you want to open a bottle of red.”

“Sounds great,” James agreed, plucking a bottle from the bag on the counter and grabbing a corkscrew from one of the drawers. “So, how did you and Alex meet?”

“At a crime scene,” Sawyer admitted.

“Oh man, yes!” Winn looked delighted. “I almost forgot how damn lovestruck Alex was from day one!”

“What are you talking about, Schott?” Alex growled, putting an arm protectively around Sawyer’s shoulders as they pulled her close.

“Just thinking back to that first day you met Sawyer here…” Winn mused.

“When the President was attacked?”

“Mhm, but that wasn’t the only thing that got your attention. Hell, I think you were barely even thinking about Madam President,” Winn teased, loving how frustrated Alex looked.

“I think that’s enough,” Alex said, her tone sharp.

“Oh, I think I might like to hear,” Sawyer laughed, “especially if it has to do with me.”

“Well, she gets back to the precinct and comes down to my area to bother me.”

“Like you don’t do it to Kara all the time,” Alex grumbled.

“Anyway!” Winn continued, “So she comes into my office so distracted, and she wheels over to me, asks if I can pull up this cop’s record.”
Sawyer side-eyed Alex. “Not an abuse of power at all…”

“It’s, no! I just, I needed to make sure you were safe and all, couldn’t be working with a dirty cop!” Alex spluttered.

“Don’t worry, I reminded her you were a detective,” Winn added with a wink. “But then we get your picture—very J-Biebs meets Ellen meets Zac Efron in High School Musical hairstyle you had going back then, by the way—and she just sits there staring, like total schoolgirl crush-style swooning.”

At this point, Alex was flushed a deep red, James was doubled over laughing, and Sawyer was smirking, feeling like maybe these people wouldn’t be so bad, maybe they’d already gotten to know them through Alex’s stories, maybe they already accepted them even.

“Then, oh god, then you called her! And I don’t know what you said, but damn if she wasn’t a stuttering mess! She was bright pink and flustered and all: ‘shut up, Schott!’ And I totally called that it was a date.”

“It wasn’t a date,” Alex protested.

“It actually wasn’t,” Sawyer confirmed.

“Wow,” James mused, “that makes it even better. Badass Agent Danvers gets flustered over a totally platonic coworker meeting.”

“Fuck off,” Alex grumbled, though the small, poorly concealed smile on her face made it clear that she wasn’t really mad.

A knock from the door pulled them out of their thoughts and Kara, who had been busy ordering enough food for all of them, rushed to open it. “J’onn! Come on in!”

“Kara,” he greeted her, pulling her in with one arm for a hug before making his way into the kitchen where James and Sawyer had gotten to talking about their years in other cities, about the time they’d spent with superheroes and vigilantes in Metropolis and Gotham, respectively.

“Hey, J’onn,” James waved. Figuring since Alex had gone over to help Kara get all of their dinner orders placed, Sawyer could use an introduction, he added, “This is Sawyer, Alex’s partner. Sawyer, this is J’onn.”

“Nice to meet you, sir.” Sawyer extended a hand, which J’onn took, shaking it and looking at them with an affectionate smile.

“You as well, though you can drop the sir. J’onn is just fine.”

“Thank you…J’onn,” Sawyer added.

“So, tell me, how are you enjoying meeting the…superfriends, I believe is what they call themselves?”

“It’s good,” Sawyer answered quickly, “They’re fun.”

“And they’ve been good to you? I know how it can be…integrating into new groups.”

“Oh, yeah, no, they’re great.”

“Good, good. Now, I see you’ve got a glass of something—want to help me pick a drink?”
“Sure,” they nodded, feeling like somehow this was progress, that this felt a little bit like approval.

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About half an hour later, Lucy and Vasquez showed up, and Sawyer chuckled as Lucy just about launched herself at Kara and Alex. “It’s been too long!” she exclaimed when she finally pulled back. “You’ve left us to suffer out at the desert base,” she added, flinging a hand dramatically over her forehead.

“Excuse me,” Kara protested, “but you have a standing invitation here! I believe you two have been the ones nesting at the new apartment and ignoring us.”

“Yeah, well, it’s hard to leave when you’ve got someone who looks like that at home,” Lucy added, winking over her shoulder at Vasquez, who promptly blushed and cleared her throat. “Plus, from what I’ve heard, Danvers hasn’t exactly been leaving her apartment much either, if you catch my drift.”

Alex blushed and lightly punched at Lucy’s arm, while Kara rolled her eyes and Sawyer flushed, looking uncertain about how to react.

“Speaking of,” Alex mused, figuring now was as good a time as any to get Lucy’s embarrassing comments about her out of the way, “Lucy and Vasquez, this is Sawyer, my partner.”

“Nice to meet you,” Sawyer added with a small wave, walking over to stand beside Alex, leaning against her to draw a bit of strength, a bit of courage.

“Well, aren’t you handsome,” Lucy winked. “Almost as hot as Vas here.”

Vasquez and Sawyer both stood there awkwardly, neither of them sure how to respond to it.

“Awkward comments out of the way, Luce?” Alex asked.

“Awkward is a state of mind, Danvers. I can’t help that it’s always yours.”

“Shut up,” Alex sighed, laughing good-naturedly.

While Alex and Lucy teased each other, Vasquez extended a hand. “Nice to formally meet you. Sorry about Lucy. I promise she means well!”

Sawyer chuckled, “I believe you. It’s just, you know, being new…wouldn’t want to joke back and say the wrong thing.”

“Trust me, I get it. I still feel a little new myself sometimes.” She began walking over to the relatively empty corner of the living room, gesturing for Sawyer to follow.

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah, I mean, I worked with Kara and Alex for a while, then Winn, but Alex is…a little intense at work? Very focused. So it wasn’t like we became instant besties. Then Kara is just, well, she’s friendly with everyone,” Vasquez laughed. “So I didn’t really know if it meant anything when she was nice to me. Not that it’s not genuine! It’s just, you know? There’s a difference between being friendly and actually wanting to be friends,” she rambled.

“I’ve got it, don’t worry,” Sawyer assured her, feeling more and more like they could get along quite well. “So, uh, I just want to ask to make sure I’m not fucking something up, but what pronouns do you use?”
“She/her. I’m on the butchier side, but for me female pronouns still feel right. Thanks for asking, though,” Vasquez replied.

“Of course,” Sawyer nodded.

“Alex mentioned you use they/them. And Sawyer is good?”

“Yeah,” Sawyer nodded, grateful to have such a thoughtful girlfriend who would remember to tell her friends in advance, to make sure that there would be no awkwardness, no need to introduce themselves again and again to each new person to enter the room.


While they were chatting, Lucy’s voice suddenly rang out: “Vas! Kara ordered food from, like, 12 different places, and only half of them deliver. Want to come help pick shit up?”

Shooting an apologetic glance Sawyer’s way, Vasquez nodded and stood up: “Coming, dear.”

J’onn chimed in: “Since I didn’t drive, perhaps Sawyer and I can stay here together to wait for the food?”

“Sounds good,” Kara nodded. “Thanks!”

Alex walked quickly over to Sawyer. “You okay with that? I think he just wants a chance to get to know you better.”

“Uhm, sure?” they agreed, figuring it was best to get whatever parent talk was coming out of the way.

“Call me if you need anything—I promise, I’ll be back before you know it.” And then, with a quick kiss, Alex was gone, leaving them alone with J’onn.

“I hope you don’t mind,” J’onn said, stepping forward. “I just thought it might be nice to talk without the…rowdiness that sometimes comes with the whole group of them.”

“Right, yeah, sure,” Sawyer nodded.

“Please, relax. I don’t want you to feel like, this isn’t an interrogation, I promise. I just wanted to get to know the person who’s made my Alex so happy.”

Sawyer let themselves be guided over to the couch. They talked with J’onn about work and about the cases they’d collaborated on with the DEO. J’onn told them about how he first got involved with the DEO, about some of the years he’d spent in isolation, about his first times out among humans.

“So, what about your family and friends—have you forced Alex to do the whole meet the family thing as well?” J’onn asked.

“Oh, uh, not really. I mean, she got to meet my friends from the precinct. And I have a few friends from Gotham coming to visit next week, so she’ll get a bit of it then, I’m sure,” Sawyer laughed.

“That should be fun for her,” J’onn laughed, leaving it to Sawyer to say—or not say—anything about their family.

“Mhm. Yeah, but at least she doesn’t need to do the whole meet the parents thing, right?” they shrugged. At this point, it was just easier to turn it into something offhand, something that didn’t cut deeply any time they dwelt on it for too long.
Having caught enough of some of Sawyer’s louder thoughts to catch the gist of it, J’onn took a deep breath. “Their loss. They haven’t gotten to know a truly wonderful person.”

Sawyer made a noncommittal noise, not looking up.

“I hope you know, well, I know that we just met, but if you ever need anyone, I’m always here.”

Sawyer choked back a sob that would have been far too much, too early. “I guess that’s why they call you Space Dad, huh?”

“Probably,” J’onn chuckled. “Though I could just as easily be Space Mom or Space Parent.”

“Oh. Alex did say you were a shapeshifter.”

“That’s true,” J’onn confirmed, quickly transforming into a middle-aged white woman that he sometimes took on the form of when he needed to pass unnoticed, then changed back into his Hank Henshaw body. “Being a race of spaceshifters, we didn’t have the same kinds of binaries that this planet does. Many of us felt most comfortable in one form, but it was something of a process—you found yourself over time, rather than being told what you were from the day of your birth.”

“That’s beautiful.”

“We had our own problems,” J’onn admitted. “But there is a certain freedom in the fluidity. I might have lived as a cis-man for years now, but it certainly hasn’t always been this way. I’m just as comfortable in other bodies, in other genders, in those beautiful spaces in between.”

“Yeah? So do you, um, do you identify as nonbinary too?” Sawyer asked, trying not to look overly hopeful.

“I think, of the English words for it, genderfluid would probably come closest,” J’onn shrugged, “though for now, I’m still working on letting myself feel comfortable in my Martian form once more.”

“If you want to, you know, I mean, feel free,” they added, not wanting to pressure J’onn but also wanting him to feel comfortable around them.

With a smile and a wink, Hank Henshaw dissolved in front of Sawyer as a taller form emerged with green skin and what almost looked like armor on. “Wow.”

“Thank you,” J’onn chuckled. “It feels great.” And he stayed like that for the rest of the time they spent together, save for when they needed to get the delivery (“Since it’s not Halloween, I probably shouldn’t…”).

By the time everyone trickled in from the various restaurants across town to which they’d been sent, Sawyer felt much, much more comfortable—so comfortable that they were even able to joke back and forth with Lucy over dinner, making Alex smile broadly and whisper to them about how proud she was, about how happy it made her to see Sawyer happy and accepted with her friends.

With the sheer amount of food they’d ordered, the whole group ended up staying quite late, playing board games and charades and a rousing game of Twister (which was totally not fair to play with a Kryptonian and was the point at which J’onn decided he could probably leave) as they worked up an appetite over and over again.

As the clock neared midnight, Alex finally gave in. “I love you all, but I’m exhausted. And I think it’s about time Sawyer and I turn in for the night.” Sawyer even managed a wink along with their
blush at the catcalls and lewd comments directed at them (mainly from Lucy), though they let Alex take the responsibility of flipping Lucy off over her shoulder as they headed for the door.

“Night!” Kara yelled. “You better both show up to next week’s game night, got it?”

“Absolutely,” Sawyer nodded, suspecting next week would be less nerve-wracking, and the weeks after that, well, everyone might start feeling a lot like family.

Chapter End Notes

In 2000 Anne Fausto-Sterling, molecular biologist and social activist, published Sexing the Body, which interrogated the supposedly “objective” ground upon which science seems to rest. She reflects poignantly on the way the different communities with which she interacts seem to clash: “[A]s a biologist, I believe in the material world. As a scientist, I believe in building specific knowledge by conducting experiments. But as a feminist Witness (in the Quaker sense of the word) and in recent years as a historian, I also believe that what we call ‘facts’ about the living world are not universal truths. Rather, as [Donna] Haraway writes, they ‘are rooted in specific histories, practices, languages and peoples’” (7). Specifically, Fausto-Sterling focuses on the question of sex, rather than gender, a more common “hot topic” among feminist scholars. At its most basic, she argues, “A body’s sex is simply too complex. There is no either/or. Rather, there are shades of difference” (4).

Without dismissing the very real work that was done by second-wave feminists, she interrogates things they left unexamined. For the most part this group of “[f]eminists did not question the realm of physical sex; it was the psychological and cultural meanings of these differences—gender—that was at issue…In ceding the territory of physical sex, feminists left themselves open to renewed attack on the grounds of biological difference. Indeed, feminism has encountered massive resistance from the domains of biology, medicine, and significant components of social science” (4). Here we might think of claims to the “natural” physical superiority of men’s bodies when it comes to things like strength training or the qualities social scientists have been allowed to ascribe to gendered personas that they then use to explain phenomena like the predominance of men in politics and leadership positions. Of course, she is still “deeply committed to the ideas of the modern movements of gay and women’s liberation, which argue that the way we traditionally conceptualize gender and sexual identity narrows life’s possibilities while perpetuating gender inequality,” but she also wants to bring sex back into the equation, suggesting that “[i]n order to shift the politics of the body, one must change the politics of science itself” (8).

Fausto-Sterling wants us to think critically about science—a position that has been taken seriously in recent works in critical theory. As much as she trusts in science and finds her life’s work in the field of biology, she also understands that “our beliefs about gender affect what kinds of knowledge scientists produce about sex in the first place” (3). Here, we might consider the ways in which scientists described reproduction for ages: the sperm were active, were fast, were fertile and mobile, seeking out the inert egg, which simply waited for fertilization to happen to it. This prevailing notion actually harmed research, making it more difficult to think about the process of fertilization and infertility treatments for decades. Because the egg isn’t passive; it’s actually much more active than the sperm, which travel at comparatively slow speeds and can’t make it very
far at all. But because scientists allowed themselves to be influenced subconsciously by popular ideas about gender roles, about male activity and female passivity (the same way we too often talk about the act of heterosexual intercourse), they talked about fertilization in the same way.

And sex and gender certainly aren’t the first places we’ve seen ideology bias supposedly neutral scientific views. As Fausto-Sterling describes, “Ever since the field of biology emerged in the United States and Europe at the start of the nineteenth century, it has been bound up in debates over sexual, racial, and national politics. And as our social viewpoints have shifted, so has the science of the body” (7). She gestures obliquely here to something like the racist eugenics debates of the nineteenth century or more generally toward the new realm of disciplinary bio-power Foucault discusses in The History of Sexuality, Vol. 1.

Ultimately, she argues, we still need a conception of the material. But we must understand that “the idea of the material comes to us already tainted, containing within it preexisting ideas about sexual difference” (23). Because “if viewpoints about sex and sexuality are already embedded in our philosophical concepts of how matter forms into bodies, the matter of bodies cannot form a neutral, pre-existing ground from which to understand the origins of sexual difference” (22). At the end of the day, “[o]ur bodies are too complex to provide clear-cut answers about sexual difference. The more we look for a simple physical basis for ‘sex,’ the more it becomes clear that ‘sex’ is not a pure physical category. What bodily signals and functions we define as male or female come already entangled in our ideas about gender” (4)
Sanvers Soft Smut

Chapter Summary

Would you write a chapter like your sanversweek intimacy fic where roles are reversed? Maybe Maggie gets home after a really bad day and she's down on herself and doesn't want to talk about it so Alex does everything she can to love her and show her by worshipping her and reminds her of all the reasons she's valued and loved bc I feel like Maggie sometimes feels like she still waits for the other shoe to drop and Alex to leave but yeah lol it's soft and sweet and passionate and warm
A/N: Refers to Chapter 73 - http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25118166 and is also all non-penetrative sex for those who have been asking for more of that

Chapter Notes

Ah…another morning, another bout with the “occ” fandom troll who was so disappointed to see a chapter with a version of a character they just couldn’t find it in themselves to jack off to (“To Occ, cant stand it, sorry I love your writing but you seem only good at smut, you cant write characters.”). It’d be cool if this fandom could be less toxic than a CW romance plot…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex muttered a few choice curses under her breath as she heard the door creak open. Desperately fanning the black smoke out the window, Alex yelled: “Be there in just a second!”

Only, there was no call back. There was hardly even noise at all, save for the faint sounds of a jacket being shrugged off and shoes being kicked to the side. There were no teasing remarks about the rather…distinctive smell that still hung in the air and clung to the walls after the first attempt at making that damn vegan meatloaf Maggie mentioned liking. There wasn’t even a tired: “Hey, babe.”

“Maggie?” Alex made her way out toward the door, abandoning her attempts at getting the smoke out, figuring the open windows would do as good of a job as she could now that the smoke alarm wasn’t a concern anymore. “Hey, what’s going on?”

“Oh, sorry,” Maggie mumbled. “I didn’t want to bother you.”

“You’re not bothering me. Please, I could use a distraction,” she laughed looking over her shoulder at the kitchen.

“Do you want me to call Kara for you?”

“What? Why?”

“So that you have someone to help cheer you up or hang out with you?”
“I have you home. I promise, this is all I need.” Alex looked more closely at Maggie, took in the slump to her shoulders, the way the skin around her eyes didn’t crinkle when she smiled. “Mags, what’s going on? Did something happen at work today?”

Maggie shrugged. “I don’t—you’re busy, okay? It’s fine.”

“Whatever it is, you can tell me. C’mon, you always let me vent after a bad day, and there’s nothing that makes me feel better than having you there to listen and tell me it wasn’t my fault and rub my back.”

“But that’s different.”

“How?”

“Because…I don’t know. Of course I’d be there for you. But I don’t want you to feel obligated to do the same.” She couldn’t find words to tell Alex that she deserved everything, that anyone would be willing to give it to her. But when it came to Maggie? She was hard to love, hard to like, even. She didn’t need to scare Alex off by requiring too much, by dumping every mistake she’d ever made on her.

But Alex knew—Alex always knew. “C’mere,” Alex murmured, extending a hand and waiting for Maggie to take it.

“But dinner?”

“Oh it’s so far past ruined,” Alex laughed. “What do you want?”

“You choose.”

“No,” Alex shook her head. “I want you to pick something you want.”

“Why?”

“Because I love you and want to see you happy,” Alex answered, trying to figure out why Maggie didn’t see that as abundantly clear. With a slightly guilty look, she added: “Also because I set another one of your pans on fire.”

Maggie chuckled at that. “Fair enough. What about Thai?”

“Mm, sounds delicious! I’ll call in the order while you change into something more comfortable. Then I want you to tell me all about your day, okay? I promise I want to hear.”

When Alex got back, Maggie was curled up in bed wearing her comfiest flannel shirt and boxers. She quickly joined her fiancée in bed, curling into her side and dropping her head to her shoulder. She stroked Maggie’s hair and rubbed at Maggie’s back as Maggie told her about her day.

And Maggie found, despite her earlier suspicious, that Alex’s words helped. She found that Alex seemed genuine in her assessments, that she was able to see things Maggie was too close to see, to point out other factors that led to a conviction falling through, to a suspect getting away—things that were far outside of Maggie’s control.

“So you don’t think it’s all my fault?”

“No, I really don’t,” Alex insisted. “I told you one of the first times we hung out that I thought you were a great cop, and I still believe it. Now I know it for sure.”
“Detective,” Maggie corrected, grinning at Alex.

“Mm, yes, my very sexy detective. Who made detective when she was still in her mid-20s because she’s so driven and so hard-working and so brilliant that no one could possibly ignore it. No matter how much you don’t seem to recognize those things about yourself, they’re true. Hell, J’onn has half a mind to recruit you for a senior agent position at the DEO. He would have if he thought you’d take it, but he can see how much you believe in fighting the good fight from within NCPD.” Seeing the way Maggie still looked slightly incredulous, as though she couldn’t believe that someone like Alex could ever think so highly of her, Alex kept going. “Hell, in the year we’ve known each other, you’ve already made me a better person—not that it’s your job, but just, ya know, by being the person you are. You’re so…so good,” Alex stumbled, trying to find the right words. “You make me want to be a better person, to be more like you.”

“I like you just the way you are,” Maggie promised Alex.

“And I love you as you are, Maggie Sawyer. I cannot wait to get up there in front of everyone and promise to spend the rest of my life with you. You’re special and wonderful, and you’re my best friend and the love of my life. And you also make me sound like this terribly romantic sap who spouts all of the clichés, but I don’t even mind with you! And that’s insane!”

Maggie chuckled. “It’s pretty cute, Danvers. I’m lucky that I get to see it.” She leaned forward and kissed Alex’s lips lightly, pulling back with a smile.

“I’m lucky that I get to have you,” Alex murmured, moving over to trail kisses across Maggie’s shoulder. “Is this okay?”

“Yeah,” Maggie whispered, her breath hitching slightly as Alex’s lips moved to the side of her neck.

As she kissed up Maggie’s neck, she continued telling her all of the things she loved about her.

“I love that you helped me to finally see myself, to see the real me,” Alex whispered as she moved from Maggie’s neck to her collarbones.

“I love how devoted you are to your friends, how you’d do just about anything to protect people, whether or not you were on duty.” She carefully pulled Maggie’s shirt off, running soft fingers down her torso, following the swell of her breasts, smooth lines of muscle, the hard v of her hipbones.

“I love that you can cook. I love that you made my apartment where I had lived for five years suddenly feel like a home. I love what a badass you are. I love that you kick ass at Taboo. I love how you know the dialogue to all the lesbian movies and shows you showed me by heart.” She shimmied Maggie’s boxers down her hips, looking almost reverently at the expanses of smooth, bare skin before moving on top of Maggie, letting her leg press between Maggie’s thighs, drawing low moans from the woman.

“I love how comfortable you helped me to feel in my body. I love the way you make love to me. I love feeling you come under me, feeling myself let go, knowing I’ll be safe with you. I love that so much—I love knowing that I have you, that I have someone who will fight like hell for me in my corner at all times.” By this point, Maggie’s hips were bucking up into Alex’s. Then Alex was crawling down her body, her tongue tracing teasing patterns around Maggie’s inner thighs.

“Please,” Maggie whimpered.

With a smile and a nod, Alex brought her mouth to Maggie’s pussy, leaving soft kisses up and down the length of it, smiling at the sound of Maggie’s soft whimpers floating down to her. She let her
tongue flick out, parting Maggie’s folds. Alex moaned at the first taste, at feeling how wet Maggie already was for her.

“I love you,” Alex murmured before resuming her ministrations, dragging her tongue up Maggie’s pussy—slow but firm, just the way Maggie liked. Her hands roamed up Maggie’s torso and across her thighs, needing to feel her, to hold more of her.

Maggie sighed as she leaned back, watching Alex’s head move up with every stroke of her tongue, her eyes shut and a look of happiness on her face. Tangling her fingers with Alex’s, Maggie let herself be taken into the experience, be lulled into a sense of security by this perfect woman who wanted to be her wife, who wanted to spend the rest of forever fighting for each other, making a home together.

And then Alex’s lips were around her clit, her tongue swirling around it, and Maggie let herself go, let herself be swept over the edge, waves of arousal rushing over her as she relaxed into it, trusting Alex to have her, her whole body feeling soft as Alex’s tongue slowed but never stopped, ready to build Maggie up again and again.

A loud knock at the door pulled them back into reality. “Delivery!” a woman’s voice rang out.

“Fuck,” Alex muttered. “Don’t move! I’ll be right back.”

“Danvers! You can see your bed from the doorway!” Maggie hissed, laughing even as she said it.

“Just…pull up the covers!” Alex whispered, grabbing her wallet and jogging to the doorway as she ran her fingers through her hair, trying to wrangle it into some sense of order.

“Hey, sorry for the wait!” Alex said breathlessly as she pulled open the door, stepping out into the hallways and trying to block the view into her apartment.

“It’s fine,” the woman replied, smiling knowingly as she took in Alex’s appearance. It certainly wasn’t the first time she had delivered here, and she’d gotten to know both the blushing redhead who always seemed a bit nervous that the delivery person might know what was going on inside and the slightly flirtatious, very cocky brunette who seemed to own it, even when she was answering the door in just a sheet.

Alex quickly signed for the food, making sure to leave enough of a tip to make up for how long they had her wait. “Have a great night!”

“You too,” she answered, even as she thought: “Certainly won’t be as good as yours…”

“I have food!” Alex yelled, kicking the door shut. “Want it now, or do you want to…finish what we started?”

“I think I could use some food, some energy to help return the favor,” Maggie winked. “Was it the same woman again?”

“Yeah,” Alex nodded. “Unlike you, though, I don’t make it obvious what’s going on in here.”

“Oh really?” Maggie taunted, biting back a smile.

“Yes, really.”

“Your chin is still wet, Danvers. And look at your pants.”
Alex self-consciously rubbed at her chin only to look down and find a streak of dried arousal coating the thigh of her black yoga pants. “Ah…so maybe she knew?”

“Oh, sweetie, she definitely knew,” Maggie laughed.

“Whatever,” Alex sighed.

“It just means she knows I’m the luckiest woman in the world.”

“Mm, but you can’t be,” Alex insisted.

“Really? And why is that?”

“Cause I already claimed that title when you came back here and told me we should kiss the girls we want to kiss.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

Today’s poem comes from the work of W. H. Auden, one of the better known gay male poets of the twentieth century. He was out and vocal in his work at a time when homosexuality was still illegal and openly punished. This poem is an unconventional take on the formal lullaby genre, dedicated to a young, implicitly male lover after a night spent together. So I don't run out of space with extensive literary analysis, here’s a link if you want more information about this poem: https://www.bl.uk/20th-century-literature/articles/an-introduction-to-w-h-audens-lullaby.

W. H. Auden, Lullaby (1937)

Lay your sleeping head, my love,
Human on my faithless arm;
Time and fevers burn away
Individual beauty from
Thoughtful children, and the grave
Proves the child ephemeral:
But in my arms till break of day
Let the living creature lie,
Mortal, guilty, but to me
The entirely beautiful.

Soul and body have no bounds:
To lovers as they lie upon
Her tolerant enchanted slope
In their ordinary swoon,
Grave the vision Venus sends
Of supernatural sympathy,
Universal love and hope;
While an abstract insight wakes
Among the glaciers and the rocks
The hermit’s carnal ecstasy.
Certainty, fidelity
On the stroke of midnight pass
Like vibrations of a bell,
And fashionable madmen raise
Their pedantic boring cry:
Every farthing of the cost,
All the dreaded cards foretell,
Shall be paid, but from this night
Not a whisper, not a thought,
Not a kiss nor look be lost.

Beauty, midnight, vision dies:
Let the winds of dawn that blow
Softly round your dreaming head
Such a day of welcome show
Eye and knocking heart may bless,
Find the mortal world enough;
Noons of dryness find you fed
By the involuntary powers,
Nights of insult let you pass
Watched by every human love.
High School Party AU Part 2

Chapter Summary

HappyOneNYC, bzarcher, ThatAwkwardWriter looking for a follow up to the HS party AU from chapter 109
(http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/26176863)

A/N: Since I had planned that as a one-shot, I took this unexpected follow up as a chance to play with form – aka: we’re in all text once more because I think many of us can agree, the best part of a party is gossiping about the party the next morning

Chapter Notes

So my endnotes ran out of space because I added something a little longer than usual in down there, so here’s what comes before them!

Speaking of people who play with form in a much more elegant way than I ever will, let’s talk about Gertrude Stein! Writing in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Stein found that in order to make her work, which often focused on queer women, publishable, she had to disguise the content. At the time, works featuring any depictions of homosexuality could only be published if those characters were refused a happy ending—typically they took their own lives—or if they were able to “overcome” their congenital condition. This is one of the main reasons why E. M. Forster didn’t publish the rather autobiographical Maurice when he wrote it. Stein, on the other hand, who also chose to portray her characters as nuanced individuals with moments of happiness and fulfillment in their lives, opted to publish what were essentially coded materials, visible to those “in the know” (gay subtext – it’s literally always been a thing!). While some of these examples sound quite obvious today (see her poem “A Third”) others read as nonsensical without knowledge of the code (think of her story “As a Wife Has a Cow”).

Down in the endnotes is the full text of the latter. If you want to, try reading it without any context (which is, to be perfectly honest, very often what reading Stein’s work feels like…). At the very end I’ve added in the explanation for the code.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Chat with Jess and Lena]

Jess: Hey…did we clean up well enough or are you grounded until the end of forever?

Lena: Maybe? Mother still hasn’t come to talk to me.

Jess: Shit. Who was still over when she got back?

Lena: Just Kara
Jess: :* :* :*

Lena: Grow up.

Jess: We’re still in high school…I think the point is that we haven’t.

Lena: Whatever

Jess: V. mature, Lee

Jess: But seriously! What happened???

Lena: I was comforting her.

Jess: Ugh what did that asshole do now?

Lena: Actually, Kara dumped him…

Jess: Like, for real dumped him, or dumped him like she did the last 10 times?

Lena: I think for real?

Jess: Or you hope for real?

Lena: Both?


Lena: You studying for the lit test on Monday?

Jess: Maybe…

Lena: Nerd.

Jess: Takes one to know one

Lena: I don’t deny it

Jess: True. But seriously! Anything else happen? Did you talk about the kiss?

Lena: Which kiss?


Lena: I meant which kiss as in, which one…as in, there was more than one.

Jess: WHAT?! LUTHOR!!! START TALKING!

Lena: I don’t kiss and tell.

Jess: You kissed and told me all about Roulette!

Lena: Ugh well…that whole thing was mired in bad choices.

Jess: Only you would use one of the vocab words while talking about our party. Seriously…please?
Lena: Fine. After she broke up with Mike, she said she did it because she felt something during our kiss, and then she got all cute and flustered in that way only Kara can, and then she asked if we could try again to see if she could confirm her hypothesis.

Jess: You know she got that line from Alex, right?

Lena: Eh, whatever. At least that means I’ve got the mean Danvers’ approval, right?

Jess: I suppose so. But was it good? Are you going out now? What’s going on?

Lena: It was fun. I think she enjoyed it. Then mother got home.

Jess: Oh shit.

Lena: She didn’t suspect anything…which is for the best, I suppose. But Kara ran.

Jess: Fuck. You should text her.

Lena: I will.

Lena: That’s mother calling now. Talk to you later?

Jess: Yes! Send updates about Kara. Hope the dragon isn’t at her worst.

Lena: You know I don’t hope for anything with her anymore.

Jess: True…

---

[Chat with Kara and Alex]

Kara: Where are you???? ALEX!!! I NEED TO TALK TO YOU!

Kara: It’s been 10 minutes. Should I call the cops?

Kara: ALEX!!!

---

[Chat with Kara and Maggie]

Kara: Are you with Alex?

Kara: Maggie? Is Alex at your place? She’s not here

Kara: Can you tell her mom is asking for her?

Maggie: This is Alex. What’s wrong?

Kara: I see how it is.

Maggie: Okay…what’s wrong?

Kara: I need to talk to you.

Maggie: Can it wait?
Kara: Not really.

Maggie: Not really, like, I want you to drive me for French fries? Or not really, like, mom is home and on the warpath?
Maggie: Because Maggie’s aunt is outta town…and I’d kind of like to enjoy that.

Kara: Ew. Little sister.

Maggie: You’re the one who won’t stop texting!

Kara: I kissed Lena.

Maggie: We all saw.

Kara: No…again. After I dumped Mike.

Maggie: Maggie is now reading with me. Did you dump him for real? Because you can’t lead Lena on like that.

Kara: But, I mean, do you think she even likes me?

Maggie: The Magic 8 Ball says: the answer is obvious! C’mon, Kara!

Kara: Really?

Maggie: Yes, really!

Kara: So…should I text her?

Maggie: How did you leave it?

Kara: Her mom got home, so I ran.

Maggie: …

Kara: She encouraged the running! No one likes Lillian!

Maggie: Fair enough. But yes, you definitely need to text her!

Kara: Fine!

Kara: What do I say?

Kara: Guys…?

Kara: Are you still there?

---

[Chat with Kara and Lena]

Kara: Hey!

Lena: Hey, Kara. Sorry for the delay. I was talking to mother.

Kara: Shoot. Is everything okay?
Lena: I think so? She’s disappointed, but that’s nothing new.

Kara: Hmph. She shouldn’t be disappointed. You’re already on track to be valedictorian, and MIT is already fighting Cal Tech to recruit you.

Lena: Nothing is enough for her. I’ll never be Lex.

Lena: But enough of this. What about you? How’s your day going?

Kara: Good!

Lena: That’s nice.

Kara: Yeah…um, here’s this cute article I saw: https://www.buzzfeed.com/h2/vflt/ishabassi/tbh-i-cried-a-little-while-writing-this-post-because-dogs

Lena: Haha thanks?

Kara: Yeah…

Lena: Is everything okay?

Kara: Nooo

Lena: Why? Is it…did I mess up things…with our friendship?

Kara: What? No! I just, um, I don’t know how to say this.

Lena: You don’t have to worry about hurting my feelings. I get it. I know you and Mike get back together a lot.

Kara: No!! It's not that! I promise!

Lena: Oh?

Kara: It’s just, um…I, uh, I liked the kiss. And then the follow-up kiss. They were good. And, well, I’ve been thinking that it probably means something that I liked them so much, you know? And I think I’d like to do that again.

Lena: Kiss me?

Kara: Yeah! But, um, maybe at the end of a date? That I took you on?

Lena: Just to be clear: You’re asking me out?

Kara: Yeah

Lena: Then this is me saying yes.

Kara: Really?

Lena: Really.

Kara: Great! I’ll text you details as soon as I have them! Can’t wait!

Lena: Sounds good, Kara
---

[Chat with Kara, Alex, and Maggie]

Kara: I know you're busy BUT I wanted to tell you that Lena said yes!!!!

---

[Chat with Lena and Jess]

Lena: Kara asked me out.

Jess: OH MY GOD! Why are you not using emojis and exclamation points??

Lena: Sorry, let me try again: Kara asked me out! I said yes! I should go because mother wants me!

Jess: Rude. I expect details soon.

---

[Chat with Alex and Lucy]

Lucy: Pick up your phone.

Lucy: Seriously. Answer your damn phone.

Lucy: Alex! I need my best friend!

Lucy: ALEX!!! I MEAN IT! I WILL KEEP CALLING YOU UNTIL YOU ANSWER

Alex: What the fuck?! Why do I have 9 missed calls and 4 texts from you?

Lucy: Because I missed your cute face, duh.

Alex: I saw you last night.

Lucy: Mhm, yeah…I remember seeing a LOT of you last night.

Alex: You didn’t have to come looking for us.

Lucy: You didn’t have to try to fuck in Lillian’s room.

Alex: She had it coming.

Lucy: She really is the worst.

Alex: Apparently she got home earlier than expected. We should do something nice for Lena to make up for it. But now, I’m gonna go so that Maggie and I can finish what we started last night

Lucy: You sounded pretty close to finishing then…

Alex: Fuck off, Lane.

Lucy: Gladly. That’s actually what I want to talk to you about!

Alex: What? I want to goooo
Lucy: Soon enough. But Vasquez asked me out!
Alex: Like…on a date?
Lucy: Yep!
Alex: You were laying it on pretty thick last night…
Lucy: Worked, didn’t it?
Alex: I suppose so.
Lucy: She’s taking me out to dinner on Friday :D
Alex: I’m so proud of you?
Lucy: As you should be.
Alex: Anyway, I’m going now.
Lucy: Give my best to Maggie!
Alex: I’ll give her something once you let me go.
Lucy: Dirty. I like it.
Lucy: BYEEE ALEX!!

---

[Chat with Winn and Kara]
Kara: I ASKED LENA OUT AND SHE SAID YES!
Winn: That’s amazing!
Winn: If only I could do that with James… *sigh*
Kara: You should ask him! I heard Vasquez making sure Lucy was single after that kiss during Spin the Bottle… Can you even call it just a kiss when there was that much going on with hands?
Winn: Lucy always did love a good show.
Kara: True…
Winn: But just because James is single doesn’t mean he likes me.
Kara: He seemed into the kiss!
Winn: It’s a game, though. It’s not like he chose to kiss me…
Kara: Want me to ask him for you?
Winn: What? No! We’re not in middle school!
Kara: We’re in high school
Winn: No.
Kara: Maybe?
Winn: No.
Kara: I'll be SO subtle!
Winn: You're never subtle!
Kara: I AM SO
Winn: Mm, you've really proved me wrong…

[Chat between Kara and James]

Kara: Hi!
James: Hey, Kara
Kara: Did you get home okay this morning?
James: Yeah, thanks. Did everyone?
Kara: Yeah, Alex and Maggie left before most people got up, then Lucy drove Vasquez and Winn home. And Jess has her own car.
James: Cool cool
Kara: Mhm…sooooo did you have fun last night?
James: Yeah
Kara: Did you like spin the bottle?
James: Haha sure? I mean, it’s an amusing game
Kara: Yeah…what was your fav kiss?
James: You mean did I prefer kissing your big sister or your best guy friend?
Kara: Ummm yes?
James: I barely kissed Alex.
Kara: Soooo Winn??
James: Why are you asking?
Kara: Just, like, curious, you know
James: It really sounds like you're trying to get at something specific here
Kara: Have you talked to him about it?
James: No, but it sounds like you have
Kara: Um no…
James: Kara…
Kara: Fine, a little. I just think you two seemed really cute together. That’s all.
James: He is cute…
Kara: Ha! I knew it!
James: Knew what?
Kara: Nothing! Just text him. And don’t tell him I sent you.
---
[Chat with James and Winn]
James: Hey, Winn
Winn: Hi! How are you?
James: Not too bad. You?
Winn: Good, good. Just hangin out, ya know
James: Sounds like fun
Winn: Eh, sure? What about you? Doing anything fun?
James: Well, I am talking to someone pretty cute…
Winn: Oh, really? Who?
James: You… Was that not clear?
Winn: Oh hah ah that’s nice
James: Yeah…anyway
Winn: Right, yeah, cause we can compliment each other. Like that time I pointed out all of your muscles and tried to count your abs after a couple drinks
James: That was last night.
Winn: Mhm, yep. Same thing.
James: Well, speaking of last night, I wanted to know if you might want to get pizza together tonight?
Winn: Oh as like a hangover cure?
James: Sure… But also as a date
Winn: Between us?
James: Yeah
Winn: Okay! Yeah!
James: Perfect. I’ll pick you up at 6.
---

[Chat with Kara and Winn]
Winn: He asked me out!!
Kara: REALLY? I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU!
Winn: We’re getting pizza tonight!
Kara: That’s amazing!
Winn: Yeah!
Winn: I think I played it cool though.
Winn: What do I wear?
Kara: FaceTime me! We’re going through your closet!

Chapter End Notes

As a Wife Has a Cow A Love Story, Gertrude Stein

Nearly all of it to be as a wife has a cow, a love story. All of it to be as a wife has a cow, all of it to be as a wife has a cow, a love story.

As to be all of it as to be a wife as a wife has a cow, a love story, all of it as to be all of it as a wife all of it as to be as a wife has a cow a love story, all of it as a wife has a cow as a wife has a cow a love story.

Has made, as it has made as it has made, has made has to be as a wife has a cow, a love story. Has made as to be as a wife has a cow a love story. As a wife has a cow, as a wife has a cow a love story. Has to be as a wife has a cow a love story. Has made as to be as a wife has a cow a love story.

When he can, and for that when he can, for that. When he can and for that when he can. For that. When he can. For that when he can. For that. And when he can. For that and when he can.

And to in six and another. And to and in and six and another. And to and in and six and another. And to in six and and to and in and six and another. And to and in and six and another. And to and six and in and another and to and six and another and and to and in and six and and to and six and in and another.

In came in there, came in there come out of there. In came in come out of there. Come out there in came in there. Come out of there and in and come out of there. Came in
there. Come out of there.

Feeling or for it, as feeling or for it, came in or come in, or come out of there or feeling as feeling or feeling as for it.

As a wife has a cow.

Came in and come out.

As a wife has a cow a love story.

As a love story, as a wife has a cow, a love story.

Not and now, now and not, not and now, by and by not and now, as not, as soon as not not and now, now as soon now, now as soon, and now as soon as soon as now. Just as soon just now just now just as soon just as soon as now. Just as soon as now.

And in that, as and in that, in that and and in that, so that, so that and in that, and in that and so that and as for that and as for that and that. In that. In that and and for that as for that and in that. Just as soon and in that. In that as that and just as soon. Just as soon as that.

Even now, now and even now and now and even now. Not as even now, therefor, even now and therefor, therefor and even now and even now and therefor even now. So not to and moreover and even now and therefor and moreover and even now and so and even now and therefor even now.

Do they as they do so. And do they do so.

We feel we feel. We feel or if we feel if we feel if we feel. We feel or if we feel. As it is made made a day made a day or two made a day, as it is made a day or two, as it is made a day. Made a day. Made a day. Not away a day. By day. As it is made a day.

On the fifteenth of October as they say, said any way, what is it as they expect, as they expect it or as they expected it, as they expect it and as they expected it, expect it or for it, expected it and it is expected of it. As they say said anyway. What is it as they expect for it, what is it and it is as they expect of it. What is it. What is it the fifteenth of October as they say as they expect or as they expected as they expect for it, What is it as they say the fifteenth of October as they say and as expected of it, the fifteenth of October as they say, what is it as expected of it. What is it and the fifteenth of October as they say and expected of it.

And prepare and prepare so prepare to prepare and prepare to prepare and prepare so as to prepare, so to prepare and prepare to prepare to prepare for and to prepare for it to prepare, to prepare for it, in preparation, as preparation in preparation by preparation. They will be too busy afterwards to prepare. As preparation prepare, to prepare, as to preparation and to prepare. Out there.

Have it as having having it as happening, happening to have it as having, having to have it as happening. Happening and have it as happening and having it happen as happening and having to have it happen as happening, and my wife has a cow as now, my wife having a cow as now, my wife having a cow as now and having a cow as now and having a cow and having a cow now, my wife has a cow and now. My wife has a cow.
Now…sort of sounds nonsensical. Super long for not saying much. But cow here means orgasm. And suddenly it’s interesting.
Sanvers Parenting One Shot

Chapter Summary

Prompt: hey i was wondering if you could do one where sanvers has a teenage daughter and she's really down and they offer motherly advice to her and then they have a dance party, you can include kara in this as well if you want :))

A/N: Hey! So, I don’t typically write parent fics (not that there’s anything wrong with parenting, but it’s definitely not for me—I’ll happily be the quirky lesbian aunt who always gifts books that are probably years above appropriate grade level, thank you very much!), but I realize I never actually said that, so I'll make an exception. I combined this with another anon who had asked for “Sanvers + teenage daughter + sex talk?” Hopefully I managed to make them both work for you two.
Also, like pretty much everyone, I’m borrowing from the comics and naming their daughter Jamie. It was that or Gertrude, tbh…

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex hadn’t meant to yell. Honestly, she hadn’t. But Jamie was 16 years old. And her boyfriend might seem nice and earnest, but Alex was always going to be a little suspicious, a little protective of their girl. And finding two condoms in the pocket of her jeans in the wash…well, it had thrown her. Because she still had trouble thinking of Jamie as a teenager, as someone who wasn’t really the baby she’d once been anymore.

But now Jamie was acting very much the part of their teenage daughter, having slammed and locked her door, leaving Alex feeling terrible and useless all at once—a feeling that only increased when Maggie got home. She knew they had agreed to be a sex-positive household, and she certainly hadn’t wanted to be the parent that yelled or shamed her kids about any kinds of sexuality, but when push came to shove, she couldn’t help but think that 16 was so very young, that maybe her baby could wait until she at least got to college.

“Where’s Jamie?” Maggie asked, hanging up her coat as she came through the door, depositing bags of groceries onto the table before coming to join Alex in the living room.

“She’s, uh, she’s in her bedroom,” Alex sighed. “Locked in her bedroom.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah…”

“What happened?” Maggie wasn’t particularly surprised. As much as she tried to be a supportive parent, there were always going to be some clashes between parents and their teenagers as they found limits and tested boundaries. For instance, Maggie had remained steadfast in her insistence that no, Jamie could not get a car as soon as she got her license when she had access to her mothers’ car for emergencies and otherwise had perfectly fine public transportation to get almost anywhere in downtown National City.
Alex sighed, dropping her head into her hands. She suspected that moments like these were what had started turning some of her auburn hairs a shocking white color. She wondered how much longer she could wait before she had to do something about it. “When I was doing laundry, I found condoms.”

Maggie frowned. “They’re definitely not ours?”

Arching an eyebrow (after all, when was the last time they’d even had that kind of sex?), Alex shook her head. “No, they were in her jeans. You know I check the pockets ever since the red lipstick incident.”

Maggie shuddered at the memory. She’d lost a couple of good white button ups to that lipstick. “Right, yeah. So…why is she locked in her room?”

“I may have said something about it…” Alex trailed off, her guilty expression making the end of that sentence rather obvious.

“What happened to this being a sex-positive house, Danvers?” Maggie sighed. She knew Alex always meant well, but they’d been pretty adamant about certain things when it came to decisions about parenting, and this was one of them.

“I know! It’s just…Maggie, c’mon! She’s 16! Do we really want to encourage that already?”

“She’s 16 and in a relationship with a boy we don’t hate. Maybe I’m not ready to think about our kid growing up that fast, but this isn’t the worst case scenario, ya know? And I think we should talk to her—maybe she’ll still make her own decisions, but she can hear our perspectives in a non-judgmental way.”

“I know,” Alex groaned. “And I know I didn’t handle it well. Right, I could’ve said something positive.” Alex tried to think of one. “Like how she thought to get condoms at all!”

“That’s true!”

“But…she’s 16.”

“She’s 16,” Maggie agreed. “But I lost my virginity at 17.”

“Not helping,” Alex grumbled.

“But I had no idea what safe and healthy sex was supposed to look like, Alex. And I think, as awkward as those conversations would have been, it could have been really helpful to have had them at all.”

“Does that mean you’re volunteering to talk to her?” Alex asked.

“I suppose she might be happier to see me than you right now,” Maggie shrugged. “But you’re not off the hook forever.”

“Fair enough.”

---

“I don’t want to talk to you!” Jamie yelled through her closed door.

“It’s me,” Maggie responded. “C’mon, I want to talk to you. Just for a few minutes.” After a pause, the knob twisted and clicked unlocked, though it remained shut. “Does this mean I can come in?” Maggie asked, wanting to let Jamie feel like she had some measure of control.
“I’m not stopping you,” Jamie mumbled.

“Hey, hon. How are you?” Maggie asked, letting herself in and shutting the door behind her.

“You wouldn’t be talking to me like that if you didn’t already know.”

Maggie sighed. “No, you’re right. I do have some idea of what happened. But I’d like to hear it from your perspective too. I just got to hear from Mom.”

“She yelled at me.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Told me I was too young and shouldn’t be worrying about these things just yet.”

“Well, I know that’s probably not what you wanted to hear, but I know your Mom isn’t mad at you. She’s worried and scared about her baby growing up too fast.”

“It’s not like I’ve used them,” Jamie mumbled.

Maggie tried to keep her face neutral, not wanting to look relieved and have Jamie think that sex was something to be ashamed of in the slightest. “We’re both very proud of you for thinking about safe sex.”

“Mom didn’t sound proud, Mama,” Jamie retorted.

“I know,” Maggie admitted. “But she told me later that she wished she had mentioned it.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really.” After a pause, Maggie continued, “Do you want to tell me about why you got them?”

Jamie shrugged. “Some of my friends did. And, I don’t know, Jacob and I have been dating for a while.”

“You know that you don’t owe him anything, right? Just because you’ve been dating for a while—it’s your decision—both of your decisions. If one person doesn’t want it, that means it doesn’t happen.”

“I know, I know. I do remember the whole consent talk.”

“It’s worth repeating.”

“Mom has repeated it about 20 times.”

Maggie bit back a grin. “Your Mom is a smart lady.”

“But she’s still judging me for thinking about having sex.”

“She’s not judging you,” Maggie insisted, shaking her head. “She’s absolutely not judging you. It’s just…sex can be a really big step. And maybe it doesn’t always mean a lot, but it’s often better when it does.”

“Are you really going to talk to me about how to make sex better when I’m not even supposed to be having it yet?”
Shrugging, Maggie answered: “Just because we’re not encouraging you to have sex at the ripe old age of 16 doesn’t mean we don’t care about giving you all of the information you need. You can always ask questions. I mean it,” she added, looking Jamie in the eyes. “I don’t care if it’s awkward. I don’t care if it’s about something as basic as the mechanics or something about your feelings. I’d still rather have you know that no matter what your question is, I’m here for you, okay? And maybe you want to talk to me instead of Mom for now, but I promise she’d also rather you were well-informed than going off of what can be some really unreliable stuff out on the internet or even among your friends, okay?”

“Have you even…I mean, no offense, but would you…would you even have answers?”

“Of course I’d have answers,” Maggie scoffed. “About what?”

“Sex with men.”

Maggie paused, considering the question. “Well…I have a general understanding…”

Jamie bit back a laugh, trying not to think about the fact that she was even acknowledging that her parents might have a sex life at all.

“Look, I know she can be a little bit…tougher when it comes to these things, but your Mom probably has more answers than I do when it comes to those things.”

“Really?” Jamie looked slightly incredulous.

“Yes, really,” Maggie retorted, playfully knocking her shoulder against Jamie’s. “We both know Mom and know that she’ll probably be as awkward at answering as you are at asking those questions, but I’ll give her the heads up, okay? And, like me, she still wants you to have all of the information we didn’t have, alright?”

“Yeah, okay,” Jamie nodded.

“Now do you want to come downstairs? Aunt Kara is coming over with some ice cream tonight.”

“Not yet, if that’s okay.”

“Take as long as you need, but make sure that you eat dinner, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Jamie nodded. Before Maggie could leave, she called out: “And, Mama? Thanks.”

“Anytime, Jamie. I mean it.”

---

Later that night once Kara had arrived, Maggie headed back upstairs after finishing the dishes, always wanting to give the sisters a bit of time together on their own. Knowing Jamie had only appeared briefly to get a bit of dinner, Maggie headed down the hallway after enough time had passed. “Jamie,” Maggie called from outside of her door.

“Yes?”

“Aunt Kara is here. I bet she’d love to see you.”

Jamie popped her head out of the doorway. “Do you think Mom told her…you know, about today?”
“No, she wouldn’t do that, I promise. Trust me, she feels badly about how she reacted, and she’s not going to say anything to try to embarrass you to Kara.”

“Okay,” Jamie sighed.

So together they headed downstairs with the promise of homemade cookies waiting for them. Only what they found was so much better than cookies. Because in the middle of the den, Kara had, in a last ditch effort to cheer Alex up, dragged Alex to her feet, insisting that they perform the dance routines they’d learned together in high school to Grease, which was playing on the television.

Maggie could only wait so long before cackling with glee at the sight of Alex strutting around like Danny Zuko. Alex immediately froze, though Kara just integrated a spin into her routine and waved happily at Maggie and Jamie, not missing a beat as Sandy began singing once more and Kara joined in.

“You gonna just watch or are you gonna come join us?” Alex challenged, figuring this could be the first step in opting for engagement over embarrassment.

“I guess I’m coming to join you,” Maggie laughed. “Should I grab our leather jackets?”

“Nah, it gets too hot,” Alex answered in a tone of voice so matter-of-fact that Maggie had to assume she and Kara had tried at least once already.

“You coming too, kid?” Maggie called out to Jamie, who was still trying to figure out whether she should be more horrified or amused at the sight in front of her. Finally she shrugged, figuring as long as her friends didn’t know it was probably okay.

Which is how she found herself suddenly being swept into the group and swung along to the songs, letting Aunt Kara and her Mom teach her and her Mama how to hand jive during the prom scene and laughing at her Mom’s struggle not to say anything during any of the scenes about high schoolers having (or not having) sex. But then a song would start up again, and that was all it took for Aunt Kara to drag her Mom back out to the center of the room, demonstrating once more what nerds they really were. But then her Mama would offer a hand and have her up and dancing along despite not having a clue what the moves were. And after enough time, she found that she didn’t care so much, found that she was actually giggling, found that she was suddenly being spun around by her Mom and not shying away out of embarrassment or pushing back out of anger, but letting it happen, letting the stress of their earlier fight melt away.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

Today I'll leave you with just a poem:

Queer, Frank Bidart

Lie to yourself about this and you will forever lie about everything.

Everybody already knows everything

so you can
lie to them. That’s what they want.

But lie to yourself, what you will lose is yourself. Then you turn into them.

*

For each gay kid whose adolescence was America in the forties or fifties the primary, the crucial scenario forever is coming out—or not. Or not. Or not. Or not. Or not.

*

Involuted velleities of self-erasure.

*

Quickly after my parents died, I came out. Foundational narrative designed to confer existence.

If I had managed to come out to my mother, she would have blamed not me, but herself.

The door through which you were shoved out into the light was self-loathing and terror.

*

Thank you, terror!

You learned early that adults’ genteel fantasies about human life were not, for you, life. You think sex is a knife driven into you to teach you that.
Blue Springs High School AU

Chapter Summary

Willow: I don't know if you take prompts so feel free to ignore this but what if in high school Maggie make a deal with Alex to make Eliza jealous which works and they start dating leaving Alex alone, sad and hurts til Maggie realizes that she actually really got feelings for Alex

Warriorbowlr: For the HSAU: Hmm...maybe some angst...that's always good to toss in there...like maybe someone from Maggie's past ...i.e. Eliza....I mean I love me some angst as long as there a happy ending ;)

A/N: I figured these two prompts went pretty well together. This is in a completely different AU than the other high school chapters, since I needed Eliza to be around. I’m not going into the whole ordeal with Eliza, Eliza’s parents, Maggie’s parents, etc. because I don’t think we need to hear any more about how fucked up those parents were to their children. CW for some internalized homophobia, though, as well as some regular homophobia from some of the other kids. Also, we’re pretending the Danvers moved to Blue Springs after Kara came to live with them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By junior year, Maggie finally began to believe that the other shoe really wasn’t going to drop, that Alex wasn’t going to abandon her like just about everyone else had freshman year had, that she wouldn’t tell her to leave once she found out the truth about why Maggie was no longer popular, why girls in the hallway who had once regularly asked her to hang out or see movies or go to the only mall in the area now avoided her in the hallways, why even though she was an amazing forward who could score on even the best goalies she only got the ball if she stole it from the other team herself. No, Alex had waltzed into Blue Springs High the first day of sophomore year and sat down next to Maggie in Honors Chemistry. The next day she sat at the other end of Maggie’s empty lunch table too. By the second week of school, now that she had made the soccer team and saw Maggie for hours at a time every day, she said hey, asked how Maggie’s week was going.

Maggie had waited, for months, for Alex to suddenly leave. She’d remained defensive, always aware of not wanting to share too much, of not wanting to get attached enough to Alex for it to hurt when she found out the truth about Maggie, when she disappeared just like everyone else.

But Alex just kept sitting with her in Chemistry and at lunch. Kept passing the ball to her in games. Even managed to get a few of the other girls to pass her the ball occasionally. When the season ended, she didn’t stop hanging out with Maggie. Instead she asked her if she was going out for basketball too. Maggie had just laughed, gesturing to the substantial height difference between the two of them and asking Alex if she really believed she stood a chance; Alex had insisted that she could be a great point guard, but Maggie demurred. After all, Eliza went to the basketball games. She didn’t need more of that. Alex tried to convince Maggie to come to the games, but Maggie found reasons to be busy at that time. She joined the forensics club, pretended their meetings went far longer than they did.
But when Alex had invited Maggie over during the winter break and pulled down a single cup of spiked eggnog she'd pilfered from her parents’ holiday party, Maggie found that she needed air—and a lot of it. Because this was too much like Eliza all over again—this bonding, this closeness, this sitting in a basement giggling over things they were probably too young to be drinking. Alex had, of course, come outside to find her, had asked Kara, who had somehow heard the sniffling from all the way upstairs in her bedroom where she was playing video games with Winn, to go back inside and let Maggie have some space.

“Want to tell me what happened?” Alex had asked, her voice soft and her hand even softer on Maggie’s shoulder—tentative, unsure about whether such a touch would be okay. After all, she’d never seen Maggie hugging her teammates or anyone really. She wasn’t sure what would be okay. Maggie had cried harder, finally managing: “How do you still not know? Why are you still here?”

“What do you mean? I’m here because you’re my friend. Hell, I think you’re probably my best friend along with Kara.”

Maggie had shaken her head, an oddly wistful look in her eyes. “Not for long.”


Maggie had managed a watery laugh. “No, no, and no, Danvers.”

“Then I think we’re gonna be just fine, Sawyer.”

Maggie still couldn’t believe it, though, knew she would never rest until she’d told Alex everything. Because even if Alex left, somehow it felt better knowing that it would be on Maggie’s terms. It wouldn’t be because she found out from Eliza or one of Eliza’s friends after a game in the locker room one day. Maggie wouldn’t have to come to school again to the whispers, the pitying glances that felt like a blessing compared to the open glares and hissed insults.

“Have you really not heard why Eliza doesn’t talk to me? Do you really not know why I don’t have friends anymore?”

“You’ve got friends. You’ve got Kara and me and Winn. And I’m sure your teammates all like you.”

Maggie had shrugged. Maybe Alex had helped a bit with some of the teammates, but she doubted they were friends. They’d softened, maybe, warmed up to her again. But it wasn’t the same as spending time together on weekends. “Not the point.”

“Then what is?” Alex had asked.

“Last year I gave Eliza a Valentine’s Day card.”

“Okay…and?”

“No, not like the ones you give your friends. Like, a real Valentine. Because I liked her…like that.”

“Oh.” Alex had paused for a moment that seemed to stretch on like an eternity to Maggie. But before Maggie could bolt, before she could even make it all the way up and off of the steps, Alex was pulling her back down. “That’s fine, Maggie. I’m sorry if I made it seem like I would leave you for something like that. I’m sorry that other people did. That’s shitty of them.”

And Maggie had cried—happy tears, tears of relief—and let Alex wrap her arms around her, let Alex
hold her until she managed to catch her breath, let Alex take her inside and put pizza bagels in the oven and find some mindless show for them to watch.

By junior year, Maggie had let the truth sink in that Alex really wasn’t leaving her side. It helped that by now some of the other girls had started being nice to her again, had started including her on team dinners and outings to the movies, had let invitations to weekend parties and summer bonfires start trickling back to her. She never felt as comfortable around all of them as she did around Alex, but a few had apologized, told her they felt guilty for listening to the rumors instead of their friend. And when Maggie had, with Alex standing firmly by her side, told them the rumors—well, some of them—were true, that she had left a Valentine for Eliza, that she did like girls, most of them still apologized for being rude, for abandoning her. A few had heard what happened with her family afterward and felt even worse, but they weren’t brave enough to go against public opinion and stand by Maggie’s side. Alex had, though. And Maggie would never forget it.

It wasn’t until after the rumors had died down, though, that Eliza had softened. It wasn’t until junior year fall that Eliza had reached out to Maggie, telling her she should come to the big Homecoming party, the same party where they had first become close freshman year. Maggie had shrugged and said that yeah, she’d come with Alex. And there had been a flash of something in Eliza’s eyes that looked suspiciously like jealousy.

So Maggie went over to Alex’s after school and asked if she wouldn’t mind acting just a little closer than they usually were at the party. Because even if Maggie had let herself get over the pain of Eliza’s rejection for the most part, there was still a part of her that wanted to show Eliza what she was missing—not just as a girlfriend (because clearly Eliza didn’t feel that way at all, and that was fine), but more importantly, as a best friend. Alex was her best friend now, but it didn’t mean she didn’t miss Eliza sometimes. They had been different. She and Alex watched TV and played board games with Alex’s kid sister and hung out in Alex’s room and talked about their dreams for a future with college and big cities, whereas she and Eliza had smuggled beer and cigarettes from Eliza’s dad down to the basement, had cackled about how shitty Blue Springs was, had convinced each other that they were better than this shit town, that maybe one day they would take Eliza’s dad’s pickup truck and get away from it all, drive until they reached the coast and never look back.

Alex played her part well—too well, she’d later think, letting herself enjoy holding Maggie’s hand just a little too much, letting herself get used to a feeling of closeness despite knowing it would be ripped away as soon as Eliza came back. But it had worked, Eliza had come over—not storming over the way she might have freshman year; no, now she walked slowly over, cocking her head to the side and winking at Maggie as she tied her plaid shirt up just below her bra.

“See something you like?” she’d teased, not bothering to think about why such a statement could give Maggie whiplash.

“Just here with Alex,” Maggie had muttered, not daring to look any closer.

“Why don’t you come here? I have a surprise for you.”

With a squeeze to Alex’s hand, Maggie had let herself be led away, had furrowed her eyebrows in confusion when Eliza wrapped her arms around her and kissed her in front of the bonfire, in front of all of the boys who’d once flexed their arms at her in the hallway, telling her to stay away from the girls in their grade, stay away from their sisters and cousins. But over the years, breaking the rules had become cool. Stealing beer and racing cars and kissing girls your parents didn’t want you to kiss—now that attention was wanted, and Eliza had learned to enjoy attention since freshman year.

Deep down, Maggie knew she should have said no, but she let herself be swept up in the moment—one she’d spent too many nights on her aunt’s couch dreaming about—of when Eliza would realize
that saying no had been a mistake, when she’d run down the hallway to Maggie and kiss her hard and tell everyone about them. So Maggie let Eliza hold her hand in the hallways at school and kiss her loudly in front of their lockers. She carried Eliza’s books and let Eliza buy her coffee before school started.

Slowly but surely, Alex withdrew, didn’t need to see any more of this girl who’d been so terrible to Maggie just claim her again, like she was entitled to her time and affection—hell, even just to her forgiveness. She hung out more with Kara, with a few of the girls from her soccer team. She blanched and laughed too loudly when one of them asked wasn’t she dating Maggie? She tried not to dwell on the implications of that statement. But with as much free time as she suddenly had, she couldn’t help it.

Kara had noticed; of course Kara noticed. She helped Alex talk through it, listened as Alex tried to reason away what she’d belatedly realized might have been romantic feelings for Maggie, for Vicky back at Midvale High. She’d held Alex’s hand as she practiced saying the words in the mirror, let herself learn to hold onto them, to feel like they were right for her. And when Alex casually mentioned it to a teammate one afternoon after they went to the movies, the girl, Katie, hadn’t yelled at her. She’s just shrugged. Maybe freshman year she would have been weird about it, but now the head cheerleader was dating a girl. Plus, she’d already sort of assumed Alex and Maggie were a couple, maybe not out or particularly open about it, but together in a quiet kind of way.

As weeks of dating Eliza went by, Maggie found that she wasn’t happy—not in the way she had expected to be happy and definitely not in the way she had been hanging out with Alex. She noticed Alex spending time with other girls more and more. She heard the rumors when they reached her about Alex having come out, about Alex breaking the nose of the one kid who’d dared to make a joke about it—though other rumors said she actually broke his nose because he’d said something bad with Kara along with his comments about Alex, and Maggie thought that was probably more likely. Selfishly, she wondered if she had anything to do with Alex’s coming out.

After another two weeks of dating that had begun to feel a lot more like a public obligation than any sort of private commitment, Maggie told Eliza that they were done, listened as Eliza yelled at her, told her she’d be lucky if she ever found someone again. To her credit, Eliza said nothing about the gender of her future partners, never implied that Maggie’s failings were about her sexuality. It was all about Maggie’s failings as a girlfriend to her. After all, who dumped someone when Winter Formal was just around the corner? That was just rude, and anyone—boy or girl—should know that.

Maggie apologized, though she didn’t feel that bad. As soon as she’d let herself imagine taking Alex to the Formal one night alone in her bed, she’d realized she needed to end things with Eliza. Because even if Alex didn’t like her back, she knew it wasn’t fair to lead Eliza on when she so clearly had feelings for someone else—feelings that were so much deeper than a first crush and a desire to prove everyone wrong about what had happened back then.

Alex didn’t want to admit that she was happy about Maggie and Eliza’s break up. But she was. And she was even happier when Maggie texted her to apologize about the way she’d treated her over the past month or so, asked if she could treat Alex to pizza to make it up to her. Alex had agreed, had ignored Kara’s excited squeals, had steadfastly refused when Kara told Alex that she should tell Maggie how she felt.

But over pizza, Maggie felt herself relaxing, felt herself settling into a version of herself—a better version of herself—that Alex seemed to bring out naturally. She smiled without feeling like it was forced for what felt like the first time in a long time. She laughed easily. She told stories without worrying about whether Eliza would decide they weren’t cool enough to impress “their” friends. And Maggie knew there was nothing romantic about a pizza place, and she suspected the timing
wasn’t just right, and she knew her words were jumbled, but she also knew her feelings were real. So she blurted out: “Wanna go to Winter Formal with me?”

Alex paused. “Is this just to make Eliza jealous?”

“No,” Maggie insisted. “Definitely not. That was…shitty of me last time. But while I was dating her, I realized how much I missed you. And I missed being friends with you, definitely, but I also missed… I missed the idea that there might be something more. And it took being away from you to notice it. And it took hearing about you coming out to convince me that, even if you didn’t like me back, it might be worth the risk to tell you how I felt. And this wasn’t really how I planned on doing it; I didn’t have a plan yet, actually. But then things with you tonight…they just felt so right. Like, this is how I want to feel always. And you make it seem so easy. So…yeah.”

“Well, then, Maggie Sawyer, I think as rambling as your speech was, you might just have earned a date with me to the Winter Formal.”

“Think I can push my luck and ask for a few dates in the weeks leading up to it too?”

“How about you tell me how great I am for a little while longer, then we’ll see?”

“Oh, I think that sounds like the easiest thing in the world, Danvers.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

And here’s a poem from another nineteenth-century gay writer, Walt Whitman, in his larger work, "Leaves of Grass."

"Calamus"

IN paths untrodden,
In the growth by margins of pond-waters,
Escaped from the life that exhibits itself,
From all the standards hitherto publish'd, from the pleasures, profits, conformities,
Which too long I was offering to feed my soul,
Clear to me now standards not yet publish'd, clear to me that my soul,
That the soul of the man I speak for rejoices in comrades,
Here by myself away from the clank of the world,
Tallying and talk'd to here by tongues aromatic,
No longer abash'd, (for in this secluded spot I can respond as I would not dare elsewhere,)
Strong upon me the life that does not exhibit itself, yet contains all the rest,
Resolv'd to sing no songs to-day but those of manly attachment,
Projecting them along that substantial life,
Bequeathing hence types of athletic love,
Afternoon this delicious Ninth-month in my forty-first year,
I proceed for all who are or have been young men,
To tell the secret of my nights and days,
To celebrate the need of comrades.
Sanvers - Maggie Healing from Past Trauma

Chapter Summary

Prompt 1: maybe maggie running into an abusive ex and alex picking up that something is wrong, then when they get home maggie breaks down and tells her about it? I just left an emotionally and sexually abusive gf and it would help so much to see alex help her coz I often feel like i'll never find anyone better. thank you so much

Prompt 2: can you please have alex and maggie start to have sex but maggie has flashbacks to something bad that happened and they have to stop? I always thought maggie wouldve experienced sexual harassment/violence as a lesbian (the ‘declaration of war’ fic on ao3 was amazing if you haven’t read it). I still deal with this, so please can maggie freeze/cry during sex, not wanting to tell alex what happened, then alex coaxing it out of her and taking care of her. it would mean so much to me, thank you

Chapter Notes

I combined the two prompts because, while both are really important, I didn’t want to stay in that particular headspace too long. There are resources below. If this isn’t a chapter you can read, I completely understand, but I did want to include it, since things like non-physical abuse and LGBTQ-specific relationship violence are things we so rarely talk about. TW for discussions of past abuse (from a homophobic family and an intimate partner), allusions to internalized victim blaming, and someone being triggered during sex. There are no descriptions of graphic physical violence, as that’s not something I feel comfortable writing.

The number for the National (US) Domestic Violence Hotline is 1–800–799–7233 or TTY 1–800–787–3224. Their website is http://www.thehotline.org/ and it includes live chat options as well as articles about what relationship abuse can look like, what to do, how to heal, etc., including a whole section on LGBTQ abuse (http://www.thehotline.org/is-this-abuse/lgbt-abuse/). Here’s another website with a list of global resources about domestic violence and abuse: https://www.domesticshelters.org/national-global and another international list that is still being built up (so if you have info for your own home country and feel safe contributing, feel free to do so), but it has hotlines listed: https://www.7cups.com/forum/DomesticAbuseSupportCommunity_121/DomesticAbuseResourcesan


“Maggie?” a woman called out as Maggie and Alex walked past her on the street. “Is that you?”

Alex felt Maggie freeze, saw the way her whole body seemed to tense before she pulled Alex along.

“Maggie!” the woman yelled again.

Finally Maggie spun around. “Rachel,” she greeted, a forced smile on her face. “You’re in town?”
Alex’s brow furrowed at the uncharacteristically gruff greeting. No, “How are you?” or “It’s been too long!” regardless of how fake both of the sentiments could be.

“I am. My wife is speaking at a conference here this week. Could’ve been you,” she laughed, though Maggie barely managed a smile. “But anyway, do you live here now?”

Maggie just shrugged. “I move a lot with work. Who knows where it’ll take me?” Alex stayed silent, but she wanted to ask why the lying, why the evasive non-answers to a pretty innocuous question. But she’d been undercover and on enough missions where details were unsure to know this type of vibe, to understand when something wasn’t right, and she knew better than to call attention to it at the time.

“Never were one for stability,” Rachel mused.

“Mm, yep. Anyway, well, have a safe trip here.”

“Are you going to introduce me to your…date?” Rachel asked, stepping closer before Maggie could spin them off in the other direction.

“Oh, this is Ashley,” Maggie mumbled. “Ashley, this is Rachel, my ex.”

Alex narrowed her eyes as she reached out to take Rachel’s hand, making a note to ask why Maggie had used her undercover name from the night they infiltrated another one of Roulette’s events together.

They exchanged vague pleasantries before Maggie pulled Alex along, walking briskly back to Alex’s apartment by way of backstreets and detours. Maggie was uncharacteristically quiet, and Alex still felt off, like there was something very wrong that she was missing, but she didn’t want to bring it up until the tension had eased from Maggie’s shoulders, until the tightness to her grip and the clench of her jaw had loosened.

When they got back into the apartment, Alex moved to put on water for tea, knowing that so often it helped Maggie to relax after stressful days. Still, something felt different. As tense as Maggie had been after running into Emily, this ex had been different, there had been something more to the story, something that led Maggie to lie and evade questions, to freeze up and move to run.

When she made it back to the couch, Maggie was still sitting exactly where she had left her—boots still laced up, coat on, phone and keys in hand. Of course, to Maggie, a whole lifetime could have gone by. But it wasn’t until she felt Alex’s hand, soft, just barely brushing against hers, that Maggie startled, pulling herself back into the present.

“Hey, I made tea. Are you okay?” Alex asked, her voice gentle, soothing, but still not quite enough.

“Thanks,” Maggie mumbled, placing her keys and phone down on the ottoman before finally leaning over to unlace her boots.

“Do you mind if I sit with you?” Alex asked again, not wanting to assume. She’d seen Maggie like this a few times before—days after she’d worked particularly challenging cases, ones that dealt with kids and trafficking victims and crimes that should never have been conceived of, let alone carried out.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re fine,” Maggie nodded, letting herself remember that Alex asked, Alex always asked. Alex cared about her, trusted her, believed her. Alex wasn’t Rachel. And suddenly she desperately needed to remind herself of that, needed to see and feel all of the ways that Alex was different, all of the ways that Alex would never treat her the way Rachel had. So she was throwing
off her jacket and leaning into Alex, letting herself focus on the taste of jasmine tea and just a hint of the spearmint gum Alex had been chewing—nothing like the cigarette smoke that too often curled its way from Rachel’s mouth into hers, seeping its way into her clothes, into her home.

“You sure?” There was something almost forced about this, desperate but not in the good way.

“Yeah,” Maggie insisted, straddling Alex’s lap. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Alex confirmed, though something still felt wrong, like Maggie was trying to prove something to her. But then Maggie’s fingers were firm against her, holding her tight as she kissed her hard—bruisingly hard. So Alex wrapped her own arms tight around Maggie in turn, pulling her close and moving to flip them down so they were lying on the couch.

At the hard touch, at the movements that felt too much like an attempt to wrest control away from her, Maggie froze before pushing Alex hard, clambering back and putting several feet of distance between them. Her heart beat too fast, and it felt like her lungs couldn’t get enough air. Part of her wanted to run, but her legs felt heavy as lead, and, god, she knew this was wrong, knew it was Alex sitting in front of her, Alex looking at her with fear and care etched in her features, but she couldn’t get herself to focus on that fact, couldn’t help the way her mind swam with details from the past wrenched back into the present.

“Maggie,” Alex breathed out, her voice tight with worry. “Are you…what can I do? Can I help you?”

Maggie shook her head, forcing herself to reply. Alex hadn’t done anything wrong; she was doing something wrong by worrying her, by forcing herself on Alex, then pulling away. “It’s fine. Sorry. We can, yeah, we can, uh, go back.”

“No, Maggie, no,” Alex shook her head. “You—it’s not just you, I don’t—please?” She felt bad, felt guilty for not being able to find the words, for feeling like maybe she understood but knew she was missing something. “I shouldn’t have kissed you when you were like that. I’m sorry.”

“I wanted to kiss you,” Maggie insisted. “You didn’t, no, you didn’t force yourself on me. You’re always so good about asking and checking, even when you know the answer is yes.” She paused; this wasn’t how she wanted this to go—hell, she’d never wanted to have to deal with this again in the first place. “I just…” she trailed off, trying to find the words for something she’d barely even let herself process. But then she felt the familiar tingle at the back of her throat, the burn as she tried to blink back tears she didn’t want to fall.

Alex’s arms were suddenly reaching out, slow and tentative. “Can I hold you?”

Maggie nodded, letting herself be held, letting herself be pulled into Alex’s lap and cradled against her chest, letting herself be wrapped in the soft fleece blanket they kept draped across the back of the couch for movie nights. And she cried—cried in a way she rarely allowed herself to cry, rarely wanted to cry.

Alex didn’t ask for an explanation, didn’t ask Maggie to tell her why she’d been defensive around Rachel, why she’d thrown herself at Alex, why she’d broken so soon after. She just sat, holding Maggie to her chest, offering her tissues she could just barely reach behind them, brushing the hair back away from her eyes and face, offering her tea when her ragged breathing finally began to slow, gave her a hand to hold on to as she finally began talking.

“Rachel, um, she was an ex. You know that. But she, uh, our relationship—it wasn’t, it wasn’t healthy.” Maggie tried to give herself permission to say the words, but somehow it still felt like
betraying Rachel’s confidence, like she was the one somehow doing harm. She tried to listen to the words of the therapist she’d seen for a few weeks before deciding it wasn’t for her, tried to remember the woman’s soothing reassurances that she had every right to name the abuse for what it was, that those feelings of guilt were feelings that Rachel had tried to instill in her, to keep her with her, to keep her from saying something. “It was abusive,” Maggie finally blurted out. Seeing the look of shock then anger pass across Alex’s face, she quickly tried to mitigate the claim: “It wasn’t physical. I mean, she didn’t, like, hit me or anything. And it wasn’t…I don’t know, it wasn’t rape. It was just, you know, the assumption that if I was hers…there were certain things you just did in a relationship,” Maggie shrugged.

But the look of anger on Alex’s face didn’t lessen at Maggie’s clarifications, didn’t fade at her explanations. It faded only when she turned to look Maggie in the eyes, her expression turning to one of nothing but love and care—though a love and care that burned with a protective streak a mile wide. “Maggie,” Alex began, her voice quiet but assertive. “You don’t owe anyone anything. You owe me nothing but what we have decided together, and those things are still negotiable, they’re things we choose together, day in and day out. You owed her nothing. And, I don’t know, I’m sorry if these are things I shouldn’t be saying. I don’t know. I just, I don’t like hearing you act like something was your fault. Because I get that, god, I fucking get it. But with you, I can see how much you don’t deserve that blame. No one deserves that blame.”

Maggie dropped her head into the crook of Alex’s shoulder and neck. She knew that with anyone else she would have yelled or scoffed at this point, told them they didn’t understand. Of course, she hadn’t exactly told other people, but she suspected as much. But with Alex—Alex, who was almost too earnest for her own good—she let herself believe it, let herself feel like she deserved someone like Alex, someone who treated her better, someone who respected her, someone who believed her. And she knew that doubt would return, but she also trusted Alex to be there with her through it, to hold her hand and kiss her softly and promise that they could work anything out together.

“Do you want to talk any more about her? About what happened?” Alex asked. “I can heat up the tea.”

Maggie shook her head no at first, though she still let Alex get up and heat up the tea. But when Alex came back carrying a tray, she began talking, suspecting that if she didn’t get at least some of it out now, she never would. “She just, at first it seemed sweet. Like, she was really protective of me. And after everything with my family, it was…nice. It was nice to have someone who cared that much. And she would get a little jealous, but, I don’t know, we’re supposed to find that endearing, like it’s some sign that someone likes you enough. But then she would get mad at me if my classes ran late or if she saw me meeting with my friends without her around. I don’t know. It just kept getting worse, like, nothing I did was enough to show her that I loved her. And when we finally broke up, she kept telling me that I wouldn’t find someone new or anyone who loved me like she did. And, I don’t know, maybe it’s stupid, but I believed her. I believed her for so fucking long. And sometimes I still worry that one day you’re going to realize I’m not as great as you thought, that you could do so much better.”

Biting back all of the rage she felt for this woman who had dared to make Maggie believe those things about herself, who had dared to hurt the woman she loved like that, Alex held her closer. “I promise, you are worthy of everything, Maggie. You deserve the world and all of the happiness and good things in it. And I know I’m not perfect, and hell, a lot of times I think that you probably deserve better than a thirty-year-old who just pulled herself out of the closet and is still trying to figure out so many things. But I know I want to fight for you. And I know you make me want to be a better person, to be good for you. Because you’re wonderful, Maggie, and all of that shit—you didn’t deserve any of that. And I can only imagine how strong you had to be to pull yourself out afterward. But I also want you to know that I’m here for you. You always tell me that there’s
strength in asking for help, or asking you to be there for me no matter how much I think I can or should do it on my own. And I can do that for you too, Mags. I promise. Anytime. And if I’m doing something wrong, you can tell me. I want to know. Because I love you. I love you so much, Maggie Sawyer.”

“I love you too,” Maggie whispered. And she knew there was more to say, more to process, but for now, she just let herself be held, let herself be lulled to sleep as Alex whispered promises to her about their future, about healing, about growing together. And for now, she let that be enough.

Chapter End Notes

Today, given the topic, in lieu of queer theory, I thought I would leave two book recommendations.

The first is recommended by my girlfriend: Bessel Van der Kolk, The Body Keeps the Score: Brain, Mind, and Body in the Healing of Trauma (New York: Penguin Books, 2015). It comes highly recommended by many therapists and folks working with those who have dealt with trauma.

The second is a memoir by Elissa Washuta, My Body Is a Book of Rules (Pasadena, CA: Red Hen Press, 2014). I will say now, it can be triggering (she deals with rape, abuse, eating disorders, bipolar disorder and figuring out her medications), but it's also haunting in the best of ways, innovative in form, and was helpful to me, even when it hit too close to home.
Never Have I Ever with the Superfriends

Chapter Summary

Prompt from Recklesslove: I would love to see this night : “One drunken round of Never Have I Ever when Lucy and Vasquez were in town visiting revealed far more than she had ever needed to know about her big sister and her girlfriend” (which is from Chapter 78 - http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25208682)

Prompt: Alex (Amused Irritation): Eat my entire ass Luthor.
Lena (Flirtatious): Are you propositioning me Agent Danvers, how inappropriate!

A/N: If you're in the mood for more Never Have I Ever, I have a chapter in Welcome to the Gayborhood where they play as well - http://archiveofourown.org/works/9390416/chapters/21965468.
Also, I used an online Never Have I Ever question generator to help come up with some of these, and let me just say: people submit some weird shit…

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Kara, I love you, but I cannot play another board game,” Lucy whined, dramatically falling back into Vasquez’s chest.

“What do you suggest, then?” Kara asked, feeling slightly miffed, though she understood that Lucy was only in town for the weekend and might not want to play another three-hour-long game of Monopoly.

“Never have I ever!” Lucy yelled out. “Especially now that I hear you can get drunk.”

Alex laughed, adding: “And hungover!” as she went to go get drinks from the kitchen for everyone. Maggie quickly joined her, helping to get a tray together with an assortment of beers and a few bottles of mixers and hard liquor.

“Every time we play, we get stuck and can’t think of any more things we haven’t done, though,” Winn chimed in. He didn’t exactly want to play more Monopoly, but he also hated when they got to a point where they all just sat around awkwardly sipping at their drinks as the person up next tried to think of something.

“Lucy has an app for that,” Vasquez chuckled, kissing Lucy on the cheek.

“Alright,” Winn shrugged. “We can work with that.”

Once everyone had settled in with a drink, Lucy pulled out her phone. “Who wants to start?”

“You start,” Alex called back, laughing at the gleeful expression on Lucy’s face.

“Alright, we’ll start with an easy one: never have I ever smoked weed.”

“Detective Sawyer!” Winn exclaimed as Maggie drank from her cup.
“Excuse me,” Maggie protested, looking around the room at everyone else who had taken a drink. “Alex, James, Vasquez, and Lena are all drinking too!”

“They’re not officers of the law, though,” Winn clarified. Maggie huffed, crossing her arms as Alex just laughed.

Vasquez spun next, reading out the question: “Never have I ever gone skinnydipping.” She paused for a moment before bringing her cup up to her mouth, shrugging as she drank.

Alex offered an imaginary toast to James, Lucy, and Maggie, all of whom were drinking as well. “When did you go skinnydipping?” Kara asked, looking at Alex.

“In high school.”

“How did I not know?” Kara pouted.

“You really think I was going to invite my little sister to come with?” Alex laughed.

“Well, no,” Kara reasoned. “But you could have told me afterward!”

“Wait…does that mean you went alone?” Lucy cackled.

“No! I was with, um, Vicky…my friend.”

“Ohhh,” Kara exhaled. “I get it now. Wouldn’t want me third wheeling.”

“Wait, you had a girlfriend before Maggie?” Lena asked, looking curious. She was still trying to get to know the full friend group better.

Alex shook her head, and Maggie helpfully explained: “Vicky was her…should have known moment.” Vasquez sympathetically tipped her beer in Alex’s direction, earning a small smile from the woman.

“Ah,” Lena nodded. “Got it.”

“Anyway, moving on,” Alex mumbled, reaching for the phone. “Never have I ever driven drunk.”

When no one drank (Alex didn’t feel the need to mention that she almost had but had been arrested before she could get in her car), Maggie cheered, raising her glass: “To us!”

“Wait! the rest of the group called back. No one was drunk yet, but they had definitely started to loosen up after the rather tense end to Monopoly.

Maggie took the phone from Alex, kissing her softly to a chorus of “Aww!” from the group. “Alright: never have I ever called someone the wrong name during sex.”

“Now…does it count if they asked to be called a different name?” Lena asked, prompting a loud cackle from Lucy.

“I don’t think so,” James answered.

“Then I’m good!”

The rest of the group looked around in time to see Maggie and Alex both sipping discreetly at their drinks. “What!” Winn called out.
“I don’t even think I knew his name,” Alex pouted. “It barely counts.”

“And you?” Lucy asked, looking at Maggie.

“It was rebound sex. I was drunk. I’m not going to defend it.”

“Fair enough,” James said, as he picked up the phone. He laughed slightly too loudly as he looked at the question. “Uh, never have I ever wanted to have sex with someone in this room.”

“Maybe we don’t count current relationships,” Lucy offered, not wanting Winn to feel weird as the only one in the room who hadn’t dated within the friend group but would probably still need to drink. Plus, she was incredibly curious. She cackled as everyone—herself included—still drank, many of them now pointedly avoiding eye contact of any kind.

Winn reached out blindly for the phone, ready to break the tension, though he suspected the alcohol would kick in and do it for them soon enough. “Alright, this one is easy! Never have I ever eaten a whole pizza by myself.”

Everyone turned to look at Kara, who grumbled about alien metabolisms as she took a sip, then grabbed the phone from Winn. “Never have I ever been kicked out of a bar.”

This time everyone turned to look at Alex. “Excuse me! I cannot be the only person here to have gotten kicked out of a bar.” She still drank, though.

“I did too, Danvers,” Vasquez chimed in. In response to the many sets of questioning eyes, she explained: “I punched a straight dude in the face for refusing to leave this woman alone in a gay bar.”

“Then she went home with said woman,” Lucy added, smiling broadly up at her blushing girlfriend.

“Were you said woman?” Maggie teased.

“A lady does not fuck and tell,” Lucy replied, looking far too prim for how high up Vasquez’s thigh her hand was inching.

Laughing, Lena took the phone from Kara and pulled up the next question: “Ready? Never have I ever been in handcuffs.” She drank, winking at Maggie. “Good times arresting me, huh?”

“And for that whole Starry Night incident,” Winn offered, looking at Maggie as he took a drink.

Maggie blushed. “Yeah…sorry about that.”

Kara drank as well, chiming in: “Kryptonite handcuffs courtesy of Alex and J’onn.”

Alex tipped her cup to Lucy: “Sent to Cadmus by baby Lane.”

“I’m sorry, did anyone in your group not get arrested?” Lena laughed incredulously. “Who arrested you, Maggie?”

“Oh…uh, no, that wasn’t why I was in handcuffs…” Normally Maggie might have been slightly less open—at least with the whole group there—but she was definitely feeling the alcohol and instead blew a kiss at Alex, who winked right back at her.

Kara blushed and buried her head in Lena’s shoulder, while Lucy just cheered. Kara happily accepted the shot of alien rum Lucy handed her, figuring since she hadn’t needed to drink for most of the questions yet, she could use something to catch up and not have to remember Alex’s (or really
anyone’s) answers quite so vividly.

“My turn again,” Lucy chimed in, reaching for her phone back. “Hold on, let’s all get in for a group selfie for Instagram first!” The group did their best to cram into the frame, a few of them suddenly feeling the effects of the night of drinking as soon as they stood and tried to maneuver themselves into a tight space.

Once she was satisfied with her caption, Lucy returned to the game app and tapped for a new card. “Never have I ever sent a dirty text to the wrong person.”

Everyone looked around at one another until they noticed Alex glaring pointedly at Kara.

“What’s that about?” Winn finally asked, voicing the question on everyone’s minds.

“I’m waiting for Kara to drink,” Alex explained, glaring at Kara.

Refusing to make eye contact, Kara quickly threw back her drink. “Moving on!”

“Wait, wait, wait, this requires a story,” Lena laughed, poking Kara in the ribs, though really, it just hurt her finger a bit.

“Really, you don’t know?” Alex asked, looking confused. “I’m 99% certain what I got was meant for you.”

“Were you trying to sext me?” Lena asked Kara, a bit too tipsy to care that the whole group was still present.

“I was talking to you and Alex at the same time, and I just…hit the wrong one. And then I was too traumatized to try again.” As everyone laughed, a few of them offering sympathetic pats on the back, Kara suddenly smirked, looking back up at Alex. “Did you remember to drink?”

“What?” Maggie turned to look at Alex, definitely not having heard this story before.

“Oh yeah, did she not mention it?” Kara laughed gleefully. “She sexted Eliza by mistake.”

“I told you that in confidence!” Alex snapped. “Besides, I was drunk enough that it was totally incomprehensible, so I panicked for nothing.”

“Yeah, but you still had me fly all the way to Midvale in the middle of the night to try to get her phone!”

“Yeah, well, you owed me after your own sexting disaster.”

“Aww, you two…such matching disasters,” Maggie teased.

Laughing, Vasquez cleared her throat to pull the attention off of Alex, earning a grateful smile from her, as she read the next prompt: “Never have I ever…” she paused long enough to take a deep drink from her cup: “Never have I ever tried rimming.”

Trying to break the tension as everyone figured out whether or not to drink, Maggie poured herself a shot, nodded like a soldier about to head into war, and threw it back, looking all too pleased with herself when Alex, James, and Lena were all drinking when she put her glass back down. She tried not to laugh as Kara turned to whisper to Lena, blushing a bright red as Lena whispered back in her ear.

Alex took the phone before anyone could ask and pulled up a new question, shaking her head but
figuring they were just going with the overly sexual questions at this point. “Alright, never have I ever slept with someone significantly older than me.”

Maggie drank, shrugging, “It used to be, like, a lesbian rite of passage.” Vasquez toasted Maggie and drank too.

“Technically, if you count the 24 years I spent in the Phantom Zone…” Kara trailed off, looking at Lena, who took a small sip of her drink.

Chuckling, Maggie fumbled with the phone as she took it, thinking she should probably switch over to soda sometime soon. “Never have I ever been caught jacking off.”

Winn and James both drank, and Kara pointed at Alex once more.

“I hate you,” Alex grumbled, drinking deeply from her cup. “I hate you and your stupid super powers.”

“You think I enjoyed my introduction to sexuality on your planet?” Kara scoffed.

“Aww, thinking about Vicky?” Lena teased.

Glaring at Lena, Alex huffed, “Oh fuck off. You can eat my entire ass, Luthor.”

Batting her eyes and trying not to laugh, Lena teased, “Are you propositioning me, Agent Danvers? How inappropriate!”

Lucy burst out laughing, howling: “Oh, I think she only lets Maggie do that!”

Flushing a bright red, Alex grumbled, hiding her face behind Maggie’s back. “I hate you all!”

“No you don’t!” Lucy yelled back. “Now it’s time for Winn to read another question!”

Winn took the phone from Maggie, reading along: “Never have I ever gone out in public without a bra. Alas, I have!” he declared, dramatically chugging the last few sips of his beer.

“Has anyone not done this?” Lucy laughed, toasting Vasquez.

“Excuse me, it would be very noticeable if some of us did it,” Lena huffed.

“Don’t worry, I appreciate them,” Kara whispered, her voice a little too loud for the whisper she was going for, and Alex quickly covered her ears and hummed loudly.

James took the phone from Winn: “Never have I ever been slapped across the face.” He paused before drinking. “Thanks, Luce,” he laughed softly.

“Sorry…” Lucy mumbled, though she didn’t look particularly ashamed. “In all fairness, I moved across the country to find you very head over heels in love with someone else.”

“I accept the appropriateness of the punishment,” James offered, holding his hands up in the air.

Winn drank too, shaking his head and simply muttering, “Lyra…not my best decision.”

Kara took the phone from James, figuring it was best not to dwell on bad memories. “New question!” she exclaimed, feeling significantly lighter with all of the rum. “Never have I ever…oh, no, this one is a bummer.” She skipped past the cheating card, figuring Alex and Maggie really didn’t need to deal with that in public. “Okay! Never have I ever done the walk of shame.”
“It’s a walk of pride!” Lucy yelled, flinging herself into Vasquez’s lap to glare at her phone screen as though the text might change.

“I know, sweetie,” Vasquez assured her, blushing as Lucy sat up but remained in her lap, peppering her cheek with kisses.

“How about a new question?” Lena suggested, figuring it would be best to keep Lucy placated.

Kara tapped the screen. “Never have I ever gotten a lap dance.”

James and Vasquez both drank and avoided looking each other, not needing to think about the fact that they probably received one from the same woman. Alex and Maggie toasted each other as they drank, earning high fives from Lucy.

Lena reached over for her turn. “Never have I ever had Skype sex,” she read aloud. Lucy, Vasquez, Alex, Maggie, and James all drank.

“Really? Even with all of those business trips?” Maggie asked, looking at Lena suspiciously. “Are you just trying to make a good impression on Alex, cause I think you’re fine. I mean, she’s had to drink for almost all of them.”

“Shut up,” Alex hissed.

“No, no, it’s a good thing,” Maggie insisted, her words slurring slightly. “It means you’re fun.”

“My girlfriend can fly,” Lena answered matter-of-factly, biting back a smile as Lucy yelled: “Up top!” and reached out for a high five.

Lucy grabbed for the phone next. “Now I’m curious if there’s anything Alex Danvers hasn’t done…” She clicked through a few cards until she came to one she approved of: “Never have I ever had sex in public.”

Glaring at Lucy, Alex still drank along with Maggie, Winn, and Lucy herself.

“Ooh, I wanna see how far this goes!” Lucy squealed, ignoring Kara’s glare. “Mkay, next question. Never have I ever had sex in a car.”

Knowing Lucy already knew the answer to this question, Alex drank along with Maggie, James, Lena, and Vasquez.

“Yeah, that was easy,” Lucy mused, batting away Vasquez’s hand before she could get the phone. “Okay, never have I ever been spanked during sex.”

“We should let other people play,” Alex growled.

“That’s a big yes!” Lucy squealed. “Aww, my baby gay came out and into some light BDSM at the same time!”

“Light?” Maggie scoffed, laughing loudly until she caught sight of Kara’s pained expression. She pushed a shot glass across the table and watched as Lena, who looked more impressed than anything else, filled it halfway and handed it to Kara along with a cookie, which she suspected would do far more to improve Kara’s mood than a shot.

The cookie left Kara sufficiently distracted to miss her sister drinking during the “used food in the bedroom” and “purchased sex toys” questions, though she tuned back in just in time to hear Lucy
asking about a swingers’ party and to watch Alex and Maggie both finish their drinks and quickly get up to leave before they could reveal anymore.

“Oh my god, we need to hang out more!” Lucy yelled at Alex’s retreating form. “You owe me so many stories!” she called out, figuring Alex and Maggie probably still heard even through the slammed shut door.

Chapter End Notes

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In “Age, Race, Sex, and Class: Women Redefining Difference,” Audre Lorde talks about the “mythical norm” of society—one that she defines in America as “white, thin, male, young, heterosexual, christian, and financially secure”—which is where power resides, to which the rest of us define ourselves in relation, in opposition. Lorde wants to dwell on these differences in their multiplicities, though, rather than in the binaries in which we have been taught to think. As a self-identified “forty-nine-year-old Black lesbian feminist socialist mother of two, including one boy, and a member of an interracial couple,” Lorde wrote in large part from her own experiences and those of her friends and colleagues. In an argument that remains all too relevant today, she talks about the way in which members of the oppressed classes have been forced to assimilate into the norms set up by the oppressors, to take on their language, their behaviors, to understand them and their motivations and communicate only in ways they will understand as the oppressed are forced to become the educator to their oppressors: “[I]t is the responsibility of the oppressed to teach the oppressors their mistakes…The oppressors maintain their position and evade responsibility for their own actions” (114-15).

Considering the different kinds of difference she herself has experienced (and been oppressed by), Lorde reflects that in our society, “we have no patterns for relating across our human differences as equals. As a result, those differences have been misnamed and misused in the service of separation and confusion” (115). Yet, pushing back against the kind of ideology that was cropping up at the time she was writing in different progressive movements, Lorde does not want to pretend that difference doesn’t exist or that we are somehow past it without ever having truly dealt with it. We might think here of the claims we heard about America suddenly being a “postracial” society after Obama was elected (and can simply open a newspaper to see how objectively false that statement has proven itself to be). She argues, “Too often, we pour the energy needed for recognizing and exploring difference into pretending those differences are insurmountable barriers, or that they do not exist at all. This results in a voluntary isolation, or false and treacherous connections. Either way, we do not develop tools for using human difference as a springboard for creative change within our lives” (115-16). Lorde here thinks about the ways differences in socioeconomic class, age, and race were being overlooked in the feminist movement, though she focuses primarily on race, calling on white women to recognize the privileges they enjoy in a racist society. She follows this lengthy discussion of the complicity of white women in forms of systemic racism with a call to the Black feminist movement to recognize its LGBTQ+ members and name them, to allow them to claim both identities simultaneously and draw power from them, rather than being forced to choose one over the other.
She ends the essay with a call for revolutionary change—a hopeful rallying cry for a future that might escape the structures of power and oppression in which we live. In what would become one of her best known quotes, Lorde writes: “For we have, built into all of us, old blueprints of expectation and response, old structures of oppression, and these must be altered at the same time as we alter the living conditions which are a result of those structures. For the master’s tools will never dismantle the master’s house” (123).
Sanvers Watches Taxi Brooklyn

Chapter Summary

hey so i have a stupid funny prompt that popped into my head, could you write sanvers watching taxi brooklyn together, cue alex not seeing the uncanny resemblance between her and cat, maggie continually telling her, and maggie criticizing everyone lol

Spoilers for Taxi Brooklyn ahead. Also...this is just pure crack

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had all started with Maggie coming home from work excitedly declaring that she had found a new show for them to watch. “Babe! I found your TV twin!” she had insisted, holding out her phone to a skeptical Alex, who had refused to admit any resemblance. “When you see her in action, you’ll see it,” Maggie maintained.

Which is how they found themselves curled up on their couch one rainy Saturday morning, intent on binging several episodes. During the first episode, Maggie insisted, time and again, that the resemblance was truly uncanny. Refusing to budge on her position, Alex shook her head. “Absolutely not! Look at how short her hair is!”

“Babe,” Maggie whined, “you’d look like her with short hair.”

“I don’t wear that much plaid.”

“But how great would it be if you did? Also, maybe you should give that open-flannel over sexy ribbed tank top thing a shot…just saying, it’d be hot.”

“It’s hot on her. On me…no, I’d look funny.”

“That’s so not true. Also, I’m totally shipping your character with the ME. I think they’d make an excellent couple.”

“You’ll ship any two pretty women who talk to each other,” Alex retorted, feeling more than a little proud of herself for having remembered the definition of shipping after learning all about fandom from Maggie. “Plus, she’s not my character!”

Maggie just sighed loudly and rolled her eyes; she’d get Alex to see it eventually. As she focused more on the plot, though, Maggie grew increasingly frustrated with their depictions of police work. “You can’t just commandeer a taxi!” Then, a few minutes later: “You don’t just go with your gut! God, Alex, your character is a terrible detective!”

“She’s not me!” Alex shot back.

By the time they got to the third episode and Annabella was introduced, Maggie cackled, “Oh my god! Cat even has her own Vicky Donahue!”

“What do you mean? They’re just friends, Maggie.”
“Yeah…just like you and I are gal pals that share a bed and casually fuck but just like BFFs do, right?”

“Not the same.”

“They’re talking about practicing kissing, for god’s sake!” Maggie yelled, nearly upending the popcorn in her excitement to make her point.

Alex paused, rewinding to hear that scene again. “No!” she countered. “They were practicing kissing the same neighbor boy! That’s totally different.”

“You know it’s just one stop short of turning to each other and cutting out the middle man. Literally.”

“Speaking from experience?” Alex asked, arching an eyebrow as she paused the show and turned to regard Maggie more closely.

“What? No…”

“That’s a big yes.”

“It’s a no…just, well, a nuanced no? There are a lot of straight girls in college who really want to know what it’s like to kiss a girl and all.”

“And you were only too happy to satisfy their curiosity?”

“I satisfied something.” Maggie preened as Alex scowled. “C’mon, you love me.”

“You’re okay.”

“It’ll do. Now hit play! I need to find out what happens.”

By the sixth episode, both Maggie and Alex had grown quite vocal in their commentary. It helped that they had begun drinking after lunch—just beer, but enough to loosen their tongues.

“You can’t just take your friend to interview a serial killer! No captain would allow that!” Maggie yelled at the screen, tossing a handful of popcorn, even though she knew she’d be the one to vacuum it up later.

“It’s a show,” Alex whispered, pressing kisses to Maggie’s temple and stroking a hand through her hair.

And to her credit, Maggie did let that particular point go in favor of complaining as soon as she first suspected that the new serial killer might be a woman. “Statistically that is so unlikely. And are they really going to make the killer a queer woman? That’s so rude. I mean, yeah, I’d be in love with Cat too.” In response to Alex’s glare, she added, “Because she looks so much like you, duh. But we’re not all villains! When is television going to do right by us?”

“I thought the biggest problem was all of the shows that kill us off.” Alex tilted her head to the side, trying to remember the list of dead lesbian characters Maggie had once rattled off to her—Dana, Tara, Lexa, probably more names ending with ‘a’s too.

“Well, that’s its own separate issue. But also TV shows somehow think it’s gonna be a big plot twist to have some crazy jealous, possessive lesbian who goes crazy and murders her ex or some girl she’s in love with even though they’ve barely met or something. It’s rude. I hate it.”
“Do you hate it more than the bury your gays trope, though?”

Considering it for a moment, Maggie shook her head. “No. If they’d get a little more innovative with it, I wouldn’t mind the gay villains. Very campy. Lots of history there. But stop having us do the same damn thing over and over again. We literally fill the halls of English Departments and MFA programs and art schools! We’re more creative than they give us credit for,” she huffed.

Once Maggie was vindicated in her suspicions about the show, they took a break to get themselves another round of beers and make out for a while to “make up for the lack of overt queerness on the show,” Maggie had insisted, though as they let the seventh episode play, she went back to insisting that Cat was quite clearly a lesbian.

Alex laughed it off, until the show cut to a scene of Cat making out with Rhys and looking terribly uncomfortable as she pulled away, finding that she just couldn’t do it. “Well…that is a bit familiar,” she chuckled, rubbing the back of her neck awkwardly.

“Danvers, she is literally you – those are your mannerisms!”

Alex shook her head at Maggie and looked back at the screen just in time to see Cat transition seamlessly from aggressively making out with Rhys to pinning him on his stomach. “What the fuck?” Alex laughed.

“Oh my god…was she trying to peg him?” Maggie cackled. “If this isn’t proof that Cat is as gay as you are, I don’t know what is.”

“I think she was trying to arrest him?”

“That’s not fun. Unless it’s role play,” Maggie added with a wink.

“But they wouldn’t really imply that she was trying to, you know…would they?”

“It’s based on a French film,” Maggie shrugged. “Plus, I bet Gregg was into it.”

“Ew, he’s so gross.”

“True. But also you and your doppelganger are also both so gay.”

“We don’t look alike,” Alex huffed. “Seriously, she’s got more freckles than I do. And her hair is lighter. And shorter. Also, I feel like we’re built differently.”

“Freckles can be covered with makeup. Hair can be cut and dyed different colors. And as the person who is perhaps most intimately familiar with your body and your build, I’m telling you, you’re totally twins. Also, you act similarly.”

“You were just calling her a bad cop!”

“Okay, not like that. I mean, she’s not following procedures, but I’m talking about your temperaments. You’re both a little…angry?”

“You’re not helping your case.”

“I meant to say passionate!”

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As the credits for the twelfth episode rolled, Alex clicked play to go on to the next episode, only to
find that an entirely new show began. Grumbling, she clicked back to the main menu to get back to their show, only to find that episode 12 was apparently the last episode of the season. “Mags!” she yelled to Maggie, who had gotten up to find some dessert. There was nothing like staying on the couch all day to tire them out.

“What?” Maggie yelled back, making her way into the living room balancing a box of cookies and a carton of vegan ice cream.

“Where can we stream season two?”

“There isn’t a season two.”

“Excuse me?”

“It got cancelled.”

“So you’re telling me that we’re never going to know what happens? Will Gregg get arrested? Will Cat get arrested? Is Leo’s roommate okay? Is his family okay? Is Cat’s mom alive? Was she on the boat? Is Annabella going to jail? Oh my god, there are so many fucking questions! Why would you let us watch a show that got cancelled?”

“You said you didn’t even like the show that much,” Maggie tried by way of a defense, though she had to admit, she’d expected a more satisfying ending too.

“Just because it’s not my favorite doesn’t mean I don’t want to know how it ends!”

Maggie’s face suddenly lit up and she nearly threw the desserts in her excitement as she began gesticulating wildly—one of the surest signs that she had crossed the line from tipsy to drunk. “Oh my gosh! Wait! You already look like Cat, then we can get J’onn to shapeshift into Leo and find people who look enough like the other characters—no! Wait! J’onn can play them all! Except Cat, because you already look like her. And we’ll create our own finale to answer all the questions!”

Alex burst out laughing only to find that Maggie had dropped off the desserts and already had a pen and notepad in hand. “Okay, first question,” Maggie began. “How long into this finale do we have to wait for you to come out?”

Chapter End Notes

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Hi again! Have you considered a situation where Supergirl "apprehends" the evil Luthor in order to foil some totally funny and harmless "plot"? :D I feel like this should be fairly overdone by now, but I haven't been reading much Supergirl fanfiction lately (just your Stronger Together, mostly).

A/N: If this has been done frequently, I apologize! I’ve not been reading much in the way of Supercorp recently

Still clad in full Supergirl attire, Kara flopped down onto the couch in the break room of the DEO. Stopping a major collision certainly didn’t drain her powers, but there was something particularly exhausting about dealing with the irate drivers who, as of late, had been less likely to thank her for her help and far more likely to focus on continuing to yell at one another. So, desperate for some more pleasant human interaction and maybe something sugary, she pulled out her phone and texted Winn: “Winn! Emergency in the break room!”

Within a minute, Winn came rushing into the room, navy cardigan flapping in the breeze behind him. “What?” he panted. “What’s the emergency?”

“I’m hungry. And tired.”

“Kara,” Winn whined, “I was in the middle of something.”

“No you weren’t. I checked. You were playing some game on your computer.”

Grumbling, Winn crossed his arms across his chest. “Just because you don’t play doesn’t mean that it isn’t important.”

“But I’m bored,” Kara pouted. “Also, if you still have some of those frosted animal crackers, I promise I’ll get Superman to come to the next game night.”

Winn’s eyes lit up for a moment before falling, his expression morphing from ecstatic to crestfallen in record time. “You finished them. Remember last week? When you had that bet with Vasquez about how many you could fit in your mouth at once?”

“Oh,” Kara sighed. She had won the bet, but at what cost? “Right.”

“But maybe as repayment for finishing all of my animal crackers, you still invite the big guy?”

“I’ll see what I can do.” Kara laughed mirthfully, noting the broad grin and the pink flush on Winn’s cheeks.
Once Winn left to get back to his game—he insisted that his teammates were going to kill him for having been gone this long already—Kara sent a text to Lena, who had promised that she would actually leave the office on time today after weeks of late nights and Saturdays spent with R&D. “You coming home soon?”

“Already home, dear,” Lena sent back almost instantly. After a quick check in with her superhearing to confirm, Kara beamed and made her way out of the DEO, launching herself into the sky as she dialed Lena’s number.

“Hello, Kara,” Lena answered, and Kara could almost see the teasing smile on her lips.

“Hi Lena! I’m coming home now!”

“I can hear,” she noted, listening to the faint whistle of wind in the background that even Winn’s best technological efforts hadn’t been able to completely filter out.

“Ah, right…sorry.” After a beat she remembered the original purpose of the call. “Can you check to see if we have any more of those French cookies you picked up this weekend?”

Kara listened as she heard the sound of the cabinet door creaking open, of paper being rustled. “Hmm, no, looks like we don’t. Sorry, dear.”

Kara sighed loudly, but she swore she heard the sound of something delicious and crumbly and perfectly flaky being broken through the line. “Is that a cookie? Is that my cookie?”

“What? No,” Lena laughed, carefully putting down the other half of the cookie as quietly as she could. In all honesty, though, they were her favorite kind, and Kara seemed to inhale them without even tasting them. Plus, she’d already split the container 2-8 with the woman; she deserved a snack.

But then the curtains were whipping back as Supergirl flung herself through the balcony door. “Aha!” she yelled, pointing melodramatically at the cookie in Lena’s hand. “I’ve caught you red-handed, Luthor! Give me the cookie, and no one gets hurt.”

Biting at her lip mischievously, Lena shook her head. “As a Luthor, you know I surely have a flawless ploy, with contingency plans for your arrival.”

“And what are they?” Kara taunted, stalking closer to Lena.

With a bitten back giggle—which she would deny to her dying day—Lena shoved the half in her hand into her mouth and grabbed the other one, taking off at a sprint toward the living room. Of course, Kara quickly swooped in, picking her up and plucking the rest of the cookie from her hand.

“I’ve foiled your dastardly plan after all!” Kara cried out, biting off half of the piece she had in her hand as she gently tossed Lena down onto their bed.

“Mm, are you so sure? Maybe my grand plan involved luring you into our bedroom.”

“Supergirl would never,” Kara gasped in mock offense.

“And yet, here we are,” Lena purred, tracing a slow path down Kara’s chest, feeling the woman shudder at even those faint touches. As Kara’s eyes fluttered closed, Lena quickly reached out and plucked the last bite of cookie from Kara’s fingers, popping it into her mouth before Kara could react.

“What?” Kara spluttered, looking at Lena as though she had kicked a puppy.
“All is fair in love and war, my dear.”

“Well, I think as part of our peace treaty you should probably let me taste secondhand,” Kara murmured, her lips already kissing across Lena’s jaw.

“I could be amenable to that,” Lena laughed, drawing Kara down by her cape and kissing her soundly, letting her tongue flit across Kara’s lips and into her mouth. “And I bet I could even use my tongue for far more than this,” she added, biting her lip as she looked up at Kara’s rapidly darkening gaze. “After all, I really should pay for my crimes.”

Chapter End Notes

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Apologies for pairing such a lighthearted chapter with a more somber endnote, but this note felt timely enough that I’ll let myself believe the two can be separated (or appreciated on their own).

An openly gay Dutch artist, writer, and later anti-Nazi resistance fighter, Willem Arondeus founded an illegal periodical, Brandarisbrief, in 1942 to call for mass resistance against the German occupation of the Netherlands. In addition to his writings, Arondeus was a member of the Resistance Council, which helped to hide Jews among local families by forging documents for them. However, once the Nazis gained access to all of the public records, they began a concerted effort to weed out the faked papers and ship anyone found with false papers to the concentration camps. In an effort to make the task of comparing records more difficult for the Germans and to give the Jews time to escape, Arondeus led a group of resistance fighters in bombing the Amsterdam Public Records Office—not to harm people, but to destroy the paper copies of the records the Germans were using. Days later, he was arrested along with several other members of the Resistance Council and sentenced to death by firing squad. His last words, spoken to his lawyer before his execution, were: "Let it be known that homosexuals are not cowards."
“Agent Danvers,” J’onn radioed in through the comms. “Have you finished your sweep of the building?”

“One floor left. Nothing yet,” Alex responded as she motioned for Alpha team to head up the stairs to the top floor. With every floor she grew increasingly frustrated. Sure, they’d found plenty of weapons, but that wasn’t enough to justify the level of security that had been in place. There had to have been a reason for Cadmus’ increasingly desperate attempts to defend this building with stockpiles of alien technology, lead-lined walls, and Kryptonite emitters. And the DEO had been monitoring the whole building during the siege, making sure no one left with whatever was being stored inside.

As they stormed the top floor, guns out in case anything had been left behind as a final defense mechanism, Alex’s eyes landed on a shabby wooden crate in the back corner of the room, as though whoever had left it had intended for it to look as unremarkable as possible. Moving forward quickly, Alex threw off the lid of the crate, stepping back in case it was an explosive. But nothing happened. She inched forward again, two of her agents flanking her on either side.

“It’s a…watch?” Agent Hu declared, the confusion evident in his voice.

Stepping forward, Alex reached out to pick up the watch to bring it back to the DEO for closer examination. But as soon as she touched it, the watch seemed to mold to her skin, settling around her wrist tightly—far too tightly for her to pry it off. She let Agent Hu try, but he too found himself tugging uselessly at a metal band that felt strong enough to be otherworldly. Trying not to let her concern show, Alex called over her comms to J’onn, letting him know what had happened and that she’d be back to the DEO as soon as she could.

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“Well, Agent Danvers, the watch hasn’t done anything harmful physically, at least,” Dr. Jacobson informed her, looking over at J’onn as he nodded in response. “We’ll continue to monitor you, but…” she paused, trying to find a diplomatic way to phrase her sentiments, “I assume you will not want to stay here until we do?” Alex was notorious around the med bay for her self-diagnoses and refusals to accept treatment if it meant she was stuck out of the field for longer than she deemed necessary.

Alex shook her head vehemently. “Absolutely not.”

“I don’t want you going out on any missions until we know what this watch does. Do I make myself clear, Agent Danvers?” J’onn said, looking sternly at Alex.
“Yes,” Alex sighed. “Now I’m going down to my lab to see if I can’t get it off or at least figure out what it does.”

“Take Schott with you.”

“Fine.”

--

“What happens if you press the button?” Winn asked, gesturing at the button on the side of the watch.

Alex glared at Winn. “And if it blows up? I’m just going to stand here and die because you wanted to know what the button does?”

Winn had the decency to look away sheepishly. “Perhaps, um, have you tried x-raying it?”

“Kara looked inside of it. As far as she could tell, there was nothing that should explode…”

Before Alex could agree to something that might very well kill her, Kara flitted through the door and interjected: “But Kara doesn’t know the full breadth of alien technology available. Which is why I went to the Fortress first.” She stood there beaming at them until Alex finally asked what she found.

“It appears to be similar to technology that was manufactured by the Dokris race. They can time travel,” she added, seeing the looks of confusion on both Alex’s and Winn’s faces.

“Oh my god,” Winn exhaled. “Can Alex time travel now?”

“Wait…can I?” Alex asked. As much as she understood that there would probably be terrible consequences for changing history, she couldn’t help herself from thinking about the possibilities… Of course, that led very quickly to the what ifs—what if she hadn’t killed Astra, what if she had recognized that something was off about her father when they got him back, what if she hadn’t gone flying with Kara when they were young, hadn’t let them be spotted by the real Hank Henshaw, hadn’t forced her father to sacrifice his life to the DEO to protect Kara. She shook herself out of it, forcing herself not to dwell on such possibilities.

“I doubt it,” Kara answered. “They were time travelers as…who they were, if that makes sense. It wasn’t like they had some sort of device that did it for them. They just…did. This is similar to their technology, but I can’t tell exactly how. It would be best if I take you to the Fortress,” she concluded, looking up at Alex. “Then Kelex will be able to analyze the watch, even though you can’t take it off.”

“Okay,” Alex shrugged.

In a flurry of movement and a gust of wind, Kara was gone and back with a warm winter coat and gloves in tow. “Ready?”

Alex nodded and felt herself being scooped up in Kara’s arms as the floor, then the DEO disappeared beneath them as they rose higher and higher into the sky.

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“So…you can stop time?” Kara asked, her eyes wide.

“Apparently.” Part of Alex was relieved that she wouldn’t have the temptation to turn back time, to try to adjust the parts of her life she wasn’t exactly proud of. But she was still wary of whatever this
new power was—whatever it might mean for her.

“Should we test it?” Kara asked, looking more excited than Alex felt.

Never one to admit to her nerves, Alex nodded. Holding her breath, she hit the button, then looked up and around her. For a moment, nothing seemed different. Kara was still staring at her; Kelex was hunched over the computer; and that was…about it. But when Alex moved, Kara’s eyes didn’t follow. When she peered outside, she saw snowflakes frozen in their descent. She tried calling out to Kara, but got no response. Thinking of how productive she might be, she grinned, only to pause in a momentary panic. What if the button didn’t reverse it? What if she was now doomed to live out the rest of her life alone, trapped in a frozen world that waited for her to what? Waited for her to die?

When she hit the button, though, Kara snapped back to life. “Did it work?”

“Yeah!” Alex exclaimed, letting herself feel truly excited for the first time. “And you…you don’t feel any different, right?”

“No,” Kara answered, levitating and testing her powers a bit to make sure. “Seems perfectly fine to me.”

“Awesome.”

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“Maggie!” Alex called out, striding through the front door.

“In the kitchen!” Maggie called back.

“You’ll never believe what happened.”

“Well, with a lead like that, it better be good,” Maggie chuckled, wiping her hands off on the towel and turning to greet Alex with a kiss. “Ooh, where’d you get that watch? Very lesbian chic. I’m into it.”

Laughing, Alex kissed Maggie again. “That’s actually the story! Well, no, sorry, the watch isn’t the whole story. At least, not the way you’re thinking about it.” She shook her head, trying not to ramble. “So long story short: there was a raid on a Cadmus facility. This watch is what they were protecting. When I went to take it back to the DEO, it latched onto me. No physical harm. Kara took me to the Fortress. I press this button here, and I freeze time.”

“What?”

“I freeze time!” Maggie looked slightly incredulous, so Alex kept going. “It’s from this race of time travelers. I guess sometimes they needed a way to freeze things with everyone being able to jump in and out of the future and the past. I don’t know. Point is: I can freeze time! Think about how much work I can get done!”

“Only you would think of that first, Danvers.” Alex blushed, but Maggie just laughed. Because this was exactly the woman she fell in love with.

“Want to see?” Alex asked, looking more than a little excited.

“Sure,” Maggie shrugged.

With a nod, Alex reached down and hit the button. “See!” she exclaimed to no one in particular.
Only, Maggie wasn’t frozen.

“Um, I don’t think it works that well, babe.”

“No! I swear, it worked this morning!” Alex spluttered, looking around, turning her wrist to look at the watch from every direction. She was too busy to notice Maggie’s jaw dropping, to see the way she took in her surroundings—the water on the stove frozen mid-boil, the bird floating motionlessly outside their window, the oven timer stopped at 13:28 until their food would be ready.

“Alex…”

“I swear,” Alex whined.

“Alex,” Maggie repeated more insistently, tugging on Alex’s sleeve. “It does work.”

At that, Alex finally looked up, surveying their apartment and the view from their window, which now essentially overlooked a hyperrealistic still life. “But you…you’re not frozen.” Maggie didn’t have an answer for that.

Alex tried to think about what was different. It couldn’t have been the fact that they were in the same room; after all, she had been with Kara the first time in the Fortress. But then it hit her: Maggie had been touching her.

“Can I test something?” Alex asked, always a scientist, always needing to confirm, to test, to retest. “Um, okay,” Maggie nodded.

Stepping away from Maggie, Alex unfroze them, glad to find that everything went right back to the way it was, even if she and Maggie weren’t clinging to one another. Staying a distance away, Alex clicked the button once more, watching as Maggie remained frozen in place while she walked around the apartment. When she clicked back, Maggie’s jaw dropped, finding Alex all the way across the room.

Intent on testing it just one more time, Alex came back and took Maggie’s hand in hers. “Together?”

“Together,” Maggie confirmed. And then time froze for them. And, like any good couple, they seized the occasion to fuck with no worries about wasting time, no worries about emergency phone calls from the DEO or NCPD, no concerns about neighbors complaining about volume or Kara complaining about mental images she’d never be able to rid herself of, even though she was the one who flung herself through the balcony windows without calling first.

For a while, that was all they really used it for. The doctors at the DEO kept an eye on Alex’s vitals (and Maggie’s, once Alex accidentally let slip that she had let another person escape time with her). She was beyond relieved when the doctors found that they weren’t aging more rapidly or experiencing any side effects that would have made their timeless sexcapades too dangerous to continue. Of course, she didn’t say what they were using the watch to do, though Lena and Lucy had insinuated heavily enough at the bar that they knew damn well what they would do if they got their hands on such a watch. For once, Alex was glad that all the DEO tech in the world still hadn’t been able to pry the watch from her wrist.

It wasn’t until she was out in the field with Kara going up against a particularly nasty alien that she thought to use her watch as her own superpower of sorts. Grabbing hold of Kara’s wrist before the alien could reach her, Alex jammed her finger against the button, watching as the world froze once more, save for her and Kara.
“Alex,” Kara breathed out. “That’s amazing!”

Alex preened and nodded, glad to have found yet another way to help her sister, to ensure her safety out in the field.

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When they got back from the mission, Winn was practically glowing with excitement, having heard the chatter from the other DEO agents about the way Supergirl and Agent Danvers seemed to move faster than time itself, how they went from nearly losing to toppling the alien in mere nanoseconds.

“What do you want, Schott?” Alex asked, narrowing her eyes in suspicion.

“Well…with your new superpowers and all, I think it’s probably only fair that you get a name…and a suit.”

Kara snickered. “I take it you have some suggestions?”

Winn nodded enthusiastically. “I swear they’re good!”

Pacing forward menacingly, Alex pointed a finger at Winn’s chest. “Now, this is not a yes. But I need you to know: if you so much as try to put me in a miniskirt, I will demonstrate the six new, but equally painful ways I have of making you change your mind using only my wristwatch and my index finger.”

“Yes, okay, got it!” Winn squeaked.

Chapter End Notes

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Today has been one of those days, and I’ve left my academic notes for this chapter on my work computer, so I’ll leave you with a more recent piece by lesbian cartoonist, Alison Bechdel. This MacArthur “genius” grant winner is perhaps best known for the “Bechdel Test” and her “tragicomic” memoir, Fun Home, which was recently adapted into an award-winning Broadway musical (and I would 100% recommend the soundtrack, especially "Ring of Keys," for anyone looking for a bit of butch appreciation). For years during the Bush presidency, she wrote the comic strip Dykes to Watch Out For, which is actually where the Bechdel Test comes from (as two of the main characters talk about how difficult it is to find a movie in which: 1) there are at least 2 female characters who 2) talk to each other 3) about something other than a man. The high-resolution version of this strip can be found online here: http://dykestowatchoutfor.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/05/The-Rule-cleaned-up.jpg

In late November 2016, for the first time in 8 years, Bechdel revisited the strip she had thought she’d left behind in light of the election results in the United States. This was the result: http://dykestowatchoutfor.com/same-as-it-ever-was-only-much-worse.
Prompt from emilievitnux: Hey! So you probably noticed but there is something we do not see in wlw fanfic: safe sex. We never read about women using dental dams or latex gloves or condoms and lube on some toys. And since we never see any advertising about safe sex, young wlw don't even know that women can and should use protection like straight people or mlm. So can you write a chapter for your "stronger together" series about Alex and Maggie having safe sex?

Anon: can you write something about alex and maggie discussing/going to get checked out before sleeping together? i feel like that's something that needs to be normalized but can be an awkward topic to bring up with a new partner.

Chapter Notes

In lieu of academic notes, this morning please enjoy some safe sex notes!

A/N: Thank you both for excellent prompts! I reference both of these things a bit in chapters in Welcome to the Gayborhood, especially, but since I’m typically writing people in monogamous, already established relationships, I agree, it doesn’t come up as often as it should. I think fanfic does an amazing job of showing that consent can be sexy, but we don’t always do such a great job with normalizing safe sex, so thank you both for the reminder, and hopefully this satisfies!

A/N 2: I didn’t make the conversation totally cool and collected because, realistically, it won’t always be, but that’s okay! In fact, it’s totally normal to embrace a bit of awkwardness! At least, I hope it is, since that opening convo may or may not be pulled from my own life…lolz.

A/N 3: Quick facts on safe sex for two women-identified partners: for anything phallic shaped – be it a sex toy or an organ – cover it in a condom! Lube is wonderful, but if you’re using silicone sex toys (which, really, medical-grade silicone is the best way to go to prevent any kinds of infections from germs being harbored there), don’t use silicone-based lube as it can eat away at the toy. And when using condoms, don’t use oil-based lubricants like massage oils or Vaseline (which really shouldn’t be used as lube anyway) as they can break the condom. During sex, if you’re switching between partners or between different entrances, switch out the condom.
For oral and rimming, use a dental dam, which is basically a big latex sheet that you stretch out over the opening to act as a barrier between that area and your mouth. Don’t have a dental dam? That’s fine—most people don’t. Simply cut open a condom along the long side and lay it flat – lube side down to help it stick and also so you aren’t just lapping up lube…
Finally, even though fingering is relatively safe, using a glove makes it even safer, as infections can be spread if there are even micro-abrasions (cuts) on fingers and inside vaginas, mouths, anuses, etc. And for all of these things—condoms, dental dams, gloves —there are non-latex versions available if you’ve got allergies!
Play safe! And as awkward as bringing these things up can feel, just remember that the less stressed you are during sex, the easier it is to come!

Added later: from Rebellion_Bear: And for readers, if you're going to get checked for STIs, ask which ones they're testing for because GPs generally only test for about 3 and may leave out ones like HSV-1 and HSV-2 and you have to ask for them to be added. Having information and staying safe is super sexy!

Thanks to FadingEcho for pointing out that one of the terms I use, "fluid bonded" really isn't a commonly taught one. So for anyone curious, if you're fluid bonded, it means that you share bodily fluids. Most people don't consider something like kissing fluid bonding, since saliva is relatively low-risk in terms of infection transmission, so this generally means having some form of genital contact without barriers. Especially if you're in a poly or non-monogamous relationship, this is an important conversation to have, as being fluid bonded to someone means that you're opening yourself up to any risk that they might choose to take outside of your relationship as well. Here's a link to a page about what Planned Parenthood terms, "Safer Sex," which has multiple linked pages within it: https://www.plannedparenthood.org/learn/ stds-hiv-safer-sex/safer-sex. I'll admit it skews heavily toward sex in which procreation is a possibility, but there are notes about dental dams and general notes about different kinds of STDs and STIs, as well as prevention and treatment.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Alex whimpered as Maggie’s thigh pushed more insistently between her legs. She was fairly certain Maggie could feel how wet she was through her underwear, was fairly certain that she had soaked through them quite some time ago at this point. And as much as she knew she could come like this, had come like this already, she was also ready for more.

"Can these come off?" Alex rasped, gesturing at her own underwear. She’d love for Maggie’s to come off too, but she didn’t want to pressure her.

"Um…" Maggie pulled back sitting on her heels.

"Sorry, nevermind, I’ll just, I can go," Alex stammered, her eyes desperately scanning the room as she looked for the rest of her clothes. She should have known things were going too well, seemed too easy. Of course Maggie didn’t want her like that, of course she had misread the situation, had let herself assume that she could be wanted that way by a woman as gorgeous and perfect and experienced as Maggie was.

"No! Alex, please stay," Maggie called out, catching Alex’s hand in her own. “It’s not that. I…I really want to. I just, have you been tested?"

"For?" Alex asked, her brain taking a few minutes to catch up as she still tried to process the fact that Maggie did apparently want her.

"For STDs and stuff."

"Oh, um, I think at my last gynecologist appointment,” Alex answered. “Have you?"

“Mean, I have, but not since the last person I had sex with, so I don’t want to risk anything before I have answers.” Figuring it had probably been a while since Alex’s appointment, she offered, “Do
you want to go together? To get tested, I mean.”

“Uh, is that something couples do?”

“It can be,” Maggie shrugged. She’d volunteered at clinics all through undergrad and had seen people come in alone, with friends, with partners. “What if we make it part of a breakfast date?”

“Alright,” Alex shrugged. This was…new. Of course being with a woman was new, but so was this degree of communication, of intimacy that went far beyond the bedroom. “So, I guess…I guess I should get dressed.”

“I didn’t say you had to get dressed, Danvers,” Maggie purred, pushing Alex back down onto her back.

“But we can’t, you know.”

“We can. We just can’t have unprotected sex.”

Alex’s forehead scrunched up—rather adorably, Maggie might add. Sure, Alex had used condoms back when she was sleeping with cis-dudes, but she didn’t think a condom would really stay on a finger—and from what she’d read online, they seemed pretty important. Hell, she’d trimmed and filed her nails just for tonight.

Figuring Alex could use an explanation, Maggie leaned over, pulling open the door to her bedside cabinet. “Well, um, obviously we don’t need to use all of this tonight. But I have things like gloves if you wanted my fingers. Or dental dams if you, um, wanted me to go down on you.” She didn’t add that she’d been dreaming of it, that even if she couldn’t taste Alex, the idea of being that close to her, of having her writhing under her tongue, fingers buried in her hair, still made her drip with anticipation. “And then there are just some regular old condoms.”

“For what?”

“Um, strap-ons. Which I know not everyone is into! And it’s fine if you aren’t! But they’re here. Also in a pinch you can turn one into a dental dam, so yeah, more for oral…yay,” she cheered, feeling more than a little awkward, even if the conversation was a necessary one.

“Oh. Okay,” Alex nodded, trying to take it all in. She wondered if it would be inappropriate to pull out a notebook and start jotting some of this information down for future reference.

Seeing how overwhelmed Alex looked, Maggie scooted closer to Alex and threw an arm around her shoulders. “I promise, we don’t have to do anything tonight or until you’re ready. And if you do want to do something, I can walk you through it. And, well, if we both test negative and we decide to be monogamous, once we’re fluid bonded, this isn’t as much of a concern unless we’re, well, we can get to that later,” Maggie chuckled, figuring now wasn’t the time to overwhelm Alex by talking about threesomes or sex toys or anal.

“I, uh, I’d at least still like to make out some more. If that’s okay with you.”

“That sounds perfect, Alex.”

And then Alex let herself get lost in the feeling of Maggie’s lips against hers, of Maggie’s tongue flicking into her mouth and across her lips, of Maggie’s hands roaming across her back and chest, her fingers dipping lower, skimming across the waistband of her underwear. She couldn’t quite help the way her hips bucked up into those touches, the sinful noises that escaped her lips when Maggie’s fingertips traced the dip of her hipbones.
“Do you want something else?” Maggie asked, her voice low and her pupils blown with want. But she pulled back slightly, pulled back enough so that Alex would know it was a choice, not a formality.

Biting back her own embarrassment at how very much she wanted, Alex managed a small, “Please,” and the way Maggie groaned at that, the way her whole back seemed to arch at that one small word, made all of the embarrassment worth it.

“What do you like?” Maggie asked, already reaching over into her bedside table.

“Um, what do you feel comfortable with?”

Maggie just barely bit back before she could answer honestly with, “Everything.” Instead, she cleared her throat and replied, “I’m happy to use my hands or my tongue. What do you prefer?”

Alex wanted both, either, whatever Maggie would give her, and she suspected her face said as much if the look on Maggie’s was any indication.

“Do you want me to start with my tongue?” Maggie offered, hoping to take some of the pressure off Alex.

Alex nodded enthusiastically, not quite trusting her voice not to crack.

Reaching over to the bedside table, Maggie pulled out a dental dam, then got out the gloves and lube so they wouldn’t have to pause later. “Are you allergic to latex or anything?” she thought to check, not needing another repeat of the one-night stand that had landed her date in the ER…

“No,” Alex shook her head. Years of working in a lab could at least give her a definitive answer on that front.

“Perfect. You still good?”

“Yeah,” Alex managed, feeling a little better when Maggie beamed up at her.

And then Maggie was pulling out some purple rectangle and holding it taught over her pussy and, oh, Alex hadn’t thought she’d be able to feel anything through it—at least not the warmth of Maggie’s tongue she had dreamed about on more than one occasion now—but she could, and she did, and, fuck, she should have gotten herself off before coming over because she was embarrassingly close now.

“Fuck, Maggie,” Alex panted, her hands tangling in Maggie’s hair as Maggie’s tongue flicked up and down the length of her, dipped inside of her, then finally landed on her clit. “Please,” Alex gasped, trying to hold Maggie there, her legs already tensing in anticipation.

It was Maggie’s own desperate whimper that finally pushed her over the edge, that had her grasping at the sheets and letting out a quiet moan as her whole body trembled through her orgasm.

As she fell back against Maggie’s pillows, trying to catch her breath, she felt Maggie pulling away the dental dam and quickly throwing it into the trash, then curling up against her side. “Hey,” Maggie whispered, her fingers light in Alex’s hair. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Alex answered, a soft smile playing about her lips. “Really good. Just getting up my strength to return the favor.” And—first time or not—she did. Under Maggie’s careful instructions, Alex let herself retrain her mind to see slipping a glove on as something sensual, as something other than work, let herself remember that lube was always good and too much was far better than too
little. She listened to Maggie’s breathy sighs and whimpered moans as she rubbed soft—then faster, harder—circles around Maggie’s clit the way Maggie had demonstrated that she liked to be touched, had groaned when Maggie asked for one finger inside of her and even through the glove Alex could feel just how wet and warm and tight it was, could still feel Maggie clenching around her finger, could certainly still feel it when Maggie came, her back arching off the bed.

“Not so bad for your first time,” Maggie teased, pointing to the trashcan across the way for Alex to throw out the used glove.

“I’ve been told I’m a fast learner,” Alex teased back.

“Nerd.”

“And damn proud.”

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The next morning after a restless night—both of them trying to remain almost unnaturally still as they feigned sleep next to each other for long hours before the exhaustion finally set in and let them drift into an uneasy slumber—Maggie and Alex showed up hand-in-hand at the clinic that was open 7 days a week for testing and counseling services. Alex let Maggie take the lead and tried not to blush when the receptionist looked at her. After all, they were doing something good, something mature, and she shouldn’t feel like some teenager caught having sex.

They didn’t follow each other into the rooms, but they kissed for good luck and waited for one another in the waiting room and took themselves out to breakfast followed by another long round of safe sex that had Alex wondering how she went so long thinking she wasn’t built for this, how she let herself believe that women were never even a possibility.

And when the results came back the next week—both clean—they had a long conversation about whether they were ready to be monogamous, whether they wanted to keep using protection like they had this whole week. Maggie insisted that they take a couple days, that they wait a bit to figure out if monogamy was really what they both wanted. When Alex whined just a little that she was already sure, definitely didn’t need more time to decide she liked Maggie, wanted to be with her and only her, Maggie, with a smile and a wink, just gestured to her nightstand, which was now littered with boxes of gloves and condoms and dental dams, a harness hanging from the handle: “C’mon, I bet you can wait a few more days. It’s not like we’ve been abstaining, Danvers.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Prompt 1: I don't want to overwhelm you with a prompt so please feel free to disregard!! I thought it would be cool to see Sawyer and Alex doing some clothes shopping? For me, clothes shopping is sometimes hard since sometimes people are crappy and judgey...

Prompt 2: hi, i have a prompt for you if you up to it. it’s a for Director Sanvers or Sanvers (whichever you think it works better) with NB!Sawyer. something like DS/S decide to go to a night out and Sawyer got a new haircut and we got see Alex and/or Lucy jealous because Sawyer looks hot af. Thanks!

Chapter Notes

A/N: I’ll say it one more time for the folks who can read the chapters but not the notes: if you don’t want to read a particular character you do not need to read it, and you do not need to comment and make the folks who do enjoy and request these chapters or find some kind of comfort or representation in them feel guilty for giving me additional prompts. And for the person who asked me why Sawyer isn’t femme and why I have “only butch nb friends,” I mean…you don’t know my friends… But also, I don’t write Sawyer as femme because I don’t see Maggie as being particularly femme; save for the episode when they went undercover, her aesthetic is pretty soft butch. So I write Sawyer that way, and this chapter works within the framework I’ve built.

TW for sections on dealing with body image and dysphoria, as well as one brief instance of misgendering. I don’t dwell too long on the discomfort with physical appearance, since these are things I still deal with myself (can probably count on one hand the number of times I’ve gone out in anything but a tight sports bra in the past 3 years and generally turn into a massive bitch when forced to deal with buying clothing).

And finally! A big thank you to my good friend/ex-partner for letting me borrow their cool af haircut for Sawyer and giving me the right words to describe what I only have pictures of. And an even bigger thank you to lasvegas056 for agreeing to beta read this particular chapter. You’re the best!!

PS: I just saw this link and thought it might be helpful for some of you:
https://www.autostraddle.com/four-tips-for-dressing-dapper-when-youre-petite-390761/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you really buying five of the exact same shirt?” Sawyer asked, biting back a laugh.

“I mean…I like this shirt,” Alex answered. She held it up to assess. Crisp collar: check. Machine washable: check. Relatively wrinkle-resistant: check. Not crazy expensive: check. Sure, it wasn’t bulletproof, but most weren’t, and she didn’t see the problem with stocking up when she had the chance.
“You have, like, seven of that shirt at home, though.”

“Well, yeah,” Alex shrugged. “But I’ve got them in different colors. We can’t all have a wardrobe that completely changes with California’s basically non-existent seasons!”

Chuckling, Sawyer just shook their head. It had taken them a while to really pin down their own aesthetic, so now they liked to find clothes that worked for them. Of course, the process of finding the clothes was distinctly less fun. Because as much as they had come to love their body for what it could do, for the ways it could be strong in the line of duty and soft when they cuddled up with Alex (or hard and unyielding when Alex was in a very particular mood), remembering that appreciation could be distinctly more difficult when standing in the middle of what amounted to a glorified closet under terribly unflattering fluorescent lights and in front of cheap mirrors that too often warped their body in unexpected and unwanted ways.

“What do you have?” Alex asked, peering at the pile Sawyer had stacked on their arms. She grinned at the sight of plenty of button ups and henleys, plus a couple of sweaters and blazers to go with them.

“The usual,” they shrugged. “We’ll see what fits.”

Alex nodded and followed along. She remembered Sawyer mentioning that sometimes shopping and trying on clothes could be trying, but she also didn’t want to overstep, didn’t want to assume that her presence would make it any better. “I’ll be right out here if you need me?”

“Sounds good.” Once Sawyer got settled into their dressing room, they hung up everything on a hanger, making sure that they could at least get everything organized, help to give some semblance of order to what could be a slightly disconcerting process. Starting with the blazers, since they could go on right over their current button up, they tossed on the first one, wrinkling up their nose at the too-long length and quickly moving it into the “no” pile. The next one seemed to fit a little better—well enough that they felt comfortable poking their head out the door and asking Alex for her opinion.

“You look hot,” Alex answered honestly, hoping it didn’t seem too crude. Sure, it was clearly a professional-looking blazer, but that didn’t mean Alex couldn’t think of some very unprofessional situations in which it could be worn…or not worn.

“We’ll put it in the maybe pile,” Sawyer declared, pulling it off and hanging it back up as they reached for the next one—gray instead of black for a change. They found it pulled a little too much at their hips and tried to ignore the voice that sounded suspiciously like their mother’s telling them that if they would just shop exclusively in the women’s section, would just dress to flatter their curves, they wouldn’t have these kinds of problems. But they didn’t want to flatter their curves, didn’t want to accentuate them. They wanted the clean lines of menswear (which really should be easier to find in any department, Alex argued, agreeing wholeheartedly with them), and the easy fit of a blazer that had real pockets, instead of decorative accents. Driving those thoughts out of their mind, they grabbed for the next one—a navy blazer with those sought-after real pockets—only to find that it hung off of their relatively narrow shoulders, the sleeves dangling down past their knuckles.

With a deep breath, they turned to the sweaters, which were almost always easier. Sweaters could be a little bulky, could fall a little lower and appear stylish instead of messy. The sleeves could be cuffed up or pushed up and still look cute. And Alex quickly approved of sweater after sweater, kissing their cheeks and daydreaming about wintry adventures—about getting Sawyer out on a snowboard (they’d happened to drop in this detail about their childhood lessons once in passing, and Alex had clung to it because dear god, that image), about cross-country skiing and making forts and having
snowball fights, about curling up around the fire with warm mugs of hot cocoa and watching classic films that they could take turns choosing.

Feeling a bit more confident now, they narrowed in on the small stack of henleys and button ups. Stripping off their own shirt, but leaving on the white t-shirt they used for layering, they pulled the first light blue button up off of the hanger and pulled it on. It looked…okay. It was a bit baggy, but they supposed it was better than the alternative. It certainly wasn’t flattering, but perhaps it could be a maybe. They felt themselves starting to hit the point of shopping fatigue, but tried to power through. Picking up the next shirt, they threw it on, grumbling loudly when it pulled uncomfortably at their chest, the buttons gaping open slightly.

“You okay?” Alex asked, her voice soft and quiet, suggesting that she had moved right to the curtain to ask.

“Do you need any help?” one of the saleswomen’s voices rang out loudly.

“No, we’re good, thank you,” Alex answered smoothly, trying to make things as easy on Sawyer as possible.

“Thanks,” Sawyer mumbled as they heard the woman’s footsteps fade away.

“You okay?”

“I’m…” they hesitated. Because it wasn’t as bad as it sometimes got, and they didn’t want to make a big deal out of every little thing, didn’t want to be a burden on Alex. But they also weren’t happy, felt that wall approaching when things could get too frustrating to handle without needing a break. So they tried to power through, grabbed the next one, only to find it was equally tight, equally ill-fitting.

“I think…I think I need to be done,” they finally managed.

“Can I come in? I don’t have to look, but I can help with getting your clothes together?” Alex offered.

“Yeah, okay,” Sawyer nodded, carefully getting off the unflattering button up they had tried on before Alex could see.

“Want to talk about it?” Alex asked, her voice soft—barely a whisper.

“They just, they weren’t fitting, that’s all.”

“So do we have any that are definite nos?”

“These two,” Sawyer answered, handing over the two that had been too tight. “Um, this one was kind of baggy,” they added, tossing Alex the light blue button up as well.

“Did you get to the others?”

Sawyer shook their head. When Alex didn’t reply, they turned back around to find her going through the pile, pulling out the ones that were the same size and brand as ones she’d discarded and adding them to the no pile, keeping two that were the same brand she normally wore and liked but in new colors, new patterns. She then moved on to the pile of henleys while Sawyer buttoned back up their own shirt. Once more, she pulled out the ones of the brand that had really seemed to discourage Sawyer and added them to the discard pile, pulling three into the keep pile that were on sale or were in colors Sawyer liked and looked damn good in, if Alex could add, or in brands they already knew.
“What are you doing?” Sawyer finally asked, breaking the silence of Alex’s organization.

“Oh, I’m getting a narrowed down pile. We’ll get that black blazer that looked so good on you and the two sweaters you really liked. Then you can try on these button ups and henleys at home whenever you feel ready.”

“But…what if they don’t fit? I don’t want to put us through all of that work for nothing.”

“It’s not for nothing,” Alex insisted. “It’s for your comfort. Plus, returns aren’t exactly hard to do. And I’ve got a super-powered sister with a girlfriend who likes shopping more than most people I know. I don’t think it’ll be all that much of a burden to get them back here,” she laughed.

Biting back tears, biting back kisses and loving sentiments that they suspected would just lead right back to tears, they settled for squeezing Alex’s hand tightly with a murmured, “Thank you.”

“Of course.” And she meant it—Sawyer deserved the world, and she would do everything in her power to make sure that they got it. “Now, can you grab the ones to take back, and I’ll add these to my pile for things we’re buying?”

“Yeah,” they nodded, picking up the clothes and straightening them on the hangers before pulling back the curtain.

“Can I take anything you don’t want?” the saleswoman asked, popping up and startling them both slightly.

“Oh, uh, yeah…these,” Sawyer answered, handing over the small pile.

“And can I ask why?”

“Oh, they just didn’t fit right, that’s all,” they shrugged.

The woman nodded, looking down at the sizes and brands. “Oh, that’s because these are from our men’s department. Don’t worry, they get mixed up all the time, especially back in our clearance section. I’d be happy to help you find some better fitting clothes in the women’s section.”

Alex could see the clench to Sawyer’s jaw, the way they wanted to point out the arbitrariness of the store’s binaries, the way that the men’s section had things that fit better, that cost less, that had real pockets and lasted longer, that helped them feel more like them. But she also knew they wouldn’t, didn’t have the mental energy to deal with someone else’s microaggressions at the moment, didn’t look like they wanted the attention drawn to them either. Because if they pointed it out, then the next step was either dealing with someone else’s confusion, the invasive personal questions that had no place in professional conversation as they used Sawyer to try to understand, or the kind of laughing dismissal that was so common from an older generation, the scorn and derision they got for daring to choose a label that wasn’t always “popular,” as though somehow gender identity became a “choice” rooted in commonplaces and social media patterns. Even though Sawyer was an ardent advocate for education, for explaining to people why a statement could be hurtful or even factually wrong instead of just dismissing them as bigoted and out-of-touch with reality, it was a lot easier when they weren’t the addressee of said statement, when they could step in as a relatively objective protector of sorts, not as their own defender, not as the one whose identity was on the line.

“We’re okay, thanks,” Alex answered, her tone cool as she tried to make it clear that they were done, that this conversation need not be continued.

“Okay, well, have a good day.”
With a bag of clothes in one hand and a gelato in the other, Alex collapsed down into a chair at one of the small tables in the food court. “This was the best idea,” Alex sighed as she savored a large bite of her gelato, enjoying the opportunity to take her time without a superhero little sister there to ask if they could “share.”

“I’ve been known to have them,” Sawyer teased, sucking a spoonful of strawberry sorbet into their mouth, letting the sugar chase away some of the crankiness and tension they’d been carrying around since the store.

Alex just rolled her eyes and stuck her tongue out. Both of them feeling a bit tired, they ate in relative silence, catching up on texts and emails they’d missed during the day as they enjoyed their snacks, content just to be with each other, beside each other.

“Ready to go?” Alex finally asked, feeling energetic enough to deal with the bus ride back to the apartment.

“Actually, would you mind if I took a bit of time…just for me?” Sawyer asked. With Alex’s encouragement, they’d been learning that it was okay to ask for time alone, to ask for time to regroup after trying moments, that it wouldn’t scare Alex away or drive her off or anything like that.

“Oh, yeah, of course,” Alex nodded. “Want me to take your bag back with me?”

“That’d be amazing! You’re the best.”

“Mm, I know. But it never hurts to hear you say it,” she teased, grinning and blushing as Sawyer planted a kiss on her cheek.

“Wanna meet for drinks at Dollywood?” Alex texted Sawyer later that evening, hoping she wasn’t interrupting Sawyer’s personal time too early.

“Sounds great. I can be there in half an hour.”

“Excellent!”

Alex ended up getting to the bar just a little earlier than expected and grabbed a decent table with a view of the door to wait for Sawyer to arrive. Figuring she’d get everything ready, she ordered two beers and a basket of fries, then sent Sawyer a message letting them know where she was sitting.

As she sat back and people-watched, sipping at her water, she suddenly found herself choking on her drink as the door swung open. The spluttering soon drew the newcomer’s attention to her.

“Sawyer?” Alex managed, as they walked over to her with what could only be described as a strut. “You look…” And she didn’t have words, couldn’t figure out how to describe their haircut adequately. Because it was hot, yeah, but it was also…brave and a little less clean-cut than their former style. And fuck, it was also hot, had she mentioned that? With the sides not quite shaved but buzzed short and the styled pompadour that gave them a little bit of extra height—not enough to make them taller than Alex, but still—Sawyer looked amazing. And it only took another minute or two of open staring for Alex to notice that a lot of other patrons in the bar had noticed too, seemed to be equally appreciative. She felt a flare of jealousy that she quickly quashed down—jealousy was for
people like Mon-El, for relationships that weren’t stable and healthy.

“I look…?” Sawyer asked, arching an eyebrow. Because they felt good, but they also wanted a little confirmation, needed Alex to tamp down that niggling doubt they still felt in the back of their mind that maybe this would be a step too far.

“And even though Sawyer could see the way the new style was affecting Alex, could tell that she liked it, they couldn’t help wanting to tease her just a little. “Is that a good fuck?”

“We should stay for just a few minutes,” Sawyer teased. “Wouldn’t want our drinks or our food to go to waste, now would we?” And Alex looked like she desperately wanted to say yes, yes, they should absolutely go to waste. But she bit back those thoughts, settling into her chair and leaning across the table, figuring a kiss would suffice.

But then her hands found the back of Sawyer’s neck, trailed up the short hairs there, and she felt Sawyer shudder under her touch. “Are you sure you don’t want to leave? Maybe you put on that new blazer of yours…I bet I can make the loss of a few dollars seem totally worth it.”

Sawyer hesitated. On the one hand, they really did want to tease Alex. On the other hand, that teasing could probably wait… “I’ll go pay. Can you get a box for the fries to eat on the walk home?”

“Mm, it’s like you read my mind.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and enjoy this poem from Trace Peterson. Peterson is an award-winning poet, a member of the Board of Directors of VIDA: Women in Literary Arts, and the co-editor of Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics (Nightboat Books, 2013). She’s well known for her work in increasing trans representation in poetry, including designing a whole course around the topic.

"Exclusively on Venus," Trace Peterson

Roses are red / violets are transsexual / welcome to womanhood / now get to work honey

Roses are performative / violets are biological / I have very sensitive breasts / and so do your breasts

Roses are biological / you have the nicest skin / I can’t stop kissing you / let’s read more nondualistic queer theory

Roses are fed up / with our binary fetishes / I fucked my doctors / and stole all the medication to hide it in a cave and share it with other trans people

Roses have got me / up against the wall / kissing my neck / which is socially constructed
to be a super hot strong feminist neck

Roses are violet / violets are roses / I really like you / I like you tube

Roses are born this way / violets have a lesbian streak / something about your dry sense of humor and our soft intertwined limbs / feels transcendently female

Roses are blue / violets are violet / roses are nonviolet / blue is bluenormative

Roses are from mars / violets had the whole surgery / setting up camp / exclusively on Venus

Roses have gone too far / not to be what girls are made of / I’m coming out / to my academic colleagues as a poet and I bet they will run away screaming

Roses are roses / violets are born this way / someone’s got a hoard / of heteronormative transaffirmation porn you say?

Roses are cheeky / I want you to fuck me / drown violets like an accused witch / in your arms which feel like mine

Violets got a name change / roses changed a pronoun / we ate at a restaurant / and forgot to put the leftovers in the fridge

Roses are trochaic / violets have their original plumbing / let’s march in a protest / then go home and we’ll cook something delicious and eat it with a spork

Violets are permanent / roses are impermanent / thank you for becoming me / offering to embrace your form your fate

Flowerbeds are umbrellas / umbrellas are rubrics / I support your identification / and your disidentification

Men are from women / roses are from Jupiter / women are from men / I can’t tell which is softer, your lips or this pillow or the snow descending gracefully outside
sanvers high school AU part 11 - solar eclipse

chapter summary

for the high school AU, how about sanvers celebrating some kind of milestone in their relationship (6 month anniversary, etc.) and having a nice date? ooh, and there's a solar eclipse next week so maybe maggie and alex can do something special together since alex loves astronomy.

A/N: This one jumped the queue because timeliness. So enjoy and remember, if you’re going to look up at the eclipse, make sure you’re wearing certified glasses! And excuse any mistakes on California geography…I had to make some guesses about where Midvale might be.

A/N 2: This exists in the same high school AU universe as all of the rest, save for the party ones, but we’re jumping forward a bit in time to the summer after graduation (last we saw these two, they were checking out colleges together in Chapters 64 and 68). Since they got together pretty early in the school year, they’re closer to a year than any kind of 6 month anniversary, but we’ll have them celebrating their last week together before leaving for college.

chapter notes

for those who had asked for the kinky spin off series, it now has its own place in The ABCs of Kink - http://archiveofourown.org/works/11778822/chapters/26558241. For the most part the chapters there will be new material, though there may be a few chapters I cross post if I can't figure out where they'd be better suited.

see the end of the chapter for more notes

“And you’ll be safe?” Eliza asked, looking sternly at Alex.

“Yes, Mom,” Alex promised for what felt like the twentieth time that day. “It’s only going to be for one night.”

“You know I have to worry; it’s my job.”

“I know,” Alex finally relented. “But I promise, we’ll be back tomorrow night. And we’re only a couple of hours away if you need anything.”

“And you’ll watch out for your sister?”

“I’m perfectly capable,” Kara announced, bounding down the stairs and landing next to Alex, her duffel bag already packed and ready.

“I know, dear,” Eliza sighed. “Now when are James and Maggie getting here?”
As if on cue, a loud knock on the door echoed through the living room. “I’ll get it!” Kara yelled, bounding to the door and swinging it open to reveal Maggie and James standing together with matching grins.

“Hey, Little Danvers,” Maggie waved, stepping inside as James gave Kara a kiss hello. “Good morning, Eliza!”

“Good morning, Maggie. Are you all packed and ready?”

“Yep, our backpacks and camping gear are already loaded in James’ car,” Maggie answered, reaching out to help Alex carry her things out as well.

Once they got everything packed into the trunk and after one more round of goodbyes and promises to be safe to Eliza, they were off. Alex didn’t even fight Kara for shotgun, content to snuggle with Maggie in the backseat, even if it meant Kara got to control the music for the entirety of the trip.

“So, how excited are you for the eclipse tonight?” James asked, looking in the rearview mirror at Alex, their resident astronomy nerd.

“Very,” Alex answered. “I mean, it’d be cooler if Mom would have let us go up to Oregon to be in the path of totality, but at least we’re getting out far enough away from the light pollution of the cities and towns that it should seem pretty dark.”

“You leave for Stanford this week, Alex,” Kara reminded her sister, craning back to look at her.

“Yes, and I’m already packed.”

“Still, I’m sure she just wants to spend time with you,” Maggie chimed in. “Plus, now you have all that extra time to help me pack.”

“Ugh, fine,” Alex relented, sighing dramatically, even though she knew that Maggie’s aunt was working extra shifts that week to be able to take time off to drive Maggie up to National City University to help her move into the honors dorms and go to the Parent’s Weekend events, which meant that she and Maggie would probably do a lot more making out than packing.

“So, Alex was telling me this is the first time this has happened since the 70s,” Kara told James.

“1979,” Alex chimed in from the backseat, though she sat back, knowing she had already told them all pretty much everything she knew.

“Mhm,” Kara nodded. “And did we all remember our glasses?”

“I’ve got ours packed,” Alex told Maggie. “And I gave you yours,” she said, looking at Kara.

“I know, I’ve got them,” Kara said.

“And I’ve got mine,” James noted. “Now, do we want to play some games to pass the journey?”

Two hours of carpool karaoke, I Spy, 20 Questions, and a rather limited round of Truth or Dare later, they got to the campsite and quickly made their way to the space they had reserved at the top of the hill, right in the middle of one of the larger clearings—a space Alex assured them she had pre-vetted and would be perfect for their late afternoon viewing time for the eclipse.

“Do we race for setting up the tents?” Kara asked, arching an eyebrow in challenge at Alex.

“May the best couple win,” Alex added, offering her hand out in a bet to Kara, even as both James...
and Maggie shook their heads and rolled their eyes. “And no cheating, Kara,” Alex added, looking pointedly at her sister, who shook her head; she knew to be careful about using her powers out in public.

But, once the games began, neither Maggie nor James was willing to lose, so they all took off, quickly claiming their spots as they got to work on the tents.

“Pole!” Alex yelled, holding out a hand as Maggie fumbled in their bag.

“Base first!” Kara yelled to James, who had started trying to build the frame.

“I don’t know why this stupid stake won’t go into the ground,” Maggie grumbled, trying to put all of her weight into her effort and getting nowhere.

“You might have hit a root system,” Alex suggested, feeling rather proud of herself for not snapping, even if it did look like Kara and James might win. “Here, let me help.”

“Thanks,” Maggie muttered, wiping the sweat off her forehead and the back of her neck as she stepped back to let Alex take over. She had intended to start working on the frame while Alex got the stakes into the ground, but then Alex looked so good—her muscles being put to work as she got a little sweaty.

“Want a hand? Need someone to spot you?” Maggie flirted, her hands wrapping around Alex’s waist.

Clearing her throat, Alex turned around in Maggie’s arms. “If you want somewhere to do anything tonight, you’ll get your butt in gear and help me win this bet.”

“Roger that,” Maggie sighed, turning back to the bag of equipment that would theoretically create their dwelling for the night.

After another half hour or so, Kara gleefully called out, “We win!”

“Ugh, whatever, if we didn’t have trouble with the stakes, we totally would have won,” Alex grumbled, working with Maggie to secure the last of their anchors.

“At least it was a respectable second, Danvers,” Maggie tried comforting Alex, patting her shoulder.

“Yeah, yeah, second out of two. Now let’s get everything in our tents so we’re all ready in plenty of time for the eclipse.”

---

“Wow,” Maggie sighed, relaxing into Alex’s chest as they both watched the moon slowly slide in front of the sun, blocking out all but a small sliver of it as a premature night fell on the campground.

“Thanks for being here,” Alex whispered as she hugged Maggie closer. As amazing as the experience would have been no matter what, it felt that much better to be seeing it with Maggie in her arms.

“Wouldn’t miss it, Danvers.”

And they were both too wrapped up in each other, in the moment, to notice Kara making silent “aww” noises and pointing at them until James finally got the hint and snapped a few pictures of them in addition to the eclipse.
Alex insisted on sitting through the whole experience, even as the sun gradually reemerged—only to set what felt like moments later—while Kara and James eventually got up to go find a few more good sticks to get the fire going again.

“You two lovebirds ready to help make dinner?” Kara called from the fire she and James had finally got going.

“Yeah, yeah,” Alex called back, kissing Maggie’s cheek before finally dragging herself up and stretching. “What’s for dinner?”

“Hot dogs – and don’t worry, we got plenty of veggie ones for you, Maggie,” Kara answered, beaming at Maggie.

“Could I get one of those too?” Alex asked.

“Really?” James laughed, never knowing Alex to choose the vegan option unless Maggie had cooked for her.

“I don’t need food poisoning,” Alex shuddered, earning a glare from Kara and a knowing laugh from James.

“I suppose we don’t all have Kara’s stomach of steel,” he mused.

“You’re all just jealous,” Kara huffed, helping James to get the hot dogs set up on their small campfire grill.

While Kara and James took care of cooking the hot dogs, Maggie helped Alex to mix up a pitcher of lemonade and find a few good sticks for cooking their (vegan) marshmallows later.

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While they sat around the campfire roasting marshmallows, the conversation shifted from the scary stories they’d been telling (much to Kara’s disappointment) to the three seniors’ discussing the classes they’d signed up for, the dorms they’d been assigned to, their future roommates, and their fears about college. Knowing how close Alex would be made the conversation a bit easier on Kara, though she was still sad thinking about how lonely Midvale High would feel the following year without all of them, especially with James flying all the way across the country to go to school in Metropolis.

“So, what class are you most excited about and which one are you dreading?” James asked the group, knowing that Kara also had a bit of flexibility in her schedule as an upperclassman.

“I’m really excited about my journalism elective with Ms. Grant,” Kara offered.

“With your big teacher crush, you mean,” Alex teased.

“Whatever,” Kara huffed. “And I’m not looking forward to…hmm…oh, my math class. I hear Mr. Lauren is so boring.”

“Ugh, he really is,” James sighed, feeling himself getting sleepy at the memory. “I actually got into an elective on newsroom ethics that they’re offering in light of, well, you know, everything going on. I think it’ll be great!”

“Mhm, one day you’re totally gonna win the Pulitzer or something,” Kara gushed, letting her head drop to James’ shoulder.
Chuckling, James just shook his head. “It’s sweet that you believe in me, but let’s not get too excited just yet.”

“Whatever, you’ll see,” Kara teased. “Now what are you dreading?”

“I’m taking an international relations course with a professor who’s apparently pretty awful,” James sighed. “Hopefully the readings will be interesting enough to make up for it. What about you, Alex? Maggie?”

“To be honest, I’m kind of dreading the required gen-chem course. I mean, I like chemistry, but I feel like it’s going to repeat so much of what we did in AP Chem. It’s literally the same textbook. And it’s a huge lecture course that’s just for weeding people out of pre-med.”

“Ugh, I’m sorry,” James commiserated.

“It’s whatever. I’m getting to take an astrobiology seminar that should be amazing enough to make up for it!”

“Very cool!” Maggie exclaimed, loving how enthusiastic Alex got about her classes. “I’m taking this course in the Philosophy Department on the ethics of criminal law that sounds amazing! The professor worked as a prosecutor for a long time and did some pro bono defense work before going back to school for a PhD in Philosophy, and so she apparently has really great insights into it from both sides. And I’m dreading my French class. I’m just not great at learning new languages.”

“You’ve already speak two fluently, though, don’t you?” Kara asked.

“Yeah, but my aunt wants me to have a third,” Maggie explained.

“Oh, okay,” Kara nodded.

---

After a bit of stargazing, the two couples gradually made their way to the tents for the night. “Want to zip our sleeping bags together?” Alex suggested, not really wanting to be so separated from Maggie just yet.

“Sounds good,” Maggie replied with a grin, helping Alex to get their bags zipped together and giggling as she had to hunch over to change into her pajamas and not hit her head on the tent.

Once they were finally settled, Alex let herself be pulled closer to Maggie. “I’m gonna miss you this year,” Alex finally whispered.

“I’ll miss you too, but we’re not that far away.”

“I know,” Alex admitted. “Still, it’ll be different not to see you everyday, not to eat lunch with you and take classes with you. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’m excited about Stanford!”

“I know, I get it,” Maggie assured Alex, her voice soft and low. “I’ll miss you like crazy too. But I think we’re both doing what’s best for us, you know?” And she knew they were. They’d gone over their pro/con lists together, had compared all the different ways it could play out. But at the end of the day, Maggie could go to NCU pretty much for free, and their programs were better suited to her interests, while Alex already had professors at Stanford itching to have her working in their labs, and they did more in the fields she wanted to pursue.

“Yeah, I get that.” After a pause, Alex asked, her voice exceptionally quiet, “You won’t forget me,
“What? Alex, no, never,” Maggie insisted, propping herself up on her elbows to better look at Alex. “I could never forget you.”

“I mean, you’re going to a brand new place. Maybe you’ll find someone cooler, you know? And that’d be okay. I want you to be happy. But I don’t want to lose you as a friend too.”

“Alex, I love you. And you are my best friend and a huge dork and perfect for me, okay? Plus, you think I don’t worry about all of the brilliant nerds you’re going to find at Stanford?”

“You have no reason to worry, Maggie. You’re smart and driven and beautiful; no one is going to compare.”

“You’re such a sap, Danvers.”

“You started it.”

“Mm, maybe I should finish it too,” Maggie mused, leaning over and letting her lips find Alex’s as they cuddled together, holding each other tightly and letting their lips and hands tenderly map out each other’s bodies until the sun rose.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

Enjoy this love letter from Gertrude Stein to Alice B. Toklas (and yes, critics speculate it’s the same cow, though there isn’t consensus on the matter)

My baby precious, you feel all treated
treated to have a complete and an entire
cow, yes sweeties you will bless you I
am so full of tenderness and delight in
my blessed wifie that it must overflow
in a cow out of she, there is no
other was to be, oh my blessed
I love you so I love you so from
top to toe, blessed baby
Y.D.
Hello! I've recently come out as nonbinary and I've been struggling to feel comfortable correcting people in terms of my pronouns (they/them). Could you write Sawyer working through that--like working to feel comfortable correcting people and figuring out how to correct people? Thank you for writing Sawyer!! You are great!!

Thanks so much! To stay in the established timeline for Sawyer/be able to include Alex, I do some of this through Sawyer’s flashbacks, but hopefully you still enjoy!
A/N: I’ve ended on a rather fluffy note since this is also a (slightly belated) birthday fic for the wonderful @redwingstaz82

As much as Sawyer enjoyed their work with NCPD and really did believe they were helping to change the system from the inside, they found the hours they spent on the weekends volunteering at the local LGBTQ Community Center far more rewarding. Not only did it give them the opportunity to interact with people who, for the most part, didn’t demand explanations or treat them differently, but it also helped them to feel like they were creating the safe spaces that might have made such a difference for them growing up in Blue Springs.

Over the years, they’d taken on different roles. Sometimes their work was as simple as sitting up front and helping to direct folks coming in, making sure they felt welcome, especially if they were new to the space. At other points they’d served in leadership roles around the Center and volunteered to teach their sex ed courses—and damn, if there was any way to overcome the very last of their hangups about talking about sex (and their sex life, specifically), it was the sheer number and variety of questions those kids could throw at their teachers. Sawyer had learned to embrace their role as “wise” teacher, even if they often didn’t quite feel they could live up to it, because they remembered just how much it meant to have someone older, someone who had been through it already, when they were figuring things out years ago.

These days, Sawyer’s job kept them a little too busy with long missions and last-minute emergencies for them to commit to something with a set schedule like teaching a course, but they tried to make it over to the Center at least once a week just to hang out and be present to answer questions or help direct people toward available resources.

As they strolled through the front door, Marc, one of the full-time staff members at the Center, waved them over to the front desk.

“Hey, what’s up?” Sawyer asked.

“We’ve, uh, got someone new in who would really appreciate talking to you, I think.”

“Oh yeah? Alright, point me in the right direction.”

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“Hey, Charli, this is Sawyer. They’re the person I was telling you about last night.”

Charli smiled shyly up at Sawyer. “Nice to meet you.”

“You too.” Sawyer gave Marc a small wave as he made his way back up to the front desk, then settled into the couch opposite Charli. “How’s your morning been?” they asked.

“Um, okay? I sort of just came right here.”

“Did you make it in time for the donuts? I know you’ve gotta get here early to snag one of the good flavors. Don’t tell Marc, but I know he sometimes eats two or three, even if they make him feel like he’s going to throw up during spin class.”

Charli laughed. “I got a bagel, but thanks for the warning.”

“Anytime! Now, Marc said he thought you might want to talk to me? I mean, obviously I’m a delightful person, but is there anything specific you want to talk about?” They didn’t add that Marc often referred the kids with unsupportive parents their way.

“Oh, uh, yeah, I just…” Chari paused, fidgeting on the couch. “Well, I was reading some stuff online, because, I don’t know, certain things haven’t always felt…right. And I saw that this writer identified as nonbinary. And then I started reading more about it, and it just…it felt right, you know? But I don’t—there wasn’t that much information. Or, like, it didn’t answer all of my questions. And then, I don’t know, maybe I’m just picking the first thing I found, and it’s not true.”

“Hey,” Sawyer said, their voice soft and soothing. “It’s okay to not have all the answers yet, but sometimes when you feel something—like, really feel it, somewhere in your gut—that’s a good sign that it might resonate with you, even if you don’t quite know what that’ll mean for you just yet. I assume Marc told you that I’m nonbinary too?”

“Yeah,” Charli nodded, looking slightly more hopeful at this person who didn’t dismiss them right away, didn’t assume that they were too young to really know yet.

“So for me, that means using they/them pronouns. Should I use them for you too?”

“I think so? I mean, I never really clicked with the idea of being a woman in the way my friends did. But at the same time, I like dressing in skirts and dresses, and I don’t know if that’s allowed.”

“It’s absolutely allowed. You should dress in the way that makes you most comfortable, just like you should use the pronouns and identifiers that make you most comfortable.”

“But you,” Charli hesitated, chewing on their lower lip.

“Trust me, there are very few things that will offend me, especially when I know they’re not coming from a place of hatred, okay? You can consider me a resource—it’s why I like volunteering here. So ask away, and I promise I’ll tell you if you say anything that hurts my feelings.”

“Well you dress sort of…butch?”

“Yeah,” Sawyer answered, smiling at Charli. “But I also dressed this way long before I ever came out as nonbinary. I just feel more comfortable like this. Plus, I’d be so sad to lose my real pockets,” they added with a loud laugh, feeling pleased when Charli cracked a smile as well.

“So I can still be femme?”
“You can be whatever you want to be. And maybe your fashion sense will change as you get older—god knows mine did—and that’ll be fine too.” After a moment, Sawyer added, “Sometimes people might take your appearance as license to push back on your pronouns. And I don’t say this to try to make you change your mind! I just want to give you a little warning. People are getting better these days. I mean, hell, Buzzfeed and Teen Vogue write about nonbinary identity and they/them pronouns now, so I can only imagine more and more people are going to start accepting it with fewer questions, but it can be hard at first.”

“How did you tell people?”

“Well, I didn’t tell people all at once. I, uh, that sort of happened when I came out as a lesbian, but not really on my terms, so I probably took it a little far in the other direction with how cautious I was when I came out as nonbinary.”

Looking down at the table, Charli interjected, “Uh, I’m sorry if I shouldn’t say this, but are you…are you still a lesbian?”

“I am,” Sawyer confirmed. “You don’t have to be—I mean, I don’t know how you identify now. But for me that label still felt right. I know for some people it doesn’t, but my girlfriend at the time was really great about helping me to see that I could still be a lesbian without identifying as a cis-woman.”

“She sounds great,” Charli added, looking wistful.

“She was. I mean, she still is, even if we didn’t work out as a couple. Finding people you feel comfortable around—and comfortable as you, whatever that means—is a huge deal. Even if it’s just one person, if you can have someone who knows to use the right pronouns, who lets you vent about people who assume you’re a woman or assume you’re straight, who helps you chill out after a long day, it makes a big difference.”

“So…how did you find those people? I mean, I’ve got a lot of friends, and they were fine when I came out as pan, but I haven’t told anyone else about this yet.”

“Oh right, sorry, I was in the middle of telling you about telling people and got a little off track. Well, I started with just my girlfriend. And obviously she already had a pretty good idea, since she helped me figure it out. But for me—and it might be different for you, of course—it helped a lot to get one experience under my belt of doing the whole coming out thing, like a sort of practice run for telling other people. And it took me a while to start telling people, and that’s really okay, you know? Coming out doesn’t have to be something you do at first, and it doesn’t have to be something you do in a really public way. I worked my way up through a few of my closest friends. And, I mean, some of them had questions I wasn’t quite ready to answer yet, but they were almost all really respectful when I explained that. Once I started getting more and more comfortable with talking about being nonbinary with the people closest to me, I felt better telling other people.”

“I think, well, I have a few friends online that I think would understand. One of them is nonbinary too.”

“Well, they sound like great resources then! I bet that might be a good place to start. Plus, I don’t know about you, but my girlfriend sometimes does a little better when she puts things into writing first, so maybe that’ll help you too.”

Charli nodded, drumming their fingers against their thigh. “Yeah…that makes sense. But what about…what about correcting people or telling people? How did you do that?”
Sawyer sighed, then shook their head before Charli could take back their question. “No! It’s a good question; it’s just, it took me a long time to find a good way to do it. I think there’s a difference between correcting strangers who make assumptions and telling the people who already knew you before you realized you were nonbinary. And unfortunately, sometimes that second group can be harder to tell. And it’s not because they don’t love you or support you or whatever, but they’ll remember you one way. And sometimes it’s harder to correct something that you thought you knew for however many years than it is to learn something new.”

“Yeah…I don’t know, I’m worried that my mom won’t take it that well. I’m the only girl out of four kids, and she loves having a daughter to bond with. We go shopping and get our nails done together while my dad takes my brothers out golfing and stuff. And I mean, she’s fine with me playing sports—it’s not like she’s really controlling or anything—but what if I…what if I disappoint her?”

“Let me start by saying I don’t know your mom. And so I don’t want to tell you what her reaction will be because…well, parents aren’t always as supportive or as loving as they should be. Mine weren’t. I’ve found a new family, a chosen family, since then, but it was still hard to get used to losing people close to me, to knowing that they were alive and fine, but choosing not to be a part of my life anymore.” Seeing the look of fear on Charli’s face, they quickly continued, “But, it sounds like your mom has already been supportive of you, right? Did you tell her you were pan?”

“Yeah,” Charli nodded. “And when I dated a girl last year, she had her over for dinner and stuff and got to know her.”

“Then, and again, I don’t want to make assumptions, but it sounds like she might be the kind of person who’s at least willing to learn, even if she doesn’t get everything quite right at first.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. And you’re not disappointing someone by being yourself. I mean, they might have expectations that have to change, but that work is on them, not on you.”

“I guess…”

“Plus, it sounds like you might still be up for shopping. Maybe for getting your nails done?”

“Yes, I still like that stuff.”

“So then your mom will still have someone to spend time with and do those sorts of activities with—but now she’ll be doing them with her child, instead of her daughter, specifically.”

“What if she has questions I can’t answer? I’m still figuring this out, I mean, duh,” they laughed, “I have so many questions for you, and we haven’t even gotten halfway down my list.” Sawyer bit back a smile at that—it sounded so much like Alex and Kara. “I don’t know that I’m ready to be you to her. Does that make sense?”

“That makes a lot of sense. I bet some of those articles that helped you figure things out would help her to understand too. And there are groups like PFLAG that she could attend. Plus, you can always bring her around here too, if you feel comfortable sharing this space with her.”

“Yeah…I might take some time before doing that.”

“I get it! You’re fine. You should do whatever makes you feel comfortable. Now, I think you said something about a list…is that true?”

“Oh, uh, yeah,” Charli giggled, blushing slightly. “I mean, it’s up to you…I wrote them down.”
“Want me to look through them? We can do some rapid-fire answering,” Sawyer offered with a broad smile.

“Okay,” they shrugged, handing over their piece of paper, which was only slightly crumpled from how nervous they had been waiting in the Center.

“Hmm, let’s see. Oh, right, telling other people. Well, I think you’ll find something that works for you over time. For me, I started small, then gradually started telling other people and letting the ones I trusted most to be respectful and well-informed about it know that they could tell other people, that way the burden didn’t fall solely on my shoulders. And I know other people who wanted to have control over when everyone know and told people individually, and then some who just posted on Facebook or something so that everyone knew at the same time. But when it comes to meeting new people, unless I know it’s going to be a one-time interaction and they’re already being mean or hateful in some other way, I try to tell people sooner, rather than later. And sometimes it means getting a few questions that are far too invasive for having met a person recently, but I’m always a big fan of sarcasm and snark to cut down on those questions. Correcting people can be hard, and I’ve gotten he/him and she/her over the years, but I find that I’m much more comfortable doing it if I know I’ve got people around me who will have my back if anything were to go wrong. And it’s not always a fear of some kind of bad physical response, but it can be draining to have to explain yourself to people. And you are, of course, allowed to not answer questions, just like you don’t have to answer everyone’s questions about being pan! You can tell someone if they’re being rude or inappropriate. But it’s nice to have someone to chill out with—maybe it’s a friend or a partner or even a parent—after that kind of shit goes down, just to relax and not worry for a while.”

“So…who do you have?”

“I’ve got a few close friends like that, but my girlfriend Alex is particularly amazing,” Sawyer gushed.

“Yeah?” Charli suddenly looked excited; Alex was often a favorite point of discussion around the Center, and Sawyer loved being able to brag a little about how great their girlfriend was and give the kids a bit of hope. “How’d you two meet?”

“Well…” Sawyer began, settling back into the couch and shooting a quick text to Alex before they ran through a slightly redacted version of their first meeting, watching as Charli grew more and more relaxed. And seeing Charli’s face light up during some of the better moments in their stories, then watching how happy they looked when Alex showed up after work and already knew to use the right pronouns, well, that was just one more reminder of how wonderful this space could be.

Chapter End Notes

Today I’ll leave you with two pieces by Ahimsa Timoteo Bodhrán:

The first is from a short essay in Gender Outlaws: The Next Generation, edited by Kate Bornstein and S. Bear Bergman (Berkeley, CA: Seal Press, 2010):

i was born to the tribe of men, not women.
but i was taken by them at a young age.
and turned against them.
or rather, they were turned against me.
we are still healing this rift.
i am still waiting, as are we all
from the camp of women, for a warrior,
messenger, to welcome me on home,
and home, i'll come. without relinquishing
my dual citizenship

The next is a longer poem titled, "honey and vinegar/my first butch"

momma, you were the first butch i ever loved. many have come and gone since, but
none can compare to your power, your strength, your ability to command a room, walk
within it, and own it. you were always at the center of my thinking, the white elephant
of my consciousness. it is around you i orbited, a satellite to your sun.

i am the woman you never could be. look at this hair, these nails, this skin, these teeth.
this is what money can buy. this is what money did buy. your money. your life. i attract
men like honey to your vinegar. i am the one stung by bees, not you. but it is not their
mark i bear, but yours.

i remember the nights i spent at your feet, clippers in hand, emery board, bottle of
jergens, rubbing the life back into your toes, the fallen arches, the horny heels. it has
always been this way with me: me at the feet of women, catching the crumbs that fall to
the floor, lifting them up to my mouth, giving thanks and praise, while other boychildren
ran about me; the girls, they too had their way. hairs unbraided, drifted down, side to
side motion, swaying, me, listening for clues.

from down below i could see your legs, varicose-veined, ridges and craters, rivers
bulging their banks, traversing your terrain, thin-legged spiders crawling up towards
your crotch. is that where their nest lies, between your legs? where their nest lies, where
the rest, your nest, lies. where i come from is like that. the wart on your finger, rubbing
your rings, the golden wedding band, rubbed raw. rings, rings, ringlets, how i hated
your hair, the smell of chemicals, the beauty shops we went to; how i hated your
hairdressers, permanents that never lasted being your only ever-variable constant. how i
wanted more than anything for you to be beautiful: femme. small. soft. quiet. but, no,
you remained big and butch, butch and hard, as hard as your heels and as ugly, as loud
as anything and as ferocious. you were the one i always ran from, the one i always ran
to, the one whose love and approval i needed most, and sometimes got.

you are not the kind found in card stores, no high-priced hallmarks hold your image, no
sitcom icons bear your name. once i feared losing you, lost in a place without time or
recorded history. now i fear neither death nor assimilation.

momma, i now know all that i ever needed to know: i know that when you die, i will
become you.
**Sanvers at a Wedding**

Chapter Summary

Prompt from Love Sanvers for Sanvers attending a friend's wedding with lots of fluff at their table, under their table with wandering hands, having the bouquet fall between them on the table, slow dancing, sipping champagne, sweet random kisses, and talking about their own wedding. Please oh please oh pretty please.

Since I spent a few hours at a bridal shower recently, this felt only appropriate… This is pretty much pure fluff

Chapter Notes

A/N 1: For those who had requested it earlier, I now have the kinky spin-off series posted, “The ABCs of Kink” (http://archiveofourown.org/works/11778822/chapters/26558241) – so far there’s been exhibitionism, double penetration, and daddy kink. As a heads up, some of the smutty prompts I had gotten for this series may end up there instead, though I’m still trying to work out which ones will go where, since I assume folks still want some smut here.

A/N 2: For those of you who had been writing in to ask when the next Supercorp chapter would go up, I posted a fluffy, sort of smutty standalone one-shot lifeguard!Kara AU for Supercorp Week here - http://archiveofourown.org/works/11900472

A/N 3: Now that Trace Evidence is done, I’m working on the Sanvers Spy AU, which is going to be its own series! I’ll let you know when I start posting, though I’m thinking it’ll be right after labor day weekend when things finally settle into more of a routine with work and classes. But get ready, because the first chapter is long af (like, 5-6k words long…). One thing I’m still in desperate need of is a title, so if any of you have thoughts, I’d welcome them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Who has an outdoor wedding in October in the Northeast?” Alex hissed, shivering slightly in her dress as she leaned further into Maggie.

“Are you sure you don’t want my jacket?” Maggie offered for what felt like the hundredth time. Knowing what fall weather in a state other than California could feel like, she’d had the foresight to wear a suit and felt quite comfortable beneath the layers.

“No, you look sexy; I don’t want to ruin the aesthetic.”

“I care far more about you not getting hypothermia than about my aesthetic,” Maggie whispered.

“I won’t, you know I just don’t like the cold.”
“Fair enough. But you’ll let me know if you change your mind?”

“I promise.” After a moment, she turned back to Maggie and asked: “The reception is indoors, right?”

“Right,” Maggie confirmed. “At least the ceremony part isn’t normally too long.”

“I’m trusting you.”

“Don’t worry, Tasha isn’t one for overly formal events. I bet we’re out of here in half an hour.”

As it turned out, the ceremony was, as promised, quite brief, though Alex was more than a little frustrated by how long it took everyone in attendance to file out of the aisles. “Fuck this weather. Our wedding had better be indoors,” Alex whispered, though not quite quietly enough if the glare from the woman waiting behind them was any indication. It wasn’t until they got back to their car and had the heater on that Alex cheered considerably.

“So all it takes to make you happy are seat warmers?” Maggie teased, even as she turned up the heat a little more and pointed the vents toward Alex.

“You knew what you were getting into when you started dating a California girl.”

“I believe I was promised something about ‘unforgettable,’ if a certain pop star had it right…”

“I think last night was pretty unforgettable,” Alex purred as her fingers made their way to Maggie’s upper thighs. There was something rather romantic about the rustic cabin Maggie had rented for them for the weekend, and the night before, Maggie had gone all out, lighting candles and lining them around the bubble bath she had prepared for them to share. With the lights out and the last fading rays of sunlight reflecting in through the large windows, Alex had felt all the stress of the week seeping away as she relaxed into Maggie’s chest, letting Maggie’s hands and the hot water envelop her.

Of course, after nearly half an hour of relaxing, with the water beginning to cool, they both grew restless. Tender caresses turned needy, and gentle kisses turned into heady embraces as they pulled themselves out of the bath. While Maggie took care of blowing out all of the candles, Alex “got the room ready,” which actually meant pulling on silky black lingerie that had remained folded in her drawer since her Valentine’s Day dance that never was. And from there, they had let the night and the mood take them, as they held each other close, hands and tongues mapping the curves of each other’s bodies until they fell asleep, legs still tangled together.

Maggie gently pushed Alex’s fingers back to the center console. “Not now, I don’t want to crash this car.” Seeing the pout on Alex’s face, she assured her, “I’m already all distracted thinking about last night now; I don’t need something else to focus on instead of the road.”

“Fine,” Alex sighed. “I’m just saying…maybe we don’t need to go to the reception. We could be sick.”

“What? With a relapse of the black lung?” Maggie teased.

“It’s been known to happen. More common than you might expect.”

“Mm, is that so? I promise I’ll make today seem totally worth your while tonight.”

“If you say so,” Alex finally relented, though, truth be told, she was looking forward to the reception—and not just because it would be indoors. It had been many years since she’d been to a wedding,
and she suspected that being at one with a date she actually liked might make a huge difference.

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“So, at our wedding, there’ll be better vegetarian options,” Maggie whispered, adding to what had become a rather extensive list of notes about their coming wedding as they made their way through the ceremony and reception.

“You mean you don’t love your…mushrooms?” Alex teased, popping the last bite of steak into her mouth.

“It’s not fair! You get a vegetarian option, and they assume that not only are you going to love mushrooms, but also that you want a freakin salad as your side. You get steak and mashed potatoes and broccoli! I’d be more satisfied with just the potatoes and vegetable,” Maggie huffed.

“I know, I know. I promise we’ll get whatever pasta dish your heart desires for our reception.”

“Now…for the cake,” Maggie began, grinning at Alex as the reality of the situation hit her—this beautiful, brilliant woman was really going to be her wife in a few months’ time.

“What about the cake? Please, don’t say vegan frosting. I don’t want to gag on my own wedding cake.”

“So I guess you want to skip the ritual of shoving it into each other’s faces as well?”

“Uh, yeah. No thank you to all of that,” Alex chuckled.

“And the garter? You don’t want me on my knees in front of everyone?”

Blushing a brilliant shade of scarlet, Alex shook her head. “Not in front of my mother!”

Laughing, Maggie raised her hands in mock surrender. “Fine, fine! We’ll save that for the wedding night. Now, what traditions do you want to keep?”

“I still want to do the something old, new, borrowed, and blue thing. And I like the toasts from the best man and maid of honor, though we can probably forgo the whole gendered thing there.”

“Now, uh, what about the whole…parents walking you down the aisle thing?” Maggie asked, trying not to dwell on the fact that her own father would never do it for her, would never even admit that what she and Alex were doing was a wedding in the first place. Of course, she thought the whole idea of “giving the bride away” was antiquated and far too patriarchal for her tastes, but having the option would have been nice.

“Hey, no, Maggie, no. I wouldn’t—no, neither of us will, okay?” Alex held Maggie’s gaze as she pulled her fiancée’s hands into her own and held them close, her thumbs stroking gentle patterns across Maggie’s palms.

“I mean, I can always wait for you at the altar. Really, it would be fine.”

“It’s not like my dad’s around…god knows where he is or who he’s working for these days,” Alex mumbled, trying not to dwell on the sad.

“I just figured, you know, maybe you’d want to ask J’onn,” Maggie shrugged.

Unable to resist any longer, Alex leaned over and, cupping her hands around Maggie’s jaw, kissed her soundly.
“What’s that for?” Maggie asked, looking pleased but also a bit confused.

“Because…” Alex paused, trying to find the right words to tell Maggie that it meant the world to her to know that Maggie already knew what J’onn meant to her, was already thinking about ways to incorporate her slightly less than traditional family into a wedding, even when her own family wouldn’t be there. “Because you’re just perfect, okay?”

“Ah, well, I can’t argue with that logic,” Maggie shrugged with a lopsided grin, pulling Alex back in for another kiss.

“But, um, I actually wanted to talk to you. About J’onn—his role, I mean.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, um, I wondered—and you can say no, of course! This is your wedding too—but I wondered what you thought about maybe having him officiate?”

“I think that’s a wonderful idea.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really. He’s been so supportive—and not just of you, but of me too. Plus, I can’t think of anyone better to get all of our friends to be quiet and behave through the whole ceremony.”

“That’s very true,” Alex agreed with a slightly watery chuckle. “Happy tears,” she added, preempting Maggie’s next question. “God, I’m totally gonna cry at our wedding, aren’t I?”

“Someone has to,” Maggie teased. “Better you than me.”

“Shut up. You’re the worst.”

“Nope. Not buying it, Danvers. Just a minute ago you told me I was perfect.”

“I’ve changed my mind,” Alex huffed, crossing her arms across her chest.

“I bet I can think of a hundred ways to changing it back again,” Maggie purred, pulling one of her hands out from Alex’s and letting her fingers creep up Alex’s thigh, feeling more than hearing the way that Alex’s breath seemed to catch in the back of her throat.

The sound of glasses clinking pulled their attention back to the room, though, and Alex, realizing their surroundings, quickly pushed Maggie’s hand away.

“Alright, ladies,” one of the bridesmaids announced into the microphone, “it’s time for our favorite tradition!”

“What’s that?” Alex whispered, only to have her question answered a moment later.

“Gather round, and be the first to catch that bouquet!”

“Ah,” Alex sighed in understanding. “I think we probably don’t need a bouquet to tell us that we’re getting married soon, huh?”

“Nah, I feel pretty secure.” Smiling at Alex, Maggie leaned in and softly kissed her on the cheek, pulling her arm around Alex’s shoulders as they watched a whole group of women shuffle onto the dance floor right in front of the bride, who had her back turned to them and a bouquet clutched in her hands.
“Ready?” Tasha yelled over her shoulder. Loud whoops and hollers rang out to meet her. With a grin, Tasha flung the bouquet over her head, turning around just in time to watch it sail over the heads of all of the waiting would-be catchers, landing smack on the table in front of Maggie and Alex, smushing the last bites of Maggie’s long abandoned mushroom platter.

Cackling, Maggie held up the slightly soggy bouquet, being sure to hold it away from her outfit, and kissed Alex soundly, eliciting a loud chorus of cheers from around the room. When she finally pulled back, unable to stop from laughing any longer, Maggie explained: “I should have mentioned: Tasha and I played softball together back in the day. She was the best damn pitcher our team ever had.”

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“Alex Danvers, may I have this dance?” Maggie asked with a low bow as she held her hand out to Alex.

“Why, I think you may,” Alex replied, biting back giggles as Maggie made a show of guiding her to the dance floor. There may or may not have been several flutes of champagne involved in getting them to this point, and with how little she’d eaten for dinner, Maggie had felt it going straight to her head almost immediately. Alex hadn’t quite caught up, but she’d allowed herself to be swept into the fun right alongside her fiancée.

As “The Way You Look Tonight,” played over the speakers set up around the room, Maggie guided Alex out onto the dance floor, immediately moving into position to take the lead.

“Excuse me, why do you get to lead?” Alex objected, even as she moved her arms to meet Maggie’s.

“Because I know how to lead.”

“And you just assume I don’t?”

“Do you?”

“No…”

“Then it’s settled. C’mon, follow my lead, just like in the bedroom,” Maggie teased.

“Rude! That was only a thing those first few times,” Alex huffed back, a light pink flush creeping across her chest.

“It was sweet, though,” Maggie added, her lips curling up into a small smile as she began moving them across the floor, not caring if they stumbled slightly in their heels on the slick floor or whether their steps perfectly matched the rhythm of the song. They could practice for their own wedding, but tonight, Maggie thought, as she spun Alex back into her and dipped her for a romantic kiss, tonight could just be about being together.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

The correspondence of one of the earliest avowed lesbians, Anne Lister (1791-1840), remains well preserved thanks to her diaries, which she kept throughout her life, dutifully logging the events of her day-to-day life, including her travels (she was a
woman of means and her comings and goings certainly reflect that fact), her rigorous self-directed academic studies, and her torrid affairs with other women. Although she wrote using a code she had designed using a combination of algebra and Ancient Greek, scholars have since cracked the code, allowing us to see the words she wrote, though even the words themselves sometimes have slightly different meanings. Most notably, the general consensus at this point is that "kiss" means orgasm, just as "cow" did for Stein, making many of her diary entries far more explicit (though in keeping with the particular reputation she not only had, but also purposefully cultivated) as she logs the number of kisses she and her partners each had and comments on how satisfying (or not) each one was to her. To give a few examples:

For the most Shane-like example of Lister's exploits (for those who know The L Word), throughout early 1922, Lister, who was living with and in a serious relationship with M-, writes frequently of the challenge of balancing her relationship with M- with her more casual relationship with Tib, she she knows will be jealous when she finds out the truth about the depth of her feelings for M-. And indeed on March 17, 1922, just such a thing happens. Lister records: Tib "saw through me - she saw what I was - I had been guilty of the utmost grossness - she wished I had M- with me &, for her own part, it was well she was going so soon & she would never trouble me anymore - she had come for the last time. I did all I could to pacify & asked her to give me a kiss. She said she did not want one. I then said, 'Ask for one when you do,' & then went downstairs. She would out of sorts all the afternoon & evening, tho' downstairs almost all the time. She said nothing when we came to bed. I waited a minute or two to give her an opportunity & then went to undress."

The following day, she finds the situation with Tib to be rather tense (imagine that...), and writes about confronting her. "She followed me upstairs & asked what made me so cross? I saw she was coming round & told her I thought she behaved very ill & that it was for her to ask for a kiss if she wanted one. First she wished I had M-, then she was sorry for what she had done, would not do so any more, etc. Could not bear to think she did not suit me. Loved me better than anything in the world. It would be my fault if we did not live together. I quietly told her we never should & persisted that she did not suit & it was best to be candid at once. She cried a little & said she was very unhappy. I bade her cheer up & said there was no reason why we should not always be very good friends. She could not bear me to talk so. However, I gave her a kiss or two & we got the time over till twelve."

July 12, 1923 - "Could not sleep last night. Dozing, hot & disturbed ... a violent longing for a female companion came over me. Never remember feeling it so painfully before."

October 28, 1923 on talking about writing wills with C- "We got ourselves into a grave humour, unfit for a kiss."

Although less salacious, one of my favorite entries comes from January 29, 1821. Lister writes, "Cutting curl papers half an hour ... Arranging & putting away my last year's letters. Looked over & burnt several very old ones from indifferent people ... Burnt ... Mr Montagu's [a suitor's] farewell verses so that no trace of any man's admiration may remain. It is not meet for me. I love, & only love, the fairer sex & thus beloved by them in turn, my heart revolts from any other love than theirs." I could say so much about the significance of the particular language Lister uses here (and have, in fact, written many, many pages on it in my academic work), but for now, I'll leave it at pointing out what a clear refutation this passage is for any homophobic asshole that claims homosexuality (as a practice, not a term) is a "modern invention."
Sanvers - From No Makeup to Lipstick Kink

Chapter Summary

I'm pairing two shorter fics here bc I think they went together (both on a similar theme)

1. How about the first time Alex and Maggie are hanging out at an apartment without makeup? That can be a rather self-conscience thing, depending on the woman.

2. Prompt from @thebiwisebrownkid : So after seeing Maggie in that split second of sanvers on the 4 show promo, could you write a fic for lipstick kink? Like drawing on each other's bodies with it and leaving lip prints

3. Prompt from an anon: What about Sanvers + that car chase + whatever sexy time were going on before it from the S3 promos? Please?

Chapter Notes

A/N: Big thank you to my girlfriend for her help with the first prompt! I’ve never really gotten into makeup (I think the last time I wore it was on Halloween, and that probably doesn’t count), but hopefully with her input I was able to get to something that sounds/feels realistic.

A/N 2: Here’s a really nice gif set from @my-flourish-and-blotts for the third prompt http://my-flourish-and-blotts.tumblr.com/post/163310770964/chasing-cars-playing-in-the-background-x. I don’t know that anyone made a gif of the split second scene from the second prompt, but feel free to link to it if you’ve seen it! In any case, here’s the link to the promo: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BEZ-GpdHNYY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Part 1:

“Surprise!” Maggie announced with a grin, stepping back subtly as she noticed Alex slipping her gun back into the drawer in the table next to the front door.

“Did we, uh, did we have a date?” Alex asked, looking slightly panicked. This was all so new, and the last thing she wanted to do was have Maggie think she was already forgetting about her.

“Nope, just thought I’d surprise you with some coffee. If you’re busy, that’s totally cool! I don’t want to intrude. Just figured, I was in the neighborhood…” Well, she was in the neighborhood because she drove out here, but it still counted.

“No, no, that’s really sweet. Come in!” Alex finally said, stepping back and allowing Maggie into the apartment. “Excuse the, uh, outfit,” she added with a nervous chuckle, realizing she was in a ratty old t-shirt and gym shorts she was fairly certain still had pizza grease stains on them from last sisters night.
“I see nothing wrong with it. You look cute, Danvers.”

“Yeah, well,” Alex shrugged, looking altogether unconvinced.

“I promise,” Maggie whispered, stepping closer and kissing Alex’s cheek softly.

It was then that Alex realized that she hadn’t bothered putting on makeup, had stepped out of the shower after her morning run, thrown on some ratty clothes, and gotten ready to clean (before Maggie knocked, of course; now she was ready to spend however long Maggie was willing to stay hanging out with her girlfriend…and, god, did she like the sound of that). “Shit,” she muttered. “Um, let me just, freshen up, okay?”

“I promise, I really don’t mind the attire,” Maggie assured Alex, tugging at the Barenaked Ladies shirt that had long since faded from too many washes. “You’re still cute on laundry day. And, if your laundry day outfits are like mine, I bet even the granny panties you’ve got on under those shorts are cute too. I mean, better on the floor, but…”

Blushing, Alex swatted at a laughing Maggie, feeling a little too embarrassed at the moment to correct Maggie and tell her she actually wasn’t wearing any—she’d let her laundry go that long. “Yeah, but just, I’ll only be a minute, okay?”

“Are you okay? I really, I don’t have to stay! I’m sure you had other plans. I’ll leave your coffee and pastry here and catch you later this week?”

“No! I want you to stay,” Alex insisted.

“But I don’t want you to feel like you have to get dressed up for me. I mean, hell, I know on weekend mornings I’m in clothes a lot grungier than those,” Maggie laughed.

“It’s not just the clothes,” Alex added with a shrug, refusing to make eye contact as she picked at the hem of her shorts. When Maggie still looked confused—and rather adorably so, Alex had to add—she took a deep breath before she spoke again. “I’m not wearing any makeup, either.”

Her words tumbled out so quickly it took Maggie a moment to understand them, but once she did, she took Alex’s hand in hers. “Hey, Alex? I mean, first of all, you’re beautiful no matter what. But second of all, I’m not just dating you ’cause you’re hot. I mean, you are. But I fell for you because you’re brave and smart and you’re willing to fight anyone to protect the people closest to you. And all of that matters so much more than whether or not you had a chance to get your eyeliner perfect before seeing me.”

“It’s just…” Alex paused, trying to figure out why it bothered her so much. She thought back to the way her mother had praised her for “actually making an effort to look nice” on the holidays when she’d shown up with her makeup done flawlessly, though that sentiment was never extended to her when she had on darker makeup on her way out to the bars—a desperate need after long hours spent with her family. She remembered long afternoons spent with Vicky hanging out at the local mall and shopping for lipstick and mascara that they didn’t really have any use for, since they weren’t allowed to wear makeup at school, but they would go back to Vicky’s house and practice on each other for hours. And it was fun, getting to feel like they were adults, like they needed to be all dressed up for some formal gala. Plus, with Vicky it always turned into some kind of adventure—as soon as the eyeliner went out too far or the eyeshadow looked a bit garish, Vicky was ready to turn it into her next great big idea for a Halloween costume.

“You don’t need to explain yourself to me, Alex,” Maggie chimed in. “I mean, I wear makeup most days too. I don’t know, it just felt like a rite of passage.”
“Yeah,” Alex sighed, looking thoughtful. “I mean, it was a nice way to bond with Kara and even with my mom.” She figured now wasn’t the time to talk about how oblivious she had been to her infatuation with Vicky. “Like, my mom helped me find colors that looked nice with my skin and hair, then I helped to teach Kara. It was…nice. Helped her to feel like family, you know?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, smiling softly at Alex. She’d never gotten that with her own mother, had been too much of a tomboy to want to spend time in makeup stores and malls, but as she got older, she found she liked the contrast she could create, the way her red lipstick paired with a sleek motorcycle and a worn leather jacket and boots, the way people didn’t always know quite what to do with her. “Well, how about I wash mine off too so you don’t have to feel like I’m all dressed up when you’re not? And we can hang out here and drink coffee. If you need help dragging your laundry downstairs, I can help with that too,” she offered.

“You’d give up your Sunday to help me do my least favorite chores?”

“Yeah, why not?” She didn’t add that nothing could feel like a “least favorite” if it meant spending more time with Alex.

“It’s just…I don’t know,” Alex shrugged. “I don’t know that I’ve ever been with someone who would give up all that time without wanting something in return.”

“Oh, I obviously expect lots of kisses,” Maggie teased.

“Maybe a little under-the-shirt action?” Alex joked back.

“Only if you’re offering…” Maggie replied with a wiggle of her eyebrows. “Now, point me in the direction of your facewash!”

A few minutes later, Maggie returned, her face a little pink from a slightly over-vigorous drying and her jacket slung over her arm, leaving her in just a white v-neck t-shirt.

“You look cute,” Alex complimented her, and she found that she meant it. Of course, Maggie could be wearing a burlap sack, and she’d likely find her gorgeous.

“So you’re not noticing the giant stress pimple on my 30-year-old cheek?” Maggie laughed, though, truth be told, it still made her feel a little nervous.

“Nope. Too distracted by your big brown eyes and that perfect smile.”

“Mm, very smooth, Danvers.”

“Yeah? I probably deserve a kiss for the effort.” With a smile, she leaned over, pulling Maggie in close by her shirt. “Yeah, definitely deserve a few more kisses.”

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Part 2:

“I know I said I felt like a teenager when I first came out, but now I really do,” Alex whispered, covering her mouth as she ineffectively stifled a giggle.
“Well we’re about to be two teenagers getting caught if you can’t stay quiet,” Maggie chastised, though the smile she sent Alex’s way made it quite obvious that she wasn’t actually mad. Of course, getting caught making out in a bathroom of a restaurant wasn’t exactly high on the list of things she wanted to do, but she didn’t necessarily hate the idea of everyone getting to see Alex marked up with faint smudges of Maggie’s lipstick across her mouth and jaw as though she were claiming her for the whole world to see.

“Then maybe we move this out to your car…” Alex trailed off, biting her lip at the suggestion and all of the images it brought to mind—most of them ending with her hand down Maggie's pants.

“Are you suggesting we dine and dash, Danvers?” Maggie gasped, grinning as Alex hurriedly shook her head. “I know, I know. We’ll grab the check as fast as we can, then race you to the car?”

“You’re so on.”

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As it turned out, hands and lips proved to be far too distracting to have a proper race, but they eventually stumbled their way into the backseat of Maggie’s car, both of them feeling exceptionally grateful to have parked toward the back of the lot—not far enough back to eliminate any risk, but enough that they were willing to take that chance.

Ducking to avoid slamming her head into the car’s low ceiling, Maggie swung her leg over to straddle Alex’s lap, letting her lips find Alex’s once more. She groaned as Alex’s hands made their way to her ass, guiding her closer, encouraging her to grind against Alex’s stomach. Dropping her lips, Maggie kissed and sucked her way down Alex’s neck, chuckling as she got to Alex’s choker.

“This is super gay, ya know?”

“I like it,” Alex huffed.

“So do I,” Maggie assured her. “It’s just, you know, about as gay as what we’re doing right now.”

Laughing, Alex shook her head. “I think I preferred it when your lips were busy with something else.”

“Marking you as mine?” Maggie rasped, her breath hot against Alex’s ear.

“Wait. Are you giving me hickeys? You know how much shit Winn and Kara gave me about them last time,” Alex whined.

“Don’t you worry, it’s just lipstick.”

“Oh.” Alex paused to consider the idea. Maggie’s lipstick was particularly bold, and Alex had been thinking about her lips all night, though she hadn’t quite considered this. Puling out her phone, Alex examined her neck in the camera. “Huh, that looks…good.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“I can think of a few other places that might look nice with more lipstick…”

“Is that so?” Alex teased.

Never one to back down from a challenge, Maggie quickly reapplied a fresh coat, then pulled Alex’s
shirt up, leaving her abs and chest on full display. “Still good?”

“Definitely,” Alex nodded, letting her head fall back against the seat as Maggie’s lips found their way to her cleavage, then down her abs, trailing all the way out to her hipbones.

Once Alex was whimpering and writhing underneath her touch, Maggie pulled back, grinning even though she was fairly certain she also had lipstick smeared across her mouth at this point. “It’s a fucking masterpiece is what it is.”

Alex pulled her head forward to survey her torso. “That’s actually pretty hot.” Even though only a couple of the prints were clearly defined kiss marks, they traced a rather obvious erotic path down her body, and a shiver ran through her at the thought of where they were leading. Deciding she’d had enough of waiting for Maggie, Alex maneuvered them so that she was on top of Maggie and pushed her down to the seat, moving back down to kiss the woman, letting her tongue flick across Maggie’s lower lip before pulling it between her teeth.

“You feel so good,” Maggie panted as Alex’s hands found their way beneath her shirt, her leather jacket shoved up her back beneath her.

“Let me make you feel even better,” Alex purred, her fingers popping open the button of Maggie’s jeans. “You good?”

“Very good. So, so good.” Her words grew increasingly less coherent as Alex’s fingers found their way between her legs, rubbing tight circles around her clit as best she could with the space constraints. Despite the fact that Maggie would normally ask for more—oh, say, for her pants to actually be down—in the moment she couldn’t think of anything more perfect, and she felt herself getting wetter and closer under Alex’s desperate touches.

As Maggie’s hand tangled in Alex’s hair, pulling her down to kiss her in a last ditch attempt to quiet her own whimpers, Alex’s phone rang out with her work-specific ringtone.

“No,” Maggie protested as Alex withdrew her hand, grabbing for her phone in the front seat.

“Danvers,” Alex answered, watching as Maggie grumbled and whined and pulled herself up into a sitting position, grabbing a tissue from the backseat and wiping away the excess lipstick from around her mouth.

“We’ll be right there,” Alex promised, pulling her shirt down before getting out of the car and moving to the front seat.

“Where to?” Maggie sighed, flinging herself melodramatically down into the driver’s seat.

“Winn’s sending the coordinates, but head to the expressway. You ready to chase an 18-wheeler?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” Maggie shrugged, though Alex could tell she was excited for a good car chase, even if she was annoyed about what it had put an end to. “You might want to, uh, get you neck before we see everyone.”

“Right, thanks,” Alex mumbled, grabbing the tissue from Maggie and rubbing away all the lipstick she could see in the rearview mirror. By the time they caught up to the truck, forming part of a barricade line behind it along with a few other police cars, they were both presentable once more, and Alex felt comfortable leaning out the window with her gun to shoot at the vehicle.

“Fucking hell, she muttered, pulling her head back into Maggie’s car to pull the hair that had blown into her face out of her mouth and eyes. She pushed her sleeves up, trying to avoid some of the dirt
and grime flying at her nice outfit from the highway. “From now on, I only do date night in tactical gear.”

“I can work with the thigh holster,” Maggie yelled over the sound of the wind whipping in through the open windows.

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By the time they were done with the mission, Alex’s shirt was torn and dirty, but at least everyone was alive and intact.

“Thank you for your help.” J’onn thanked Maggie, as Alex turned toward Kara, who had taken the biggest hits, though she seemed to be alright as well.

“You got here fast,” Kara commented.

“Oh, yeah, well, it was date night, so we were already out and about.”

“Aww, I’m sorry for interrupting it,” Kara apologized.

“I’m extra sorry for interrupting your post-date activities,” Lucy chimed in, strolling up from behind Alex and poking at Alex’s neck where she had missed a smudge of Maggie’s lipstick.

“Shut up,” Alex grumbled. “Now if we’re done here…”

“Yes, yes,” Lucy teased. “Enjoy getting it on with your fiancée.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
The Development of Alex and Maggie's Relationship

Chapter Summary

Prompt from thebiwisebrownkid: So throughout the sanvers arc in s2 you kind of see the shift in "dominance", for lack of better terms, between Alex and Maggie. Like alex was a baby gay so Maggie took the lead. But as Alex got comfortable, she began being more possessive and took control more. But I feel like alex was always the more dominant possessive person in a relationship but maggie always was too in past relationships. Could you write something exploring this in their relationship like work, sex, PDA, etc.?

Chapter Notes

A/N: For those of you who have submitted prompts, especially through asks on Tumblr, know that I've seen them! I'm trying to keep to the general order in which things were received, and sometimes it's a better reminder for me to leave things in my inbox than to respond, especially if I'm on my phone or work computer where I can't save your message into my ongoing prompt list as easily. I'm not saying no to new prompts necessarily, but do know that my list is long, and I hate the idea of short-changing any one idea by rushing to get it done right away.

A/N 2: I'm going to have friends from high school staying with me from tomorrow through Monday, so there probably won't be any new materials posted then! I'll try to respond to comments and answer any non-prompt asks on Tumblr over the long weekend, but no guarantees on timeliness there. But then I'll see you in about a week with the first chapter of the Spy AU and something back here as well

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the first few weeks of dating Maggie, Alex could have sworn she was living someone else’s life. This person, this woman—she was lighthearted and giggly and lovestruck and happy—genuinely happy in a way that could have felt so selfish but just wasn’t. Because this is what Kara told her to do—to go out and live her life and be happy and find love. And finally she had. Well, maybe they hadn’t quite covered the love bit, but it felt a lot closer than any other relationship she’d ever had. And sure, it had come with a lot of other emotions too, but now that she had come out, now that she had learned to find pride in that, to find out what it felt like to fall so damn hard for someone and name it as such, now she got to enjoy the happiness that came with it too.

Every time Maggie texted her after a date to let her know that she’d had a nice time, to make sure she got home safely, to check in on her, her face lit up, and she didn’t even care about trying to hid her joy from the world, didn’t worry about being mocked for a smile that was a touch too big, a touch too genuine. And when Maggie did those things she once called clichés—brought her flowers, opened doors for her, sent her messages to say good morning and good night—she felt her heart swell.
A month or two into the relationship, Alex began noticing that Maggie was—for lack of a word with fewer gendered connotations, rather chivalrous. She walked on the street-side of the sidewalk. She held doors open. She pulled out Alex’s seat in restaurants. She always drove if they were going out together. Sure, they split tabs evenly, but it was the twenty-first century, after all, and Alex suspected her federal government salary was probably more than a little better than Maggie’s local cop pay—not that she’d bring it up.

But it all hit her hard somewhere in their third month together. They’d started their Friday night in bar—not Dollywood, both of them wanting an opportunity to be a bit farther away from work. Maggie had left Alex at their table while she went to pick up drinks for them, and while she was gone, some bigger guy ambled over to her and leaned across the table, grinning lazily at her. “Hey gorgeous,” he greeted her in what Alex assumed was meant to be a charming way but that just sounded smarmy (and a little slurred, if she were being honest).

“Look, I’m actually here with someone already,” Alex explained, tensing slightly as she mentally went through all of the weapons she already had on her before cataloguing the things in her vicinity that could be used as weapons—always ready for a fight, always prepared for that just in case.

“Beautiful woman like you shouldn’t limit her options,” the man added, leaning in slightly closer.

Before Alex could respond, though, Maggie was standing between Alex and her would-be suitor, clearly unperturbed by the foot-and-a-half height difference between them. “I believe my girlfriend already told you to leave,” Maggie growled, her voice low. Alex was far too distracted by this particular side of Maggie to listen to the man’s parting words, his grumblings about “women, man.”

It wasn’t that Alex had never had someone offer to intervene on her behalf—she’d had plenty of misguided men try to throw poorly executed punches for her, and she’d watched her sister fling herself in front of her during battle more times than she could count—but this was different. It was the almost possessive growl to Maggie’s voice, the way her lips had curled around that word: “my.” Because Alex was hers—her girlfriend—and normally that kind of sentiment would have Alex scoffing and, if she were drunk enough, yelling or openly mocking the person who’d dared to make such an assumption, but on Maggie, knowing this woman would never try to claim ownership over her in any real way, Alex found it…hot. A little endearing too, given her girlfriend’s diminutive size, but mainly just really fucking hot.

When they’d made it back to Maggie’s place that night, Alex let Maggie prove—even just to them—how much Alex really was hers. And if Alex came a little harder, cried out a little louder, rode Maggie’s fingers just a little bit faster, who was to say?

As they cuddled afterward, Maggie curled around Alex’s back, holding her close and stroking her fingers through Alex’s hair, Alex whispered, “Maggie?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you…is this…is this how you always are in relationships?”

“What?” Maggie asked, her voice cracking slightly. Because of course she should have known that Alex would find the same faults with her as all of her other exes had. Just because Alex theoretically understood her line of work didn’t make any of the things that had been thrown at her over the years—hardheaded, stubborn, obsessed with work, borderline sociopathic, undeserving of love—any less true.

“No, no,” Alex murmured, hearing the unspoken fear in Maggie’s voice, feeling the way her body tensed, her muscles prepared to flee from the inevitable. “I just mean, well, you treat me…really well.
But also like I’m fragile, in a way. Like, it’s so obvious how much you care. But I sort of worry that I’m not doing that for you. I mean, I wake up to a message from you every day. You make sure I get home safely. You’re the one who asks if it’s okay to hold my hand or kiss me when we’re out in public. You hold doors and bring flowers and get our drinks and do all the things my mother always told me the best kind of men would do for a lady.”

“Ah, well, lesbians have always been better at chivalry than men,” Maggie joked.

Chuckling, Alex shook her head. “It’s not so much the gendered thing… it’s more…you’re always the one to do it. And, well, I don’t really have much experience with being the caring partner in a romantic relationship. I don’t really have much experience with romantic relationships period. But with Kara, I’m the one that checks in with her, makes sure she isn’t hurt after a fight, makes sure she’s feeling okay when I know Cat put her through hell. And I’m sure it’s mainly just a holdover from when she was still new to this planet and acclimating to her powers, but when we’re out in public, I check in with her, make sure she isn’t overwhelmed. And I can’t help but notice that you do those things for me.”

“I mean… it’s not that I think you couldn’t do it!”

“No, I know,” Alex assured her, pressing a soft kiss to Maggie’s lips. “We have fought side-by-side, ya know. I don’t worry too much about you thinking I’m incapable.”

“Right, right,” Maggie laughed. “It’s just that in a lot of ways, you are in a new world. It’s the same one obviously, but you’re experiencing it as an out gay woman now. You’re learning what it’s like to walk down the streets, and I don’t know if you’re ready to hold my hand or kiss me in front of people who might not be okay with it, who might be really vocal about just how not okay with it they are. And I know I’m not the first person you’ve ever dated, but you talked about how much you didn’t like it, how you didn’t think you were built for intimacy. And I know that part of that was you trying to talk about sex without coming right out and saying you didn’t like boning the dudes you had found before, but I thought that maybe it was also about dating. So I wanted to show you what it could feel like with the right person. And I don’t have to be that right person!” she rushed to add, not wanting to make assumptions. “But maybe I could at least be… better.”

“You are better, Maggie. You’d be better no matter what you did, though.”

“That’s a pretty low bar, Danvers,” Maggie teased, watching as Alex rolled her eyes and poked her in the chest.

“You know that’s not what I meant. It’s more that I don’t want you to have to treat me like I’m someone totally breakable. You can treat me like you would anyone you dated.”

“This sort of is how I treat the women I date, though,” Maggie shrugged. Sure, maybe she didn’t do all of this in every relationship, but she did a lot of it. And she liked doing it, liked feeling like she could provide for her partners, could protect them and be there for them and make them smile after a long day.

“But should I… should I be doing the same for you? I mean, when you stood up for me in the bar, it was hot. Really hot. But I could have done it. And maybe I want to be the one that stands up for you.”

“I think you’ve done that already,” Maggie chuckled, “or do you not remember coming to cut me down when I’d gotten tied up by that Infernian? Or beating people up in Dollywood just to find me?”
“Well, yeah, but we weren’t dating then.”

“True, but if you’d been out and I hadn’t been dating someone, you totally could’ve gotten laid for something like that.”

“You could definitely make it up to me now,” Alex suggested, biting at her lower lip as she looked over at Maggie.

“Mm I definitely could,” Maggie purred, already rolling Alex onto her back and moving down between her legs.

“Wait.”

“Yeah?” Maggie asked, slightly breathless as she threw herself back onto her side of the bed, never wanting to push Alex past her comfort zone or do something that was even possibly non-consensual.

“Is that why I’m always on my back?”

Once it hit her what Alex was talking about, Maggie smirked. “You’ve been on your stomach and your knees more than a few times.”

“Shut up,” Alex huffed. “You know what I mean. Is that why I’m on the bottom?” Sure, Maggie got on her back for Alex to go down on her, but it didn’t quite feel the same.

“Well, at the beginning, it was just easier to show you things that way. You were still new to all of this. I wasn’t gonna ask you to top me your first time in bed with another woman.”

“I appreciate that,” Alex whispered, her cheeks coloring slightly as she buried her head in the crook of Maggie’s neck.

“I guess, I don’t know, that’s normally the role I took in past relationships.” She didn’t add that it was most definitely the role she took in all of her one-night stands.

“And if I wanted a turn?” Alex asked, arching an eyebrow at Maggie.

And, oh, that was a thought. Normally the women she dated took one look at her badge and her gun and assumed she’d top. They let her open doors and pull out chairs without questioning it just as easily as they stripped off their clothing and fell into the pillows for her without sparing a second thought to what else Maggie might like. Of course, she did like topping, got off on getting her partners off, but the idea of Alex taking charge—the idea of a woman she trusted more than just about anyone else, a woman who was strong and brave and brilliant and so damn sexy, wanting to take charge of her? That didn’t sound so bad at all. “Yeah, I might like that.”

As it turned out, she did like it. She didn’t like the same things Alex did—she had some limits Alex didn’t have (and other things she was more than happy to let Alex do to her that Alex wasn’t ready for just yet)—but they found their way together. And sure, maybe it was a little too easy to get Alex back into a more submissive headspace—a rasped out, “You’re so good for me”; a sharp smack to the ass, fingers tangled in her hair pulling firmly—and maybe Alex liked letting Maggie top more than she would have expected, but in other parts of their relationship, things began to even.

They took turns being the one to intimidate criminals and homophobes and would-be suitors. Alex got better at pulling out Maggie’s chair after a disastrous first attempt that involved pushing in just a little too quickly and nearly crippling her girlfriend. They learned to read each other and figured out what they were comfortable with when it came to things like PDA. And soon enough, they found “Good morning” texts and “I got home safely” texts and “Sleep well” texts to be redundant when
they so often fell asleep curled around one another after dates and woke up sprawled across the bed together.

And when it came time to say, “I love you” and ask, “Will you marry me?” Maggie couldn’t find it within herself to be surprised that Alex was the brave one, the one willing to take the plunge and put her heart on the line, trusting Maggie to be there for her. And she was, but she was also the first one to find a ring and propose for the second time. And many, many months later, she was the one to come home with a printed out webpage about dogs in need of loving homes, to ask if Alex might want to open up their little family. Because that’s what they were—a family.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

I'll leave you with two poems from out queer-identified women for the long weekend. For me, pregnancy/impregnation references are a little squicky, but I like Miranda’s other work enough (and the rest of the poem) that I'm including it here. But if it's not your thing too, no need to read the first one.

"Love Poem to a Butch Woman," Deborah A. Miranda

This is how it is with me:
so strong, I want to draw the egg
from your womb and nourish it in my own.
I want to mother your child made only
of us, of me, you: no borrowed seed
from any man. I want to re-fashion
the matrix of creation, make a human being
from the human love that passes between
our bodies. Sweetheart, this is how it is:
when you emerge from the bedroom
in a clean cotton shirt, sleeves pushed back
over forearms, scented with cologne
from an amber bottle—I want to open
my heart, the brightest aching slit
of my soul, receive your pearl.
I watch your hands, wait for the sign
that means you’ll touch me,
open me, fill me; wait for that moment
when your desire leaps inside me.

"You Love, You Wonder," Brenda Shaughnessy

You love a woman and you wonder where she goes all night in some tricked-out taxicab, with her high heels and her corset and her big, fat mouth.

You love how she only wears her glasses with you, how thick and cow-eyed she swears it’s only ever you she wants to see.
You love her, you want her very ugly. If she is lovely big, you want her scrawny. If she is perfect lithe, you want her ballooned, a cosmonaut.

How not to love her, her bouillabaisse, her orangina. When you took her to the doctor the doctor said, “Wow, look at that!” and you were proud, you asshole, you love and that’s how you are in love. Any expert, observing human bodies, can see how she’s exceptional, how she ruins us all.

But you really love this woman, how come no one can see this? Everyone must become suddenly very clumsy at recognizing beauty if you are to keep her.

You don’t want to lose anything, at all, ever. You want her sex depilated, you want everyone else not blind, but perhaps paralyzed, from the eyes down.

You wonder where she goes all night. If she leaves you, you will know everything about love. If she’s leaving you now, you already know it.
Alex's Lingerie Adventures

Chapter Summary

I combined a few prompts for this one. Prompt 1 is the majority of the story, but I sort of integrated some of the ideas behind 2 and 3 into the first third of this chapter…the rest of it’s just straight up smut.

1. Alex wanting to surprise Maggie buying lingerie but getting all shy in the shop, but then she gets home and Maggie is shook

2. From wynter_90: I do like these types of stories, and your writing is as good as ever, but I have to admit that I'd rather see Kara scaring Alex for once in a game of never have I ever, like - "Never have I ever been in cuffs." Kara - downs glass, person who spoke - "I didn't mean arrested", Kara - "neither did I..." Alex - nope, nope, nope, DID! NOT! HEAR!

3. Can we see some Danvers sisters being a little less freaked out about each other having sex? Like, I love me some awkwardness, but it’d be cool if they could be supportive in a way that wasn’t just “NEVER TALK ABOUT THIS!” but without it going to that other extreme of like, I’ve just walked in on my sister banging and would now like to chat while sex is happening (btw, Lucy’s reaction in your OT3 fic was on point…thank you).

Chapter Notes

A/N: The first chapter of the Spy AU, Undercover(s) went up today! You can find it here if you’re interested:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/12006666/chapters/27168471

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey! What are you doing here?” Kara asked, tapping Alex on the shoulder.

“What? Nothing!” Alex squeaked, fumbling with a few hangers in her hand. “Why are you here?”

“I’m getting a new bra…duh,” Kara laughed, gesturing at the tables of bras in front of them and the big Semi-Annual Sale sign.

“Oh…yeah, same,” Alex added, giving Kara a smile that looked beyond forced.

“Ooh, found anything good yet?” Kara asked, trying to peer into Alex’s bag. “With the sale, nothing is ever in the right place,” she sighed. There were far too many occasions when she’d seen something cute on the table for her size only to find it had been strewn there by a lazy customer and was many, many sizes too large (or small).

“Nope! Probably just gonna head out,” Alex rambled, making for the door until the first warning
alarm bell went off as she stepped within the two-foot radius of the security detectors. “Ah, yeah, right, probably should just, you know, leave these here…nothing good.”

“Alex,” Kara sighed. “You literally took me to the department store to get my first bra. I think we can be adults about this. Plus, you used to leave so much of your dirty laundry at my place.”

“In all fairness, it used to be my place. And it has an in-unit washer and dryer. I have to walk all the way down to the basement of my building just to check to see if a machine is even available, then pay for the damn privilege of using it.”

Laughing, Kara shook her head. “I know, I know. I’m not blaming you. Just pointing out that I’m well aware of the fact that you wear bras and underwear, so you’re not gonna shock me.”

“It’s just,” Alex paused, scuffing her feet against the carpet as she walked back to the area where Kara had found her to avoid arousing the security guard’s suspicions. With a deep breath to steel her nerves, Alex rushed out: “I’m trying to buy lingerie to surprise Maggie.”

“Didn’t you already do that for Valentine’s Day?” Kara asked, trying to figure out why Alex would still be so nervous. She remembered the extensive text conversation they’d had while Alex tried to figure out what to do for the very first Valentine’s Day date she cared about impressing. Of course, Kara knew it hadn’t gone according to plan, but Alex had mentioned something at their next sisters night about talking it out and having a “re-do” night.

“Well, yeah, sort of…but that was more like a nightgown? I was just trying to get something a little…more revealing?”

“Okay,” Kara shrugged. “Do you want help?”

“What would you know about all of this?” Alex asked, cocking her head to the side. “Sorry, that sounded rude.”

“It’s fine,” Kara waved off Alex’s concern. “But trust me, Lena’s got, like, a whole closet only for lingerie that I’m fairly certain costs more than my yearly CatCo salary, so I tried getting a few things to return the favor.”

“Sounds like I should ask Lena for her help,” Alex laughed.

“Hmph. I know enough.”

“Of course,” Alex assured her. “Just, let’s not talk about this later, okay?”

“Don’t worry, it’s not like I want anything more than a general, ‘Maggie loved it!’ after you’re done. If you need someone to share with, by all means, take Lena then.”

“I think Lucy would kill me if I chose someone new to share all the sordid details of my life with.”

“Fair enough,” Kara conceded. “Now, what are you looking for? Are you going for something classic? Or is this for some kind of roleplay thing where you need, like, costumes?”

“No! Definitely not the second one,” Alex corrected Kara, crinkling her nose slightly at the implications. Sure, she was happy that Kara was happy with Lena, but she couldn’t help that her first instinct was still to protect Kara—after all, Kara was her little sister, the alien fallen from the stars and brought to her back door with almost no concept of what life on this planet was like. “Sorry,” Alex added, “I’m just…not entirely comfortable with any of this. And salespeople keep trying to help me, and just, like, why would I possibly want some stranger to tell me what makes my boobs and ass
look best?"

Biting back a smile, Kara just nodded. “Alright, well, what do you have so far? Was there anything you liked?”

With a sigh, Alex decided to give in to the embarrassment and handed her bag over to Kara. Over the course of the next hour, Alex’s cheeks remained flushed a brilliant shade of red, but she allowed herself to be led into a dressing room, allowed Kara to get one of the “less chatty” salespeople come in to get her measurements to make sure things fit properly, allowed Kara and the woman who measured her to hand things over, though she steadfastly refused to open the door until she was fully clothed once more, clutching a few items that had fit adequately enough.

“Thanks,” Alex mumbled as she sat in the food court with Kara, her bag of newly acquired items tucked under her legs.

“The ice cream is thanks enough,” Kara replied, beaming at Alex—any lingering awkwardness already long forgotten between spoonfuls of moose tracks.

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“Alex?” Maggie called out as she locked the front door behind her, dropping her keys onto the table and shucking off her coat. “You home?”

“In the bedroom!” Alex yelled back, hoping Maggie didn’t hear the way her voice had cracked.

As Maggie rounded the corner into the main area of the apartment, her jaw dropped. Not only had Alex lit the fireplace, casting the whole apartment in a warm glow, but she was also clad in only black lace and silk, her chest encased in a black bustier whose clips dangled enticingly, swinging across her upper thighs and drawing Maggie’s attention from Alex’s cleavage down to the lacy black thong that was so very different from the boyshorts Alex normally paired with her tactical gear and work clothes.

Nervous about Maggie’s continued silence, Alex cleared her throat, watching as Maggie’s head snapped up, her lips still parted slightly.

“Is this, can I…” Maggie stuttered, trying to get ahold of herself.

“Try again. Use your words,” Alex teased, finally feeling a little bit more confident now that she could see the way Maggie was struggling to keep her gaze on Alex’s eyes and not down further south.

“Can I touch you? Because, god, I’d really, really like to touch you,” Maggie finally managed.

“I suppose that could be allowed.”

And in seconds, Maggie had crossed the room, pulling Alex close to her and letting her fingers drift down Alex’s sides before dropping to Alex’s ass, kneading at the firm flesh, too turned on to worry that perhaps she should have built up to this kind of touching with something in the way of foreplay. She kissed her way across Alex’s chest, dipping her tongue between Alex’s breasts before nipping her way back up to Alex’s neck and jaw and finally kissing Alex soundly.

“So I take it you like it?”

“So much,” Maggie whimpered as Alex nudged a thigh between her legs, forcing Maggie’s attention back to the heat that had spread like fire throughout her whole body, eventually settling low in her
abdomen.

“Do you want to show me just how much you like it?”

Maggie nodded, guiding Alex back to the bed, throwing off her own clothes along the way until she was left in only boyshorts and a sports bra that felt rather ratty next to Alex’s attire. “How do you want me?”

“I want your tongue on my clit,” Alex ordered, watching as Maggie’s eyes seemed to darken.

Nearly tripping over her own feet in her hurry to get to Alex, Maggie righted herself, throwing off her graying sports bra before more reverently helping to shimmy Alex’s thong down her long legs, kissing and sucking her way down and then back up toned thighs. “Should I take this off too?” Maggie asked, motioning to Alex’s bustier.

And as much as Alex had a particular image in mind, she craved Maggie’s hands and mouth on every inch of her, so she nodded, turning over to allow Maggie access to the back. She felt Maggie’s hands ghosting over her skin before carefully undoing the ties and letting the garment fall to the bed, then pushing it to the side.

Before she let Alex roll back over, Maggie took a moment to kiss and massage Alex’s back, her lips trailing along muscular shoulders and all the way down to Alex’s ass. By that point, Alex was whimpering loudly, and her hips bucked into the bed, desperate for some kind of friction.

“Flip over,” Maggie rasped, helping Alex settle into the pillows before crawling back between her legs. Too desperate to tease Alex, Maggie flattened her tongue and brought it slowly up the length of Alex’s pussy, feeling herself shudder at the low groan of satisfaction Alex let out at the touch. As she dipped her tongue between Alex’s folds, she couldn’t help the moan that slipped from her lips.

“You’re so wet.”

Alex simply threaded her fingers through Maggie’s hair in response, pulling her closer and letting her head drop back to the pillows as Maggie eagerly complied. Maggie’s tongue flicked up and down the length of Alex’s sex, stopping just short of her clit, leaving Alex whimpering, her hips bucking up into Maggie’s touch, trying in vain to coax her to where she needed her.

Wrapping her hands around Alex’s hips and holding them still, Maggie finally gave in, bringing her mouth up to Alex’s clit, taking it between her lips, and sucking gently.

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thighs were still shaky from coming mere minutes ago. But already, she could feel herself getting closer and closer, Maggie’s tongue expertly guiding her right up to the edge.

Alex’s breath caught in her throat at the sound of a strangled cry from Maggie, and she carefully turned her head to look over her shoulder, biting her lip at the sight of Maggie’s fingers moving frantically between her own legs. She felt her own hips buck forward of their own volition as she watched Maggie’s thighs growing rigid—a sure sign that she was close. But she seemed to slow down then, trying to keep herself from coming until she had made Alex come again, and her thighs relaxed as she swirled her tongue around Alex’s clit.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Alex nearly growled, pushing Maggie’s hand back between her own legs. “I want to see you come too. As long as you want that,” she added, knowing that sometimes Maggie preferred to focus all of her attention on one thing at a time. But Maggie’s hand jerked back down her stomach, her finger dipping between her folds and drawing some of the copious arousal up to her clit. As she lapped at Alex’s pussy, she circled her own clit, getting lost in the sounds of Alex’s throaty moans and the feeling of Alex grinding against her face, riding her tongue and seeking out her own pleasure.

As she felt Alex’s thighs trembling around her, heard the hitch in Alex’s breathing, Maggie tried to hold back, waiting until Alex’s hips jerked forward and she came with a gasp, her whole body shuddering, then going limp. And then, with Alex’s thighs still grasping at her head, Alex’s sex still resting on her tongue, her arousal slick across her lips and cheeks and chin, Maggie finally let herself come with a breathy sigh, her tense muscles finally relaxing as she fell back into the mattress.

“That was…” Maggie trailed off, her breathing still heavy as she tried to get her thoughts in some semblance of an order.

“Amazing,” Alex finished for her, swinging her leg back over Maggie’s head and curling into Maggie’s chest, kissing her way up Maggie’s chin and across her lips, carefully cleaning up the excess cum before it could dry on her.

After a few minutes, Maggie finally spoke up, surveying the lingerie still strewn across the bed. “So…does that outfit come with the, uh, thigh-highs to match? Not that there was anything wrong with it as is! Trust me, it was 100% perfect.”

“Mhm,” Alex nodded, waiting until Maggie was looking at her before she continued. “But I thought I’d save them for next time. Maybe skip the thong and let you fuck me in the full outfit?”

“Fuck,” Maggie whimpered, letting out a shuddery exhale as she closed her eyes, letting that fantasy play out for a few moments before she settled back into the rather perfect reality that was cuddling with her fiancée in their bed.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

In light of much of what has been going on in the country and the kinds of politics of vulnerability we’re seeing play out over and over again as people in power decide which kind of lives are worth saving and which are deemed expendable, I’ve been coming back to a lot of poetry and theory and literature written during the AIDS epidemic (both at its worst and in the wake of its devastation).
Atlantis, Mark Doty

1. FAITH

“I’ve been having these
awful dreams, each a little different,
though the core’s the same—

we’re walking in a field,
Wally and Arden and I, a stretch of grass
with a highway running beside it,

or a path in the woods that opens
onto a road. Everything’s fine,
then the dog sprints ahead of us,

excited; we’re calling but
he’s racing down a scent and doesn’t hear us,
and that’s when he goes

onto the highway. I don’t want to describe it.
Sometimes it’s brutal and over,
and others he’s struck and takes off

so we don’t know where he is
or how bad. This wakes me
every night now, and I stay awake;

I’m afraid if I sleep I’ll go back
into the dream. It’s been six months,
almost exactly, since the doctor wrote

not even a real word
but an acronym, a vacant
four-letter cipher

that draws meanings into itself,
reconstitutes the world.
We tried to say it was just

a word; we tried to admit
it had power and thus to nullify it
by means of our acknowledgement.

I know the current wisdom:
bright hope, the power of wishing you’re well.
He’s just so tired, though nothing

shows in any tests, Nothing,
the doctor says, detectable;
the doctor doesn’t hear what I do,

that trickling, steadily rising nothing
that makes him sleep all day,
vanish into fever’s tranced afternoons,

and I swear sometimes
when I put my head to his chest
I can hear the virus humming

like a refrigerator.
Which is what makes me think
you can take your positive attitude

and go straight to hell.
We don’t have a future,
we have a dog.
Who is he?

Soul without speech,
sheer, tireless faith,
he is that-which-goes-forward,

black muzzle, black paws
scouting what’s ahead;
he is where we’ll be hit first,

he’s the part of us
that’s going to get it.
I’m hardly awake on our morning walk

—always just me and Arden now—
and sometimes I am still
in the thrall of the dream,

which is why, when he took a step onto Commercial
before I’d looked both ways,
I screamed his name and grabbed his collar.

And there I was on my knees,
both arms around his neck
and nothing coming,

and when I looked into that bewildered face
I realized I didn’t know what it was
I was shouting at,

I didn’t know who I was trying to protect.”

[There are six parts to the poem in total, and I’d highly encourage you to read them if you have time and the inclination to do so.]
Sanvers and Dancing

Chapter Summary

Prompt from maxinatorwrites: Hey there. I'm absolutely loving all of your fanfic right now. Like, it's really good. I was wondering if you could do something with Alex and Maggie just having their own little dance party (maybe with some songs by queer artists or with queer undertones) and being general goofballs? Like, pure fluff. I would write it myself but I probably wouldn't do them justice. Thanks again for being awesome :)

Prompt from debbiekaratzia: Hey can you do one where sanvers and the whole superfam (+ Jamie if it's possible <3 cause I loved the other one) have attended an event and this jam of sanvers comes on and they start to do this sensual and romantic dance [later specified tango] and everyone watching them? Also if it's possible I d like the awkward atmosphere after the dance. Thanks in advance:)

Chapter Notes

A/N: Bear with me on this one…I think I got the fluff and the silliness of the first half, and I’m fairly certain I can write the awkwardness of the superfam (sadly no Jamie) seeing #intimate Sanvers, but trying to write the tango…well, let’s all just all close our eyes and open YouTube and let people who know what they’re doing guide you through that part, yeah? Give me a lap dance or a scene of dancing in the club to write: sure. Ask me to write something that requires having even the most basic of knowledge about what dance terminology is…  ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

Now, if you want some jams to listen to while reading this chapter, I put together two sample playlists (Alex’s 90s/2000s punk rock emo music and Maggie’s queer music education playlist) that may or may not have come almost exclusively off of my iPod

Alex’s Playlist
MxPx, “Responsibility,” “Young and Depressed”
Blink-182, “What’s My Age Again?” “Josie”
American Hi-Fi, “Flavor of the Weak,” “The Art of Losing”
Simple Plan, “I’m Just a Kid,” “Welcome to My Life”
Good Charlotte, “The Young & The Hopeless,” “The Anthem”
Green Day, “American Idiot,” “Wake Me Up When September Ends,” “Boulevard of Broken Dreams,” “Platypus (I Hate You)”
My Chemical Romance, “Helena,” “I’m Not Okay (I Promise),” “Kill All Your Friends”
Fall Out Boy, “A Little Less Sixteen Candles, a Little More Touch Me,” “Sophomore Slump or Comeback of the Year,” “Dance, Dance,” “Sugar We’re Goin Down”
Panic! at the Disco, “Lying Is the Most Fun a Girl Can Have without Taking Her Clothes Off,” “I Write Sins Not Tragedies”
Papa Roach, “Scars”
The Academy Is…, “Sleeping with Giants”
Paramore, “Misery Business,” “crushcrusherush”
Wheatus, “Teenage Dirtbag”
Marilyn Manson, “Tainted Love”  
Relient K, “Chap Stick, Chapped Lips, and Things Like Chemistry,” “This Week the Trend”  
All-American Rejects, “Dirty Little Secret,” “It Ends Tonight”  
Jimmy Eat World, “The Middle”  
The Used, “The Bird and the Worm”  
Linkin Park, “Numb,” “In the End,” “Within Temptation”  
Yellowcard, “Ocean Avenue”  

Maggie’s Playlist  
Robyn, “Call your Girlfriend”  
Tracy Chapman, “Fast Car,” “Give Me One Reason”  
Le Tigre, “Deceptacon,” “Yr Critique,” “The The Empty,” “After Dark”  
Tegan and Sara, “Back in You Head,” “Closer”  
Indigo Girls, “Closer to Fine,” “Become You”  
Melissa Etheridge, “I’m the Only One,” “Come to My Window,” “I Want to Come Over”  
Peaches, “Fuck the Pain Away”  
Frank Ocean, “Forrest Gump,” “Thinkin Bout You,” “Novacane”  
Grace Jones, “Pull Up to the Bumper”  
k.d. lang, “Constant Craving”  
Scissor Sisters, “Might Tell You Tonight,” “Let’s Have a Kiki,” “Only the Horses”  
Sleater Kinney, “Oh!”  
Queen, “Somebody to Love”  
Cast of Rent, “The Tango Maureen,” “Take Me or Leave Me”  
Prince, “Kiss,” “I Want to Be Your Lover”  

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Biting her lip, Maggie tried to stay silent as she watched Alex bopping around the apartment, hips swaying as she pushed the vacuum cleaner, music blasting loud enough to be heard over the vacuum (and probably draw complaints from their neighbors, who were already nice enough not to mention their late-night activities). As the song switched from a Fall Out Boy anthem Maggie actually knew to something a little heavier that she recognized as part of the late 90s/early 2000s punk rock playlist Alex kept on her phone for a very particular kind of workout and Alex began singing along—her voice oddly melodic alongside such angsty lyrics—Maggie couldn’t stay quiet any longer.

“Hey babe!” she yelled over the sound of the vacuum cleaner, watching with an amused smile as Alex jumped straight into a fighting stance before relaxing when she realized it was only Maggie.

Jogging across the apartment to the speakers, Alex turned the volume down before trying to yell back. “How was your day?”

“Clearly less fun than yours.” Maggie dropped her bags and walked into the living room toward Alex.

“Ah, well, I just got a little…bored cleaning, though I’d spice things up with some music.”
“Yeah, getting your teenage Alex on?”

“Shut up,” Alex muttered, bumping Maggie’s shoulder with her own.

“You know I love watching you go all Pete Wentz on your air guitar…”

“It was one time!”

“One very adorable time, Danvers.” Maggie kissed Alex’s now light pink cheeks. “Now why don’t you show me what you got while I take off my boots?” Alex looked like she wanted to say no, but when Simple Plan came on, really, how was she supposed to resist? So she began serenading Maggie to the dulcet, slightly nasally lyrics, motioning to her lonely day of cleaning as if to illustrate her point about “another day on [her] own.”

By the second chorus, though, Maggie couldn’t resist any longer and found herself jumping up to join Alex, pulling her in with a knowing wink and a shake of her head at the lines: “And the world is / Having more fun than me / Tonight.” They continued jumping around the apartment as they belted out hits from Blink-182 and My Chemical Romance and American Hi-Fi, sliding across the stretches of hardwood floor on their knees to impromptu air guitar solos and backing each other up on the countertop drums when appropriate.

By the time they made it through a rather rousing rendition of “The Middle” by Jimmy Eat World, they were both more than a little sweaty, even after having stripped down to t-shirts and tank tops—all movements incorporated into the dancing, of course.

“Okay, what if we slow things down a little, yeah?” Maggie asked, tying her hair up to get some cool air on the back of her neck.

“Oh, so you want some Green Day maybe?”

Laughing, Maggie shook her head. “What if you let me play my music for a change? You might’ve spent your teenage years jamming out to punk rock, but I spent my college years immersing myself in the world of all the need-to-know lesbian jams, which I have to say are not on your playlist…”

“Fine,” Alex huffed out, making her way into the kitchen to get them water while Maggie hooked up her own phone to the speakers and filled the room Ani Difranco and Tracy Chapman, figuring Alex deserved to get filled in on all the years of lesbian culture she’d missed out on, even if they weren’t always Maggie’s favorites.

Once they had cooled down a little, Maggie put on her own mini-show for Alex, belting out a few of her favorite Melissa Etheridge songs (because, sure, it was a little stereotypical, but dammit, they were good) before moving on to a bit of Prince, some Bowie, some Queen—after all, what was life without a little bit of solidarity?

“Now, you ready for some stuff we both know?” Maggie asked, wiggling her eyebrows as she motioned for Alex to come join her on their makeshift stage—aka the freshly vacuumed dining room floor.

“Maggie,” Alex whined. “I’ve barely known any of these songs.”

“Yeah, but I know you know these,” Maggie promised, holding out a hand and pulling Alex up and off of the couch as one of Tegan and Sara’s more recent (and more popular) songs came on. “See,” Maggie said, waiting for Alex to acknowledge that she was wrong and Maggie was right. Instead, Alex simply rolled her eyes and let Maggie pull her “closer,” let Maggie slip a thigh between hers and thread her fingers through Alex’s short hair, her lips finding her neck.
“This feels a lot less like dancing,” Alex whispered—not that she was complaining.

“Hasn’t anyone ever told you that when done well they feel rather similar?” Alex just shrugged, relaxing under Maggie’s touch. Of course, by the time the song ended, she was a whimpering mess and wanted nothing more than to drag Maggie over to the bed. But apparently one does not simply leave the dance floor when Robyn comes on, so, on slightly shaky legs, Alex forced herself back over to Maggie and, once she’d regained some semblance of control over her raging hormones, even joined her in half-singing-half-screaming the chorus, though she left the absurd dance routine to Maggie alone.

Once more, Maggie allowed them a few moments’ long break during a slow k.d. lang song, though she jumped up in excitement at the line: “The samples won’t delay,” while Alex just looked on in confusion. As Joanne and Mark went back and forth about how weird, very weird, fuckin’ weird it was, Maggie forced Alex to abandon her beer in favor of joining her. “It’s from Rent,” Maggie hissed.

“Oh, ohh, yeah, okay,” Alex nodded, realizing as they got more into the heart of the song that it did sound familiar. Though in all fairness, she’d only seen the movie once.

“C’mon, we can tango to it after the first minute or so.”

Alex blanched. “Excuse me? Who said I knew how to tango?”

“Oh. Do you not?” And Maggie looked genuinely confused. After all, she remembered dancing with uncles at weddings and having to learn a few basic dances in gym class, even if being paired up with the boys had been more than a little gross (at that point in time, though, it could all be chalked up to a fear of cooties), though she only learned to lead after taking some of the free advanced classes in college. “It’s fine, I’ll show you!”

Alex narrowed her eyes at Maggie’s easy assurances, but Maggie simply let her hands fall into position—sheer muscle memory at this point. “Follow my lead, okay?”

“Not like I’m gonna lead,” Alex muttered, starting as Maggie suddenly stepped forward, her hands gently pushing to guide Alex. While Alex stumbled and tripped, stepping on Maggie’s toes more than a few times, Maggie was sure in her movements, shining in the moments when she stepped out on her own or when she dipped Alex low, her arm muscles being put on prominent display in her tank top.

“I think you need a new partner,” Alex sighed as the song came to a close.

“No, you just need some practice.”

“Yeah, like, years of practice.”

“No, c’mon, you just need to follow my lead, okay?” Seeing the look of disbelief on Alex’s face, Maggie ran over to her phone and switched on a playlist of Argentinian songs she still had from her years of ballroom dance competitions. Sure, she hadn’t had the opportunity for much tango dancing in the past few years, but they reminded her of home, of better memories at family weddings and then a very different set of good memories from her years in college.

As Maggie began to lead Alex in the most simple of steps, counting aloud for the first few beats to let Alex hear the rhythm, she spoke up: “Do you remember the first night we spent together?”

Stumbling slightly, Alex blushed and nodded.
“Well, you didn’t know what to do then either, but you followed my lead, and look at you now. A veritable pro.”

“Fuck off,” Alex grumbled, though she couldn’t quite hide her grin.

“When we’re done, absolutely. But first I need you to feel the rhythm with me, trust me to keep you upright and moving, and just try to relax into it enough to move with me instead of trying to match me before I can move. It all flows together, Danvers.”

Maggie tried not to laugh as Alex grumbled about this all being the exact opposite of what one should do in the field or the lab, but eventually they fell into…well, not exactly an easy rhythm, but a rhythm of sorts, their movements slowly becoming more and more recognizable as a tango.

By the time Maggie dipped Alex for the final beat of the first song where she’d actually felt comfortable in the basic movements, Alex let out a small cheer of pride in their accomplishments and kissed Maggie soundly. “I did it!”

“Yeah you did! I knew you had it in you.”

“Hmm, well, I had a good teacher.”

“That’s true…maybe I should get a reward for all that work.” And she did, as Alex demonstrated just how much she’d learned in other arenas of her life again and again until they finally collapsed on top of the sheets, sweaty and sated.

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Several months of occasional practice (always followed by rewards that began to feel a lot like incentives) later, Maggie and Alex found themselves at another L-Corp gala—this one smaller than the last, though no less extravagant—along with the rest of their friends and their makeshift family. After playing “find the best appetizer” with Kara, Winn, and James, Alex and Maggie made their way out to the dance floor where M’gann and J’onn were swaying together. Looping her arms around Maggie’s shoulders, Alex leaned in, resting her forehead against Maggie’s and smiling down at her as they moved to the music. After a few slower songs, though, a recognizable beat piped through the speakers.

“You ready to show off what we can do, Danvers?” Maggie asked, a playful glint in her eyes.

“Did you…did you request this song?”

“Mhm,” Maggie nodded, but before Alex could protest, Maggie had her arms in position to lead. Just because she’d begun to teach Alex how to lead, figuring it was always better to know both parts, didn’t mean that she was quite ready to follow.

At first, Alex was just as tense as she had been during their first few attempts, but as she listened to Maggie’s whispered assurances that they had this and the soft sounds of Maggie counting out the beat, she let herself fall into the rhythms that still weren’t second nature but had gradually begun to feel like something recognizable. And as Maggie’s movements grew flashier—maybe she wanted to show off a little bit—Alex felt herself drawing closer, holding Maggie tighter—if she couldn’t match Maggie in flash, she’d at least make sure she looked damn good supporting her leading partner.

But as one song slid into the next, the two women grew increasingly oblivious to the impressed onlookers, and their movements began blending slowly but surely into another set of familiar movements—ones that more often than not led them straight into their bed.
It took a loud whistle and burst of applause from their friends, who thought they could perhaps use a reminder of their audience, at the end of the third song to startle them into an awareness of their surroundings.

J’onn nodded curtly at the couple as they made their way off of the dance floor, but M’gann waited until his back was turned to wink covertly at Maggie. It was nice seeing the detective in a relationship, rather than sliding onto her barstools every few weeks and ordering a row of shots to take her mind off of the latest fling to tell her she wasn’t worth the effort.

“Very impressive,” Lena complimented them, even as she tried not to smirk. Kara was much less successful at hiding her emotions, her face a bright pink as she fiddled with her glasses. Somehow being a witness to their dancing had felt almost more intrusive than the small handful of times at the very beginning of their relationship when she hadn’t yet learned to treat Alex’s apartment as a space that wouldn’t always be safe to enter without knocking, as though she were seeing something far more intimate this time.

Winn simply nodded enthusiastically, trying to find a response that looked properly complimentary to appease Alex without appearing to have objectified her or her fiancée in the slightest, while James stuck with noncommittal noises, figuring that was a technique that had always served him well with the older Danvers sister.

“Well, uh, perhaps we’ll just be on our way out,” Maggie said, trying (and failing) to be subtle about exactly why they were leaving. After all, there was no denying the way Alex’s chest flushed or her eyes darkened at the suggestion.

“Thank you for having us, Lena,” Alex chimed in. “We’ll see you at brunch tomorrow, right?”

“If you’re up,” Lena murmured under her breath, earning a sharp glare from Kara and a wink from Maggie, who took Alex’s hand and guided her out before she could realize what exactly had happened.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

After the moving, but rather depressing poem I left you with last chapter, I promised something more optimistic this time. And, fitting with the playlists and the prompts here, I want to dwell on the short (5-page) conclusion to José Esteban Muñoz’s Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity (2009). Muñoz, a leading queer theorist whose life was cut far too short, wove race, nationality, and sexuality together in a discourse on performativity that elevated “low culture” as something worthy of serious consideration and study in his first book, Disidentifications: Queers of Color and the Performance of Politics (1999).

His conclusion to Cruising Utopia, titled, “Take Ecstasy with Me,” issues to his readers a kind of clarion call—a seductive and subversively utopian one—as he asks us, with the lyrics of the indie pop stars, The Magnetic Fields, to take ecstasy with him, to join him in the “then and there” of a queerness that “is not yet here but…approaches like a crashing wave of potentiality” (185). Playfully thinking of the titular song, Muñoz writes that the song’s title “could certainly be heard as a call to submit to pleasures both pharmaceutical and carnal. And let us hope they certainly mean at least both those
things. But when I listen to this song I hear something else, or more nearly, I feel something else” (185). In tapping into the kind of queer performativity of the song’s gender-neutral address and the other resonances of “ecstasy” as a term, Muñoz suggests that “we might think of a stepping out of time and place, leaving the here and now of straight time,” which has been defined by theorists like Jack Halberstam as the kind of linear progress narrative that would see state-sanctioned monogamous marriage leading to children as the culmination of life’s efforts, “for a then and there that might be queer futurity.”

Aligning ecstasy with the jouissance I discussed in my notes on Leo Bersani in an earlier chapter, Muñoz argues that they “both represent an individualistic move outside of the self,” one that leads to a “consciousness that is not self-enclosed, particularly in regard to being conscious of the other” (186). For Muñoz, “Knowing ecstasy is having a sense of timeliness’s motion, comprehending a temporal unity, which includes the past (having-been), the future (the not-yet), and the present (the making-present)” (186). In transcending linear “straight” time, queer temporality—ecstasy—opens us up to new possibilities. The request—both from Muñoz and the Magnetic Fields (or from the Canadian band, Lesbians on Ecstasy, if you’d like to follow Halberstam’s argument)—to “[t]ake ecstasy with me thus becomes a request to stand out of time together, to resist the stultifying temporality and time that is not ours, that is saturated with violence both visceral and emotional, a time that is not queerness,” in favor of this communal partaking in ecstasy, which might allow us to enact “a queer time that is not yet here but nonetheless always potentially dawning” (187).
Chapter Summary

Prompt: could you maybe write something about alex not being able to come but not wanting to disappoint maggie so she fakes it? because she used to do that with drunk sex with guys and thinks it's what she's supposed to do/what will make maggie happy. and the conversation that follows when maggie catches on?

Chapter Notes

A/N: I also have a chapter with Sanvers just not being able to come/sex that just doesn’t go the way either partner hoped: http://archiveofourown.org/works/9390416/chapters/22587359. Though no one fakes an orgasm in that particular chapter, they have a conversation about the point of sex/orgasm not always needing to be the goal. Yay for realistic depictions of sex!

A/N 2: my academic endnotes were a little too long for the box, so they went to the bottom of the chapter, but they're separated with a row of dashes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex fumbled for the lock—something that was much harder to do with Maggie’s lips attached to her neck than it normally was—and flicked on the soft lights in the living room, casting the space in a warm glow. She grinned at the sound of the needy whines falling from Maggie’s lips as she detached herself, intent on moving them further into the apartment.

“God, I want you so much,” Maggie whispered. It had been a long week, and she wanted nothing more than to have Alex up against her once more, the warm press of her body, the feeling of her fingers in Maggie’s hair, trailing down her back and up her thighs, dipping inside her…

“Just a few more steps to the bed,” Alex teased, pulling Maggie along behind her. She turned when they made it to the edge of the mattress, helping Maggie to get rid of her clothing before they fell into bed.

“Yours too.” Maggie reached over, slipping her hands under Alex’s shirt and guiding it up and over her head, her hand moving right back down to unclasp her bra, stepping back only momentarily to let the garment fall to the floor. She carefully guided Alex down before pulling her jeans off and clambering on top of her.

As the kiss grew deeper, Maggie’s hands found Alex’s chest, her thigh dropping between her legs as she rolled her hips into Alex. She groaned as she felt Alex’s hands gripping at her ass, her short nails digging in—sure to leave a nice set of marks that would linger for a few hours, a reminder of their night. “I’m so wet,” Maggie gasped, feeling how embarrassingly close she already was to coming just from grinding against Alex’s thigh—boyshorts still on, if wrecked, and all.

“What do you want?” Alex smirked as Maggie’s eyes seemed to grow impossibly darker, her hips
jerking forward as her movements faltered at the question, the offer.

“Can I fuck you with the strap on?” Maggie finally managed, not caring that her voice might have cracked. It had been a while since they’d had a night together, and dammit, she couldn’t help how much she still wanted Alex at all times.

“Yes,” Alex hissed, feeling herself getting wetter at the look of wild desperation in Maggie’s eyes.

And then Maggie was clambering up and to the side of the bed as she pulled out the harness and the dildo and the lube, slipping it on as quickly as she could when the only thing she could focus on was the sight of a very naked Alex Danvers sprawled across the bed, looking up at her with an expression of pure want.

“Do you want me to go down on you first?” Maggie offered before she put the lube on the toy. Knowing how tight she could be herself and how painful that could sometimes make certain types of sex if she wasn’t totally ready, she always liked to extend the same consideration to her partners, even though she knew just wet Alex already was, had felt her open up for her fingers and her cock night after night.

“I want you inside me,” Alex rasped, motioning for Maggie to come back to her.

With a smile and a nod, Maggie squeezed a bit of lube onto her fingers, running her hand up and down the shaft, then circling her fingers around Alex’s clit before slowly guiding the toy inside of her. “You good?”

“Yeah. Just kiss me.”

Never one to refuse a request like that, Maggie leaned over and kissed Alex, moaning softly as Alex’s hands tangled in her hair, holding her close. She dragged Alex’s lower lip between her teeth, grinning at the low whimper Alex let out. As one of Alex’s hands dropped down to her ass, Maggie began thrusting, slowly at first, letting Alex get used to the feeling of fullness.

Once Alex began rocking her hips up to meet Maggie, Maggie began thrusting a little harder, a little deeper, groaning with every press of the base against her already sensitive clit. God, she’d been so close to coming before, and apparently that feeling wasn’t going away any time soon.

“What do you need?” Maggie asked, her voice low and gravelly.

Alex paused before answering. “Can I put my legs up on your shoulders?”

Screwing her eyes shut, Maggie whimpered loudly, trying not to come from the visual alone. She nodded, helping Alex to throw her legs up and over her shoulders, then slid a pillow under Alex’s hips to give her a little bit of stability. Thrusting experimentally into Alex, she checked in: “Feel okay?”

“Yes,” Alex sighed. And god, there really was something about just how deep Maggie could get in that position, the way her cock dragged up against her front wall in a way that normally had her coming hard, more often than not soaking the harness. She let out a ragged breath as Maggie gripped at her hips, using them as leverage as she began thrusting into Alex—slow but oh so deep.

Maggie tried to hold on and wait a little longer—she really did—tried focusing on Alex and only on Alex, but then Alex was just so damn sexy that it really didn’t help. She felt her hips bucking faster into Alex of their own volition, her breathing growing increasingly ragged until finally she was coming with a sharp cry, falling forward into Alex’s chest.
“Sorry,” Maggie whispered, her cheeks flushed from both arousal and a bit of embarrassment, as she tried to get her thighs to stop trembling so that she could get back to fucking Alex, making sure that she came too.

“You’re fine, really. It was hot,” Alex assured her, running her fingers up and down Maggie’s back as she caught her breath. But soon enough, Maggie was up again, thrusting into her with renewed zeal as she kept up a steady stream of dirty talk that would normally have Alex hurtling headlong for the edge.

But for some reason, it just wasn’t. It all felt…nice. And it was good. And Maggie was as gorgeous as she always was. But Alex didn’t feel the familiar clench of muscles, couldn’t seem to get herself to that peak that had her clawing at Maggie’s back most nights.

But Maggie was looking down at her—her eyes gleaming with excitement and desire and what Alex could only read as expectation. Because Alex always came for Maggie, normally came more than once unless they were in a hurry or particularly exhausted.

“What do you need?” Maggie asked, her breath hot on Alex’s ear as she nipped at her earlobe. It sent a shudder of pleasure through Alex’s body—not enough to come, but still, she couldn’t deny that it felt nice.

“You’re good,” Alex assured her, knowing in her gut that there was no better way to kill the mood than admitting that things weren’t working. Because it was one thing to ask for a new position knowing it would happen there. Tonight—this feeling that no matter what happened, it—the big O—just wasn’t making an appearance—was entirely different. So she fell back on old habits, buried her face in the crook of Maggie’s neck, suspecting that Maggie would be able to tell if she could see her expression, and tensed her muscles, whimpering softly in Maggie’s ear. And then, with a forced stutter of her hips, Alex cried out, clinging to Maggie before dropping back down to the pillows.

The broad smile on Maggie’s face as she kissed Alex softly, gently sliding the toy out of her, nearly broke Alex’s heart. Instead she forced a matching grin and ran her fingers down Maggie’s chest. “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

“I mean…are you already up for round two?” Maggie certainly wouldn’t say no to that offer.

“Oh, um, I think I’m probably done for the night. But I could go down on you? Or fuck you?”

“It’s okay, really,” Maggie shrugged, pushing the harness over her hips and down her legs as she pulled the sheet up and over them. “Just nice being with you after a long week away, you know?”

Alex just nodded, not trusting her voice not to crack, to reveal her deception.

After a few minutes, Maggie placed a row of soothing kisses across Alex’s shoulder. “You okay? You seem sort of tense.”

“What? No, no, I’m fine.”

“You can tell me if something’s wrong, Alex.”

“I know, it’s just, it’s not a big deal, that’s all.”

Maggie stayed quiet for a few minutes, reviewing the evidence—not that she ever wanted to feel like she was investigating her girlfriend, but Alex wasn’t always the best about speaking up when things were bothering her. “Did you…did you not come?”
“What?” Alex snapped, her voice a bit higher than she would have liked it to be.

“Tonight…it sort of felt like you needed something more, then all the sudden you were just coming for me, but you’re still really tense and, well, no offense, but Kara isn’t the only one who gets the crinkle when she’s upset about something.”

“Fucking crinkle,” Alex groaned.

Chuckling softly, Maggie just shook her head before looking more serious. “You know that you never have to fake it for me, right?”

“I mean, is it really faking it if I was enjoying myself?”

“Yeah, yeah, it is.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No! No, I’m not mad. Well, I’m maybe a little bit mad at myself if I made you feel like you needed to do something like that for me, like I’d be disappointed if you couldn’t come.”

“But that’s normal.”

“What’s normal?”

“For you to be mad…if I couldn’t, you know, get there.”

“I would never be mad at you for something like that. Think about it. If I told you I couldn’t come, would you be mad at me?”

“No, never! I mean, I might worry that I was bad at whatever I was doing, but I wouldn’t be mad at you.”

“We’ll loop back to the idea that it means you’re not good at fucking or whatever because that’s definitely not true either, but think about it: if you wouldn’t be mad at me, why would I ever be mad at you?”

“I don’t know,” Alex shrugged. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, she whispered, “It used to bother the guys…back when, well, back when I was still fucking them. I mean, I was normally too drunk to come. Plus, as it turns out, guess I wasn’t really into men…”

“Well, they sound pretty terrible if they made you feel shitty for something that wasn’t anything you could control.”

“So you’re not mad?”

“No, never.” Alex seemed to relax at that. “But in the future, can you just tell me? I can always try something different. Or we can stop if you’re really not enjoying yourself. Or, I mean, sex doesn’t have to have a goal. We can fuck for fun or to feel close to each other or as stress relief or, hell, even just for exercise.”

Laughing, Alex shook her head. “I think I get plenty of exercise sparring with Supergirl.”

“We don’t all get to go blow-for-blow with the Girl of Steel on a daily basis,” Maggie huffed. “Some of us mere mortals need a bit of exercise after a long day of paperwork at the office.”

“I’m not gonna complain if you want to pick me up and carry me around the apartment…”
You’re a loser.

A loser you love.

Eh, fair enough.

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The nerd notes got a little too long...

Because I’m a sucker for on-the-nose parallels, today I present to you Annamarie Jagose’s article (and later chapter 5 of her 2012 book, Orgasmology [Duke UP]), “Counterfeit Pleasures: Fake Orgasm and Queer Agency.” She draws her title from Foucault, who suggested that “fist-fucking” (yep, exact wording from the same Foucault who you were maybe assigned in an Inro to Gender and Sexuality course and skimmed through because he can get a little dense) was a kind of “counterfeit pleasur[e],” what Zizek later called “the sexual invention of the twentieth century” (qtd. in Jagose 525). Since Foucault, Jagose points out, fist-fucking, along with the other kinds of non-normative sexual practices Gayle Rubin lists as falling outside of the charmed circle, have come to be seen as emblematic of the radical political potential of queer sex. The more marginalized the practice—think, erotic vomiting (yes, there’s an article on it; no, I absolutely will never write about it; it’s by Berlant and Warner, “Sex in Public,” if you’re morbidly curious) and barebacking—the greater political potential it seemed to hold. In fact, Jagose identifies these tendencies even in the work of those theorists of the negative turn in queer theory like Leo Bersani who sought to disentangle the political and the erotic, arguing that gay sex wasn’t simply satirizing straight sex to prove a point, but that things like leather culture and bootlicking were sexy (and that to conceive of them as satiric removed the very opportunity for them to be sexy). Insofar as the “fake orgasm” seems the conservative antithesis to these queer multiplicities, it has been discounted—not only is it not a kind of eroticism that could inspire a radical politics, but it’s barely conceived of as erotic at all, existing as it does in a limbo of pale imitation of that which it should have been.

Yet, Jagose points out, fist-fucking was not the only sexual invention of the twentieth century; the fake orgasm also emerged as a phenomenon. This isn’t to say that no individual ever faked an orgasm before then, but Jagose argues that the historical conditions of the twentieth century—specifically the two mutually constitutive and constraining ideas of “the sexual incompatibility of the heterosexual pair and the erotic-ethical relations of parity and reciprocity publicly rehearsed around that couple” (526)—gave rise the fake orgasm as a known and discussed phenomenon. Although recognizing that individuals across gender identities and sexualities can and do fake orgasms, Jagose limits her discussion to the heterosexual woman, given her ubiquity in discussions of the “problem.” This delineation allows her to read the fake orgasm “as a registration of the embodied tensions implicit in an asymmetrically gendered access to sexual pleasure that persists internal to the democrationisation of gender within modern heterosexual intimacies significantly structured by notions of mutuality and reciprocity” (528). To put it in simpler terms (love Jagose’s work, but it can be a little dense): we might read the fake orgasm as women’s political (surprise! Politics just came back!) response to a system, heterosexuality, that traded in the rhetoric of mutuality (we do this together and both get something out of it) despite privileging the male orgasm in action.

Yet just as soon as the fake orgasm was acknowledged, it was placed in a “narrative of extinction” (525). The story we tell ourselves as very “modern” and “progressive” people today, stemming from the rhetoric of folks like Masters and Johnson, is that “women’s erotic capabilities were once so little valued or understood that women routinely simulated orgasm in heterosexual intercourse; now that female sexual agency is widely acknowledged and even celebrated, the necessity for such artifice is
radically diminished, fake orgasm vestigial evidence of an older sexual order passing from visibility” (525). Masters and Johnson suggest that not only is the fake orgasm unnecessary—cis-women know of the clitoris and understand how to stimulate it to achieve real orgasm—but it is also “no longer plausible”—men now know the exact physiological responses to look for and could never be fooled again (526). Of course, whether or not we’ve participated in the practice, it’s popular enough in media that we know this extinction narrative never came to pass.

Ultimately, Jagose turns back to the question of Foucault’s “counterdisciplinary” practices—a call to bodies and pleasures, especially those intense sexual pleasures that have “the capacity to reorder momentarily the subject’s sense of self, to detach the individual from the stable, coherent identity through which modern sexuality is administered and regulated” (423). Without dismissing the “rich archive of gay sexual subcultures with their erotic innovation and the new forms of sociality those practices open,” Jagose asks us to take our reluctance to think about the fake orgasm as anything other than a “debased sexual masquerade” and sit with it, let that tension reveal something productive, something that might be political insofar as it opens up new thinking around our relation to pleasure and the self. Specifically, she argues that we “can refigure the fake orgasm as less an imitation of orgasm than a critique of its disciplinary imperatives” (530). Furthermore, the faked orgasm is impersonal—one of the words drawn upon to hold things like anonymous sex up as the epitome of Foucault’s call for these impersonal, de-self-centering practices—insofar as it “draws on the conventions or protocols of orgasm” as seen in porn, film, and experience (530); “substitutes for the personalising intimacies of the couple a dissimulated scene that, if it taps into any communal feeling, draws that sense from an impersonal sexual public” (531); and “produces at once a hyperconsciousness of what one is doing and an estrangement from those same acts” that “functions as a breach in the usual fiction of self-continuity,” even if that breach seems more traumatic than Bersani’s ecstatic jouissance (531). Ultimately, tapping into this “negative” side to the same vaunted characteristics of queer sex, Jagose argues that fake orgasm offers “an eloquent figure for political engagement with the conditions of the present,” rather than the utopian longings for “political transformation” that are so often tied to arguments about the most deviant of queer sexual practices (532).

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Promt: Hi! I would like to suggest a prompt for "stronger together", so, I came to realize that I never saw a fic about sex during period (with sanvers at least), I think it would be really great, because it's still a taboo in our society for some reason! And also because I have a hard time asking for it.. even if I know it shouldn't be a shame! Anyway, I couldn't think of someone better to write that story, thx for your time

Chapter Notes

A/N: Pretty obvious from the prompt what this chapter is about, so feel free to skip it if it’s not something you’re comfortable reading. But we already get enough shame around menstruation that I’ll delete it if it shows up in the comments. That being said, a lot of women get periods, and a lot of people also still have sex when they have their periods, but the prompter has a good point – it’s even less normalized in fanfic than safe sex practices between two women. So! Preempting the chapter, a few little safe sex ed notes:
1. If you’re having sex with a partner with a penis, you can still get pregnant on your period, especially if your cycle is irregular or you’re having sex toward the end of your period, so don’t skip on the condom or birth control method(s) of choice.
2. Orgasms can be a wonderful way to relieve cramps, but deep penetration can be particularly painful because it opens the risk for things to come in contact with your cervix, so consider positions that don’t go as deep or toys that aren’t as long.
3. There’s a higher than usual risk of contracting STIs and STDs while on your period (for both partners actually), so be sure to use protection if you’re not both tested and fluid bonded.
4. There are plenty of practical tips that I tried to weave more organically into the chapter, but biggest point is really just talk to your partner. Make sure you’re both comfortable with everything before, during, and after. Some people are squeamish; it doesn’t make your body or natural processes “gross.” Some people have really different limits when they have their period than at other times, and that’s definitely something to discuss. Communication is key!

A/N 2: For an alternative version of period sex that’s more about mutual masturbation, feel free to check out a chapter from Welcome to the Gayborhood (http://archiveofourown.org/works/9390416/chapters/21740324) that I’ve linked to before but for reasons other than the discussion of periods and sex and comfort levels

“Stop,” Alex whined, “you’re making me want to fuck, and there’s nothing we can do about it.”

“Says who?” Maggie asked, popping her head up from Alex’s chest where she’d been lavishing attention for the past several minutes, feeling as Alex’s abs tensed and flexed under her touch.
“Says…everyone!” Alex protested, gesturing about as if to indicate some mass of people who would tell them that.

“I mean, look, if you don’t wanna fuck me when I have my period, that’s fine. I once had an intimate relationship with the showerhead, and we’ll rekindle our relationship on a monthly basis. But I’m happy to do anything for you.”

“It would be messy. Plus, it’s, you know, gross.”

“I don’t think it’s gross. I mean, do I feel gross sometimes? Yeah. But know what makes me feel better? Orgasms. Lots of orgasms.”

“You didn’t seem to be of that attitude a day or two ago.”

“Well, no, the first day or two are terrible, and I just want to burrow under the blankets with a tub of ice cream after work. But c’mon, you can’t tell me you’re willingly sacrificing multiple days a month when we could be having sex, are you?”

Alex just shrugged. They had been fine the first several months. Just because they were now living together and happened to have synced up (and known about it) didn’t mean things had to change.

“You know I’d never push you to do something you don’t want to do. But you seemed really into things a few minutes ago, and I don’t want you to say no because you think I’ll think it’s gross. Say no because you’re uncomfortable or don’t want something—of course! But if it’s just concerns about what society told you…please don’t worry about that. I want to make you happy, okay?”

“Do you want something?” Alex asked, her voice soft and her gaze directed at the comforter, which she was currently running between her fingers.

“I wouldn’t say no to anything, but I’m also not going to ask you to do something that makes you uncomfortable.”

“I don’t think I’d mind if it were you…”

Biting back a whimper, Maggie simply nodded. She certainly wouldn’t want Alex to feel obligated just because she was beyond turned on. “Maybe we move to the shower? Help keep things clean…”

“You remember I went to med school, right? I don’t exactly scare easily with a bit of blood,” Alex teased, letting herself get more and more comfortable with the idea. So long as she wasn’t the one making the imposition, the one asking for something, she was okay with it all.

“Yeah, but it’s still easier if we don’t have to clean up any mess in our bed,” Maggie reasoned. Even though towels were always an option, she figured it would be best to keep things at their most sterile the first time, help ease Alex into it.

Alex nodded and followed Maggie to the bathroom, watching as she turned on the water and slowly slipped off her clothing before stepping in, carefully washing up before Alex could join her.

Within a few minutes, Alex had slipped in after Maggie, her arms wrapping around her as the warm water rinsed over both of them, filling the shower with steam. “Hey,” she whispered, as her hands dropped down Maggie’s stomach, tracing around her hipbones before falling to her thighs.

“You sure you’re okay?”

“I promise. And if I’m not, I’ll stop.”
“Okay,” Maggie nodded, trusting Alex to speak up if she ever grew uncomfortable with what they were doing. After all, they used the color system well enough in bed when they were doing things like tying each other up or making each other wait, drip, beg for it. There was no reason for this to be any different.

Carefully spinning around to face Alex, Maggie brought her in for a searing kiss, feeling as Alex’s whole body seemed to relax under her insistent touch, the tension falling out of her shoulders as Maggie’s tongue flicked between her lips. But as Alex’s fingers dropped down between her legs, Maggie put a hand on her forearm. “Would you be okay if I was on the floor of the tub? I just don’t want to fall…thought that way might give us a little more space.”

“Yeah, yeah, of course.” She’d picked this apartment in part for its spacious shower, and it was as good a time as any to make use of it. She held out a hand and helped Maggie to the floor before quickly joining her, lying on her side as she curled next to Maggie, her fingers drifting down Maggie’s abs and through short wet curls. “You good?”

“Yes,” Maggie sighed, carefully letting her head fall back and propping herself up against the edge of the tub. And then Alex was slowly sliding one finger inside of her, and she moaned loudly. Everything always felt just a little more sensitive in the best of ways, and god, having Alex there instead of just a toy was making it so much better.

“You’re so wet.” Maggie panicked for a moment, pulling her head up to look before Alex reassured her: “Almost none of it’s blood, don’t worry. I’m okay with it if it is too.”

“Yes.” Maggie sighed, carefully letting her head fall back and propping herself up against the edge of the tub. And then Alex was slowly sliding one finger inside of her, and she moaned loudly. Everything always felt just a little more sensitive in the best of ways, and god, having Alex there instead of just a toy was making it so much better.

“You’re so wet.” Maggie panicked for a moment, pulling her head up to look before Alex reassured her: “Almost none of it’s blood, don’t worry. I’m okay with it if it is too.”

“Okay.” And with a deep breath, Maggie sank back into the tub, forced herself to relax, to trust Alex’s reassurances that she was okay with everything. When she curled her finger forward, all rational thought left Maggie’s head as she gave herself over to feeling, let herself be swept up in Alex’s careful touches, in the wet heat of Alex’s tongue flicking across her neck and over her collarbones, in the way Alex’s whimpers grew needier as Maggie got closer and closer. With a twist of Alex’s finger and the steady pressure of the water falling down all around her, Maggie came, crying out Alex’s name, listening as her cries echoed off the tiled walls.

“Fuck, that was hot.” Alex carefully slipped her fingers out, rinsing them off without a second glance.

“Hot enough for you to want me to fuck you too?” Maggie asked, trying not to sound too eager.

“You can’t.”

“Rude, I’m very capable,” Maggie countered, a shit-eating grin on her face.

Alex rolled her eyes dramatically. “Not what I meant, Sawyer. I have a tampon in.”

“Oh, I mean, I could go down on you.”

“What? No!”

“You’ve got a tampon in. It’s not the first couple of days any more. And we’re in the shower. It would be just like usual except, ya know, avoiding a little string.”

“It’s…unsanitary.”

“What if I focus on your clit, stay up above, you know?”

“You already came, isn’t that enough?”
“You know I love making you come. But that’s okay, really. How about I help you wash your back with that new charcoal scrub? Then we can get out that nice lotion afterward, maybe massage each other?”

Alex groaned. “That sounds amazing.”

With a brilliant smile, Maggie pulled herself up then leaned over to help Alex back to her feet before reaching over for the scrub, getting a small amount in her hands and directing Alex to turn around. As Maggie’s hands kneaded at her muscles, Alex felt days of soreness from too many hours spent hunched over a lab table and curled around a heating pad slowly fade away. She couldn’t find it within herself to protest about fairness, to offer to do Maggie’s back in return, when Maggie dropped to her knees and began rubbing down her thighs and calves, working their normal soap into a bubbly lather as her warm hands worked magic on tight muscles.

When Maggie’s fingers crept around to the front of her thighs, skimmed up and over her hip bones and abs, Alex couldn’t help the small whimpers, the way her hips bucked forward into nothing. To her credit, Maggie said nothing, fully intent on respecting Alex’s wishes. But by the time Maggie’s hands were soft and warm on her breasts, her breath hot on her neck, Alex asked, her voice breathy and tinged with embarrassment: “Does your offer, um, does it still stand?” And she would be fine if it didn’t, but she’d also need a few minutes alone…

“My offer always stands,” Maggie purred, her lips kissing their way across Alex’s shoulders, then nipping at her neck. “How do you want me?”

“I don’t know,” Alex answered honestly. All she knew was that it felt like a few strokes of Maggie’s tongue on her clit would be all it took to push her over the edge.

Hearing the slight desperation in Alex’s voice, Maggie simply guided her so that her back would be in the water, then dropped to her knees in front of her, her hands finding Alex’s hips to steady her. “Let me know if you need anything more. We can always move so that your back is against the wall.”

Alex just nodded, not trusting her voice not to crack. Besides, she suspected there wouldn’t be much time for her to get tired of standing before she was coming hard on Maggie’s tongue. She let her eyes flutter shut as Maggie flicked her tongue out across Alex’s clit, staying true to her word and not dipping much further south. Her arms wrapped around Alex’s hips, her fingers digging into Alex’s ass as she pulled her closer, desperate to feel more of her, touch more of her, hold more of her.

Maggie moaned into Alex’s pussy as she felt Alex’s hands suddenly tangle in her hair, holding her close, felt the familiar tremble in Alex’s thighs, the way her hips canted forward just slightly, always careful not to hurt Maggie. Gently sucking Alex’s clit between her lips, Maggie tightened her grip on Alex, making sure she’d remain upright. And all too soon she felt Alex’s whole body shudder, heard the loud, echoing smack of Alex’s hand falling out to catch her weight on the wall, followed by a series of low whimpering moans before a slightly shaky hand was guiding her head away. With a deep breath, Alex sank to the floor of the tub—too boneless to hold herself up any longer.

“You good?” Maggie checked.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m good,” Alex confirmed.

“You also look like you’re about to pass out.”

“Mm, bed might be nice.”
“C’mon, Agent, let’s get your cute little ass into bed then.”

“It’s not that little,” Alex pouted.

“No, very round. Perfect, even.”

“That’s better.”

Chapter End Notes

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Katherine Philips (1632-1664), “Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal, to My Dearest Lucasia"
The hearts thus intermixed speak
A Love that no bold shock can break
For Joyn'd and growing, both in one
Neither can be disturbd alone.

That means a mutuall knowledge too,
For what is't either a heart can doe,
Which by its panting centinell
It does not to the other tell?

That friendship hearts so much refines,
It nothing but it self design's
The hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends,

They flame, 'tis true, and severall ways
But still those flames doe so much raise
That while to either they incline
They yet are noble, and divine.

From smoak or hurt those flames are free
From grosseness or mortallity
The hearts (like Moses bush presum'd):
Warm'd and enlighten'd not consum'd.

The compasses that stand above
Express this great imortall Love
For friends like them can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not two.

And in their posture is express'd
Friendships exalted interest
Each follows where the other Lean's,
And what each doe's, the other meane's.

And as when one foot doe's stand fast,
And t'other circles seeks to cast,
The steady part doe's regulate
And make the wanderer's motion streight

So friends are onely Two in this,
T'reclaime each other when they misse
For whose're will grossely fall,
Can never be a friend at all.

And as that usefull instrument
For even lines was ever meant
So friendship from good-angells spring's
To teach the world heroique things.

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every line
So friendship govern's actions best,
Prescribing Law to all the rest.

And as in nature nothing's set
So Just, as lines, and numbers mett
So compasses for these being made
Doe friendship's harmony perswade.

And like to them, so friends may own
Extension, not division.
Their points like bodys separate;
But head like soules know's no such fate.

And as each part so well is knitt
That their embraces ever fitt,
So friends are such by destiny,
And no Third can the place supply.

There needs no motto to the Seale
But that we may the Mine reveale
To the dull ey, it was thought fit
That friendship, onely should be writt.

But as there is degrees of bliss
So there's no friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to fame
Lucasia's and Orinda's name.
Prompt for a Lena/Alex body swap from a few anons, Lurkz, iamdeltas, and someone else here a while back (and apologies for only now getting to it...the queue is too damn long! But I made it nice and long to make up for the delay)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

“How was your day, babe?” Maggie called out to Alex over the sound of rice noodles sizzling in the wok for dinner.

“How was your day, babe?” Maggie called out to Alex over the sound of rice noodles sizzling in the wok for dinner.

“Good. Little tired, but it was actually a lot of fun.”

“You hung out with your people all day. Of course you had fun, Danvers.”

“What do you mean ‘my people’?” Alex asked, pulling two beers out of the fridge and helping to get the table set for dinner.

“You, Lena, and Winn? I mean nerds, duh,” Maggie answered with a laugh, clicking off the burner.

“Are you trying to imply that you, Maggie Sawyer, Science Division Detective and not-so-secret sci-fi connoisseur, are not a nerd?”

“Well that depends, are we talking a nerd when compared to the general population? Then yes. Compared to you three? Not a chance.”

Alex just rolled her eyes as she handed over the bowls for Maggie to fill. “Whatever, you’ll always be my nerdy girlfriend.”

“And sexy. Can’t forget that part.”

“Mm, you know I never forget that part.” Alex made a show of checking out Maggie and winked when she caught her gaze.

“Like I said: nerd. But anyway, did Lena get the headset things working?”

“Um, sort of? We lost Winn as a test subject after a particularly nasty first round of testing.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well, we all got a different VR headset to test to get the basic levels established, and I guess Winn happened to get one that was from an earlier round of beta testing when they hadn’t quite worked out some of the kinks.”

“Oh god, he’s not hurt is he?” Even if Winn could be a pain in the ass and nearly killed each and every member of their friend group over the two or three times he tried to play pool, she’d come to think of him as family. Plus, it was nice to have someone else who understood what it was like to
have family members go from being normal, everyday fixtures of your life to estranged figures, to have them in that limbo zone of still alive but no longer a loved one—a kind of absent presence that made itself known in memories and bad dreams and panic attack-induced thoughts.

“No! No, no,” Alex rushed to reassure her. “He just got, uh, pretty motion sick. We left him with a trash can and a bottle of Gatorade while we finished up the rest of the day.”

Maggie grimaced at the image. “Right, so anyway, how did the rest of the tests go? I assume you fared better?”

“That I did. It’s still not doing everything Lena wants it to do, but the body sensors work really well, and obviously the vision and sound parts are communicating, so she was able to see and hear as if she were really me. When it came to feeling what I felt…things got a little iffy. The last test seemed better. I don’t know exactly what it was, but she and Winn had been working on something using alien tech we recovered from the last Cadmus raid.”

“That sounds promising!”

“Yeah, definitely! If we can do another round of testing where we don’t end up with a second Winn situation, Lena said we could do a big group beta test with the DEO recruits for some of their training—give them a decent simulation of being in the field without actually putting their lives at risk the first few times.”

“That’s great, babe. I’m glad you finally got over your whole ‘I don’t trust Luthors’ thing enough to work with Lena.”

“It wasn’t just that she was a Luthor,” Alex huffed.

“True,” Maggie conceded, “you don’t trust anyone who gets close to your baby sister. But still, you seemed to hold onto the Lena thing a bit longer.”

“I just…she seemed to be trying to get so close to Kara, you know? Like there was something more going on. Who picks their friends that fast?”

Maggie bit her tongue, figuring now wasn’t the time to point out that she didn’t think Lena was really angling toward just friendship. No reason to make Alex suspicious of Lena again when she was finally warming up to the woman…at least, not until Maggie had more concrete proof. She could have sworn she once saw the two of them leave one of Lena’s galas together and come back almost half an hour later giggling with smudged lipstick, but then again, she’d been a little distracted that night. After all, Alex had been in that navy dress she wore the first time they went undercover, and this time she didn’t need to feel guilty about appreciating every inch of it.

“But how was your day?” Alex asked, turning her attention back to Maggie.

Pulling herself out of her thoughts, Maggie went over her day. She’d taken advantage of her rare Sunday off to catch up on some of her errands and call a few of her friends from back in Gotham, then she’d settled in with a book to do a little bit of reading for fun—something she hadn’t taken the time to do in ages.

But of course talking about reading had brought the conversation around to some of the “required LGBTQ reading” Maggie had given Alex back when they first got together, which may or may not have included a few books with more…risqué passages, or at least they’d seemed that way to a young Maggie. And talking about some of the reading Alex had apparently finally gotten around to during her week of mandated medical leave after she got thrown against the wall one too many times
during a fight, leaving her with some rather impressive sized bruises, inevitably brought the conversation back around to the content of those books, which eventually led them to the sofa and, after a few slightly uncomfortable minutes of maneuvering, back to their bed.

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The next morning, Alex rolled over, pulling the sheets up over her head to block out the sunlight streaming in through the windows. She could have sworn they’d closed the blinds, but then again, last night had ended in a bit of a blur with clothes strewn across the bedroom floor and their lead-lined box of toys being dragged out from under the bed. Judging by the empty bed, Alex reasoned, Maggie must have gotten up early, maybe pulling them open to try to lure Alex out of bed. Of course, it wasn’t working. But it was a decent effort.

“Morning!” an all too chipper voice suddenly rang out.

“Kara?” Alex squeaked, patting herself down, grateful to find she’d apparently thrown on clothes after their nighttime adventures.

“I brought breakfast!”

As much as she’d wanted to sleep in a little longer, Alex wouldn’t say no to free breakfast…so she pulled back the sheets and finally forced her eyes open. It was all a bit blurry, but it quickly became apparent that she was in Kara’s apartment. “How’d I get here?”

“Were you really that tired after all the tests yesterday?” Kara asked with a light laugh. “I know you got in late, but I thought you’d remember cuddling, at least, even if you did pass out on me pretty quickly…”

“But…no, I was with Maggie,” Alex reasoned, trying to force her brain to work when it all still felt so foggy, like things just weren’t quite connecting. And god, why was everything still so blurry?

“Oh, did Maggie come get Alex?”

“I am Alex.”

With a furrow of her eyebrows and a burst of superspeed, Kara threw the covers away, assessing the person in her bed in a show of mock objectivity. “I can declare conclusively that you are not. I’m gonna go ahead and say you are Lena, and I think I have an intimate enough knowledge to give that conclusion with 100% certainty.”

“No, Kara, it’s me. Your sister. What the fuck is going on?”

“What do you mean?”

“Jesus, where the fuck are my glasses? Or Lena’s glasses? Jesus fuck, is this woman blind?”

Looking much more concerned than she had earlier, Kara handed over Lena’s glasses and pulled back slightly, reaching for her phone to text Alex—the real Alex? Or was this really her sister?

“Well fuck me, you’re right,” Alex declared, looking down at herself—or rather, not herself.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean this really is Lena’s body. But it’s me, Alex.”

“No, no no no. That can’t be right. You basically destroyed that body swap thing, didn’t you?” It
had been good fun while it lasted, but J’onn and Alex had played the responsible parents and taken it away before anything serious could go wrong.

“Yeah, it wasn’t that. But, shit, I think…did Lena say what alien tech she was using to get the headsets to work? She said something about basically being able to inhabit another person’s body, and I’m starting to think maybe we should’ve taken that warning literally.”

“Um, let me call her!” And in a flurry of motion, Kara hit send on Lena’s number, groaning when her phone rang from her purse by the door.

“Shit, try my number,” Alex groaned, rubbing at Lena’s forehead. “Wait a second!” she yelled out, suddenly more than a little alert. “Why is Lena in your bed? And why did that not surprise you?”

“Hmm?” Kara hummed, avoiding eye contact and trying to busy herself with the phone, even though it was just ringing through with no answer.

“Kara!”

---

Lena woke up to the sound of someone cursing and the faint noise of a phone vibrating somewhere in the apartment. For a moment she panicked, wondering if Alex had let herself in (again) and she’d need to hide out in Kara’s room until the woman finally found the right time to tell her sister that they’d started dating.

Lena threw out an arm to get her glasses from the nightstand only to find they weren’t where she normally left them. Blinking her eyes open, she looked over to find thick black tape and handcuffs, immediately shooting up as panic took over. Her thoughts spiraled: Was I kidnapped? Are they going to torture me? This isn’t Kara’s bed. Where am I? Why am I naked? Wait, those are definitely not my boobs.

“Babe, you look like you saw a ghost,” Maggie laughed, watching as Alex patted herself down, her eyes narrowed in suspicion as she regarded their nightstand, which was still covered with a few of the toys left out from the night before.

“Maggie…” Lena trailed off, quickly putting the pieces together. “I’m in Alex’s body, aren’t I?”

Apparently the alien tech hadn’t been quite as harmless as the first round of testing made it seem.

Nearly tripping over her feet in her haste to get to her gun, Maggie drew her weapon, pointing it at whatever imposter was currently in her bed. “Who the hell are you?” she demanded.

“What?”

“It’s me, Lena. Something must have gone wrong with the testing yesterday. I…well, I should have guessed that mother wouldn’t have any technology that wasn’t able to be weaponized in the worst of ways. Now, would you pass me a shirt? I understand it’s your fiancée’s body, but I assume you don’t want me staring at it.”

“Right,” Maggie said hesitantly, throwing a shirt in Alex—no, Lena’s direction. “How do I know it’s really you?”

“You tried to arrest me.”
“That’s in my file. Lots of people know that.”

“After incorrectly arresting me, you showed up at my apartment with a bottle of wine as an apology, but I told you I understood you were just doing your job. And then after a few glasses each, you told me to be careful about dragging a Danvers sister out of the closet and said you wished you had been a little gentler about it.”

Lowering her gun, Maggie nodded slowly, trying to wrap her head around it. Sure, for a bit it seemed like the Superfriends were swapping bodies every other week, but J’onn and Alex had put an end to it pretty quickly. “So…how did this happen?”

“Did Alex tell you about the VR headsets?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I suspect that the technology I used did more than just allow us to experience the world as the other did when the headsets were activated. There appear to have been some…aftereffects.”

“You can say that again.” After a moment, Maggie added, “We should probably try to get in touch with Alex.”

“Funny story…”

“What? Is Alex about to freak out about something?”

“She’ll be waking up in Kara’s bed,” Lena replied matter-of-factly, though Maggie guessed there was likely some sense of nervousness about how the overprotective big sister would react.

“Oh good. I’m sure that’s just the way she wanted to find out about you banging her baby sister. Also, rude, Luthor. I thought we had a nice bonding experience over the Danvers girls.”

“First of all, she’s not going to wake up stark naked handcuffed to the bed.”

“You weren’t handcuffed to the bed,” Maggie interjected. “Everyone knows you don’t leave someone like that overnight. Aftercare is important.”

“Fine, yes, healthy kink, whatever. Point is: I woke up to the sight of a handcuffs and bondage tape and a dozen sex toys scattered around the bed. She’ll wake up in full pajamas to a half-eaten box of donuts.”

“Really? No morning fun?”

“We just got together,” Lena sighed, dropping her head into her hands. “We hadn’t told anyone yet.”

“Well…guess the cat’s out of the bag now, huh?”

“It would seem so.”

---

A few phone calls later, Alex found herself in the backseat of an all-black SUV with tinted windows she’d been assured were bulletproof sitting next to herself. Or, well, Lena in her body. Because that was so very clearly the kind of prim posture learned in private boarding schools and etiquette courses and somehow maintained during years of intensive lab work that should have given her the same kind of slouch Alex found herself sinking into after long hours hunched over microscopes and specimens.
“Where are we going?” Alex asked.

“To my apartment and then to L-Corp.”

“Can’t we just go to L-Corp first? I’d rather get this fixed before you get your favorite coat or whatever it is we’re doing,” Alex grumbled.

“We’re getting you a change of clothing.”

“Are you kidding me?” Alex growled, spinning over to face Lena and trying to ignore the odd jolt she felt in her gut every time she had to see her own face reflected back at her.

“No, it is not to become public knowledge that Lena Luthor is not herself, let alone that she is now in the body of an agent employed by a covert government organization meant to keep the world safe from hostile aliens. And that means not showing up to work in the same outfit I wore the day before. I need to look as though I still care about my appearance as much as befits a CEO of an international, multi-billion dollar corporation.”

Clenching her jaw, Alex struggled to come up with a retort to that reasoning, settling instead on her other reasons for being annoyed: “So when were you going to tell me that you’re sleeping with my little sister?”

“I…” Lena paused, wishing she had gotten an opportunity to speak to Kara before getting in a moving vehicle with Alex, to find out what the woman already knew and what might come as an unpleasant surprise. “It’s new. Kara wanted to tell you on her own, and I wasn’t going to try to tell her the right time to do that.”

“Well, I know now.”

“Yes, yes, I suppose you do.”

Alex wished she hadn’t gotten to know Lena as well as she had over the past few months of game nights, hadn’t seen her fighting to prove her innocence, hadn’t watched her save the world even when it meant putting her own life on the line. Because knowing what she did, she found it was significantly more difficult to tell the woman to stay away from her sister. Of course, she still found it within herself to manage a few vague threats about what she could and would do if she ever hurt Kara, but they could both tell that her heart wasn’t in them, that she hadn’t quite taken the same gleeful pleasure in it that she had while threatening James—not that Kara had let him stick around long enough for those threats to ever be realized.

But Lena nodded, her eyes flashing with understanding. “I’d never hurt her. There’s more goodness in her than anyone I know, and I won’t be the one to ruin that.”

“Good.”

They rode the rest of the way in a silence that was only slightly uncomfortable, finally pulling up outside of Lena’s apartment building and being whisked up to the top floor before any paparazzi with nothing better to do than wait outside on the off shot that “the Luthor” would walk by could snap a photo of Lena in the same clothes she wore the day before with some mystery woman beside her.

When Lena followed Alex into the bedroom, Alex rounded on her. “I think I can pick out an outfit.”

Biting back a smirk, Lena reasoned, “You wear a uniform every day, Agent Danvers.”
“Not at home.”

“Oh really? Skinny jeans plus dark colored top plus leather jacket isn’t its own uniform?”

Alex just grumbled, muttering under her breath about being perfectly capable of finding clothing. But she stepped back to allow Lena to get into a closet that seemed to stretch back indefinitely and watched as she quickly pulled out a pencil skirt, a blouse, a blazer, a bra, underwear, and heels in the time it might have taken Alex to simply find the light switch.

“Just put these on, and we’ll deal with hair and makeup next.”

Stripping off the clothes Kara had handed to her that morning, Alex turned her attention to the outfit that had been left for her. Trying not to look too closely at her sister’s girlfriend’s body, she quickly pulled on underwear and reached for the bra, struggling slightly when she realized the damn contraption was more like lingerie than the utilitarian sports bras she threw on each morning, but eventually she managed. Sure, maybe she’d missed a hook or two, but she figured it could hold and make do. She pulled on the pencil skirt next, wondering how in the world the woman had ever found it in herself to run in something like this, let alone rush for a gun and shoot a man while wearing it. But when she reached for the blouse, she realized it had buttons in the back. After a few failed attempts, Alex finally called out: “Luthor!”

“You bellowed?” Lena drawled, arching an eyebrow at Alex and looking distinctly un-Alex-like.

“Why the hell do you own something that buttons in the back?”

“It’s designer.”

“It’s impractical.”

“It’s very in style,” Lena countered with a shrug. “Now turn around and let me help you.”

“Don’t look,” Alex huffed.

“Really? It’s my body. And if you were actually that modest, maybe you should have put on clothes before going to bed.”

Lena smirked at the bright red flush that crept up her neck, taking Alex’s silence as an opportunity to undo all the crisscrossed buttons and fix them before handing over the blazer to complete the look. Guiding Alex over to a chair, she quickly pulled her hair back into a tight bun, explaining that she didn’t have time to do anything more, then handing over lipstick and mascara, figuring she’d seen the agent in makeup enough times to assume she’d be more proficient at that than she was at buttoning up couture.

---

Once they arrived at L-Corp, Lena ordered one of the labs to be emptied of employees for her use all day, though she hoped it wouldn’t take quite so long, and quickly called Winn to have him inform J’onn and come over to help with as much information as he could find on the origins of the alien tech they’d used.

“Ms. Luthor,” Jess’ voice rang out from the doorway. “I know you said no interruptions, but you do have the R&D meeting in ten minutes. I can clear your schedule for the rest of the day if you’d like.”

Glancing over at Lena, Alex saw her nodding yes and turned back to Jess. “Yes, please do cancel the rest of my meetings, Jess…ica.”
Lena tried not to bang her head against the wall at Alex’s odd attempts at sounding as formal as she apparently thought Lena was at all times.

“Uh, okay. Do you want me to move your meeting down here?”

“No, no,” Alex shook her head, glancing at Lena to gauge the appropriate responses. “It will be fine as is.” After a pause she added, “That will be all.”

Jess gave her an odd look but left with a small nod.


“I don’t know! It sounded more formal!”

“Her name is Jess!”

“Ugh, noted.”

“Now, the R&D meeting should really just be updates on ongoing projects. You should be well-versed enough with most of the science to get through it all, but don’t worry too much about speaking up. The meeting is more a formality than anything else. And, I assume you’ll understand, but this is all confidential information.”

“I think I understand what confidential means.”

“I had to say it, just like you had to tell me about what knowing Kara’s secret meant…over and over and over again.”

“Fine, fine,” Alex relented, allowing herself to be led to the door and pointed in the direction of Lena’s office for the meeting.

“Oh! Wait!” Lena called after Alex, gesturing for her to come within whispering distance.

“Yes?”

“Just, um, if you could cross your legs at the ankles when you sit, or at least keep them together—I don’t exactly…sprawl the way you do.”

Alex pursed her lips and glared but nodded anyway.

---

Sitting behind Lena’s desk was quite the experience. Alex had taken a few moments just to appreciate the view from the balcony before returning to a chair that she suspected cost more than she wanted to know. As she sank into it, she made a point of trying to straighten her back in a way that was less like the rigid, military posture she’d adapted at the DEO and more like the powerful CEO poses she’d seen in photos of both Lena and Cat Grant. Eventually she settled for just not slouching and crossing her ankles the way Lena had instructed.

“Ms. Luthor?” Jess called out a few minutes later, poking her head in the door.

“Yes, Jess?”

“R&D is here. Shall I send them in?”

“That would be great, thank you.”
She stood and greeted the team, hoping none of them expected her to know their names, then sat back down as they began their presentation. For a while, she stayed quiet, simply doing as Lena had instructed her, but during their presentation on the second ongoing project Alex couldn’t help but interject: “Excuse me, could you go back a slide?”

“Of course, Ms. Luthor.”

“Right, so, how’d you come to that conclusion on the third line? How were you able to make the assumption that your sensor would be adaptive, even to alien weaponry.”

Alex listened as they spoke, but couldn’t help herself from jumping in to correct their assumptions, hoping she wasn’t revealing anything from the DEO in the process but knowing that L-Corp’s product would be doomed if they didn’t take certain precautions and build in algorithms that could be programmed and updated remotely without a full system reboot. As she spoke, she tried to smile more, tried to remember to keep her ankles and knees together, tried to keep from striding across the room and surveying their work with her hands on her hips. She suspected she hadn’t completely nailed the Lena Luthor look, but the R&D team seemed too preoccupied with her corrections to care about the odd behaviors, and, with a final promise to bring her back better results next week, they were off.

By the time she made it back downstairs, Winn and Lena were working side-by-side—Winn with a computer in his lap and Lena tinkering with one of the VR headsets.

“Hey,” Alex called out, not wanting to startle either of them.

“How was the meeting?” Lena asked, her eyes never leaving the intricate wiring inside the headset.

“Uh, okay. I think I made some good suggestions that will make those sensors they were pitching a lot less likely to fail the first time a brand new weapon is introduced on the scene.”

That drew Lena’s attention away from her work. “Really? I’ve been trying to figure out how to get around the problem of only being able to input the existing data despite knowing it’s incomplete.”

“Yeah, you see,” but Alex paused, cutting herself off before she could go off on a long explanation. “Actually, let’s talk about this once we’re back in our own bodies. Also, I’m taking off these heels. My feet hurt.”

“We can’t all wear combat boots,” Lena sighed with a roll of her eyes. But she too brought her attention back to the problem at hand, giving Alex an overview of what they’d done so far.

---

After three failed attempts including one that had the world spinning around Alex, knocking her on her ass and leaving her dizzy and nauseated for nearly an hour, they finally made it back into their own bodies, though they were both still shaky enough from the tests to let Lena’s driver take them back home immediately, neither of them up for trying to stay at work any longer. Lena offered to have her driver drop Alex off at her own apartment where Maggie was waiting for her before going to Kara’s apartment where Kara had ordered pizza she wasn’t sure she’d be able to stomach just yet. As they sat in the car, Lena squirmed slightly, feeling under her blazer. “Alex,” she began, reaching her fingers higher. “Did you even hook my bra?”

“Look, there were a lot more hooks than I’m used to, and I wasn’t trying to stare at your chest for hours while I figured it out!”
Lena just laughed, shaking her head at Alex’s defensiveness. “You fixed my advanced biotechnology, but you couldn’t figure out how to hook a bra…”

“I can unhook them, and isn’t that the skill that really matters?”

“Well played,” Lena commended Alex, wondering if it was Maggie’s influence showing.

As they pulled up in front of Alex’s building, Alex turned to Lena. “As a reminder, she’s my baby sister. Hurt her and face my wrath.”

“Yes, yes, I know,” Lena sighed. “Oh and Alex?” she called out with a wicked smirk as Alex was swinging her legs out the door.

“Yeah?”

“Play safe with those handcuffs!”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

Now, as we continue to journey back in time (as a big fuck you to the people who insist that heterosexuality is just the way "it's always been"), here’s a Middle Scots poem known only as Poem XLIX printed in The Maitland Quarto Manuscript published in 1586, though drafts of the poem on its own may have circulated informally years earlier. I’ve give the modern English translation, though if any of you are interested in the Middle Scots dialect, ya know, it's free in online archives, so have at it!

Anyhow, since the poem isn't necessarily 100% clear (it has plenty of classical allusions that are easy to miss), the poet--we can be fairly certain she was a woman, given the particular style of writing (slanted italics, which is how women were trained to write at that time) and its similarity in style to another poem written by the daughter of the compiler of The Maitland Quarto--I'll just say a few brief words about it. Addressed to a friend, the woman compares their love to the love of a series of famous male-male pairs, most of whom had stories tinged with eroticism that far exceeded the bounds of what we today call friendship, but she also adds in a comparison to Ruth and Naomi, a biblical pair frequently invoked in early lesbian literature. Furthermore, lamenting the way their love is "doomed" by Hymen, the god of marriage, the speaker goes further than other poets did at the time, wishing for a sex change, as it were, using language that taps into a tradition that we can trace back to Ovid. The idea of wishing that one's body would change not only became a frequent theme in earlier poetry, letters, and literature by women who longed for and loved other women, but it often coexisted with a desire to remain "women" only with male parts, distinguishing this literature from the early narratives of cross dressing and individuals living as another sex that more often than not came with an espoused desire to be seen as and to live as a man or a woman (these narratives are being finally recognized as early examples of trans identity, but that work is still very much in process). But, even though the poet recognizes the impossibility of her desires, she refuses to declare their love impossible, insisting on its viability and its permanence "[i]n perfect amity forever."

As Phoebus in his sphere’s height
Outdoes the cape crepuscular,
And Phoebe all the stars’ light,
Your splendour, so madame I ween,
Does only pass all feminine
In sapience superlative,
Indued with virtues so divine,
Like learned Pallas come again.

And, as by hidden virtue unknown,
The adamant draws the iron to it,
Your courteous nature so has drawn
My heart, yours to continue still:
So great joy does my sprit fulfill
Contemplating your perfection.
You wield me wholly at your will
And ravish my affection.

Your peerless Virtue does provoke,
And loving kindness so does move,
My mind to friendship reciproc,
That truth shall try so far above
The ancient hereos’ love
As shall be thought prodigious:
And plain experience shall prove
More holy and religious.

In amity, Perithous
To Theseus was not so true,
Nor to Achilles Patroclus,
Nor Pylades to true Orest,
Nor yet Achates’ love so leased
To good Aeneas, nor such friendship
David to Jonathan professed,
Nor Titus true to kind Josippus.

Nor yet Penelope, I wis,
So loved Ulysses in her days,
Nor Ruth the kind Moabitess
Naomi, as the scripture says:
Nor Portia, whose worthy praise
In Roman histories we read,
Who did devour the fiery coals
To follow Brutus to the death.

Would might Jove give me the chance
With you to have your Brutus’ part
And, metamorphosing our shape,
My sex into his will convert:
No Brutus then could cause us smart
As we do now, unhappy women;
Then we both, with joyful heart,
Honour and bless the band of Hymen.
Yea certainly we should efface
Pollux and Castor's memory;
And if that they deserved place
Among the stars for loyalty,
Then our more perfect amity
More worthy recompense should merit:
In heaven eternal deity
Among the gods to inherit.

As we are, though to our woe,
Nature and Fortune do conjure;
And Hymen also be our foe,
Yet love of virtue does procure
Friendship and amity so sure,
With so great fervency and force,
So constantly which shall endure,
That none but death shall us divorce.

And though adversity us vex,
Yet by our friendship shall be seen
There is more constancy in our sex
Than ever among men has been—
No trouble, torment, grief, or pain
Nor earthly thing shall us dissever;
Such constancy shall us maintain
In perfect amity forever.
I combined a few prompts here and got most of the elements (though I did keep out one part that I noted in a little response below the last prompt and added in some sexting and Lucy because...why not?)

1. would love to see more feeldoe fics! maybe a sequel where maggie starts jerking off for alex then alex gives her a handjob/blowjob and makes her cum? please ; )

2. u write maggie packing so well oh gosh cann you write another one although i dont have anything specific maybe you can combine this with another prompt but maggie packing is all im asking for

3. hey for your prompt series can you have alex giving maggie a strap-on/feeldoe blowjob and maggie getting so into it that when she cums she tells alex to swallow without even realising she said it and alex actually finds it super hot.

A/N: Most of the prompts are worked in here, though the “swallow” bit is left out (I tried to keep in the idea of getting lost in the experience, but the particular command is one of those instant turn offs/red for me, and I think my kneejerk reaction came through in the first draft when I tried to keep it in, so for the sake of better smut I took it out)

Chapter Notes

The first Feeldoe smut chapter is 113:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/26346735

I get that this chapter could probably be in the kink series, but it was requested here, and I’ve definitely posted kinky chapters here so…yeah. I think that the other fic will stay with things that could use safe sex tips that go beyond simply “ask for consent and communicate!” But who knows…maybe some chapters will end up cross-posted to make them easier to find, but would you find that frustrating to get a second notification if you subscribe to both?

“I miss you.” Alex bit her lip at the sight of Maggie’s short text message. After a few too many close calls when Kara or Lucy had Alex’s phone in hand when it buzzed with a new message from Maggie that was a little less than work appropriate, they’d figured out that texting, “I miss you,” was a simple but effective way of telling their partner that they wanted them without it being obvious to any outside observer…at least until they got the go ahead to continue. Because Alex knew that when she got those three words it meant Maggie was wet, meant Maggie had been thinking about all the ways she wanted Alex, fantasizing about exactly what they might do when they got home. And god, days like today, when Maggie was home alone on a mandatory rest day…that text meant that Maggie was likely already touching herself, already getting herself soaked and ready to jump Alex the moment she walked through the door if she wanted it too.
“Fuck,” Alex replied, too distracted to think of anything better to say.

“You’d think I’d have the shorter messages with how busy my hands are.”

Alex swallowed a moan at the image. “I hate you. You know I’m stuck here for another hour.”

“Not out in the field right?”

“No, just in the office.”

“Good. So should I tell you just how much I want you?”

“Wait half an hour. I need to finish something before I lose all motivation to work.”

“Deal.”

---

By the time Alex wrapped up her work, she had left her phone untouched for longer than the promised half hour and was greeted by three increasingly filthy messages:

“You almost done? I need you at home, babe. I need your hands, your mouth.”

“Fuck, Alex. I’m so wet. You’ve ruined me. My fingers just aren’t enough anymore.”

“Get your sexy ass home. I want you bent over the bed, soaking my hand, my cock, yelling my name loud enough for that pain in the ass neighbor of yours to slip another passive aggressive note under the door.”

Closing her eyes, Alex tried to get her breathing under control, knowing she should really stay at the office for at least a few more minutes. “I’ll be home so soon, I promise. I want you just as much, trust me.”

“Tell me: are you dripping for me already? Will you be good and come with barely a touch?”

Just as Alex let out a poorly concealed whimper, her door swung open. “Lucy!” Alex exclaimed, shoving her phone deep into her pocket and praying that her cheeks weren’t bright red.

“Alex…” Lucy eyed her suspiciously. “Whatcha up to?”

“Oh, uh, you know…just sent the risk assessment from the latest mission up to Vasquez.”

“I’m sure she’ll be glad to read it. But you…I know that face. That’s your ‘I’m about to get laid’ face.”

“I have no such face!”

“Danvers, I can read you like an open book. And that is, without a doubt, exactly what’s going through your mind right now.”

“Whatever.”

“Plus, I can hear your phone buzzing, and the only reason you wouldn’t be getting it to see if Kara is terribly injured or in need of your help for some outfit emergency is if you knew that the only messages waiting for you were so dirty you wouldn’t be able to control your facial expressions.”
Grumbling, Alex just crossed her arms across her chest, biting back the temptation to point out that Lucy and Vasquez could be just as bad about their flirting…well, Lucy could be, and Vasquez wasn’t the best at controlling her reactions to Lucy’s teasing.

“Since you’re pretty much useless at this point, why don’t you go home,” Lucy finally offered.

Though in the past she would’ve insisted that she should remain at the DEO long past her formal shift ended, today she jumped at the opportunity. “Yeah, okay, sounds great!”

“But,” Lucy drawled, moving to stand in Alex’s way, “first admit that I was right.”

“Right about what?” Alex asked, looking far too innocent.

“You and Maggie were sexting.”

“What? No…”

“Then give me your phone.”

“Why?”

“To prove me wrong.”

“No!”

But then Lucy was tickling Alex and darting for her phone. “Fine!” Alex yelled before Lucy could see whatever messages were surely waiting for her. “You were right.”

“Mm, my favorite words, Danvers.”

“Yeah, yeah, get your ass back to the desert base to see your girlfriend.”

“Don’t you worry about how much of my ass my girlfriend gets to see.”

Alex groaned and rolled her eyes, making a point of bumping her shoulder into Lucy’s on the way out.

“Enjoy yourself!” Lucy yelled after her, cackling at the light pink blush she could see creeping up Alex’s neck.

---

By the time Alex made it home, she was beyond ready for whatever Maggie had in store. She’d finally gotten around to responding to the texts waiting for her, and the last message mentioned something about “dressing up.”

When she made it through the door, she found Maggie sitting on the couch, one of her knees drawn up to her chest and the other leg thrown over the ottoman, dressed in gray sweatpants and a white v-neck. And it wasn’t like Alex was disappointed…sure, she had maybe gotten her hopes up for some lingerie or the off chance that Maggie’s text was sarcastic and she’d be completely naked, but her fiancée still looked adorable. Something about sweatpants just emphasized how tiny she was and how cute they made her look, falling on the absolute softest side of butch.

“Hey, cutie,” Alex greeted, kissing Maggie on the cheek as she kicked off her boots and draped her jacket over the back of a chair. “You get tired waiting for me?”
“No,” Maggie replied, her voice low and a smirk pulling at the corners of her mouth. “Why don’t you come here…”

Narrowing her eyes, Alex made her way over to Maggie, who had brought both of her legs down. She let herself be guided down to straddle Maggie’s hips, grinning as Maggie met her with a heated kiss that showed her just how in the mood the other woman still was. It was only when Maggie’s hands found her ass, drawing her down into her lap, that Alex felt the press of something firm between her legs.

“Mm, is that a gun in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?” Alex teased.

Maggie rolled her eyes. “You know as well as I do that it would be very unsafe to keep a gun in my pocket.”

“So just happy to see me then?”

“Is that how we’re gonna play this?” Maggie’s eyes flashed in a playful challenge, her hands already gripping at Alex’s hips, ready to flip her over.

“Not yet,” Alex murmured, sliding back slightly and dropping her hand down, gripping at the hard length through Maggie’s sweatpants and lazily stroking it.

“Fuck,” Maggie gasped, canting forward slightly, her fingers clutching at Alex’s shirt.

Alex tilted her head, looking down at Maggie who looked far closer to the edge than something like that would normally leave her. “You start without me?”

Shaking her head, Maggie guided Alex’s hand beneath the band of her sweatpants, letting her feel that there was no harness.

“Fuck, that’s hot.”

Struggling to keep her voice from cracking, Maggie managed, “Should we move to the bed?”

“Actually…” Alex trailed off, looking mischievous, “I think there’s something I want to do out here first.”

Maggie whimpered as Alex carefully maneuvered her sweatpants over the toy and pushed them the rest of the way off her legs. Alex didn’t stop there, stripping off Maggie’s t-shirt and bra as Maggie nodded yes, god yes—a murmur that turned into a kind of plea as Alex sank to her knees, drawing Maggie’s legs apart and running her fingers up and down her inner thighs.

“Do you want my mouth?” Alex purred, looking up at Maggie, her pupils blown wide with desire.

“Yes,” Maggie sighed. “If you’re good with it.”

Alex just nodded, gripping one hand around the base of the toy, carefully thrusting it into Maggie, watching as her mouth dropped open. Maggie followed Alex’s mouth, watching as her tongue flicked out, licking broad strokes up the underside of her cock, Alex’s hand never stopping its shallow thrusting into her. She gulped as Alex took the head between her lips, sinking down slightly further with every bob of her head.

And god, she knew it had only been a few minutes at most, knew that Alex was still fully clothed, knew that Alex’s actions weren’t technically doing much of anything to her, but it felt so real, felt like she could feel Alex’s tongue on her, could feel Alex’s lips taking her in. And god, when Alex
moaned and looked up at her, her gaze thick with want, Maggie couldn’t fight it any longer, couldn’t help the way her hips stuttered and her fingers tangled in Alex’s hair and her abs clenched as she curled forward, coming with a sharp cry.

When Alex pulled back, she was smirking. “You enjoy that, Sawyer?”

Chest heaving and a faint pink blush creeping up her cheeks, Maggie could only nod.

“What do you want more?”

“Let me do something for you,” Maggie said, her voice slightly raspy.

“Okay, you will,” Alex assured Maggie, her eyes glinting with a spark that held so many promises for the night to come. “Now I want you to touch yourself.”

Quick to comply, Maggie reached down, her fingers searching out her clit. But Alex’s hand was on her wrist in an instant. “Not like that,” she corrected, guiding Maggie’s fingers around her cock. “I’ll be back in just a second.”

And sure enough, Alex was back just moments later, lube in hand. “Hold out your hand.” Maggie did as she was told once more. “Now I want to watch you jerk off for me.”

With a shuddery exhale, Maggie wrapped her fingers around her cock, stroking slowly up and down the length. As she met Alex’s gaze, she began stroking faster, feeling another orgasm building all too quickly with every thrust into her and every push of the toy against her clit. But just before she could come again, Alex’s voice rang out, low and commanding—every bit the DEO team leader—“Stop.”

“Please,” Maggie whimpered, even as she slowed her movements to a stop, her hips squirming slightly.

“Can I ride your dick?”

“Fuck, yes.”

Maggie watched as Alex hastily stripped off her clothes—now wasn’t the time for slow strip teases and lingering glances—before coming up to straddle her. With her hands planted on either side of Maggie’s head against the back of the couch, Alex let Maggie guide the toy inside her, groaning as she sank down and let herself be filled.

“You feel so good.” Alex began matching her thrust for thrust, her arms wrapped tightly around Alex, holding her close, feeling the press of their warm bodies and trying not to come just yet, trying to wait so Alex wouldn’t even have to pause, wouldn’t have to break her rhythm.

Arching her back, Alex gasped as the new angle had the toy hitting exactly where she needed it, moaned as Maggie took the cue to thrust a little harder, a little faster, her fingers digging into Alex’s hips and ass to keep her steady. She felt her hips falter, her movements growing erratic until her whole body seemed to tense, her muscles taut in a moment that seemed to last an eternity until Maggie hips were thrusting back into her, pushing her over the edge as everything came crashing down around her.

As Alex shuddered in her arms, her hips grinding into Maggie, pushing the toy up against her clit, Maggie felt herself slipping over the edge right after Alex, clinging to her as she whimpered her way through her orgasm.
“That was…”

“Yeah. Yeah, it definitely was.”
thebiwisebrownkid: HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW 3x01 TRAILER?!??! THE HAND HOLDING SCENE WITH WHAT (i think) WAS SANVERS?!??! I low key feel like that was a sex scene so i was wondering if u wud write a soft passionate smutty fic post getting rings and incorporate that hand holding thing p.s. we have never seen sanvers hold hands like how the fuck has that not happened till now
-Okay, so it’s not explicitly smutty, save for a line or two. It’s mainly soft (like, ya know, a PG13 movie, or what you get on the CW if you’re a hetero couple)

Stronger Together prompt. Soft Sanvers is my favorite Sanvers. How about some adorable cuddling and pillow talk?

agent-dvnvers: Hi! If you're still up for a prompt could you maybe just write a really fluffy morning in for Sanvers? Featuring a hot makeout and playful banter/teasing and lots of love? Could it also feature cuddling like Maggies head on alexs chest (basically high dosage of cute gay shit pls)

Chapter Notes

Why yes this is soft Sanvers being engaged and ecstatic about spending the rest of forever together and maybe this is the softest, nicest way I've ever told a show writer to go fuck off, but plz enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“No,” Maggie grunted, her voice muffled by the pillow. She could hear Alex’s soft laugh ringing out as she continued her attempt at extricating herself from Maggie’s tight, koala-like grip around her waist. “Stay in bed.”

“Let me put on coffee, and I promise I’ll be right back.”

“Five more minutes?”

After a moment, Alex acquiesced, letting herself be led back down to the pillows as Maggie’s head found its way to her chest, her fingers curling against Alex’s abs and her legs tangling with Alex’s. The look of pure contentment on her face made her look many years younger, and Alex couldn’t help wishing that they could stay like this forever, far removed from the worries and cares of work and life and a city that seemed to be forever under attack.

Maggie hummed in contentment as Alex carded her fingers through her hair, feeling herself drifting in and out of consciousness with the soothing motions.

“How about I go make us coffee now?” Alex whispered, moving like she was going to get up.
“No,” Maggie whined, reaching up above her for Alex’s hand and drawing it down. As she clasped
Alex’s hand in her own, letting their fingers curl together, she looked down at their matching
engagement rings. They’d talked about whether or not it was practical to get them, tried to figure out
if they’d even be allowed to wear them out in the field, but eventually they both decided that it was
worth it. They wanted the world to know they were in love, that they were lucky enough to be
spending the rest of their lives together. And if that meant that Alex had spent a few long nights in
the lab with some gems from outer space synthesizing a compound even stronger than diamond for
their rings…well, it was worth a few nights apart in the end.

“You look good with a ring, Danvers.”

“I could say the same to you, Sawyer.”

“I look good in anything, though,” Maggie teased, pulling herself up to kiss Alex—her fiancée, and
god would she ever get tired of saying that?

“I think you looked best in nothing but the ring…” Alex trailed off, turning over in Maggie’s arms to
kiss her properly as memories from the night before flickered through her mind. Even though they’d
been engaged for weeks at that point, there had been something new to sliding rings onto each
other’s fingers, something that felt absurdly romantic but in the best of ways. Alex had insisted on
taking Maggie out to a nice dinner, needed the world to see how perfect they looked together, for the
world to see that they belonged together. As they waited for their food, they couldn’t help the way
their hands drifted across the table at dinner, finding one another, fingers lacing together, watching as
the rings seemed to sparkle and flash in the candlelight.

They’d skipped dessert, too eager to get home, to hold one another close and celebrate each and
every part of the commitment they were making to one another. But, eager as they were, they’d
managed to take it slowly. The kisses were soft—every gentle caress and breathy sigh full of new
meaning, every whispered “I love you” trailing off into the unspoken “forever” they couldn’t wait to
celebrate in front of their friends and makeshift families. Clothes had been slowly pulled off, fingers
and lips tracing reverent paths across every inch of newly revealed skin. When they finally fell into
bed, they’d held each other close—gasps and moans swallowed by heated kisses, the press of soft,
warm skin a welcome embrace—finally falling asleep with Maggie’s arms and legs wrapped
protectively around Alex, their hands tangled together.

The rumble of Alex’s stomach finally pulled them apart. “Okay, time for food—for real this time.”

“I can think of something I’d rather eat…” Maggie winked at Alex, watching as the woman blushed
and rolled her eyes.

“You’re insatiable.”

“You didn’t seem to think that was a problem last night.”

“No…I suppose you’re right.”

“I’m always right.”

“You wish you were always right.”

“Semantics,” Maggie sighed, finally relinquishing her grasp on Alex and watching with unabashed
desire as Alex stood and stretched, the light flickering in through the curtains playing across Alex’s
back, accentuating the planes of toned muscle, the scars that served as reminders of just how brave
she was, of how she put herself in harm’s way day in and day out to keep her city and her sister safe.
She let out a huff of disappointment as Alex pulled on a tank top and shorts, though she too pulled herself out of bed, looking for her favorite orange t-shirt of Alex’s—the one that still reminded her of their first night spent together so many months ago.

By the time she made it out to the kitchen, the coffee was nearly ready and a double-toasted bagel was sitting at her place. “You spoil me.”

“You deserve it.”

And god, it was cheesy and sentimental and absolutely something she would’ve mocked a year ago, but somehow when Alex said it, it just sounded perfectly sincere, like everything she ever wanted to hear.

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After breakfast, Maggie tried stalling, determined to stay at home for just a little longer before they had to go off to work.

“I’ve called in with the black lung four times…this month.”

“I’ve heard it’s incredibly hard to shake—quite the nasty bug.”

Alex laughed and shook her head. “Let’s save our leave time for the honeymoon.”

“Kara told me you had something like nine months of accrued overtime hours alone.”

“Have I not told you about my plans for our honeymoon?”

It was Maggie’s turn to laugh as she tried to drag Alex back to bed. “Please! Just a few more minutes of cuddling?”

“You know as well as I do a few minutes of cuddling will turn into an hour of fucking.”

“You can’t just talk dirty like that and expect me to leave you alone.”

“Then why don’t you come clean up with me in the shower,” Alex offered, already throwing off her tank top and letting her shorts drop to the ground. Never one to resist temptation that looked that good, Maggie threw off Alex’s t-shirt and followed her to the bathroom, her hands already reaching out for Alex’s waist.

After brushing their teeth, they eventually made it into the shower, even managing to pull their mouths away from each other long enough to wash up before Maggie had Alex’s back pressed up against the cool tile of the shower wall, her hands dropping down between Alex’s legs.

“No,” Alex finally managed, though her voice was decidedly less firm than she would have liked. But one of them needed to lay down the law if they were ever going to make it into work.

“You sure? I bet it would only take a few minutes,” Maggie taunted, making a show of dragging her slick fingers back up and sucking them between her lips.

Groaning, Alex dropped her head back against the tile, forcing herself to remember that she had a to-do list a mile long in the lab that wasn’t going to complete itself. “Tonight.”

“Fine.” Incorrigible as ever, though, as Alex turned off the water Maggie’s eyes glinted mischievously as the corners of her mouth pulled up into a smile. “Need a hand moisturizing, babe?”
“Get your ass back to the bedroom.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Maggie replied with a cheeky wink and salute.

By the time Alex made it to the bedroom, Maggie was already tucking one of her countless button ups (Alex really didn’t know where more kept coming from) into a pair of skinny black jeans, her hair wrapped in a towel on top of her head. As Alex dropped her towel, she felt Maggie’s hands immediately finding their way to her bare skin. “Already?”

“You told me to wait in the bedroom for you. I did.”

“I’m getting dressed, babe.”

“Why don’t you put on a nice show for me,” Maggie teased, settling into bed and propping herself up against the pillows.

Rolling her eyes, Alex just pulled out one of her DEO uniforms, leaning a little closer to Maggie than was strictly necessary, her chest right in Maggie’s line of vision, and maybe flexing just a little bit… not that she’d admit to it. Smirking at the way Maggie’s breath caught in her throat, she made a show of bending over to pull on her socks.

When Alex sauntered across the room, yelling that she was doing her hair and leaving for work, Maggie groaned. Never before had she regretted a decision as much as she did at the moment, left desperate and wanting with a full day of work still ahead of her. But she joined Alex in the bathroom, pulling out her own hairdryer and plugging it in beneath Alex’s.

The first time a gust of hot air hit Alex, blowing her hair up and into her face at a ridiculous angle, she spluttered as Maggie burst out laughing. “I’m sorry! It was a mistake,” Maggie apologized. They had long ago realized a bigger bathroom was something of a necessity for their next apartment.

“You’re fine,” Alex sighed, though all too soon Maggie felt her own hair being blown up and saw Alex clutching her hair dryer like a gun and cackling.

By the time they were done, the process had taken significantly longer than usual, and Alex’s hair was a bit more…voluminous than she’d normally like, while Maggie had been forced to throw hers into a ponytail to hide the puffy, tangled sections that would be a pain in the ass to deal with later. But they both sported matching grins, their cheeks pink from the effort.

“See you tonight?” Alex checked.

“Barring alien emergencies…though I suppose we’d probably still see each other then.”

“Fair enough. Now be safe.”

“Always. And you too—don’t go jumping into portals without me again!”

“Yes, yes… I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Chapter End Notes
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

All my potential nerd notes today seemed really out of tune with this soft af chapter, so I'm referring you to a sort of feelings heavy post I wrote after Edith Windsor passed away if you want anything extra:
Sanvers and Street Harassment

Chapter Summary

could you please write a story about alex and maggie dealing with sexual harassment from straight men? coz I got 99 probs and guys harassing me and my gf when we're out together = 98. perhaps with maggie giving alex the safety speech and telling her sometimes its better to just walk away, or maybe her disclosing to alex some of the bad things that have happened to her, and alex comforting her while she cries? thank you

Chapter Notes

A/N: CW for homophobia and sexual harassment

I know I’ve been sitting on a few prompts about homophobes for a while now (and I promise I have seen and noted them), but, much like the prompter here noted, sometimes that “safety speech” mentality is what we default too. And as much as it might feel good to write that cathartic story about punching some dumbass homophobe in the face, I have so much trouble getting myself to write it because I’m always worried about the repercussions acting like that could have for someone without the privilege or legal standing to defend against police intervention or lawsuits or retaliation. I get that it’s fiction—I really do—and that it can and sometimes should be a place where we can imagine a world that’s less shitty (which is what I think I do even with something as simple as letting Alex and Maggie hold hands in public without dropping them when they walk down certain blocks or kiss at bars without making sure they’re not in full view), but I also try to weave a certain amount of educational information into these chapters and feel a certain level of responsibility to present things as they more often are—which means not always getting to react in a way that feels like justice.

The same goes for some of the prompts I’ve gotten about Alex yelling at/confronting/punching Maggie’s dad, which is why I’ve not written them. My partner’s parents are homophobic shits, and when they traveled multiple states to show up at our apartment and make their displeasure at her refusal to crawl back into the closet and beg their forgiveness clear, I wanted nothing more than to scream and yell and get the hammer out of my lesbian starter pack Home Depot toolbox to make them feel every bit of the fear they’d forced us to live with through months of threatening voicemails and emails about how they’d tracked down our address. But in the moment, as angry as I was, most of all, I was scared—scared and heartbroken for my partner. Because no one deserves that, and acting out wouldn’t have helped her to feel better, which needed to be the priority. So I’m sorry you won’t get to see the cathartic moment a lot of you want (and it’s a moment I’ve fantasized about for years, trust me!) but hopefully this will at least get at the felt frustrations and hit a little closer to lived reality.

Finally, the memories Maggie describes here are all pulled from real life, and the men aren’t disguised in the slightest because they don’t deserve anonymity.
Trying to wrap her head around the rapid shift in mood, Alex looked from Maggie to the group of men leaning against the wall of the bar—half of them smirking, the other half looking like they’d just stepped out of a casting call for “menacing stranger #2.” Just moments ago, they’d been down the block with their friends, celebrating Winn’s birthday and drinking just a little too much champagne. As a birthday treat, Alex had even been nice to the kid, finally teaching him how to play “geometry with sticks” and treating to the first round of drinks for the night. There had been toasts and drinking games and bets on which one of them would be the last one to stagger into the DEO the next morning.

After a prolonged round of goodbyes (“This is why I like the Irish goodbye,” Alex had hissed when a tipsy, giggling Kara collapsed into her arms for the fourth time to tell her how pretty her hair looked and suggest that maybe she stay for one more drink), Maggie and Alex had finally made their way to the door on less-than-steady feet. Knowing neither of them was sober enough to drive home, they’d opted to walk the twelve blocks over to Maggie’s place—Alex finally conceded when Maggie pointed out that her place was closer and that the sooner they made it to an apartment, the sooner they could fall into bed together. With an arm wrapped around Maggie’s shoulders, they’d set off down the block. With a few drinks in her, Alex had been a bit more affectionate than she normally would have, pressing kisses to Maggie’s cheek between jokes and laughing comments about just how obvious Winn’s crush on James became with every round.

Their progress was suddenly arrested by a man stepping in their path on the sidewalk. “You two look like you could use a man, huh?” And it didn’t matter that he’d ended it like a question, Maggie knew when it came to men like that, when it came to comments like that, there was only one answer—an answer that was conciliatory, one that suggested they were just two tipsy women who certainly didn’t want any trouble. And, sure, if she wasn’t drunk, if she’d seen it happening to someone else, her answer would have been different. She would have pulled out her badge and pulled her jacket back far enough to reveal her gun and suggested that these men keep walking unless they wanted trouble. But this was different—because she was well on her way to drunk, and she wasn’t on duty, and dammit, Alex was with her—Alex who was strong enough to deal with it but shouldn’t have to, shouldn’t be forcibly thrown into the world outside her accepting bubble of friends and family to see just how ugly people could be.

“I’m fucking talking to you,” he snapped, pulling Alex out of her daze.

“Excuse me.” And Alex looked ready to fight—ready to pull out whatever weapons she had concealed somewhere on her person and fight on unsteady feet.

“Just heading home from the bars,” Maggie muttered, her voice quiet and her gaze directed firmly at the sidewalk. She’d long ago learned not to make eye contact, not to raise her voice, not to push back—not when there were more of them, not when they were white and cis and straight and all the things that cops would see and trust by default.

“Maybe we come with you,” drawled one of the other men—one who’d been smirking and leering at them, his gaze raking down Alex’s long, lean form before coming to rest just south of Maggie’s face.

With a noncommittal noise, Maggie carefully nudged Alex, encouraging her closer to the curb, closer to the streetlights where they might be seen, further away from the wall of men lined up like they were just waiting for their turn to step up and say their piece. When Alex looked at her—her eyes flashing with anger and confusion and what Maggie could only see as disappointment at her inaction—Maggie shook her head nearly imperceptibly and took a step forward.

After several steps accompanied by loud calls that luckily weren’t followed by action, Maggie felt
herself finally let go of the breath she’d been holding. She didn’t unclench her fists until they’d made it three more blocks. She didn’t relax her shoulders until they were only two blocks away from her building. She didn’t find Alex’s hand with her own until they were through the front door and in the elevator.

As they rode up in silence—the same uneasy silence that had followed them the whole way home—Alex scuffed her boots against the wiry carpeting of the elevator floor, trying to figure out what the right thing to say was.

When they finally made it through the door of Maggie’s apartment, Maggie went straight for the few bottles of hard liquor she still kept in the apartment, knowing that with jobs like theirs, it was all too easy to fall into unhealthy coping mechanisms. Clenching a bottle in her fist, she finally lowered it, turning to the fridge and pulling out a beer instead.

Finally, sitting on the couch, her legs spread, her elbows resting on her knees as she leaned forward, Maggie looked up at Alex. “I’m sorry.” Her voice was gravelly and thick with too many emotions for Alex to even try to sort through them all.

“For what? Look, Maggie, I get it,” Alex said, slipping onto the couch next to Maggie, careful to give her a little space until she’d given some indication that she was ready to be touched.

“You do?” Maggie asked, lifting her head to look up at Alex. She hadn’t wanted to hear that Alex already understood, had already dealt with this shit out in the world on her own, but there was a comfort in it too—in knowing that Alex had already learned to be safe, to bite back her instinct to throw herself headlong at danger.

“Of course. I can only imagine that brought up so many bad memories from back home and your family, and god, I would never want to force you to stay in a bad situation.”

Maggie’s heart ached at just how sincere Alex looked, her eyes wide and her hand raised tentatively by Maggie’s shoulder, hovering a few inches away as though she were still uncertain. After resting her beer on the coffee table, Maggie reached for Alex’s hand, taking it between both of hers and pulling in a deep breath. “That’s part of it—I won’t deny it.”

Alex waited while Maggie took another sip of her beer, waited while she breathed deeply and squeezed her hand. “Here’s the thing, um, I just…I’m so happy—so damn happy—that you haven’t had to deal with too much homophobia. I wouldn’t wish it on anyone. I know that you would be strong enough to deal with it, though! I’m not trying to say that you wouldn’t!” Maggie rubbed at her forehead, trying to figure out how they’d gotten so off track. “It’s just, well, not all homophobia can be dealt with in the same ways. Right, I mean, Rick…god, he was so much more than just your everyday, run of the mill asshole bigot, but in a way, you felt what it was like to have someone watching you, scrutinizing your every move in a way that just feels like a violation of your very person. And at the end of the day, we got to throw him in jail, and you got to punch him in the face, and I know it didn’t make up for what you went through, but you got to feel like you got something out of it, you know. Does that make sense?”

“Uh, yeah,” Alex nodded.

“Well, with a lot of the shit that people go through—for any number of reasons, but for being different normally—there isn’t a nice, easy recourse to justice that way. You don’t get to fight the homophobic guys out on the street who make you feel unsafe because in a lot of places, that’s not a crime. But the second you let your fist fly, you’re the criminal, and he’s the victim. And it sucks, but that’s the way someone with power will see it. And I get that now I kind of am that person with power, but even still, I’m a woman, a gay woman, a gay woman with brown skin and no money or
family connections to make the cops think twice about not taking my side.”

As much as Alex wanted to object, to insist that there was something wrong, something that should be punishable, about the way those men had treated them, the way they’d invaded their space and made them feel less than, made them feel unsafe just for existing, she had seen the fear in Maggie’s eyes—something she rarely saw—right alongside the anger and pain and frustration; she knew this was the kind of lesson learned over years of living in the broken world as the “wrong” kind of person, over years of street harassment and worse. So instead she just nodded, holding Maggie’s hand a little tighter as she began to speak again.

“I’m not saying there aren’t times when you can push back a little—god knows I’ve run my mouth more than is advisable… But not at night, not when we’ve been drinking, hell, when it’s a big group like that, not even when it’s just us, no matter how badass you are, Danvers. And I know this sounds like me giving you rules or something that you have to follow, but I just don’t want to see you hurt—not for something this fucking stupid, this fucking backwards, when you already spend your days putting your life on the line for things that matter. And you matter, Alex—god, you matter so much. I couldn’t stand to see something happen to you, no matter how little in the grand scheme of things that happen at the DEO every day, just because I hadn’t warned you, hadn’t let you know that, yes, coming out of the closet can be amazing and dating women can be amazing, but it also opens up this whole other world of ugliness and nastiness that I never wanted you to have to see. I’m just… I’m sorry, you know, for—for all of them,”

When it became clear that Maggie was done for the moment, Alex swung her legs up onto the couch, tucking them underneath her and turning to look directly at Maggie. “Maggie Sawyer, you do not owe me an apology. You are brave and resilient and probably went through so much more than I’ll ever have to deal with almost two decades later in a pretty progressive town. Those guys? Yeah, they owe us a goddam apology. The fucking asshole politicians and people on television that still want to go around telling people that it’s wrong to be gay and we shouldn’t have rights? Them too. But you, you are perfect.”

“Eh, that’s not true.”

“Okay, fine, you leave your dirty sports bras and gym clothes on the bed sometimes when you get back from the gym, and you feed me vegan ice cream, but otherwise you’re pretty damn perfect, Sawyer.”

Maggie just shrugged, but Alex saw the way the corner of her mouth pulled up slightly, even though her eyes still looked haunted.

“Do you want to talk about it a little more?” Alex asked, her voice soft as she rubbed her thumb in soothing circles across Maggie’s palm.

“I just…” Maggie paused, trying to find words, to give voice to the painful memories she’d gotten so good at forcing down. “Nevermind, I don’t want to put all that on you.”

“Maggie, you listened to me vent about my mom, then later about my dad. You’ve held my hand when I got home from work feeling so damn useless because I wasn’t good enough to fix the problem or beat the bad guys or figure out the answers in the lab. And what was all that about not shoving our feelings down anymore? Doesn’t that apply to you too?”

“Stop using your nerdy logic on me, Danvers!” Maggie whined, laughing as she shoved gently at Alex’s shoulder.

“You love my nerdy logic.”
“Sometimes.”

“Nope, all the times.”

“That’s fake news.”

“You’re fake news.”

“I give up!” Maggie conceded, throwing her arms up into the air and collapsing into Alex’s chest in defeat.

For a few minutes, they stayed like that, Alex running her fingers through Maggie’s hair even as they felt a heavier mood descend on the room once more as memories of the night came back to them.

“When I got to college, I sort of thought things would be better. I mean, we had an asshole in the White House who thought I shouldn’t have rights, but I was going to a city, to a university, and everyone seemed to think those places were so much better for people like me. And it was! In a lot of ways, you know. There were clubs for the gay kids, and some of my friends spent their summers campaigning for same-sex marriage in the few states where it looked like it could actually happen, and there were a few out professors that came and talked to us and let us know that it got better—not perfect, but better.”

Alex nodded, thinking about a young Maggie finally starting to feel a place where she was accepted.

“But when I dated people, I learned that we still didn’t hold hands at night—not really, unless we wanted to hope we’d just pass as drunk sorority girls stumbling home. And when I was dating a butch woman, I learned that there were other kinds of harassment because we really didn’t pass out there, and somehow that made things so much worse to the straight guys. They’d yell about showing me what a real man was like and how I just hadn’t found the right dick—their words. Of course, they always thought their own was fucking magical and would somehow bring me back to the ways of heterosexuality.”

“Of course,” Alex scoffed.

“But when I was with other girls with long hair and makeup, it was different. Then they wanted to watch, wanted to join us, wanted us to prove that everything we did was for their benefit. Like, one night I was at a party with this girl Lindsey, and it was fun, you know. And there were other gay kids there, and I knew most of the people, so it felt like it was safe—like it should have been safe. But this guy Jon I barely knew found us making out in the kitchen, and sure, he’d been drinking, but that shouldn’t get to be an excuse. And, mind you, people were making out everywhere! We just happened to be the gay couple doing it. And he wanted to join, kept telling us how hot it was. But when I told him to fuck off, all the sudden it wasn’t hot or endearing—he was just angry, angry that there was this thing in front of him that looked like something he’d been taught was his to claim but that was telling him otherwise. And just—nothing happened, I mean, he grabbed my wrist and all, but when Lindsey yelled, someone came running, and he took off. But it was just…it made me scared.”

“Are you, I mean, do you mind that sometimes I kiss you out in public? I don’t want to make you scared again.”

“No! No, I don’t want them to win. I want to be able to hold your hand and kiss you and dance with you just like every other straight couple gets to do.”

“You’ll tell me if I do too much?”
“I will. And you can do the same too, you know that, right?”

“Yeah, yeah I do.”

“I just…I kept expecting things to get better for a long time. When Emily and I got together, I was more cautious, but even then things got to us. Christ, we had someone knock on our door because he was walking down the street late at night and saw us hooking up through the window of our own goddam home. I mean, fucking hell, who thinks like that? Who the hell thinks that he gets to come to someone’s door and try to force his way in yelling that he’s ‘lonely, so lonely’ and ‘deserves’ to get laid.”

Alex bit back the angry tirade that she was sure Maggie already knew by heart.

Now in full-on rant mode, Maggie kept going, gesturing emphatically as she spoke. “We’d get yelled at when we walked down the street—hell, even in the supposed bastion of radicalism that is New York City we had some Wall Street bros yell at us and ask which one wore the pants in our relationship, had some drunk horny dude in a bar demand that we tell him exactly what we did in bed like it was something he was owed, had some Irish bus driver ignore our calls for help completely when some teenagers from the local Catholic school harassed us and told us we were going to rot in hell. And just, god, it makes me want to hit things, you know? It makes me want to throw things and break things and punch things until something finally feels right. Even now, knowing as I do that those things don’t really fix anything, I still feel that way. And it gets to you and eats away at you when you can’t do anything. But…” Maggie paused, her tone suddenly softening, “you make me feel like there’s a reason for not acting on it. You remind me that there’s someone so perfect for me, someone who makes all of that bullshit worth enduring, someone who’s waiting for me at home, who needs me to come home to her. And I know that this is all new for you, but I hope that maybe one day you’ll get that from me too.”

“Maggie,” Alex began, moving so that they were properly facing one another. “It took me nearly thirty years to come out. It took thirty years of listening to people using ‘gay’ as an insult and arguing about whether gay people had the right to civil unions or marriage or adoption papers while I sat there repressing every thought I’d ever had that yelled out so loudly that there were parts of me that saw myself in the rare gay couples on TV or in the streets. Nearly thirty years of self-loathing and internalizing all of that crap before I met you. And suddenly I just…I couldn’t understand how I could possibly deny that part of myself any longer—not when I had someone as amazing as you out there to risk it all for.”

Wiping her eyes with the sleeves of her shirt, Maggie sniffled. “Really?”

“Yeah, really. I love you. For the rest of forever, Mags.”
Sanvers Bartender AU

Chapter Summary

Prompt: guurrrrlll please write an AU where Maggies's a bartender and loves mixing cocktails and gives them all the dirtiest names. Alex's the regular who loves the drinks but also hates and glares every time she has to say "I want Sex On The Beach," to a grinning and trying-to-wink Maggie. (Maggie recommends Alex have a Screaming Orgasm (both the cocktail and well you know). "...That's not on the menu." "I know.") i would love you forever

Chapter Notes

A/N: Well this was a damn delightful ask (and a nice antidote to all of the preemptive angst going around about Sanvers that, even if justified, was making me sad), so enjoy some fluff and crack with the lesbian bartender of our dreams

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You sure you don’t want to come out with us?” Kara asked, looking up at her big sister with wide eyes and her signature pout.

“I’m tired tonight—you should go have fun with your friends. But I promise, I’ll be there with Ben and Jerry’s in hand for sister night tomorrow!”

“Okay, fine,” Kara huffed, turning back to Winn and James before heading out with one last glance back at Alex. It wasn’t as though Alex couldn’t have a social life or some time on her own, but more than once this month, Kara had flown by her apartment to check in on her after she’d opted not to come to Noonan’s with her and the guys only to find her apartment empty. The next mornings, Alex had talked about turning in early like she’d actually been at home and in bed, and Kara was beyond convinced it meant that Alex was dating someone—a point she was resolved to investigate.

Once Kara, James, and Winn were gone, Alex headed down to the locker rooms to change out of her DEO uniform and into a pair of dark jeans, simply throwing on a leather jacket over a t-shirt. It wasn’t like her bar of choice had a particularly strict dress code. In fact, the few times she’d shown up in her FBI disguise, she had gotten more than a few curious glances, though she liked to think that the bartender appreciated the blazers… Not that she’d ever admit to caring about what the bartender thought. Sure, she happened to go only on the days when she knew the woman would be working, but it was because she made the best cocktails. It had absolutely nothing to do with her dimples or her deep brown eyes or the flirty comments or the way “Danvers” just seemed to roll so easily off of her tongue, making Alex wonder what else might sound (or feel) perfect on that tongue. No, it definitely had nothing to do with any of that.

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Maggie looked up, a lazy grin spreading across her face at the sight of her favorite fed. Well, the woman hadn’t confirmed she was a fed, but those suits? The stick-up-the-ass attitude? The refusal to
talk at length about any of her personal life, even to a bartender? It all screamed fed. And secret agent fed, at that.

“Danvers!” Maggie called out, smiling just wide enough to ensure that her dimples were on full display. “How’s it going?”

“Fine,” Alex grunted, sliding into a barstool far away from any of the groups of patrons. It helped that the bar wasn’t overly crowded, especially on weekdays. She made a point of avoiding it on Friday and Saturday nights when they brought in live music that attracted a distinctly younger and louder crowd, but happy hours, well, the people here weren’t exactly the type out there schmoozing and handing off business cards with promises to find areas where their companies’ mission statements might “productively sync up.”

“Did you catch the board with today’s specials?”

Alex looked up and glared at the woman. She knew damn well how much she hated the specials, but they were the best drinks on the menu, and everyone knew it. As much as Alex hated the woman for the names she gave her drinks, she couldn’t quite resist the temptation to order them.

“I’ll take your stunning silence as a no.” With a grin a mile wide, Maggie slid down one of the small chalkboard-style slates she used to write up her daily specials each morning. She watched with excitement as Alex’s cheeks colored a faint pink as she made her way down the menu, knowing they only got dirtier as the list went on.

Finally Alex held up the menu. “I’ll take one of these.”

“Which one is that, Danvers? You know, I’m not wearing my glasses—can’t see too well.”

“We both know you don’t wear glasses, Sawyer,” Alex huffed.

“We’d know that if you ever took me up on that offer to come peruse the drink menu back at my place,” Maggie flirted, leaning over the bar and propping her head up in her hands.

“Nice try.” Alex hated the way her stomach swooped slightly at Maggie’s close proximity. The woman was a pain in the ass—certainly not someone who should make her feel anything as childish as butterflies.

“One of these days, Danvers! One of these days… So, what’ll it be?”

“Sex on the Beach,” Alex mumbled, the board held in front of her face.

“Couldn’t hear ya. Come again?”

“Sex on the Beach,” Alex grumbled, glaring at Maggie.

“One more time—just a little louder.”

“I said I want a Sex on the Beach!” Alex snapped, blushing and scowling when she realized she’d drawn the attention of a few of the patrons seated nearby.

“You know, I’d have thought maybe you’d want to come back to my place first, but we can skip the foreplay and head right down to the beach if that’s what you’re into,” Maggie teased, already turning on her heel to make the drink before Alex could storm out of the bar. There had been a close call once during Alex’s first few weeks here—Darla’s teasing presence hadn’t helped matters in the slightest, since they both egged each other on, and it wasn’t like their normal customers minded…in
fact, they tended to join in on the fun.

But Danvers...no, she was special. And it just made it that much more fun to get under her skin. Of course, she’d rather get under her shirt, but she wasn’t about to make the woman uncomfortable with any real propositions unless she ever gave any indication that she was into it. There had been one night when Maggie felt that something had shifted. Alex had stormed in looking a little more angry than usual in an outfit that looked like it’d been made out of pure spandex showcasing a body that could have been sculpted by the gods. For once, there had been no hesitation when she spit out her order, and after a drink or two, she seemed to relax, seemed to soften with the more gentle teasing Maggie had adopted that night. She stayed through closing and, despite Maggie’s assurances that she could just rest in a booth, helped to clean up, collecting glasses that had been left by some of the stragglers Maggie eventually had to shoo out of the bar. When they finally left, Maggie promising to get Alex a cab and make sure she got home safely, Alex had leaned into her space slightly, her breath smelling faintly of the peach mojitos Maggie had served on the menu that night, and actually smiled—not just the half-smile that too often accompanied her eye rolls. With a hand on Maggie’s shoulder and her lips hot against Maggie’s ear, she’d whispered, “You’re not so bad, Sawyer.” Of course, then she’d kept her distance from the bar for a full week before coming back and acting like nothing had changed. It had—Maggie knew it, could feel it somehow, even if Alex still glared and scowled and rolled her eyes in exasperation with Maggie’s antics—but she let Alex go on pretending like they didn’t know that Alex’s frustrations with her were, at least in part, just for show.

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In between sister nights and a few long missions, Alex didn’t make it back to the bar for over a week, finally strolling in, trying not to wince as every movement seemed to jar the bruises that climbed higher and higher up her ribcage.

“Danvers! It’s been a hot minute. Thought maybe I finally scared you off.” And as casual as her tone was, Maggie had actually worried—less about the idea that she scared Alex away (they’d been at the odd teasing game for too long now) and more about the idea that her fancy fed job had somehow put her in the line of fire. Judging by the almost imperceptible limp to her walk and the way she slid into the barstool from the left, rather than the right like she normally did (not that Maggie was watching), Maggie thought her suspicions were probably right.

“Don’t scare that easily, Sawyer.”

“Nah, didn’t think you would. So, in honor of your bravery, what’ll it be?”

Alex scanned the menu, too used to the drink names to really be shocked. Though she did wonder how in the world the woman came up with the sheer number of names—perhaps there was some kind of book: the compendium of sexually charged drinks. “I’ll have a margarita.”

“Which one?” Maggie asked, trying (and failing) to look innocent. After all, she put three different margaritas on the menu just in case Alex came in and wanted to try to order the easy way.

“This one,” Alex said, gesturing at the second one down on the list.

But, anticipating her move—they would work so well together, Maggie thought, already in sync—Maggie had turned back to the glasses and begun pulling out ingredients. “Which one?”

“The…” Alex paused, checking the drink name, “The Big Lez.” She couldn’t help herself from asking, “What exactly does that have to do with a strawberry and lime margarita, Sawyer?”

“Oh, well, you see, Danvers: it’s served in a large glass—hence the big. And the woman who makes
it—me—well, I’m a lesbian. Now, I suppose you might classify me in the ‘small’ category, but I assure you, I have plenty of things that could be classified as big—"

“Okay! I already regret asking.”

Maggie bit her lip to stifle a laugh at the red flush that had crept up Alex’s chest, even though she maintained the expression of affected displeasure. “If you were uncomfortable ordering it, you always have the option of the Bi-Bi-Blue raspberry margarita or the Ally—it’s not as tasty, but we’re happy to serve it.”

Alex let out a snort of amusement before schooling her expression into a neutral one, but Maggie had clearly heard if the gleeful look on her face was any indication. “I think I’ve ordered correctly.”

“Mm, is that so?”

Alex just raised her eyebrows and waited for Maggie’s curiosity to get the better of her and bring her back down to her end of the bar with more questions. As it turned out, the Big Lezs really were big, and after two, Alex found herself slightly more talkative and open than she usually was.

“This is pretty delicious,” Alex told Maggie on her loop down the bar.

“Is that so? Shall I send my compliments to the head lez who crafted it?”

“That’s you,” Alex snorted, her words slurring ever so slightly—but enough that Maggie dropped off a complimentary basket of fries on her way past the next time. After all, it was a Monday, and surely hangovers wouldn’t mix well with federal agent work.

“That it is, Danvers,” Maggie laughed.

“Me too—did you know that?”

“You too what?”

“I’m also a head lez. Well…second-in-command lez, really.”

“Want to tell me where?”

“Nope,” Alex shook her head, the corner of her mouth turning up slightly.

“Worth a try,” Maggie shrugged, leaving before Alex could reveal something that she might not be all that comfortable having said in the cold light of day. Not that she really thought Alex would be the type to accidentally leak information, but, in all fairness, those margaritas really were large…

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“Sawyer,” Alex greeted, for once getting all the way over to the bar before Maggie noticed her.

“Hey, I got a little worried when you didn’t show up after Monday’s margarita adventures.”

“Oh, so you can call them margaritas, but I have to give them a fancy name?”

“Well they’re not specials anymore,” Maggie clarified, shooting a shit-eating grin in Alex’s direction. “But you’re alright?”

“Yeah, I’m alright. Needed a few days without any of your potent cocktails, but I’m back now.”
“Glad to have you—the bar’s never the same without you.” It was supposed to be flirty, slightly teasing, but Maggie worried it came out sounding quite a bit more sincere and sentimental than that.

“Bet you say that to all the pretty girls,” Alex said, handily deflecting the tension and offering Maggie a small smile like she knew exactly the out she was handing her.

“Bartender’s secret.” Handing over the daily menu, Maggie made her way back down the bar to finish getting a few drinks out that she’d been working on when Alex called out to her and drew her attention away from them.

Eventually she made her way back to Alex, checking in on the few patrons she saw along the way. “Any questions about the menu?”

“Not today, not ever.”

But, as it turned out, Alex did have a question. “Alright, fine. What makes this drink different from the usual version?”

“Which one?” And this time Maggie really was distracted, slinging a round of beers down the bar to a group of guys that had stumbled in asking if they were screening the game and stuck around for the delicious-smelling burgers despite the lack of TVs.

“Maggie’s Buttery Nipple,” Alex drawled, trying not to roll her eyes.

“What makes you think mine are different? Do I give off some kind of vibe that screams: ‘Ask me about my weird nipples’?”

Alex let out a sigh of frustration. “Is it just a regular Buttery Nipple?”

“The drink? Oh yeah, for sure. But I make it.”

“Fine, then one of them. I’ve gotta get out of here pretty soon to meet up with a few friends.” She didn’t mention that she was actually supposed to have met up with them a few minutes ago, and that Lucy would absolutely grill her on her whereabouts. But she didn’t want to go a whole week without dropping by—just because she didn’t want Maggie to think she was dead, that’s all; the woman seemed to worry more than the average bartender.

“You didn’t want to invite them here?”

Alex shook her head; this place was hers, special somehow in a way that she didn’t need her friends seeing. It definitely had nothing to do with the fact that putting Lucy and Maggie in the same room would either end up with the two of them going home together or teasing Alex mercilessly—or some combination of the two.

“Alright, well, one of my Buttery Nipples coming right up to tide you over before you can see me again.”

Groaning softly, Alex buried her head in her hands, wondering why so many of her friends had to be like this.

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“How were the other friends and the bartender you’re clearly cheating on me with?” Maggie asked when Alex sat down a few days later.
“They were good. The other bartender just couldn’t compare, though,” she laughed, figuring Maggie deserved something to brighten her day. It was true too; Maggie’s drinks were some of the best kept secrets in National City. And the beaming smile she got in return made everything worth it.

“No, they never do…” With a shrug and a smirk, Maggie slid a menu down the bar to Alex, watching as she skimmed the drink list. As soon as she saw Alex’s eyebrows scrunch together in clear confusion, she waltzed back over. “Got a question, Danvers?”

“I just…I don’t think I want to know.”

“Of course you do. Hit me!”

“If I could do that, maybe I’d find you slightly less insufferable,” Alex huffed, though Maggie just laughed.

“Yeah, yeah, ask a girl about her kinks first.”

With a small spluttering noise, Alex turned her attention back to the menu. “Should I even ask about the Flaming Homo? Is that its name simply because you made it, and you’re a flaming homo?”

“Damn, that’s quite the assumption you’re making.”

“What? No, you’ve literally told me—”

“Relax, I’m just being an ass.”

“Ugh, you always are.”

“Being an ass, having an ass—and a great one at that—really, it’s such a gray area…”

“You gonna tell me what this drink is or just keep talking out your apparently great ass?”

“So glad we agree on that bit. Now, the Flaming Homo is made by a homo, yes, but it’s also on fire. I mean, you should blow it out before you drink it, but it’s served flaming. Though, between you and me, I wouldn’t recommend it. Just two of them will have you passed out in the street.”

“I can handle my liquor.”

“This was on the menu for my friend Brian’s bachelor party, and his 6’4” best man didn’t remember a single moment of the night after three. He also woke up a state away married to one of the other groomsmen.”

“Oh. Um, perhaps not that one. Not that I couldn’t handle it!”

“Of course not.”

“Why don’t you surprise me,” Alex offered.

“Really?”

“Yeah, really.”

“Know what I think you would just love from me?”

“What?” Alex asked, her eyes narrowed in suspicion.
“A Screaming Orgasm.”

“It’s not on the menu.”

“Well, no, Danvers, I don’t make that offer to just anyone.”

“You are talking about the drink, right?”

“Yeah, sure, that too.”

“Do you ever stop running your mouth?”

“You see, I’ve found most women prefer when I’m using my mouth—” But Maggie found herself being cut off when Alex reached forward and tangled her fingers in her hair, dragging her forward and kissing her soundly. After a moment of shock, Maggie let herself respond in kind, feeling months of pent-up tension being channeled into their kiss until they finally had to pull away, both of them breathless, their chests heaving slightly.

“Damn, I’d say buy a girl a drink first, but I guess you’ve been buying drinks from a girl for a while now…”

“Seriously, do you ever stop?”

“Behind the bar? Absolutely not.”

“What about outside of the bar?”

“Why don’t you let me take you on a date and find out?”

After a moment—really, Maggie deserved to feel a little nervous for all her cocky bravado—Alex finally nodded. She scrawled her number on one of the cocktail napkins and slid it across the bar, watching as Maggie tried to hide her excited grin behind a self-assured façade once more. “Don’t let me down.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

Chapter End Notes

So I know Supergirl comes out tonight and some people are still excited to watch (or at least going to watch). I don't have a TV or cable, so I don't get to watch until the next night at the earliest. It would mean a lot to me if you wouldn't leave spoilers in the comments section here or in any asks on Tumblr (even though I don't really go on Tumblr on Tuesdays to avoid them, I still get the notifications on my phone). So if you want to ask about fix it fics or anything, just wait until Wednesday or so? I'm also not committed to writing too many because I have so many other prompts still in the queue (and have a few work deadlines coming up this month and next that will leave me with very little time for writing). Thanks in advance for your understanding!

(That being said, if you want to leave comments about the chapter, I always love getting them!!)
“Someone as gorgeous as you should not be paying for her own drink,” came a low voice from Alex’s left. She spun around, catching the appreciative gaze of another woman flicking up and over her body.

“Oh, well, buying for two of us, so…” Alex trailed off, unsure of how to handle what she was fairly certain was flirting. After all, Maggie was waiting for her, but she also didn’t want to be rude. Sure, if it were some dude, it would be easy enough to blow him off. But this was different; she knew just how much courage it had taken to put herself out there with Maggie, and she remembered the guarded way Maggie looked up at her as she gauged her reaction after dropping the “ex-girlfriend” comment for the first. She wouldn’t make the woman feel guilty for not knowing she was taken.
“They shouldn’t have let you out of their sight,” the woman flirted, winking as she stepped a bit closer to Alex, trailing her fingers down her upper arm.

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Back at the table, Maggie looked on as some beautiful woman in a dress that looked like it could have cost her entire paycheck and heels that she would most definitely trip in trying to wear out, let alone dance in, giggled and leaned just a little closer to Alex. She felt her stomach churn at the thought that Alex would find someone better—because of course she would. She was gorgeous and brilliant and far too good for Maggie—she just knew it was only a matter of time before Alex realized it too, and apparently a month into their relationship would be that moment.

This was exactly why she had told Alex to go out there and experience the world, to find out just how desirable she really was before tying herself to a relationship with someone who got dumped frequently enough to know the breakup speech by heart—she was cold, stubborn, work-obsessed, borderline sociopathic—whatever the insult of the week was, it always boiled down to the same thing: she wasn’t good enough. And now Alex would see it too. But just because Maggie understood it, believed it somewhere deep in her heart, didn’t mean that she wasn’t jealous, didn’t mean that a small part of her didn’t hate the woman who would make these truths obvious to Alex.

Eventually Alex made her way back over, a grin on her lips and two drinks in hand that the woman had insisted on paying for, even knowing that she was going to enjoy them with someone else.

“Sorry that took so long,” Alex sighed, shaking her head and rolling her eyes at the whole interaction.

“Ah, yeah, well, you’ve gotta deal with your admirers, right?” Maggie joked, hoping her tone sounded light but suspecting it sounded a bit more accusatory.

“What? Is something wrong?” Alex asked, leaning in to hear over the sound of the music still pulsing out on the dancefloor.

“No, no,” Maggie shook her head, angry at herself more than anything else for daring to think that this would be different, for daring to believe that Alex wouldn’t get snatched up by someone so much better than her, someone who could offer her so much more than Maggie ever could. “Look, why don’t you just go see your new friend? I’m gonna head out.”

“What the hell?” Alex snapped, stepping in front of Maggie and putting a hand on her arm—not forcing her to stay, but unwilling to let her storm off before she could find out what was really wrong. “I came here with you.”

“And you can leave with her.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong! It’s not like I asked her to come up and tell me how pretty I was, Maggie.”

“No, but you didn’t stop her, did you?” Clapping a hand over her mouth, Maggie closed her eyes and shook her head at the way her own insecurities were making her blame Alex. “Sorry, no, you don’t deserve that. Just, look, Danvers, you deserve so much better than me, okay? Go enjoy being newly out. Enjoy being hot and single at a pretty gay-friendly club. Get free drinks and hot women throwing themselves at you. Who wouldn’t?”

“Apparently you.” Alex glared at Maggie, slamming her drink back down onto the table, finding that her appetite and desire to enjoy the night had disappeared with Maggie’s attitude.
“That’s not what I’m doing, Alex. I’m letting you enjoy yourself.”

“No, refusing to fight for me is what you’re doing. You’re trying to throw the same crap you pulled with me when I first kissed you right back in my face.”

“That’s not—no, that’s not it,” Maggie insisted. “What do you want? Did you want me to storm over there and admit that the sight of that woman blatantly hitting on you made me jealous? Drag you to the dancefloor and pull some possessive shit with marking you as mine?”

“Who are you to talk?” Alex knew this wasn’t the point, but now she was mad, frustrated by Maggie’s inability to see the hypocrisy of her statement. “I’m not the one that runs into an ex-girlfriend at every bar and club we go to! Jesus, before you I hadn’t been on a date that wasn’t fake in over two years. If anyone gets to be jealous, it’s me.”

Noting the curious stares of the people who had also moved off of the dancefloor to the handful of tables scattered around the walls and unwilling to end up starring in the next viral video, Maggie lowered her voice. “Can we talk about this at your place?”

After a moment, Alex shrugged. “Fine.”

Abandoning their drinks—at least they’d been free, Alex thought wryly—they made their way outside, the brisk weather helping to clear their heads. They walked the first few blocks in uncomfortable silence until Maggie finally spoke up. “You don’t have to be jealous of my exes. They’re exes for a reason.”

“Doesn’t mean you didn’t have them,” Alex mumbled, scuffing her shoe on the sidewalk as they waited for the light. She’d tried not to dwell on what the discrepancy in their levels of experience meant, knowing it wasn’t a healthy way to think about what they had, knowing that Maggie was choosing to be with her now and that was all that mattered at the end of the day, but finding it difficult to get her feelings to match that knowledge.

“I’m with you now, though.”

“And I’m with you, but it didn’t stop you from getting all pissy about some woman who had no idea I had a girlfriend flirting with me at the bar.”

Worrying her lower lip between her teeth, Maggie ducked her head slightly in acknowledgement of Alex’s point. “Look at you, Alex. You’re beautiful and so successful. And meanwhile I’m hard-headed and stubborn and cold and—”

“Maggie Sawyer,” Alex nearly growled, spinning to face her. When the man who had been walking behind them nearly ran into her and started to mutter something under his breath, she shot him a glare that silenced him instantly. “I already heard the little breakup speech you got before we ever got together—hell, before I’d even come out. I knew exactly what I might have been getting into when I kissed you the first time and the second time and the third time. Nothing on that list scares me because what could be true is just as true about me, and I have more than enough firsthand proof to know that most of it’s bullshit. You’re not a bad person, Maggie, even if you’re acting like a shit right now.”

“You’re jealous too,” Maggie mumbled, her gaze trained firmly on the cracked cement, refusing to let Alex see the way her eyes shone with unshed tears, to see how affected she was by Alex’s steadfast refusal to believe the worst about her—a privilege even her own parents hadn’t granted to her.
“I have reason to be,” Alex huffed as she turned on her heel and started walking the last couple of blocks to her apartment, the speed of her feet matching her racing thoughts as Maggie struggled to keep up. “You’ve just, you have dated so many women—I swear, it seems like an endless parade of gorgeous women that apparently lined up to get into your pants, not that I really blame them... And now you’ve agreed to date me.”

“Because I want to date you,” Maggie interjected.

“But you didn’t at first. And I know, I know what you said. But it doesn’t change the fact that I’m some baby gay just barely stumbling out of the closet at nearly thirty years old. I have a stressful job that takes me away from you all the time, sometimes during date nights. I never learned how to balance my work and my sister with someone else because it never mattered, so god knows I’ll fuck that up again and again, just like I always seem to fuck things up.”

“Alex.” Maggie’s voice was soft, her hands gentle as she held both of Alex’s, letting her thumbs trace across the backs of Alex’s hands. “I’m not with you because I think you’re going to drop your job down on your priority list or stop wanting to be there for your sister. I’m not with you because I thought somehow waiting a couple of weeks would mean that you’d be some experienced lesbian with no questions about how these things work—god knows I still feel clueless half the time, and I’ve been doing it for the majority of my life at this point. I’m with you because you’re an amazing woman. You kick ass and take names and stand up for the few people lucky enough to have you in their life, and if I can prove myself worthy of being one of those people—that’s just about one of the best things I could do.”

“That’s really sweet,” Alex murmured, feeling as the gentle warmth of affection and love (though she knew it was far too early for it) replaced the anger and frustration and jealousy that had been coursing through her veins since the fight in the club started.

“It’s been known to happen every so often, Danvers.”

“Yeah, yeah. You coming up?”

“Do you want me to?”

Alex didn’t really have to consider the question, but she at least pretended to before nodding.

“Guess I should keep teaching you to keep up with an expert gay like me in bed...practice makes perfect, you know.” Maggie teased, earning herself a hard shove to the shoulder and a glare that couldn’t quite mask the smile playing at Alex’s lips.

“Fuck off, Sawyer.” Alex rolled her eyes as she jammed her key into the lock, shuffling them both inside before her nosy neighbors could come find out anything about the life she’d fought to keep private. Of course, having a sister as friendly as Kara dropping by (and sometimes using the front door) meant that they knew a bit, but she didn’t need them getting any more of the private details.

“That is the idea...”

“Keep up the sassiness and we’re breaking out some sort of gag.”

“Kinky, I like it. Totally leveling up right now into experienced gay territory.”

“Do you ever shut up?”

“Only when you give me something better to do with my mouth,” Maggie taunted, finding Alex’s lips hard on hers within moments—Alex’s hands rough on her hips and her teeth pulling at her lower
lip harder than was strictly necessary. But she couldn’t find it within herself to mind, letting out only a string of increasingly desperate whimpers as Alex’s thigh found its way between her legs.

“Better?” Alex asked, having pulled away for just a moment to catch her breath, her heart already racing and an insistent pulse between her legs dragging her attention further south.

“Mm maybe,” Maggie shrugged, trying to look nonchalant even though she knew the way her hips were still bucking into Alex’s gave her away.

“Well then maybe you put that mouth to better use…” Alex pushed lightly on Maggie’s shoulder, arching an eyebrow to see if she was okay with it.

With a nod and a grin, Maggie readily sunk to her knees pushing on Alex’s hips and guiding her backward until her back hit the door with a resounding thunk. “You good?” Maggie asked, even as Alex’s hips canted forward.

“Yes,” Alex sighed, closing her eyes as Maggie made quick work of her pants, finally bringing her tongue to where she needed it most.

“God, you’re so wet,” Maggie moaned.

“I was being honest when I said that of all the women at the club, you were the one I wanted.”

“And there’s no one I’d rather be here with than you.” But then Maggie busied her lips with other things, letting Alex feel just how much she wanted her in every single way.

As Maggie’s tongue flicked between her folds and dipped inside of her, Alex felt herself getting closer and closer at a dizzying pace. She threaded her hands through Maggie’s hair, pulling a low groan from her as she held her close. With Maggie’s lips wrapped around her clit, Alex let her head drop heavily back against the door, not caring how many of her neighbors would be able to tell exactly what was going on behind closed doors that night as she came with a gasp and a guttural moan, letting her knees buckle slightly, trusting that Maggie was there to catch her and hold her upright.

“I’ve got you,” Maggie whispered, pressing a series of wet kisses across Alex’s inner thighs as she held her steady. “Always.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m still filling prompts a bit (not really accepting them at the moment, though), but I’ve got a huge deadline coming up at the end of this month, so I’m prioritizing that over fic writing for the next few weeks. There won’t be too many updates until then (though I will definitely be back with something new and maybe a little longer for Halloween). Thanks in advance for understanding!

Nerd Notes:

Richard Barnfield (1574-1620) isn’t the best Elizabethan poet by a long stretch, but he’s been remembered for his poems, which are some of the most overtly homoerotic works of the time period (and, in fact, often didn’t make it through the censors for exactly that
reason). He was a close friend of Shakespeare, and some scholars have suggested that he might be the other rival male poet in Shakespeare’s sonnet sequence. Other than Shakespeare, he’s the only male poet to address love poems to a man (and without the guise of the female voice to disguise his affections). Enjoy two of his sonnets below.

Sonnet 16
Long have I long’d to see my love againe,
Still have I wisht, but never could obtaine it;
Rather than all the world (if I might gaine it)
Would I desire my love’s sweet precious gaine.
Yet in my soule I see him everie day,
See him, and see his still sterne countenaunce,
But (ah) what is of long continuance,
Where majestie and beautie beares the sway?
Sometimes, when I imagine that I see him,
(As love is full of foolish fantasies)
Weening to kisse his lips, as my love’s fees,
I feele but aire: nothing but aire to bee him.
Thus with Ixion, kisse I clouds in vaine:
Thus with Ixion, feele I endles paine.

Sonnet 17
Cherry-lipt Adonis in his snowie shape,
Might not compare with his pure ivorie white,
On whose faire front a poet’s pen may write,
Whose roseate red excels the crimson grape,
His love-enticing delicate soft limbs,
Are rarely fram’d t’intrap poore gazine eies:
His cheeks, the lillie and carnation dies,
With lovely tincture which Apollo’s dims.
His lips ripe strawberries in nectar wet,
His mouth a Hive, his tongue a hony-combe,
Where Muses (like bees) make their mansion.
His teeth pure pearle in blushing correll set.
Oh how can such a body sinne-procuring,
Be slow to love, and quicke to hate, enduring?
Craigslist Girlfriend - Sanvers Crack...I don't even know what to say about this

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ok I know you're busy but please please please write whatever pairing you want for the post of the person who is advertising their services as being a terrible date to your family Thanksgiving dinner. No rush. Whenever you want. IF you want. Your life things absolutely come first
-Refers to this post:
https://sapphicscholarwrites.tumblr.com/post/166538070925/janewithawhy-imagine-your-otp (text is there, but I changed to better match the situation/add in a joke or two)

A/N: This is set before the sort of reconciliation we get between Eliza and Alex (for reasons, even though other things have already happened that canonically take place post-reconciliation and really the timeline is all sorts of fucked but I'm beyond sleep-deprived), and since I’m writing from Alex’s POV, their relationship will sound pretty shitty, though it’s not the focus here. Also, this is pure crack--probably fairly terrible crack. In case anyone worried it would be serious....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Knitting her eyebrows together in confusion, Alex reread at the vague subject line in her inbox: “Saw this, thought of you.” Knowing it was from Lucy already had her on high alert—the last time she’d unthinkingly opened a link from one of her emails at work, she’d ended up with the video for “Dick in a Box” playing at full volume to the surprise (and amusement) of her DEO recruits. But, since she was at home and more than a little curious, she clicked on the link, finding herself on a Craigslist ad that read:

“It’s Thanksgiving. Want to skip that long, insulting conversation about how you’re still single? About how your parents really want more grand children? Well, look no further!

I am a 29 year old ex-con (long story, don’t worry, I’m plenty friendly!) with no family to worry about and a dirty pickup truck one year younger than me painted with some Scissor Sisters album cover artwork (there when I got it, but I like it too much to change it). I can play anywhere between the ages of 25 and 35 depending on hair and makeup. I’m a bartender and work late nights. If you’d like to have me as your strictly platonic date for Thanksgiving, but have me pretend to be in a very long or serious relationship with you, to torment your family, I’m game.

I can do these things, at your request:
• Openly hit on other female guests while you act like you don’t notice
• Start instigative discussions about politics and/or religion (I prefer to play the flaming liberal atheist, but can adapt depending on how promising the dessert selection will be and how much it would piss off your shitty family)
• Propose to you in front of everyone (I’ve got a cheap ring and all)
• Pretend to be really drunk as the evening goes on (sorry, I don’t really drink much anymore, but I used to. A lot. too much in fact… I know the drill)
• Start an actual, physical fight with a family member, either inside or on the front lawn for all the neighbors to see (I require advance warning if I’m not to harm them in any real way or leave marks)

I require no pay but the free meal I will receive as a guest!”

Scowling, Alex switched over to email and sent back: “What the hell, Lane?”

Mere seconds later a reply came back in: “Morning to you too, Alex! You said you didn’t want to deal with your mom and your sister’s shitty boyfriend alone again so… voila! A solution—and it’s free.”

“I’m not going to hire an escort service,” Alex shot back.

“She says ‘strictly platonic,’ so it’s really not an escort service. And you’re not paying her, just feeding her. C’mon, think of all the joy those stories could bring to me, your dear friend, your oldest friend.”

“You arrested me for treason.”

“Hey look! Something you two have in common. You could totally bond about being ex-cons together.”

“Fuck off.”

“Do it!”

“No.”

Alex was ready to leave the conversation at that, but when she made it into the DEO, she found Lucy, a wide grin on her face and an extra coffee in her hand waiting for her in her lab. “So, I know you think it’s a bad idea, but here’s why you should do it.” She paused, waiting for Alex’s objections. When the woman just arched an eyebrow and glared, she kept going. “First of all, Eliza always wants to know why you don’t bring anyone home. You get the speech about how you went through all that effort to come out, and now you’re still single, Alexandra. Why? Second, Vas’s parents had to cancel last minute, so we’re gonna come crash the Danvers Thanksgiving extravaganza and would love to have some front row seats to this. Third, you know you’ve wanted to punch Mike since the moment he and Kara got together, and now someone is willing to do it for free. Do you understand how few things in life are genuinely free?”

“It won’t be free because you know the consequences will haunt me forever.”

“Danvers. Have I ever asked you for anything in my life?”

“So many things.”

“Hmm, I don’t recall those things. So you should say yes to this one.”

“Why are you so adamant?”

“No reason,” Lucy shrugged, a smirk playing at her lips as she feigned nonchalance, examining her perfectly manicured nails.

“Lucy,” Alex growled. “What did you do?”

“Nothing… I just, well, maybe I emailed her.”
“To say hello?”

“Yep, just emailed her to say hey.” A beat. “She can’t wait to meet you on Thursday!”

“Lucy!” Alex yelled, taking off after Lucy who had high-tailed it out of the lab. “Get your ass back in here!”

“Agent Danvers, is there a problem?” J’onn asked when Alex nearly collided with him.

“No, sir, nothing at all. I just have a few…follow up questions for Lucy.”

“It will have to wait. Supergirl just called in for backup on a situation developing downtown.”

With a nod, Alex resigned herself to waiting to exact her revenge on Lucy and cancel on whatever ex-con she’d found her for Thanksgiving. Of course, she reasoned, it might be amusing to see how her mother would react… Sure, she might not be able to compete with Kara, who could seemingly do no wrong, but surely she could be better than this internet chick. And bringing her would most definitely piss off her mother…

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With a tumbler of top-shelf whiskey in front of her (courtesy of Lucy), Alex tilted her head to the side. “You’ll be there if anything goes horribly wrong?”

“I think you, Agent Badass, can more than handle it.” Lucy grinned at Alex over the rim of her own glass, far too excited about the prospect of her actually taking this mystery Craigslist woman to Thanksgiving dinner.

“Ah, but you forget I don’t really do family holidays sober. Still have a mean right hook, but it’d be nice to have backup.”

“Fine, yes, Vas and I will be there for you the whole day.”

“And you’ll take the blame if it goes horrifically wrong?”

“What? That wasn’t part of the agreement.”

“It is if you want me to actually agree this time.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Lucy finally nodded. “Alright, Danvers, you’ve got yourself a deal.”

“Fine,” Alex sighed, resigning herself to her fate. If nothing else, it would at least provide her with stories for years to come (and, if she were lucky, maybe even get her disinvited from future family holidays).

“Perfect, she’ll pick you up at 3.”

“Wait, you gave her my address?”

“Love ya too, Alex!” Lucy yelled, grabbing for her coat and making for the entrance before Alex could change her mind yet again.

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2:50pm on Thanksgiving found Alex pacing back and forth in the lobby of her building. She hadn’t even wanted this woman—Maggie, apparently—to know where she lived, but since Lucy had
already given up that information she was at least going to keep her from getting all the way up to her apartment. A ping from her phone finally drew her attention away from the door.

“Almost here. Is family there? Should I be a real dick and honk from the street?”

Smiling in spite of herself, Alex sent back: “No, just me. I'll come outside.” Her smile soon vanished and her jaw dropped when she caught sight of Maggie’s truck rolling down her street. True to her word (though Alex might have conveniently forgotten that detail), it was emblazoned with a pair of women’s legs that morphed into scissors, a beam of light refracting through it and splitting off into a rainbow Pink Floyd-style.

“Your chariot awaits, m’lady!” the woman yelled after cranking down her windows, a smirk adorning her face that brought out dimples Alex might have fallen for if she didn’t know they belonged to some weirdo who would advertise her services on Craigslist.

With a nod and grunt of acknowledgment, Alex pulled herself up into the truck, rolling the window back up before turning to face her “girlfriend” for the day.

“So...you always this quiet?” Maggie asked, peeking over at Alex as they crawled their way through holiday traffic.

“No.”

“Cool, cool.” Eventually, tired of the quiet, Maggie spoke up again. “Anything you want me to do or not do today? Who all will be there?”

“Mom—Eliza. My sister Kara—technically foster sister, though she’s obviously the favorite child. Her jackass boyfriend, Mike, and her best friend Winn. I don’t think James is coming this year. Then Lucy and her girlfriend Vasquez.”

“Ah, yes, Lucy’s the one who wrote to me for you!”

“Mm, the very one.” Alex grumbled, crossing her arms over her chest and scowling at the traffic as though the sheer force of her glare could make it move faster.

“If you don’t mind my asking, why did you do this? You seem kinda...miserable about the whole ordeal.”

“Lucy.”

“If you’re really not up for it, I can just drop you off and head back home. I mean, okay, yeah, I don’t get my Thanksgiving meal, but I’m not gonna force my delightful company on you.”

“Thanks.” Maggie couldn’t help but notice it was the first time Alex had sounded sincere, and she almost seemed to relax—not quite, but a little. “I’m okay though.”

“Alright, well, you’ve got until the front door to make that decision.”

“No, no. You were promised a Thanksgiving meal, and you’ll get one.” She’d even warned Kara to cook the turkey beforehand lest she accidentally out herself as an alien to yet another person.

“Well, I appreciate it.”

“Yeah,” Alex dismissed the thanks with a shrug and a wave of her hand.

“So, what’s our deal for the day?”
“Oh, um, maybe we’ve been dating for a couple of months—wasn’t super serious at first and didn’t want to say anything just yet?”

“Oh, that works. So no proposal?”

“Absolutely not.”

“Roger that. Now, do you want me to be a total d-bag? Hit on your sister?”

“No! No, there’s no need to remind mom just how much better Kara is than me at everything, including, apparently, attracting my fake girlfriend’s attention.”

Maggie cocked her head to the side, wondering how in the world the gorgeous woman sitting next to her thought she would ever fail to hold someone’s attention. Sure, she could be a little bit of an ass, according to Lucy, but who wasn’t?

“Okay, so, eyes on you and only you. Want me to talk politics? Religion? My former conviction? My lack of career mobility?”

“I don’t know,” Alex sighed, rubbing at her temples and trying to remember why she had agreed to this. Perhaps she thought this woman might deflect attention away from her—be so unsuccessful that Alex’s failure to become a proper medical doctor might be overlooked for a change, be so unappealing as a date that her mom would stop pushing her into relationships, figuring singledom was better than the lowlifes Alex picked up. But this woman was…not quite what she had expected. Sure, she was loud and a little brash—and her pickup truck took both of those to the extreme—but she also seemed fairly considerate, and she was cuter than Alex had expected all dressed up in her holigay best plaid.

“How about we play it by ear? I’m very good at reading people, I’ll have you know.”

“Is that so?”

“Mhm. For instance you are feeling very stressed and wondering why you got into my truck and why you’re bringing some internet stranger to Thanksgiving dinner. I’d put money on the fact that you’re already thinking about how much you’ll regret it and planning ways to exact some revenge on Lucy.”

Alex just pursed her lips, unwilling to admit that it was all rather true.

Grinning at Alex’s silence, which she took as confirmation, Maggie pushed her luck. “Now you’re wondering, ‘However did she get so good at reading people?’ And how is such a gorgeous woman still single, without a line of women to go home with for the holidays.”

“Oh fuck off.”

“She speaks!” Maggie crowed, cackling at the scowl directed her way. “C’mon the whole point of this stunt is to have some fun. Family holidays suck more than just about anything. And this is my irreverent way of saying fuck you to the whole ordeal. Everyone knows the holidays are all about pushing your dirty laundry and your box of vibrators deep into the closet and pretending like you don’t hate each other and everything your conservative uncles stand for while you eat until you can’t taste the bitterness of regret for your life choices anymore, right?”

“That got really bleak, really fast.”

“It’s dark humor, get used to it.”
“Remind me where the joke is.”

“Because you’ll know that everything about today is fake. Having the fake girlfriend there just helps remind you that everyone else’s perfection is a big goddam charade too.”

Alex made a vague noise, still unsure about how she felt about all of this. Rather than contemplate any longer, she turned to Maggie. “So, tell me something about you.”

“Not like I know that much about you.”

“I’m a scientist; that’s all you need to know.” It wasn’t totally true, but it would be fine.

“I doubt it.”

“I like whiskey. And dogs, not that I have time for one. I’m a scientist, not the doctor my mother hoped for. Better?”

“A little. I prefer scotch myself on the rare occasion I splurge. Dogs are clearly superior to cats, so we’re in agreement there for our future dog, ya know, even though it’s only been a couple of months. And I hate doctors, so it’s better this way.”

“All doctors?”

“Doctors, dentists, orthodontists—all the sadists, ya know.”

“Mm, right, right.”

“Yep. So, according to Lucy’s directions, we’re getting close. Any last minute instructions or questions?”

“Uh…no?”

“You don’t sound so certain.”

“Sorry, I just, I hate family things. I know in theory that she loves me, but I just—god, I can’t do another one.”

“Want me to take you home? You can blame me—tell her I let my car insurance expire or something and we got pulled over. Or I got sent to prison again.”

“That’s sweet,” Alex said, “but no, I need to go.”

“Well, at least this year you have an ex-con on your arm.”

“Speak of which…what did you do?”

“Honest answer or the fun answer?”

“Why aren’t they the same?”

“Because it’s more fun for me if I let you think I killed a man and gave all of his money to charitable causes like a veritable 21st century Robin Hood.”

“So you didn’t kill a man?”

“Tragically, no.”
“You gonna tell me what you did?”

“Protesting mainly. So disturbing the peace, disorderly conduct, that kind of shit. Not like I’ve got any felonies on the record. But I can if you want to freak out your mom. Or your sister’s boyfriend.”

“Well, if you don’t mind risking another arrest, by all means, please feel free to punch him in the face.”

“That bad?”

“Worse.”

“Yikes.”

Alex just nodded, wrapping her head around the slightly different image of Maggie that was emerging as she learned more and more about the woman. Of course, nothing excused the fact that she was in a tacky pickup truck—not even the dimples and the charm and the deep misanthropy that rivaled her own.

“We’re here,” Alex murmured, taking a deep breath and steeling herself for the inevitable shitshow.

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“Alex!” Kara squealed, pulling her sister into a big hug like she hadn’t seen her just yesterday.

“Hey, Kara,” Alex laughed, squeezing her once before pulling back. “Maggie, this is my sister Kara. Kara, this is my girlfriend Maggie.”

The theatrical wink Kara shot in her direction had Alex ready to drop her head into her hands, but as her mom strolled across the room she realized it was too late to back out now.

“Did you say girlfriend, Alexandra? Why haven’t I heard anything?”

“Mom, this is Maggie. Maggie, this is my mom, Eliza Danvers.”

“Very nice to meet you——”

“Eliza is fine,” Eliza interjected, sensing the hesitation. “Alex, is it too much to ask that you call me every once in a while? I shouldn’t have to find out about a partner only because I happened to be in town.”

“I’ll do better,” Alex sighed, setting her coat down as her eyes scanned the apartment, looking for where Kara had hidden the good whiskey.

“Well hello there,” Lucy greeted from the doorway, grinning broadly at the sight of Alex standing next to the mystery Craigslist woman looking beyond uncomfortable under Eliza’s scrutiny.

“Lucy! Vasquez!” Kara yelled, running forward to take the mashed potatoes and rolls from their hands.

“I’m beginning to think the excitement was for the food and not for us,” Lucy pouted.

“Aww, you know I love you both equally.”

Rolling her eyes, Lucy turned her attention to Maggie. “Hey, Maggie, how’s it going?”
“So your friends have not only heard about her but met her too?” Eliza asked pointedly.

“Oh, that’s my fault. I’m not always so great at meeting the parents, so I asked her to hold off on saying something.”

Alex tried not to look surprised at the way Maggie had been so quick to stand up for her, forcing herself to nod along with the sentiment while Eliza eyed her curiously.

“Hey, Lucy,” Maggie waved, hoping to break the tension—or, better yet, ignore it entirely.

“This is Vasquez,” Lucy introduced, kicking the door shut behind them as they finally made their way into the apartment. “She really enjoyed your pickup truck—helps the neighborhood aesthetic so much,” Lucy teased.

Figuring Lucy could deal with Maggie now, Alex made her way into the kitchen to find the wine, already anticipating her mother’s comments about how much “fun” she was having.

“She’s cuter than I expected,” Kara whispered, cutting in with a glass before Alex could abscond with the whole bottle.

Alex let out a noncommittal noise while focusing her attention on pouring herself a generous glass.

“I’m just saying—it’s been a while since you dated anyone…”

“I am not going to pick someone up off of Craigslist,” Alex hissed, shaking her head and finally taking a sip of the wine she’d been eying since they walked in the door. “Much better. Now you can deal with mom and the ‘best pie in the galaxy’ while I go have an intimate moment alone with a glass of red.”

“Why don’t you wait for dinner to start drinking, Alex,” came Eliza’s voice. Alex gritted her teeth as she spun around.

“I was under the impression that dinner would be starting soon.”

“Mike’s just running a little late,” Kara explained, shooting Alex an apologetic glance as she made her way back toward the oven where they were keeping the turkey hot.

“So let’s wait to have your fun until then, hmm?”

“Aww, we always have fun, don’t we, babe,” Maggie chimed in, throwing an arm around Alex’s waist and beaming at her as though she hadn’t just stepped into the first of many tense moments to come between mother and daughter. Then again, Alex realized, she had signed up for exactly that.

“C’mon, why don’t you give me the grand tour?”

“Yeah, okay,” Alex shrugged, letting herself be guided away from the kitchen and into the living room where Winn and Vasquez had set up some multi-player video game and were currently shoving at each other as they competed both in and out of the game.

“Um, this is the living room…” Alex gestured awkwardly around them before guiding Maggie off to the side. “There’s the bathroom. And through here is Kara’s bedroom.”

“It’s a nice room,” Maggie declared loudly, chuckling at Alex’s startled expression. “Gotta make sure everyone knows we’re just doing a tour, not sneaking off to fuck, ya know.”

Alex glared and shushed Maggie. “Why would anyone think that?”
“Um, cause we’re dating. And it’s boring. And there’s a bed right there.”

“And a room full of people right out there!”

“You hired me to piss off your mom or be the asshole that makes you look good. Do you really have room to judge?”

“Ugh, stop reminding me of what a failure I am.”

“Hey, no, I don’t think you’re a failure at all—that’s not what I said. In fact, I bet you’re anything but. You’re pretty, and you’ve gotta be smart and driven to be a scientist. Your sister looks at you like you’re her goddam hero. And you had a friend concerned enough about your well-being to reach out to some stranger on the internet and subject me to a rather thorough vetting before sending me your address.”

“Wait, what?”

“Yeah, Lucy and Vasquez double-teamed me for some interrogation thing. I mean…I won’t lie, it was kinda hot. But also I felt like if I didn’t pass I maybe would’ve disappeared without a trace. I don’t know why, but I feel like they could do that…”

Alex shrugged; she wasn’t wrong. “How’d you get all of that in just a few moments?”

“I’m a bartender. I read people for a living.”

“I guess…”

“So, why don’t you fill in the details I missed?”

“Um, Kara works for CatCo as Cat Grant’s assistant.” Maggie whistled, looking impressed. “My mom’s a scientist as well, Dr. Danvers. So was my dad.”

“Divorce?” Maggie asked.

“Um, no, he died when I was younger.”

“Fuck, Alex, I’m sorry—I didn’t know.”

“It’s fine. Not caring about family is your whole schtick, right?”

“Not caring about my family is my thing. That’s—that’s different.”

“What happened to the whole families suck act from the truck?” Alex teased, trying to move away from the topic of her dad.

“Aha, well, most years I’ve done this, I’ve gone to families as shitty as mine. Sometimes with shitty people as my fake date too, so there’s that.”

“So how do I compare?”

“Significantly less shitty. I mean, your mom’s a little judge-y, but she did pull me aside to ask what my intentions were with you, so she clearly cares.”

“Got a funny way of showing it,” Alex snorted.

“Yeah, but at least she’s showing it at all.”
“What’s the deal with your family?” Alex asked, suddenly curious.

“I don’t have one. Got an aunt I go visit when I can afford it, but otherwise it’s just me.”

“Shit, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. Better off without them.” Seeing the clench to Maggie’s jaw, Alex didn’t push the issue, though she couldn’t help the instinctive anger she felt toward whatever kind of person had left the woman that jaded. She might not get along with her mother, but at the end of the day, at least she knew she was loved, even if it never seemed to come in the way she needed it.

A loud knock on the door pulled their attention away, and Alex sighed loudly as Mike waltzed in, pulling Kara in for a kiss that just seemed inappropriate in front of their friends, but Eliza looked pleased enough to see Kara giggling, so of course now it would be acceptable.

“The boyfriend?” Maggie checked.

“Yep.”

“Should we have put on a show like that?”

“What happened to platonic only?”

“That’s the rule. But I already dislike him enough that I think I could make an exception for a bit of one-ups-manship.”

Alex snickered. “You’re not so bad, you know that?”

“High praise.”

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The group eventually settled into dinner after an awkward round of toasts that included Mike speaking at great length about what an excellent person he’d become knowing Kara, Alex refusing to speak, Kara attempting to keep the peace, and Maggie giving an effusive speech about how perfect Alex was, including the line: “Best yet, not only is she smokin’ hot, but she’s also really fucking smart,” that had Lucy choking on her wine as she let out a bark of a laugh.

“So, Mark, tell me about yourself,” Maggie said, turning to look at him.

“It’s Mike.”

“Right.”

“Um, I work as an intern at CatCo.”

“Hey, look, babe! Maggie called, patting at Alex’s hand. “I’m not the least impressive person at the table anymore! At least I have a salary!”

“I will have a salary,” Mike protested.

“Yeah, yeah, Matt, whatever you say.”

“It’s not Matt.”

“Right, sorry! Mark—I’ve got it now. Locked in my memory—good as a vault. Mark. Mark, Mark,
Mark.” Kara glared. Vasquez bit back a laugh. Lucy snorted into her wine. And Alex slung an arm around the back of Maggie’s chair, thinking this might just be the best idea Lucy ever had. She was definitely enjoying Thanksgiving more than she ever thought was possible.

“So, Mark the intern, tell me more.”

Looking over to Kara for guidance, Mike finally turned back and rolled with it. “Well, I work with Kara.”

“Are you her intern?”

“No, I am not.”

“Gotcha. So is that how you met Kara.”

“Why don’t we talk about you instead,” Kara chimed in, glaring at Alex. She’d been willing to play along but didn’t need to see her boyfriend being attacked all dinner.

“Ah, yes, well, I’m a bartender.”

Kara looked at her expectantly, but Maggie just smiled.

“So how did you two meet?” Mike asked, glad to have the attention off of himself.

“Do you want to tell it or should I, babe?” Maggie asked, looking over at Alex. The panicked glance she got in return was all the answer she needed. “I’ll tell it this time. So, it’s a funny story, right. Cause the first time I see her isn’t quite how we started dating. But I’m driving downtown, and I see this one walking down the sidewalk looking fine as hell in a leather jacket. And I swear, I nearly rear-ended the guy in front of me she had me so love-struck at first sight. But I managed to hit the brakes—couldn’t bear it if something had happened to Gertie—that’s my truck, in case you didn’t get that. She’s a real beauty; you’ll all have to come see her before the night’s over. Anyhow, she probably could’ve survived the crash—really, I could probably hit pretty much anything and you’d never know it. Not that I do,” she added with an exaggerated wink. Alex finished her glass of wine, nearly tipping it completely upside down, while Vasquez dug her nails into Lucy’s thigh to keep her from bursting out in laughter.

“Anyway, I see that she’s going to this coffee shop, so I start popping in just in case—and boom, like an angel, she appears.” But as Maggie got ready to reach the high point of her story—it was gonna be a good one, she could just feel it—a bright flash appeared in the living room, bringing with it a new person, though Alex would bet money he wasn’t human.

Within a moment, the majority of the room had produced guns, batons, and knives from nowhere and stood at the ready, weapons drawn, badges held high, and questions on their lips.

“I come in peace!” the creature yelled, looking beyond intimidated at the less than warm welcome. “But I bring a warning for Kara Zor-El, daughter of Krypton.”

As he turned to look at Kara, Alex swore under her breath, realizing she’d now have to get some random stranger willing to trade fake-dating services for free food on Craigslist to sign extensive nondisclosure agreements. But when she turned she found the woman pointing a gun and holding up a badge of her own.

“NCPD?” Alex hissed, while Kara and Mike moved with the visitor to the living room.

“Well who the hell is gonna let a Craigslist cop crash their Thanksgiving? That sounds like a sting
operation if I’ve ever heard one. Besides, you’re not exactly the scientist you told me you were,”
Maggie added, gesturing at the baton Alex had pulled from somewhere—where she was keeping it
in jeans that skinny, she didn’t even want to guess.

“You’re gonna have some paperwork to fill out,” Alex grumbled.

“How in the fuck—?”

“I’m a detective; I detect.”

“So you’re not just a bartender that’s great at reading people?”

“Nah, that was my gig in college, though, if it makes you feel any better.”

“It does not.”

“Fair enough. Anyway, if I’m gonna have to do paperwork, can I at least bring some of this dessert
to go? I was promised a free meal…”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Halloween with the Superfriends

Chapter Summary

Literally just Halloween fluff to make up for what I’ve heard was a shitshow of an episode (though I won’t see it until tomorrow night, so please no spoilers!) Pairings: Sanvers, Supercorp, Scholsen, and Lucy/Vasquez (don’t know a name for them…) because fuck it, I want all the cute gay pairings

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween! Also, heyyy, I’m back! Thanks for the patience and best wishes!

I’m still pausing on the new prompts because I want to catch up so I don’t have the queue hanging over my head, but asks on Tumblr are open since I’m more than happy to answer questions/brainstorm ideas that may or may not end up in future fic/generally chat about random shit. This one was not prompted, but I liked the idea, so I ran with it for a short fluffy one-shot. I’ll get a Tumblr post up sometime soon with a master list of all of my Halloween fics, one of which may not go up until later this week…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Where’s my gun?” Maggie yelled from the living room.

“You don’t need it tonight!” Alex called back, her voice slightly breathy as she forced her foot into her tall boots.

“Not the real one—the toy one! For my costume!”

“Oh. Uh…I think it’s in the closet.”

“Spent enough time in there to know,” Maggie mumbled, laughing when Alex’s retort came back almost instantly: “I couldn’t hear the specifics, but I’m sure it was rude!”

As Maggie rooted through the closet, she felt a pair of strong arms wrap around her waist as Alex’s breath was suddenly hot against her neck. “Need a hand? I’ve been told I have quite the reach.”

Laughing, Maggie spun in Alex’s arms, her breath catching at the sight of Alex’s red and black spandex suit, the telltale yellow “i” emblazoned on her chest. “Well, hello there, Elastigirl.”

“Eyes back in your head, Sawyer. Tonight we have to be appropriate for the kiddos.”

“Only until 9…”

Smiling even as she shook her head, Alex leaned in and kissed Maggie softly. “C’mon, Jessie, let’s find your cowboy hat and your gun and get your cute little butt down to CatCo.”

“My cute little but would definitely prefer to stay here with you and that spandex suit.”
“Wasn’t this whole thing your idea?”

“With Kara, and I’m totally sure she could handle it on her own…”

“Nope. You two are finally getting along well, and I’m not about to jeopardize that for sex.”

“What if I promise to—”

Alex cut her off with a finger to the lips and a stern shake of the head. She might have more self-control than most, but there was only so much she could resist, and when Maggie took it upon herself to verbalize all the things she wanted to do to Alex—well, all bets were off. “I’ll get your gun and the candy. You find your hat and my mask.”

“Roger that, Elastigirl.”

“Is this going to go on all night?”

“You betcha.”

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One heated makeout that left the car windows fogged and costumes slightly skew later, they finally made their way into CatCo, waving as they caught sight of Kara dashing to and fro in full Supergirl attire as she put the finishing touches on the decorations for their alien-friendly Halloween. When Maggie had mentioned over dinner one night that there was often an uptick in instances of anti-alien attacks on Halloween as too many young off-worlders attempted to go out—gills and tentacles and blue skin on display, assuming it was the one night a year they could be themselves—only to find themselves found out as “real” aliens and subjected to the anti-alien hostilities Cadmus and the like continued to stir up, Kara had been quick to jump into action, intent on finding a safe way for the aliens who, unlike her, didn’t have the privilege of blending in to celebrate the holiday like the other kids their age. After one short meeting with James and Lena and two slightly longer meetings with J’onn and Maggie’s captain about ensuring the support of local law enforcement, Kara was off and running to plan CatCo’s first “All-Inclusive Halloween Extravaganza.”

Kara, Maggie, and M’gann had worked together to find the closest approximation to sweets from all different planets (as well as to mark anything that could be toxic to certain species), to come up with a whole host of games and activities, and to promote the event to local kids. Alex had to admit, she was beyond impressed with the results. The entire first floor of CatCo had been transformed. A string of cubicles were now a row of activity booths, including face painting, bobbing for apples, and painting mini pumpkins, while the entire back section of the floor had become a haunted house run by Winn and Vasquez, who had worked together to rig up animatronic ghouls, sound systems, and motion sensor-activated surprises.

With another half hour until the kids started arriving, Alex carried their candy over to the sweets table where James and Lena were busy sorting and labeling everything—both of them more than a little concerned about potential lawsuits from leaving anything that could be lethal or toxic unlabeled.

“Cute costume,” James commented. “Didn’t want to go the couples route?”

“Nah, she doesn’t quite have the size to pull off a Mr. Incredible costume. And I wasn’t about to dress up as Woody and match her.”

“Buzz Lightyear?” Lena suggested, stifling a laugh at Alex’s unamused expression.

“I prefer a bit of flexibility in my costumes.”
“Ah yes, the DEO catsuit—but now in red!” James teased, earning a glare from Alex.

“You’re talking a big game for a man in spandex himself.”

“You can’t go wrong with the Superman route…”

“Excuse me, I think you could have killed it as Supergirl too,” Lena chimed in, twirling slightly in her skirt, stopping only when she noticed the real Supergirl frozen in place, mouth hanging open. With a wink and a small wave to her girlfriend, Lena turned her attention back to Alex, not missing the protective big sister scowl. “So! The candy.”

Figuring she could be generous for the holiday, Alex indulged the digression and turned her attention back to sorting the sweets.

Across the room, Lucy strolled in with a few of the other DEO agents there to make sure nothing happened to ruin the fun night for the kids.

“What are you, Luce?” Kara asked, assessing the totally unmarked black spandex suit paired with black heels.

Lucy gestured at the furry ears on her headband and rolled her eyes, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world. “I’m a cat. Duh.”

“A very sexy cat,” Vasquez added, wrapping her arms around Lucy and pulling her in for a kiss.

“Don’t get your night of the living dead makeup on me!” Lucy squealed, though her laugh and indulgent smile gave her away.

“C’mon, let your undead zombie bride carry you through the door of the haunted house.”

“I feel like that’s seven years of bad luck…”

“Nah, I won’t break any mirrors.”

Kara chuckled as Vasquez bent at the knees and easily scooped Lucy up into her arms bridal style, whisking her across the room and leaving Kara to direct the DEO agents to different areas of the floor.

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After a few quiet minutes while Kara anxiously paced around, peering out the door in the hopes that someone would arrive, local families slowly began trickling in, the young aliens mingling with the human children of some of National City’s prominent alien rights advocates as their parents gathered at the cider table to chat. Within half an hour, the floor was crowded, and the sound of laughter and squeals from inside the haunted house filled the air, mingling with the Halloween soundtrack Lucy had prepared for the occasion, letting the occasional Rocky Horror song slip in among the kids tunes.

“You proud of the event?” Alex asked, sidling up next to Maggie and handing over a cup of the cider she’d spiked just a bit.

“Yeah, I think it’s going well,” Maggie offered with a small shrug of her shoulders.

“Ugh, why is it that you’re only a cocky shit at home.”

“Cause you love it when I’m a cocky shit in the bedroom,” Maggie teased.
Blushing slightly, Alex swatted at Maggie’s upper arm. “Just take credit for the damn event, Sawyer. It’s a huge success.”

“Yeah? Yeah, it kind of is.”

“Definitely is.”

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Across the room, James made his way over to the haunted house, having left the treat table in Kara and Lena’s very capable hands, hoping they wouldn’t distract one another too much. “How’s my little master of ceremonies doing?” James asked, draping an arm across Winn’s shoulders.

“Master of horror, master of gore—c’mon, let me have a cool title.”

“Is Man in the Van not cool enough for you?” James teased. Seeing the small pout on Winn’s face, he pulled out the caramel apple he’d brought over. “Make it better?”

“A little.”

“What if I offered to go through the haunted house with you?”

“It’s not fun when we both know what’s going to happen,” Winn reasoned, though he’d been dying to take James out to the truly creepy warehouse-turned-haunted house in downtown National City since it opened.

“What if I told you that I asked Vasquez to rig up a few horrors that you don’t know about?”

“Well, then, I might just say you’re the best boyfriend ever.”

“Only a might?”

“Let’s see how it goes first,” Winn stipulated, though the poorly concealed grin gave him away, and he excitedly grabbed James hand and dragged him over to the entrance as soon as Vasquez was all set up.

By the time they made it out, Winn was in James’ arms and even James looked like he had seen a ghost. “What the hell, Vasquez? I thought we had a deal!”

“The deal was to scare the crap out of Winn. I did that, didn’t I?” Vasquez gestured at the way Winn had wrapped himself around James like a koala bear.

“But I didn’t tell you to scare me too!”

“Who says it was intentional?” Vasquez asked, trying and failing to look innocent.

“Lucy told you, didn’t she?”

“Told her what?” Lucy asked, popping into the conversation.

“About how he’s super scared of mice,” Vasquez announced, drawing a loud laugh from Lucy who nodded gleefully.

“So how’d you get Winn that scared? I thought he was supposed to be all master of horror tonight.”

“Oh, Winn here is terrified of the Joker…just threw in that signature laugh and a few choice
"holograms and boom—instant koala bear."

“It’s a perfectly legitimate fear,” Winn pouted as he let himself be lowered to the ground.

“Sure it is.”

“Whatever.”

“Anyway, I’ve gotta head back over to the music, but I’m about to give a little dance lesson to the grown ups on how to do the Time Warp so I suggest you close your haunted house for the night.” With a small mock salute, Lucy turned and strutted back over to the makeshift dance floor.

“I’m not gonna miss watching you pelvic thrust, babe,” Vasquez called after Lucy, hopping out of the control seat to follow her across the room.

“Sure you already get plenty of that at home…” Winn trailed off, smiling impishly at Vasquez, who had rounded on him.

“You know Danvers isn’t the only one who knows six very painful ways to kill you with her index finger, right, Schott?”

“Psh, you’ll never be as scary as the Joker! Good try!”

“I can project the Joker hologram into your bedroom when you least expect it,” Vasquez threatened.

“Shutting up now.”

“Good idea.”

From across the room, they heard Lucy announce over the microphone: “It’s time for the Time Warp, and if I don’t see Superman, Captain Kirk, Jessie, Elastigirl, Supergirl 1, Supergirl 2, and Zombie Bride out on the dance floor, they’re gonna be joining me on stage to teach you all the dance!”

Within moments, the entire Superfriends crew had materialized on the dance floor, leaving M’gann and J’onn, who had arrived late after a quick patrol as Supergirl, to play the responsible adults at the snack table. As the opening chords rang out through the speakers, Alex felt Maggie’s hand squeezing her own.

“What’s that for?”

“I love you. I love this. I love our weird little family, you know?”

“Yeah, I love you too.”

“I can see you two lovebirds not stepping to the left!” Lucy yelled, her gaze trained on Alex and Maggie. “Would you like to come up here and help me demonstrate the moves?”

With a laugh and a middle finger that Maggie hastily knocked down before any of the kids could see, Alex let herself be pulled into the routine.

Chapter End Notes
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Chapter Summary

Anon: Hey, can you write a fic where Eliza Wilkie realizes years later that she's gay and she tracks Maggie down to apologize cause she finally realizes just how much she hurt her and her life?

Chapter Notes

A/N: Slightly nsfw at the beginning, then angst, CW for mentions of past homophobia and internalized homophobia
Also, some of this is written from Eliza’s point of view. I know she doesn’t always get the most sympathetic portrayal in fanfic, but I think hers (at least as it’s prompted here) is also a story worth telling. I think—and maybe I’m projecting—a lot of us have been Eliza, even if the consequences of our actions haven’t been nearly so dire. And maybe it’s just me who sent apology letters like this that were far too many years overdue, but I suspect that there’s something here that just might resonate for others too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maggie squinted down at her screen, pulling up the same notification that had been blinking up at her all day, constantly drawing her attention back to her phone, to her computer, to the memory of it. She’d gotten very little work done, pulled into focus only for a car chase that was over much too soon.

“Whatcha looking at?” Alex asked, leaning over and wrapping her arms around Maggie from behind. She kissed her cheek and brought her hands up to Maggie’s shoulders. “You feel tense.”

“I’m sure you could help with that,” Maggie flirted, closing her laptop and standing up from the desk. “Why don’t we head into the bedroom and find some way to relax together…”

“Mm, you know I’ll still want to know what happened today to make you this stressed, right?” Alex murmured, even as she dropped her lips to Maggie’s neck, kissing and sucking at the sensitive skin there. She smiled as she felt Maggie shudder, felt her breath catch as she let out a small gasp when Alex’s teeth found her pulse point.

“But bed now?” Maggie managed, unwilling to deal with this conversation at the moment and very much in need of a distraction to drive it from her thoughts.

“I suppose…” Alex trailed off, a teasing smile playing at her lips. With a bend of her knees and a swift movement, Alex scooped Maggie up into her arms and carried her over to the bedroom. Maggie’s squeak of surprise quickly morphed into a needy whimper as Alex slid a warm hand up the back of Maggie’s shirt and flexed her abs, urging Maggie to grind against her. Rather than taking Maggie straight to the bed, Alex turned and brought them over to the wall, pushing Maggie up against it and groaning as Maggie hooked her legs around Alex’s waist, drawing her closer as she claimed her lips in a searing kiss that left them both gasping for air.
Feeling Maggie shifting in her arms, desperately trying to find friction, and hearing the steady stream of needy whimpers just barely stifled when she dragged her teeth across Maggie’s lower lip, Alex pulled back. Before she could ask what Maggie wanted, the other woman was gasping out an order: “Bed. Now.”

With a look of pure want, Alex pivoted and crossed the room in two long strides, tossing Maggie down into the pillows and quickly joining her, bracketing her with arms as she leaned over and flicked her tongue across Maggie’s lower lip, begging for entrance.

Eventually Alex grew impatient and tugged at Maggie’s jeans. “Off?”

Maggie nodded, helping to expedite the process by shimmying them over her hips and down her legs, biting her lip as Alex cast a hungry gaze down at her. Alex hooked her fingers beneath the waistband of Maggie’s boyshorts and slipped them off and down her legs. She dropped to her stomach and trailed teasing kisses and gentle bites up and down Maggie’s inner thighs until Maggie’s fingers tangled in her hair and urged her toward her dripping center.

Deciding there had already been enough teasing, Alex dipped her head down and flicked her tongue between Maggie’s folds, groaning at just how wet she already was. “You taste so good,” she murmured.

Maggie’s grip tightened in Alex’s hair at her words. It had taken a while to get Alex comfortable with really speaking up in bed, but god, when she did…

Maggie let her head drop to the pillow and her eyes flutter closed as Alex worked her up, pushing her higher and higher—but with her eyes closed, all she could picture was the blinking red notifications, the reminders of a past that apparently refused to stay in the past. Shaking her head, she tried to focus in on the moment, to be here with Alex, her very sexy girlfriend who was doing amazing things with her tongue that were apparently not going to have any effect until she dealt with her stress. With a loud sigh, Maggie dragged herself up onto her elbows. “Why do you think Eliza Wilkie sent me a message request on Facebook?”

Alex pulled back, her mouth sticky and an eyebrow arched. “I’m going to assume sex is over?”

“Sorry! I just…I don’t think anything is going to work until I know.”

Alex nodded, slipping out from between Maggie's legs and moving to join Maggie at the head of the bed. “Well…did you open the message?”

Maggie shook her head.

“Do you think maybe you should try accepting it to see?”

“Just—I mean, why? Why, after more than 15 years does she suddenly care?”

“Do you really think she didn’t care all those years?” Alex asked, pulling herself up the bed to settle in next to Maggie.

“She’s the reason—the reason for, you know,” Maggie trailed off, finally giving up with a shrug of her shoulders. She had never been one to dwell on all the ways that things could have turned out differently—it wouldn’t change anything; it could only ever upset her—but Eliza’s message had sent her spiraling back into her own past, to all those what ifs she’d tried to suppress for so long now.

“But does she know? Did she know? I’m not defending her—god knows I’d love a chance to go back to Blue Springs and ruin the lives of everyone who made yours a living hell. But I can’t help
but think…I don’t know, what would it mean if I reached out to Vicky after all these years? It’s not the same! Not at all. We hurt each other, but not in that same, immediate kind of way. But I just, I guess that I’d hope that even after all these years, she’d at least listen to what I had to say, even if she didn’t want to forgive me or try to go back to what we had or anything like that.”

“I—I want to know. I want—I don’t know exactly what I want. I want her to be sorry. I want her to realize that even if she didn’t mean for my parents to find out, for the whole fucking town to find out, that’s what happened. And I had to go through it all alone. She didn’t have to say yes; she didn’t have to like me back; but it would’ve been nice if she—if she didn’t just leave me,” Maggie finished, her voice cracking as she rubbed roughly at her eyes.

“Oh, Maggie, I know,” Alex whispered, wrapping her arms around Maggie and holding her close. “And you don’t have to open her message. You don’t have to respond. But I think, well, if tonight was any indication, I think you need to figure out what you want to do about it, even if it means deleting it.”

“You mean you don’t want to talk about it during sex again?” Maggie joked, trying for lighthearted.

“You know, it wasn’t my favorite form of dirty talk.”

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An almost full carton of vegan ice cream and a glass of wine later, Maggie sat in bed with her laptop, Facebook open, mouse hovering above the message icon. She knew Alex was right; she wouldn’t rest until she’d made up her mind about what she was going to do with Eliza’s message. And deep down she knew that if she deleted it, she’d always wonder, always want to know if maybe something had changed over the years, if maybe some part of her felt guilty for the way she’d treated Maggie, the girl who was supposed to be her best friend, all those years ago.

With one swift motion, Maggie clicked and squeezed her eyes shut, finally forcing them to open as she let out a shuddering exhale.

Hey Mags (or maybe it should be Maggie? I probably don’t deserve to call you Mags anymore…),

This message is so, so many years overdue. I didn’t—I tried. I started this message a lot. I tried it as a letter a few times, but I didn’t know where to send it. So I thought about Facebook. Sorry, these sound like excuses. There aren’t any excuses. None that make up for what happened, for how I let you disappear from my life without putting up a fight. I guess I should start with the two words I’ve wanted to say to you for the past 15 or so years: I’m sorry. They don’t erase anything that happened, I know; but I just…they’re true.

I don’t know that you want to relive any of what happened, so maybe skip this part…I don’t know. If you don’t want to read it, maybe just skip to the bottom?

I got your card, and it was sweet, but I was scared. I didn’t know how to feel about it, and at 14 everything that you don’t understand just feels like the biggest deal, like…like everything could come crashing down around you at any point in time. And so I did what I always did—I went to my big sister. She was cool, you know, at least that’s what I thought. She was 18 and knew about things like boys and makeup and didn’t rat us out that time she found us with dad’s cigarettes. And I figured if anyone would know
about these things, it was her.

But I guess...well, she wasn’t okay or cool or chill when it came to gay people, and she took the card straight to my parents—never told me what she was doing. And then they called your parents and came down to the basement and told me I was never seeing you again. And they were, god, I just—I can’t imagine what it must have been like for you. Because my dad thought I was perfectly innocent and even then I got yelled at for hours, sent to a priest and taken to extra services down at St. Mary’s. And you—well, you disappeared.

Eventually word spread about what had happened. Part of me didn’t believe it. I knew that our parents were angry, but I never really thought—well, I never thought it would be like that. I thought they’d get over it. That you’d show up to school a week or two later like that time you were gone for almost a week after your dad caught you sneaking out of the garage with his whiskey. So I didn’t try to call. And then weeks stretched into months, and still you weren’t there. But at that point...well, I’m ashamed to admit it, but I’d forced myself to get over it. I heard what everyone was saying about you—the kids, the parents. The few people that tried to say you were just a kid and didn’t know better—god, the town was ready to tar and feather them too. And I didn’t think I was strong enough. You’d been forced to be strong enough, but you were always the brave one out of the two of us. I just...I sat back and acted like you hadn’t been my best friend, like I hadn’t loved you more than anyone else in that bumblefuck town.

My dad threw out all of our pictures and stuff, but I kept that bucket list we made in the back of my copybook huddled together during Mrs. Sanders’ English class. It had all the places we wanted to go—the things we wanted to see. I saw on Facebook that you got out and ended up in California. It always was the first place on your half of the list. Did you drive there and eat Red Vines and blast Destiny’s Child the whole way there like you’d planned? I hope you did. You deserve it—you deserve to accomplish every dream that seemed like a lifetime away on that list.

Anyway, I’m going to be in California just half an hour or so away from National City for a conference this week, and I thought—I don’t know, it’s probably stupid. But I’d like to see you, Mags. I don’t have a right to ask or to think that you might say yes, but it’d be really nice to apologize in person, to see the amazing woman you grew up to become even if...even though I wasn’t the best friend you thought I could be for you.

I’m on Facebook or you can call me at 402-767-1349. I hope you’re doing well, Maggie.

Eliza

Alex found Maggie in the bedroom tears streaking down her cheeks as she read and reread the message. “Do you need anything?”

Sniffling, Maggie shook her head, looking up at Alex through watery eyes. “No, no, you’re good.” With a shaky breath, Maggie shut her laptop and gently placed it on the bedside table. “If it’s okay with you, I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Of course. Anything you need.”

Maggie nodded and held up the covers for Alex to join her, dropping her head to Alex’s shoulder as
she curled into her side, letting herself be held and comforted like she could have used all those years ago.

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Eliza tapped her foot nervously against the bricks, pressing her back into the wrought iron chair and letting the cool firmness, the slight twinge of discomfort, ground her. She checked her phone again, checking that it was still early, that she hadn’t gotten any messages. It was still just the single one: “Coffee. 3pm on Saturday at Noonan’s?” She’d quickly agreed, but the only confirmation she got in return was the small checkmark indicating her message had been read. She wondered if Maggie would show up. She certainly wouldn’t blame her if she didn’t. She hadn’t really expected a response. All the times she’d ever drafted something before, she’d deleted them, too scared of the indictment she deserved, too nervous that somehow she’d end up fucking up Maggie’s life yet again.

As she looked down at her phone once again, she saw a pair of boots step in front of her, followed by the sound of a throat being cleared. She snapped her head up, finding Maggie Sawyer—her best friend, if a little taller and with a much better fashion sense—standing in front of her. “Maggie! Um, hey.”

“Hey,” Maggie greeted with a small wave, stepping back awkwardly as Eliza rose to her feet.

“I, um, I got you coffee—or well, I got you your usual. I don’t know if it’s your usual anymore. I just, um, I know it used to be your favorite. But I guess, I mean, people change. I don’t know. Here,” she finally said, thrusting the cup to Maggie.

Maggie glanced down at the sleeve, finding the markings for a vanilla soy chai tea latte. “Thanks.”

“Is it, um, is it okay? I can get you something else?”

“It’s good.” She sipped at it as if to demonstrate that she was okay with it.

“Okay, cool,” Eliza nodded, drumming her fingers against the side of her leg before grabbing the other cup on the table and busying herself with picking at the sleeve.

“Do you want to walk?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, sure.”

Eliza followed as Maggie led them down a few blocks until they got to a park with a small path that wound around the perimeter. As they fell into step with one another—Eliza tried not to dwell on how they used to spend days down by the track trying to match each other perfectly or be the exact opposite; it was how they always won the three-legged races—Eliza spoke up. “I guess, well, maybe not, but, um, you saw my Facebook message?”

“I did,” Maggie confirmed, her gaze trained straight ahead.

“Right, well, I just wanted to say—I wanted to say how sorry I am. I didn’t mean for any of it to happen, but I know, I know it’s my fault. We were best friends; I should have asked you.”

“You said it yourself; you were confused.” Maggie shrugged her shoulders, biting at her lip as she tried to look nonchalant.

“Yeah—I was. But I never meant—I didn’t mean for it to end up like that. But that’s not an excuse.” When Maggie didn’t say anything, Eliza forced herself to keep talking. “I should have tried harder to find you after.”
“Would’ve been pretty hard to find me—wasn’t exactly down the street anymore.”

Eliza winced. “I know, I know. I biked past your house a few times—after, you know. Your light was never on.”

Maggie nodded, gritting her teeth as she tried not to let her emotions get the best of her.

“I’m so sorry you had to go through that alone, Maggie. I’m so sorry I wasn’t the friend you needed, the friend you thought you had.”

“Thank you,” Maggie finally managed.

With those two words, Eliza let herself break just a little. And when Maggie pulled up short, pulling her into a hug that was certainly nothing like the bone-crushing ones they’d once shared but was more than she’d ever imagined she would have again, she felt a sob heave its way through her chest, and when she felt warm, wet drops on her shoulder, felt the shudder that racked Maggie’s small frame, she pulled her closer, willing the embrace to somehow make up for years of lost time.

“Oh your left!” came the cry of an older woman on a bright blue bicycle—her basket filled with groceries and a small bouquet of wildflowers.

With a watery chuckle, Maggie motioned to the bench a few feet up the path. “Maybe we should sit?”

Once they had settled in on the bench, Eliza began, “So,” just as Maggie asked, “Why—?”

“Sorry, you go,” Eliza gestured.

“I was just going to ask how the conference was going.”

“Oh, um, yeah…it’s okay,” Eliza answered with a small chuckle. “It’s not the most fun I’ve ever had in my life, but it’s a beautiful state.”

“Yeah, I won’t complain.”

“Have you been here long?”

“No, I was in Gotham for a while until I made it out here about two years ago.”

“Following the superheroes?” Eliza teased, hoping it was okay to do so.

“Something like that.”

“Have you met the Girl of Steel?”

Maggie laughed, thinking of how Kara had spent the night at their apartment, lounging around in a novelty Supergirl snuggie Winn had gotten her for the DEO’s holiday Pollyanna while shoving inhuman amounts of pizza into her mouth. “I have—work and all.”

“That’s so cool,” Eliza gushed. “Now, I know that meeting Superman was on your bucket list, but does this count?”

“How do you have such a good memory of that list?” Maggie asked. Sure, she remembered a fair amount about freshman year of high school, but she thought she had a pretty good reason for it.

Eliza blushed a faint pink as she reached into her bag and dug out her wallet. Maggie looked on
quizzically as she dug through and pulled out a graying, square. Eliza deftly unfolded it, carefully smoothing out the creases as she handed it over.

“You kept this? After all those years?”

“I’d been a shitty enough friend to abandon you once. I couldn’t do it twice.” Eliza chewed on the inside of her cheek as she looked for a reaction, wondering if she’d gone too far. But then Maggie’s gaze dropped back to the paper as she skimmed the list, her mouth finally breaking into a smile that lit up her features.

“So, did you ever get to see Britney Spears in concert?” Maggie asked, barely covering the laugh in her voice.

“Tragically I did not.”

“Shame…I did make my roadtrip to California, so I’m winning 1-0 now.”

“But the important part is obviously the snack list. Did you get your Red Vines?”

Yep, and a whole tub of Oreos—all the surprisingly vegan snack staples.” She shook her head as she made her way further down the list. “Now, did you ever make it out to Broadway?”

“That I did, thank you very much.”

“Important follow up: did you act on Broadway?”

“That dream was abandoned. Alas, I ended up a mere high school teacher, though I supervise the drama club, so it’s basically the same thing.”

“Basically.”

Eliza let out a snort of amusement. “Now what about you? Did you play professional women’s soccer?”

“I slept with a professional women’s soccer forward. Does that count?”

“I mean, this list was all about our biggest dreams. I can only imagine that idea might have been a recurrent dream…or at least a fantasy,” Eliza teased, watching as the last layer of defensiveness in Maggie’s posture seemed to fall away.

“It was pretty great,” Maggie agreed. “Your turn. Did you ever…let’s see… Oh! Did you marry Justin Timberlake and spend your honeymoon in the Bahamas?”

With a dramatic sigh, Eliza shook her head. “No, JT and I just couldn’t make it work. Though I did spend my honeymoon down in Turks and Caicos, so I think maybe I get some points.”

“Well congratulations on the wedding! Who is the lucky guy? Anyone from back home?”

Eliza swallowed harshly, shaking her head. “No, uh, definitely not from back home.”

“Eh, you could do better than any of those jackasses anyway.”

“Yeah, um, I think I did.”

“So meet in college?”
“Yeah, senior year. She was one of the grad students in the department.”

“Wait, what?” Maggie asked.

“Her name is Gabriella.”

“You’re gay?”

“Funny how that worked out, huh?” Eliza tried for light, though her voice was strained as she waited for some reaction—anger, perhaps, or disgust with how long she’d spent denying it, spent playing straight, being accepted and getting to stay in Blue Springs with a family that loved her and friends that didn’t look at her with revulsion and fear.

“Wait—what? Why didn’t you open with that?” Maggie asked with a slightly incredulous bark of a laugh.

“I didn’t want you to think you had to forgive me or talk to me just because I ended up being gay too. I didn’t—I didn’t necessarily deserve that.”

“I,” Maggie paused, letting Eliza’s point sink in, “I appreciate that.”

“Yeah.” Eliza shrugged, waiting for Maggie to make the next move.

“So when’d you end up coming out?”

“Uh, senior year of college. It, um, took me a little bit to, uh, admit to certain things.”

“Hey, everyone comes out in their own time in their own way. There’s no shame in that. Not exactly like a lot of people make it feel particularly safe.”

“Yeah…I don’t know. I was taking a creative writing class. Gabriella was actually the TA, though she was only two years older. We had some prompt about a memory of a person who’d meant something to us, and I, well, I wrote about you. Got an A,” she added with a chuckle. “But, uh, during office hours—and god, I should have known I was gay when I was always the first in line for Gabriella’s office hours instead of wanting to meet with the actual professor who was assigning the grades—but she said something. She asked me if it was a memory of a first love.” She heard the catch in Maggie’s breathing but ignored it, looking down at her now empty coffee cup and picking at the lid. “I, well, I kind of panicked and mumbled something about needing to get to work. It wasn’t totally a lie… Anyway, I spent a couple of weeks avoiding her, but I couldn’t help thinking—maybe other people didn’t think about their friends the way I did. Maybe it wasn’t normal to want to hold your best friend’s hand and snuggle with her and spend all of your time together. Maybe my appreciation for beautiful women wasn’t just wanting to look like them or have their outfit or hair or whatever.” Eliza let out a huff of air, shaking her head back and forth. “I walked back and forth past the LGBTQ Center so many times, just trying to gather my courage to go in. Well, one day Gabriella was in there and happened to see me. So she came out and asked if maybe I wanted to get coffee with her—just to talk. She said she thought I could use a friend then.”

“I’m glad you had someone.”

“I’m sorry you didn’t.”

“It’s—it’s in the past. It doesn’t do much good to dwell on things we can’t change.”

“Right, well, we got coffee, and I ended up blurting out that I thought she was really pretty and asked if that was normal.” Maggie snorted and tried to cover it up, only to find Eliza laughing right
along with her. “No, you’re right. It was humiliating. She sort of sat me down and told me she could be there for me as a friend, but only as a friend—TA and all. Anyway, eventually I came out. Actually came out in my final writing piece for the semester.”

“Another A?”

“But of course,” Eliza joked. “So, a few months later—right around spring break time—I ran into her at the LGBTQ Center again. And she asked if I wanted to grab coffee. And, well, coffee one day turned into drinks the next, turned into dinner, turned into spending whole days curled up reading together while everyone else went home for break. And eventually I think I managed to convince her that it was worth a shot and that since she wasn’t my TA, she should have no ethical qualms about it.”

“That’s awesome, I’m so happy you found someone like her.”

“Yeah, she’s pretty amazing,” Eliza agreed, a dreamy expression on her face. “What about you? Still sleeping with all the professional athletes?”

“No, no,” Maggie shook her head. “I’ve settled down—engaged, actually.”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah. She’s—god, she’s just incredible. She’s smart and beautiful and passionate and a total badass.”

“Well it sounds like you met your match, Ms. Sawyer.”

“Aww, now you sound like Mrs. Sanders.”

“Did I not mention that I teach high school English these days?”

“Oh god, you’ve become her!” Maggie shrieked, teasingly pushing at Eliza’s shoulder.

“Whatever, she was cute.”

“In retrospect…yeah, she kinda was,” Maggie agreed with a chuckle. “So, still go back to Blue Springs pretty regularly?”

“Oh, uh, not really. My parents got divorced, and my mom moved out to Michigan, so I mainly just visit her.”

“Don’t spend much time with your dad?”

“Ah, yeah, no. As it turns out, his reaction to everything was pretty indicative of just how he felt… We haven’t talked since graduation when he met Gabriella.”

“Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“No, no, don’t worry. I mean, I still see my mom, and Gabriella’s family is amazing.”

“Yeah, Alex and I have our own little makeshift family here too—they’re a bit on the weird side but —”

“You’re a bit on the weird side,” Eliza interjected, shooting Maggie a knowing look.

“Yes, well, if you’d let me finish, I was going to say, but I wouldn’t have them any other way.”
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

And for your daily dose of nerd notes, enjoy this poem from Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909), an English poet in the decadent school. His writing is overtly sexual and touches on themes of homoeroticism (including lesbianism, especially with regard to Sappho), BDSM (he professed himself masochist and a great lover of flagellation, which takes a prominent role in his poetry), cannibalism, and heretical religious positions. Some of his contemporaries—most notably Oscar Wilde—claimed his vice and deviance were vastly exaggerated; Wilde called him "a braggart in matters of vice, who had done everything he could to convince his fellow citizens of his homosexuality and bestiality without being in the slightest degree a homosexual or a bestialiser." Although critics admired the complexity of his verse and the quality of his writing, many of his poems were dismissed for their content. He wrote extensively about Sappho's lesbian loves, and critics praised these poems' beauty but lamented that they could never be read.

Anactoria is the name of the absent but beloved woman praised in Sappho's Fragment 16 and compared to Helen of Troy, though the transition stanzas between the two women have been lost. Critics have found reason to believe she was based on Anagora of Miletus, one of Sappho's pupils, although critics have long disagreed as to whether we should read Sappho's verse as expressing same-sex desire or simply mimicking the ancient models. This poem, "Anactoria" by Swinburne, leaves little doubt about his thoughts on Sappho's intentions (and was by and large censured at the time of its composition for its forthrightness). Fair warning for some allusions to BDSM and cannibalism...

My life is bitter with thy love; thine eyes
Blind me, thy tresses burn me, thy sharp sighs
Divide my flesh and spirit with soft sound,
And my blood strengthens, and my veins abound.
I pray thee sigh not, speak not, draw not breath;
Let life burn down, and dream it is not death.
I would the sea had hidden us, the fire
(Wilt thou fear that, and fear not my desire?)
Severed the bones that bleach, the flesh that cleaves,
And let our sifted ashes drop like leaves.
I feel thy blood against my blood: my pain
Pains thee, and lips bruise lips, and vein stings vein.
Let fruit be crushed on fruit, let flower on flower,
Breast kindle breast, and either burn one hour.
Why wilt thou follow lesser loves? are thine
Too weak to bear these hands and lips of mine?
I charge thee for my life's sake, O too sweet
To crush love with thy cruel faultless feet,
I charge thee keep thy lips from hers or his,
Sweetest, till theirs be sweeter than my kiss:
Lest I too lure, a swallow for a dove,
Erotion or Erinna to my love.
I would my love could kill thee; I am satiated
With seeing the live, and fain would have thee dead.
I would earth had thy body as fruit to eat,
And no mouth but some serpent's found thee sweet.
I would find grievous ways to have thee slain,
Intense device, and superflux of pain;
Vex thee with amorous agonies, and shake
Life at thy lips, and leave it there to ache;
Strain out thy soul with pangs too soft to kill,
Intolerable interludes, and infinite ill;
Relapse and reluctation of the breath,
Dumb tunes and shuddering semitones of death.
I am weary of all thy words and soft strange ways,
Of all love's fiery nights and all his days,
And all the broken kisses salt as brine
That shuddering lips make moist with waterish wine,
And eyes the bluer for all those hidden hours
That pleasure fills with tears and feeds from flowers,
Fierce at the heart with fire that half comes through,
But all the flowerlike white stained round with blue;
The fervent underlid, and that above
Lifted with laughter or abashed with love;
Thine amorous girdle, full of thee and fair,
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair.
Yea, all sweet words of thine and all thy ways,
And all the fruit of nights and flower of days,
And stinging lips wherein the hot sweet brine
That Love was born of burns and foams like wine,
And eyes insatiable of amorous hours,
Fervent as fire and delicate as flowers,...
Sanvers - Managing Triggers in Bed

Chapter Summary

Prompts:
1. could you write something where maggie is fucking alex hard and fast with the strap on and alex calls out red bc its just too overwhelming or she had bad memories of her partying days or something?

2. I'm not sure if you are still taking prompts. You probably have a huge pile. I was just wondering about if you could do a piece dealing with safewords. I know your stuff talks a lot about them, which is awesome. Most fanfics talk about confirming that the person is still green and then they continue. I have yet to see a fanfic where the person calls out red or yellow and they don't continue. I would love to see one like that and how the couple talks through it. Either sanvers or supercorp

3. if your still taking prompts can you write maggie and alex having a conversation about managing triggers in bed kind of like their sex ed conversation? coz I imagine with alex having unwanted sex with guys and maggie probably experiencing sexual harassment as a lesbian in the police force etc. they would probably need that discussion?

Chapter Notes

I’m combining three prompts here that all deal with managing triggers and the respect of safe words in bed. While this chapter is nsfw, I won’t exactly call it smutty because the sex really isn’t the focus, nor is it meant to be. TW for being triggered in bed and memories of sexual assault. These prompts took me a while to get to for personal reasons, and I will put it out there in advance that I really don’t feel up to doing a second part that gets as heavy. It’s one thing to write about characters calling out red or yellow; it’s different to get into the trauma. Resources are linked in the chapter notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Fuck,” Maggie moaned as Alex’s lips found their way to her neck and her fingers fumbled with the button to her pants. They’d just barely made it through the doorway on their way back from the bar before Alex was on her—an evening of teasing touches and lingering glances having left them both wet and a little desperate.

Before Alex could push her pants the rest of the way over her hips, Maggie drew Alex’s chin up, kissing her, tasting the slight burn of whiskey that still lingered on her lips. “You sure you’re good?”

“Yes,” Alex confirmed, nodding as her hands played with the waistband of Maggie’s jeans. Sure, the day had been long, and she’d been thrown around by a humanoid alien a few more times than she would have liked to admit, but other than a lingering stiffness in her bones, she swore she was fine. And right now, god, she wanted Maggie.
“Then what do you say to moving this to the bedroom and getting out some of our toys?” Maggie suggested, her voice low and thick with desire as her grip verged on just the right side of rough.

Alex’s whimper in reply said it all, and their clothes were quickly shed as they made their way over to the bedroom. “Want me in the harness?” Maggie asked.

Alex gulped and nodded, noting the familiar gleam in Maggie’s eyes that promised that she was in for a good night—one that would leave her feeling breathless and sated and wrecked by the time they finally fell back to the pillows. She licked her lips as Maggie pulled on the harness and checked in about which of their toys Alex wanted that night. She whined as Maggie teased her, made her wait, kissed and caressed every inch of skin that wasn’t exactly where she needed her until Alex was dripping and begging, already on the edge of coming.

“You want me?” Maggie asked, a cocky smirk playing on her lips as she finally pulled out the lube and coated the toy. “Want me hard and fast?”

Alex enthusiastically nodded, letting herself be rolled over as she pushed her ass up and thrust her hips back, desperate for something, anything.

Carefully, Maggie lined the toy up and slid inside of Alex, letting her adjust to the feeling of fullness before beginning to move. As Alex canted her hips back to meet her, Maggie let her thrusts grow rougher, scratching blunt nails down Alex’s back and tangling her fingers in Alex’s hair. “Still good?”

“Yes,” Alex hissed, feeling herself getting closer as Maggie fucked her harder and faster, her hands gripping tightly at her waist. She dropped her hips slightly, feeling Maggie follow her down to the bed, the firm press of her body steady on top of her as Maggie’s hands moved up to cup at her chest. Alex gasped as a particularly hard thrust hit up against her, sending a jolt of pain through her.

“You like that?” Maggie whispered, hearing only the muffled gasp.

But suddenly Alex couldn’t breathe. Suddenly the lingering smell of whiskey on Maggie’s breath wasn’t a reminder of the fun night they’d spent together out with friends; it was every night she’d spent at bars and clubs through grad school, desperately trying to forget about missed deadlines and failed exams and all the ways she was disappointing her mother. It was the rough press of stubble and hot breath that smelled like the dregs of whatever cheap bottle had been that night’s drink special.

The rasping words, “You like that?” weren’t Maggie’s anymore. They weren’t the flirty foreplay Alex had come to love or the cocky bravado that turned her on. It was the slurred question of every drunk man who’d taken her home—or, more often, to his car or just the club bathrooms—and assumed he rocked her world. It was every man who was positive he knew best what she wanted, who didn’t bother to listen to her answers—not that she would even have given them, even have known or been sober enough to get out a coherent response.

The grip on her waist was the trace of every rough pair of hands that had left bruises that weren’t proof of her worth the next day, didn’t show her or her mom or the world that she was succeeding and doing what she was supposed to and falling for the men who just couldn’t hold her attention.

The press of Maggie’s warm body against her back was suffocating, not comforting, a reminder of how vulnerable she was. It was how she had come to a few too many nights, her vision blurry and her mouth feeling like it was stuffed full of cotton as she tried to figure out where she was and what had happened.
“Stop!” Alex gasped, clawing at the body on top of her, desperately gulping in shallow mouthfuls of air that felt like they weren’t enough, could never be enough.

Within an instant Maggie was out of her and off, flung over to the other side of the bed, her chest heaving with surprise and exertion and fear because god, of course she had fucked this up, of course she had hurt Alex like she knew she hurt everyone. She clawed at the harness sitting low on her hips, desperately pulling at the strips and flinging it down to the ground before thinking better of getting right back into bed.

“Alex,” Maggie whispered, her voice shaky and higher pitched than usual. “Alex, are you okay?”

“I’m—I’m—I’ll be fine,” Alex managed, feeling her heart pounding in her chest and her hands trembling slightly.

“Here.” Maggie held out an oversized t-shirt and a pair of flannel pajama pants to Alex, turning her back to give her a moment of privacy as she pulled on clothes of her own. “Do you, uh, do you mind if I sit on the bed too?”

“What? Yeah, yes—no, sorry, I don’t mind.”

Maggie nodded and slowly, her motions halting and hesitant, climbed back into the bed, staying firmly on her side, barely perched on the edge of the mattress. “I’m really, really sorry, Alex. I’m so sorry. I should’ve known better. I shouldn’t have—I hurt you, and, fuck, I’m sorry.” Maggie swallowed thickly, trying to blink back tears that she didn’t deserve to let spill. She had fucked up; she didn’t get to be the one who cried, the one who had to be comforted and held and told she was okay, wasn’t a fuck up, wasn’t the abomination her parents always knew she was.

“No! Maggie, no. It’s not—it wasn’t about you, okay?”

“But I should’ve figured it out sooner—it shouldn’t have gotten to that point.”

“Maggie, stop,” Alex insisted, turning around to face Maggie head on, cringing at the sight of the angry red scratch mark running down Maggie’s neck and shoulder from where she had clawed at her. “You trying to take the blame for something you didn’t do—couldn’t have known about or predicted—that’s not helping.”

“Right, sorry,” Maggie apologized, pulling her legs up into her chest and wrapping her arms around them. “Um, I just, I want to help. But it’s so…so personal. I don’t want to do the wrong thing—the wrong thing for you.” Alex nodded in understanding, feeling her hear rate finally beginning to slow as she let herself settle into the moment, let herself remember that the only person here with her was a wonderful, caring, loving woman—the woman she couldn’t imagine the rest of her life without.

“Maybe—do you want me to get us some tea? We can talk? If you want!”

“That sounds good,” Alex whispered, grateful for the chance to sit alone and try to sort through her own thoughts before she and Maggie talked. And she knew Maggie wouldn’t pressure her into talking before she was ready, knew Maggie would happily sit in silence and hold her (or keep her distance) if she wanted. But she also suspected this conversation was overdue. Hell, this introspection was probably long overdue.

Several minutes later, Maggie walked back into the room. “I thought…maybe it would be better to talk in the living room? Maybe it’s good not to be in bed?”

“Full of good ideas,” Alex teased. She watched some of the tension ease out of Maggie’s frame with her joking tone and soft smile.
“I’ve got the tea all ready out there, and I can get a fire going too.”

“Sounds perfect.”

Eventually they settled themselves on the couch in front of the fire, mugs of warm tea clutched in their hands.

“So,” they both began at the same time, laughing nervously. “Um, why don’t you go first,” Maggie offered.

“Sure. So, uh, tonight—it wasn’t about you. I didn’t—we’ve done things like that before, and I’ve been fine. And more than fine! I’ve really enjoyed it. But it was just—it was a lot of things, all at once, and some of it was stuff from earlier that had nothing to do with you. And then it was too much and I just, I couldn’t do it.”

“You can always say no, Alex,” Maggie assured her, patting a hand awkwardly against the couch after veering away from Alex’s knee at the last minute, deciding they should keep touching to a minimum for now. “I don’t care if we’re just kissing or hugging or cuddling—you don’t owe me anything.”

“I know—I know that. And that’s why I feel safe with you, why I can let myself go and open up and be…intimate with you—the way we do sometimes, I mean.”

Maggie smiled and nodded. “I get that, really, I do. So, uh, if I can ask, what was different tonight?”

“I don’t know exactly. One minute things were fine and good—hell, it was beyond good; I was already so close. And then you were saying things I normally like it when you say and asking me if I liked it, but it was like, suddenly you weren’t you. And I think I couldn’t help but remember some stuff from the past, like some of the guys from the bars and probably even just the alien from earlier today, with how…I don’t know, weak and powerless and scared I felt for a minute or two there before I could get my gun back from him.”

“Shit, Al, you didn’t tell me about what happened earlier today.”

“Because it ended up being fine,” Alex clarified with a shrug, avoiding eye contact as she picked at the pajama pants.

“Doesn’t mean I don’t want to know. I would’ve been more gentle.”

“But you were in the mood for rough sex.”

“Alex, I could be happy curling up and watching terrible television shows with you. I could be happy going to bed or eating a bowl of cereal or kissing or cuddling. I like being with you—full stop.”

“But I like it when we fuck like that too,” Alex protested. “And for a while, it was what I wanted. It was just…suddenly, at some point, it wasn’t. Sorry, I doubt I’m making any sense.”

Maggie snorted, quickly shaking her head before Alex could think she was making fun of her. “Sorry, it’s not—you’re making perfect sense. I get it. I’ve been there—not exactly there, but in similar enough situations. I’ve called red before, needed to stop before.”

“Wait, did I ignore it?” Alex looked horrified with herself. She knew Maggie had called out yellow, had wanted to slow down or switch their positions or take a breather, but she didn’t remember her ever yelling red.
“No, no, I promise, you didn’t. For the most part I feel safe enough with you that I can stay grounded in the moment. And, well, if I’m being honest, I have certain things I don’t do because I know I don’t react well—triggers, you know? At this point, avoiding them is just second nature.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“I feel kind of stupid for not noticing,” Alex admitted.

“Hey, no, it’s not like that at all,” Maggie reassured Alex, scooting a little closer to her on the couch. “It’s just…right, well, I don’t really like to sub, you know?”

“Yeah.” Alex had noticed it, though she would never have pushed Maggie on it, just like Maggie knew and respected the fact that losing more than one of her senses at the same time was often a yellow or red limit for Alex, even though they’d never made it all the way to sex in those situations, even though she’d never had to call out red in the way she had today when it all felt just a moment too late, even though it wasn’t, even though Maggie was off and caring for her before she even knew what to ask for.

“Well…it’s not because I don’t think it could in some way be fun. I’m sure there’s a thrill to a lot of it. But I—I—when I put myself in those situations, it’s not fun. It feels like the walls are caving in and no matter how much I trust the person I’m with, it’s like…like that feeling you get when you walk into a fight and realize you’re outnumbered and underprepared. And it doesn’t matter how much you trust the person on your six, your chest still feels like it’s collapsing in on itself a little. And at work, yeah, you battle through it and you fight like hell—because it’s your job. But in bed, well, I’m not gonna try to treat sex like work. And I’m sure, god knows, it would be good for me to ‘delve deeper’ and address these issues or whatever a therapist would tell me about trauma. But I like topping. And I like sex that doesn’t involve any form of topping and bottoming. I like letting you fuck me—and hell, even fuck me hard, so long as I can still feel like I’m in control. And I’m happy, so, well, I don’t worry too much about it. I just don’t let myself get into those situations.”

“How’d you figure that out?”

“Honestly? Freaking out the first time I let some girl try. And then again when I tried with someone I was actually dating, someone I thought I knew and trusted more than a random hookup.”

“Ah yeah, I guess that would do it.”

Maggie shook her head at the memory, grateful to see that Alex wasn’t pushing back, wasn’t demanding to know why her trust couldn’t stretch that far, why she thought it was okay to do to someone else what she wouldn’t let be done to herself. Then again, she should have known better than to expect anything less from Alex. “So what about you? Things you avoid? Or maybe things we should avoid?”

“I think…I think maybe, if we’re drinking—and I know you don’t like having sex when we’ve had more than a drink or two, and I’m good with that—but if we had just the one or two drinks, maybe we could eat or brush our teeth or something to get rid of the smell? I know it’s dumb—it’s just alcohol, just some chemical structure that gives off a particular aroma—but it felt like, like all the sudden, I was right back there with guys that had nothing to do with you.”

“Sensory memory is a real thing, Alex. And scent is a lot stronger than most.”

“Still,” Alex shrugged, looking unconvinced.
“I’m being serious, Alex. Look, my dad,” Maggie paused, taking a deep breath. When she saw Alex hesitate to reach out, she took her hand in her own, letting the touch ground her. “He wore this aftershave—I don’t know what kind exactly it was or even the brand name, but I know he wore the same one for 14 years. And I know that when I was in college and found myself at a party pressed up against some guy wearing the same aftershave, it didn’t matter that this 20-year old dude clearly wasn’t my dad. It didn’t matter that I was hundreds of miles away from Blue Springs and hadn’t seen the man in over six years. All those facts—none of it mattered when I felt like I was blacking out, like I couldn’t breathe, like I was 14 again and trembling in the backseat of our beat up old sedan being driven to a bus stop in the middle of the night with a half-packed suitcase and tears streaking down my face.”

“Oh, Maggie,” Alex gasped, squeezing her hand slightly as she laced their fingers together.

“It’s…it’s whatever. Point is: you’re not weak or irrational or any of that for letting something that’s already linked to certain triggers in your brain—and yes, I’m sure the science is more complicated than that, Dr. Dr. Danvers—get to you. From now on, we brush our teeth or just cuddle if we had anything to drink.”

“Thanks,” Alex murmured, letting herself be guided closer to Maggie and curling into the woman’s side.

“Of course.”

“And I won’t pressure you to bottom or be in any kind of vulnerable position unless you want to and ask me for it first.”

“You know you’re already pretty good about doing that, right?”

“Always good to be better.”

“Ah yes, my little perfectionist,” Maggie teased.

“You love it.”

“Yeah…yeah, I do.”

And they both knew there was more to discuss, that there would be further conversation and talks that needed to be finished later, that there would be triggers and things they wouldn’t know about until they happened, but when they went to bed that night they both felt a little more prepared for it, both sure that no matter what came, they could handle it—together.

Chapter End Notes

Communication and trust are, perhaps obviously, the most important parts of managing triggers in a relationship. If you don’t feel safe saying no—whether to sex in general or to a specific act—it’s probably a good sign that more talking (or a new partner) is in order. Even if you don’t think you’d need a no, being able to feel confident in how it would be received is absolutely vital. Safe words, staying sober for sex, conversations beforehand, and normalizing check-ins about consent even during “vanilla” sex are all really helpful.
Here are a few links (most of which contain a ton of additional links) about resources on how to support partners or open up those conversations yourself:

https://everydayfeminism.com/2014/05/supporting-partner-healing-trauma/

https://www.bustle.com/articles/115894-sexual-abuse-rape-triggers-are-real-so-here-are-5-ways-to-deal-in-the


And a more general one with lots of categories to choose from: http://all-about-abuse.tumblr.com/resources
“Damn, they really went all out this year, huh?” Alex whispered, squeezing Sawyer’s hand as they wove through the throngs of people gathered by the silent auction tables and the line from the makeshift bar that snaked through the room.

“Stuff like this is what makes them enough money to keep going through the year,” Sawyer explained, gently tugging Alex over to a relatively quiet corner of the room so they could figure out the game plan for finding the best food and making sure they saw all the people they wanted to see.

Alex settled up against the wall, feeling Sawyer’s arm settling around her waist. She had to admit, the LGBTQ Center had been completely transformed. The fluorescent lighting had been turned off, replaced with strands of twinkling lights and a few spotlights dotted along the “red carpet” for the award night theme. The TVs—more often tuned to the news or to the handful of television shows that had decent LGBTQ representation—had been moved to the edges of the room and were showing clips from other awards ceremonies.
Sawyer glanced around at the different screens, noting Asia Kate Dillon being awarded the HRC Visibility Award on one screen and them presenting the first non-gendered acting award to Emma Watson on the next. They smiled to themself, dropping their head to Alex’s shoulder.

Noting the direction of Sawyer’s gaze, Alex asked, “Nice to get a bit of representation out there, huh?”

“Yeah,” they nodded. Sure, a handful of people out there did not a revolution make, but people like Dillon and Smith were splashing they/them pronouns on mainstream news sites, getting people who were more likely to read Entertainment Weekly than Everyday Feminism to hear about trans and non-binary and genderqueer labels, among others, and learn in a way that didn’t put the onus for education solely on the shoulders of those few out folks in media.

They pulled their gaze off the speech they had pretty much already memorized and scanned the other screens, finding the cast of Moonlight winning their well-deserved Oscars, Ellen Page coming out, and footage from the annual GLAAD awards. As Sawyer moved to turn back to Alex, they noted Charli lingering near the entrance, a roll of raffle tickets hanging from their wrist and a broad smile on their face.

“Should we go buy some tickets? Give Charli a little business?” Alex asked, looking over at the entrance as well.

“Ah, well, they should earn their free dinner,” Sawyer teased. “I’ll go grab tickets from them if you want to find us food.”

“You’ve got a deal. Dessert first?”

“Always.”

While Alex peered over the food table, inspecting all of the options and making small talk with a few of the staff members from the Center she had gotten to know over the past couple of months, Sawyer found their way over to Charli. “Excuse me, I’ll need all of your tickets,” they announced dramatically. “I need to win all of the prizes for my fiancée.” They still beamed at the new title—at the subtle band that sat on their left ring finger—a reminder of the forever they had promised one another.

“That so, Sawyer? Here I thought she stayed with you for love. Didn’t realize it was just your deep pockets.”

“Ouch! You wound me,” Sawyer teased, though they were glad to see Charli in high spirits. As much as they had opened up to Sawyer their first time meeting in the Center, it had taken a while for Charli to begin treating Sawyer as more of an equal—someone they could tease right back instead of someone who was always in the role of mentor and adult and educator.

“Yeah, yeah, somehow I don’t think the hurt will last.”

“Mm, probably not,” Sawyer agreed. “Now, how goes the volunteering? Any fun stories to tell? You know: sharing is caring and gossip is best shared with your dear friend and mentor…”

“You just wanna know if Marc brought the boyfriend that he hasn’t let anyone meet.”

“Did he?”

Charli laughed and shook their head. “He’s been here since noon panicking about all the last-minute decisions. He would’ve been the worst date.”
“Fair…” Sawyer mused, looking around to see if they had questions about anyone else in the vicinity. “Everyone being alright to you?”

Charli shrugged, their smile faltering slightly. “Eh, a few people see the dress and keep calling me miss, but, I don’t know, I guess it’s fine.”

“You can correct them, you know, if you feel comfortable.” They knew that the Center had become something of a safe place for Charli, a place where they could be out and open, could come and know that people wouldn’t misgender them or assume they were straight and cis just because they wore a skirt and lip gloss.

“It’s fine. It’s—tonight isn’t about me.”

Sawyer pursed their lips, not wanting to force Charli to do anything but also knowing just how demoralizing it could get when person after person wasn’t getting it, wasn’t acknowledging that there might be something wrong with assuming a he/she gender binary at a freaking LGBTQ Center event. Catching sight of Alex with a still empty plate talking to one of the Center’s board members who had been trying to talk her into running for a spot on the board now that she spent almost as much time as Sawyer in the Center, Sawyer decided they could hang out with Charli a little while longer, help make sure that they were being treated well even by the attendees who only showed up at the Center for its twice yearly black tie events.

The next few guests were fine. One knew Charli and greeted them with a warm hug as he thanked them for giving up their night to help out, then introduced them to his husband, and the next few were polite enough as they declined the offer to buy tickets, most of them making a beeline for the bar instead. The next group to stroll in brushed right past without listening to Charli’s pitch about the proceeds going to a good cause, and they caught Sawyer’s gaze and rolled their eyes. “Keeps happening.”

“Yeah, well, at least we’ve got a cash bar so that we still get something out of them.”

“Excuse me, miss?” came a guest’s voice as she made her way through the door. “Can you tell me where the reserved seating is?”

“Oh, sure,” Charli answered, gritting their teeth and gesturing at the door and toward the rows closest to the stage. “Left side is reserved for Center staff and awardees. Right side for family and friends of the Center.”

“Thank you, dear. Also, I love your dress. You look so pretty!”

“They do have a rather wonderful sense of style,” Sawyer cut in, throwing an arm around Charli and grinning down at them.

“Oh, ah, yes—yes, they do.”

As she wandered off into the crowd, Charli looked up at Sawyer. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“I didn’t have to—and I won’t again if you don’t want me to—but I know I like it when Alex does it for me when I’m not quite feeling up to it.”

“Yeah…thanks,” they mumbled.

“Anytime, kiddo.”

“Excuse me, I’m 16 years old.”
“Psh, barely.”

“I can drive!”

“Don’t own a car, though.”

“You’re rude.”

“I’m delightful.”

Charli just rolled their eyes and turned back to the door, almost immediately turning back to Sawyer with an undignified little squeak.

“You okay?” Sawyer asked, all signs of teasing gone as they went into protective mentor mode.

“Yeah! Yeah, um, totally fine,” Charli rambled, their gaze flicking back and forth between Sawyer and the line of people filing in through the main entrance.

Sawyer scanned the crowd, their gaze lighting on one of the high school-aged girls they’d noticed hanging around the Center once or twice over the past few weeks. “Have anything to do with Neeti showing up?” they asked, a knowing glint in their eyes and a teasing smile on their lips.

“No!”

“Really? So your cheeks are just always pink and I haven’t noticed it?”

“Yep, mhm.”

“You should talk to her.”

“We already talk.”

“Why not tonight?”

“She just…” Charli trailed off, finally letting out a dramatic sigh and giving in. “This past week I think…I think maybe she was flirting with me?”

“Do tell! Let me get Alex, hold on!”

“No!”

“Fine, I’ll wait a few minutes. Spill.”

“I don’t know! She just said something about how it would be nice to see me outside the Center and maybe we should get coffee, just the two of us.”

“So she asked you out on a date.”

“I don’t know.”

“No, I’m telling you: she asked you on a date.”

“Well it’s happening in two days—whatever it is.”

“Oh my gosh, we need to make sure she’s good enough for our baby! We need get Alex over here first. She’s better at the intimidation tactics.”
“Ugh, you’re like the embarrassing parents I thought I escaped for the night,” Charli sighed, but the smile they kept trying to hide suggested otherwise.

“Oh, Alex!” Sawyer called out, motioning for her to come over and join them.

Eventually Alex made it through the crowd, two plates of food held aloft to keep them safe. She arched an eyebrow as she handed over a plate. “You bellowed?”

“Charli here has a date this week and is in desperate need of some embarrassing parental figures for the night, which means we need some shitty dad jokes to properly embarrass them. Hit me with your worst puns!”

“Why do you think I would just know bad puns?”

Charli snickered as Sawyer shrugged, looking far too innocent. “I’m just saying, out of the two of us… I’m too funny to tell jokes that awful.”

“I resent that. You’re barely funny.”

“Quite the opposite—I crack myself up.”

“Yeah, yeah, Sawyer. If you’re the only one laughing…”

“Hush,” Sawyer retorted, silencing Alex with a kiss.

“Alright, well, I’m gonna leave you two lovebirds alone…”

“Not so fast!” Alex called, handing off her plate to Sawyer and rounding on Charli. “Tell me all about your mystery date. Who are they?”

Charli sighed, even though they were secretly pleased that Alex had been just as welcoming as Sawyer. She certainly didn’t have any obligation to—not that Sawyer did either, but at least they were a volunteer—but Alex had been quick to invite Charli over to their home and hang out with old science journals while Sawyer chatted with Charli about their own experience coming out and dealing with assholes out in the world. Every so often she would lean over the back of the couch and chime in with words of encouragement or grumbled threats when Sawyer recounted some of the more egregious stories, but she was just as happy to open her doors and let the two of them take over the kitchen for the night.

“Well, her name is Neeti—she’s the one over in the black pants and the maroon shirt over there. She goes to the private school across town, but she lives kind of close to me. She’s really smart.”

“Dating nerds is the best!” Sawyer crowed through a mouthful of cupcake.

“One day she saw me in the Center reading Macbeth for my English class, and when I threw it down, she came over and sat with me and helped translate it into modern English, told me it helps to read it aloud or see it performed.”

“That sounds like a nice date idea…” Alex trailed off, grinning at the way Charli’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“No, I mean, she invited me over to come watch some of the movies, but I think she was just trying to help me with my homework.”

“Who do you think is more oblivious,” Sawyer asked, a shit-eating grin on their lips, “Charli or
“Kara?”

“Oh man, I can only pick one?” Alex laughed.

“You’re the worst.”

“That’s factually incorrect. We feed you. Now let us meet your totally just a friend that you have a big crush on who wants you to come over her house to cuddle and watch movies with her.”

Charli grimaced but dutifully waved to Neeti. And, as nervous as they might have been about introducing her to Sawyer, they also knew that Sawyer always had their best intentions at heart. Plus, if waving at Neeti earned them that smile…well, they would wave a hundred times more.

“Hey, Charli!” Neeti greeted them, pulling them in for a hug that had Sawyer and Alex giving exaggerated thumbs up to Charli behind Neeti’s back.

“Hey! I didn’t know you were coming tonight.”

“Oh yeah, well, um, I remembered you mentioning it, so…”

Sawyer just barely resisted the urge to let out a loud noise of excitement at the adorable awkward flirting.

“Cool, yeah, I’m, uh, really glad you made it.”

“Yeah?” Neeti beamed at Charli. “I know you’re stuck on door duty for a while, but want me to go steal you some dessert?”

“It would be a shame if you missed out on the cannoli,” Sawyer interjected, unable to resist any longer.

Seeing the look of confusion on Neeti’s face at the new voices, Charli took a deep breath and introduced them: “Neeti, this is Sawyer.”

“You look familiar,” Neeti noted.

“Yeah, I volunteer at the Center. But normally just on weekends.”

“Ah okay, yeah, I come in after school sometimes, but not a lot on the weekends.”

Sawyer bit their tongue and didn’t ask whether it was because Charli also tended to spend a couple of nights a week in the Center working on their homework.

“And this is Alex, their fiancée,” Charli added, gesturing toward Alex who offered a wave and a small smile.

“Nice to meet you, Neeti.”

“You too.”

Deciding the awkward hovering between just friends and trying to date wasn’t the best time to subject Charli and Neeti to an interrogation or shovel talks, Alex turned to Sawyer. “What do you say we go hit the buffet one more time before we find our seats?”

“It doesn’t start for another half hour,” Sawyer protested.
“And you can’t think of any way to spend half an hour with your fiancée?” Alex shot Sawyer a pointed look, trying to communicate that they should leave the two young ones to themselves, give them a chance to flirt awkwardly and stumble their way toward realizing that the liking bit wasn’t one-sided.

“Oh…oh! Okay, sure!” Shooting a wink over their shoulder at Charli, they called, “She means stuffing our faces with dessert and playing 20 Questions, just so we’re all clear!”

“Whatever you say, Sawyer! Whatever you say,” Charli laughed, turning back to Neeti, their broad grin morphing into a shy smile. “So, uh, how was your week?”

Sawyer was tempted to linger, hiding behind a group of tall people, but they let Alex drag them back to the table for proper dinner food this round. “If things go any further between them…”

“If it goes further, you can get in line behind me to make sure that they both have only the best of intentions.”

“And you’ll do the dad jokes?”

“Why do you keep insisting I tell dad jokes?”

“Look, Danvers…I’m not saying it wasn’t adorable, but I do remember the anniversary card you wrote me that began with asking me if I was made of copper and some other element ’cause I was so damn cute.”

“Tellurium,” Alex interjected, grinning and chuckling to herself.

“See! Big nerd—right there.”

Alex silenced them with a kiss, feeling their lips pulling up into a broad smile and fearing another teasing remark was coming. “If you wanna get as lucky as DNA helicase tonight…” She let the threat linger in the air.

“But you’re not even wearing jeans, Danvers!”

Chapter End Notes

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Also...for those who do read (and maybe enjoy?) the nerd notes, thoughts on topics you might want to see going forward? I've obviously got lots, but they start getting a little...random? And maybe a bit more niche, if I'm being honest. There are several short stories, but they're too long (and under copyright) to post here... or I can just throw out some trivia. I don't know! Lots of options!
Magical Transformations

Chapter Summary

Prompt from @i-am-delta-s: Could you write a fic where all of the Superfriends (starting with Alex) get turned into the animals of their Hogwarts Houses? (For instance, Alex would be turned into a snake.) probably due to an alien virus or something, or alien tech, or any other reason you can think of.

Re: the prompt with the Superfriends turning into their House animals: that could be done via magic too, and maybe would make more sense to do it that way since why would a random alien know about Harry Potter, right? Maybe Mxy decides to play more pranks. (I think fifth dimensional imps are magic. Probably) I dunno.

A/N: So, since I had requests for more Hogwarts AU, I went ahead and aged them up to make them HP AU adults for this one to make sense – apologies that not all the superfriends are here, but I went with the crew most likely to be found at the downtown base of the DEO minus J’onn (you’ll see why soon enough). Hopefully this works for ya!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Wake up,” Maggie hissed, nudging Alex with her elbow.

“Huh?” Startled, Alex jerked awake, her quill streaking a dark scratch across her notebook.

Rolling her eyes, Maggie waved her wand and wordlessly erased the extra ink so that Alex would be able to read her notes, not that they said much she didn’t already know.

“Your fault I’m this tired,” Alex murmured back, pulling a smirk and a low chuckle from Maggie.

“Didn’t hear you complaining last night…”

“Danvers! Sawyer! Is there something more important right now than your first day of work?”

“No, Director J’onzz,” Alex replied, looking appropriately bashful even if she knew he only said something to avoid the appearance of favoritism. She caught Kara’s expression as she spun around to stick her tongue out at her. It suddenly felt like the few years they’d spent together in muggle school before beginning at Hogwarts, back when her mom had managed to convince the school that Kara would be more comfortable being in classes with her big sister whenever possible.

“As I was saying,” J’onn continued, “today marks your first day as a member of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement’s Auror Office. You have all proven yourselves worthy through years of study and testing, but I warn you against thinking that might be enough on its own. None of you will be allowed into the field until you have completed your first year of intensive training. From here on out, you should think of your task force like your family. You will eat together, train together, and, when the time comes, go out into the field together.”

“Like Hogwarts houses!” Kara chimed in.
“Yes, Ms. Danvers,” J’onn admitted, dipping his head and trying not to let his smile at her chipper demeanor show.

“Or like the muggle military…” Alex trailed off, not wanting to be outdone.

“Yes, Ms. Danvers…the elder. Given the rigorous nature of this training, that is, perhaps, the more apt comparison.” Alex arched an eyebrow at Kara in challenge when J’onn turned to pace in front of the room. “Now your task force captains will take you for the rest of the day for some team bonding and an overview of your next few weeks of training. I ask that you give them your full attention and respect.”

The new recruits nodded and quickly moved to gather their belongings before finding their teams. Alex and Maggie sauntered over to where James, Kara, and Winn had already gathered, then followed them down the hallway to their assigned meeting room.

“I’m so glad we’re all together!” Kara squealed, nearly bouncing in excitement as she carefully stacked her belongings on one corner of the small conference table.

“More like glad that J’onn likes us enough to let us all be on the same team,” Alex corrected her, sinking down into a seat and pulling at Maggie’s hand to try to get her to join her.

“It’s a shame Vasquez couldn’t come with us,” Winn sighed. Sure, Vasquez liked pulling pranks on him every now and then, but they had gotten close over the years at Hogwarts, and he would miss seeing her every day.

“I’m sure she’ll find some way to amuse herself with Lucy out at the East Coast branch…” Maggie trailed off, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively as she leaned into Alex’s side. James rubbed at the back of his neck, trying to find the right expression that showed how supportive he was of his ex-girlfriend’s newest relationship without looking overly enthusiastic either.

“Recruits!” came a booming voice, and Alex felt her posture straighten as she looked for the source of the sound. “I am Auror Potter—no, no relation, and you would do well not to ask. I’ll be your task force captain for the next year. I expect you to show up to work on time each morning and be ready to give me 110 %. I don’t promise this will be fun, but if you follow my lead, at the end of it, I promise you’ll be ready to go out into the field alongside the very best we have to offer.” He surveyed the group of them, trying to place the faces to the bios he’d received from the Department.

“Winn Schott!” he called out, smiling to himself when the smaller boy stumbled forward, quickly righting himself as he saluted.

“No salutes necessary, Schott.”

“Oh, uh, right.”

“We’ll go around and do brief introductions – I want to know what you all bring to this team. You can start.”

“Yes, sir!” With a deep breath, Winn began, “I, uh, I spent the last year doing some tech work with the Muggle Relations Division. We—er, muggles, I mean—they have certain kinds of technology, like, they have portable phones instead of two-way mirrors or floo powder calls. Anyway, some of them had found ways of using technology to detect our presence—finding signs of life in places we had hidden from their view and the like. I worked on creating measures to combat detection.” Alex looked beyond intrigued, though Maggie just bit back a laugh at how amazed everyone seemed by muggle technology. She’d grown up around it and, if truth be told, still thought some of it was vastly
preferable to the magical alternatives; she’d take a text over the dizziness of spinning her head into a friend’s fireplace any day, though of course, with so few muggle friends left, she rarely had a choice in the matter.

“Given the nature of your position on our team, you’ll be spending part of your training with our codebreakers and the rest of your time with your team here,” Potter explained to Winn, who nodded and sat back in his seat when it became clear that his part was done.

“Danvers?”

Alex looked up, while Kara jumped to her feet, smiling broadly.

“Ah, right…the sisters.” Kara and Alex glanced at each other, wondering how much J’onn might have mentioned to their captain, who looked very much like he was trying not to smile. “We’ll start with Alexandra.”

“It’s Alex, sir.”

“Noted.”

“Well, I took some time off after graduating from Hogwarts before beginning the Auror Training Program to travel. I went and worked studying magical creatures—their physiology, magical properties, uses in healing. But I’m back now and excited about my work here.”

“Suck up,” Maggie whispered, stifling a laugh at the annoyed expression that flashed across Alex’s features.

“It says here you specialized in dragons?”

“Mhm,” Alex confirmed with a nod.

“Interesting…could come in handy.” Alex grinned. “Now Kara, you’re fresh out of Hogwarts, right?”

“I am, but I am more than ready!”

Potter couldn’t help a small smile at her enthusiasm. “You wouldn’t be here if we didn’t think you were qualified. Next up: James Olsen.”

James raised his hand a bit in acknowledgement. “I know I’m a bit…older than most of the new aurors, but I just…I liked my career at the Daily Prophet, but I couldn’t help but feel like there were ways I could be better at serving the community, doing more good than what I could do behind a desk or a camera.”

“I didn’t start out as an auror myself,” Potter admitted with a small shrug of his shoulders. “No right or wrong way to get here. Well…I wouldn’t recommend floo powder, actually. The department’s fireplaces are rather small—personally I almost always end up banging my head on the way out.” He turned to Maggie, the last on his list. “And last but not least: Magdalena Sawyer.”

“Maggie,” she clarified. “Yeah, I spent the past couple of years traveling with Alex, though I was working as an apprentice to a wandmaker.”

“Ah, which one?”

“Violetta Beauvais’ granddaughter.”
“Interesting choice. Not Ollivander?”

Shaking her head, Maggie cleared her throat, figuring there was always going to be the moment of outing at any new job. “No, I, uh, I wanted to support a woman working in a male-dominated industry. Plus, she’s a queer woman and all—felt like we would work well together.”

Alex managed to cover her small snort of laughter with a cough. “Felt like you would work well under her is more like it,” Alex whispered when Potter turned his attention to the board in the front of the room.

“Didn’t hear you complaining that New Year’s Eve we all spent together,” Maggie taunted, stopping only when she caught sight of Kara’s scandalized look. Turning her attention back to the front of the room, Maggie heard their captain saying something about team-building exercises. She tried not to groan at the idea as he motioned for them all to follow him down to one of the training rooms.

“And this is the one,” he finally announced. “Now hand me your wands.”

Slowly but surely they handed them over, though Alex eyed him suspiciously, wondering if this were some kind of test. It seemed like they should know better than to leave themselves defenseless, though she eventually relented.

“Head into the room.” James led the way, looking around to try to figure out what their first exercise might be. The room was fairly plain: one table, one small window, and a few chairs. “Your task will be to escape.” Winn furrowed his eyebrows, looking between the captain and the unlocked very much open door. “Ah, we’ll be locking you in here. The key will be directly outside of the door.” They looked between themselves, shrugging. It didn’t seem a particularly difficult challenge. “Once you escape, you will need to retrieve a set of three small sensors.”

“How will we know where to look for them?” Kara asked.

“You’ll know,” he answered, dismissing further questions with a wave of his hand. “You’ll have half an hour.”

Even with the two tasks, it still seemed rather doable. Their confident expressions soon gave way as a team of aurors—all slightly older—approached, a few of them not bothering to hide their smirks. After all, it wasn’t every day they got to haze the newbies. In unison they raised their wands then brought them swishing down. With five flashes of light and a few cut-off cries of surprise, they stepped back, locking the door behind them with a loud laugh. Left behind in the room were five sets of robes and five animals—two confused badgers, one coiled snake, one squawking eagle, and one massive lion.

Alex found herself enveloped in darkness, and she fought to see in front of her. Her senses were suddenly overwhelmed with the sound and feel of low vibrations, and she surged forward, feeling as her whole body slithered, moving forward in one lithe, curling movement. Eventually she felt her head emerge from the cloth. Acting on instinct, Alex let her tongue dart out from her mouth, though she had to admit, nothing quite felt like a mouth or tongue in the sense that she knew. But as she did, she was overwhelmed with the scents of animals that she was fairly certain she wouldn’t have recognized by smell before this moment. She spun around and was struck by the startling outlines of the animals she smelled—two smallish badgers, both of whom somehow smelled familiar; a bird that she watched flutter about; and a lion that seemed to be pacing the room. Hit with a desperate need for warmth, she slithered toward the ray of sunlight illuminating one small square of the room. She would think once she was warm.

Maggie and Kara clawed at their robes, and once Maggie was free, she took off toward the scent of
another badger and came to stand beside her. Kara tried to look forward but found she could barely see at all. She suspected this would make the task significantly harder, though she found that she could smell everything. Maggie sniffed the air, finding the scent of something that seemed intensely familiar. She waddled across the room, noting the clicking of long nails. That was quite the change from the usual, she laughed to herself. As she got closer to the smell, she could feel her fur raising, but she tamped down on the instinct to treat as prey and possible dinner what smelled and looked, in its vague outline, like a snake, trying to remind herself that what she knew from before needed to outweigh any animal urges. As a large beast lumbered toward her and the snake that for some reason she felt compelled to protect, Maggie’s lips curled back and she pushed her claws forward, her hips and hindquarters raising slightly as she let out a loud hiss.

James reared back at the small but somehow intimidating creature in front of him, crouching and letting off a fairly repugnant odor. He thought perhaps he was the only one from the group left as he pawed at the ground, letting out a small growl of annoyance that had another one of the creatures raising its nose in the air and turning in his direction. He wondered if his new form would be able to simply knock the door forward. With as much of a running start as he could manage in the small room, he lunged forward, finding himself flung backwards with what he could only assume was magical force. So the door was out.

Winn fluttered nervously above the others, looking down at the sight below him. He swooped in high circles above the room, eventually coming to roost on the narrow windowsill after one mistaken attempt at crashing through the glass pane. As he looked through it, he was astounded at just how far he could see, looking out over the treetops and well into the surrounding neighborhood. He wondered if they’d ever make it out of the room and watched as the lion was sent sprawling back across the stone floor.

Despite her instincts screaming at her to flee, Alex found herself slithering under the badger that had come over to her, basking in the warmth of the thick fur. Maggie lowered her already short body down.

Across the room, Kara dug desperately at the floor, finding even her thick, long claws futile against the weathered stones.

Noting the attempts of many of those around him to help, James reasoned they might actually be his team. In an attempt to get their attention, he let out a loud roar, unaware of the crowd of aurors that had gathered outside the enchanted door who flung themselves back at the sound.

Alex popped her head up at the sound, having felt it vibrate and rumble across the ground. She hissed back, as did the two badgers, and the eagle let out a squawk. Oh. Oh! As she watched the other badger dig and the lion lunge at the walls and the eagle fly into the window for a second time, she realized that perhaps this was her team. She hadn’t been transported into some other dimension. She darted her tongue out, flicking it against the side of the face of the badger who she’d been cuddling, and somehow, she wasn’t sure how, she just knew it was Maggie. And oh! Badgers. Two of them. That smelled like home. Because they were home. Because they were Maggie and Kara. Because they were Hufflepuffs. And she was a snake because she was a Slytherin. Which made the charging lion James and the now perched eagle Winn. And oh dear god they were never getting out of here.

But James’ roar seemed to help everyone gradually realize that they were still a team. A team without language or opposable thumbs, but a team goddammit. Having seen James repelled from the door and having watched Kara’s vain attempts at digging through the floor, Alex slithered around the perimeter, finding herself slamming face first into the walls a few more times than she would have liked. Eventually, though, she made it back, disappointed in the lack of any cracks she could exploit.
Realizing his squawks weren’t attracting much attention compared to the roar, Winn tapped loudly against the glass pane of the window. His beak wasn’t going to crack it, but at least he hadn’t been magically forced backward, which must mean something. Eventually he flapped down, settling on James’ back and finally catching his attention. He flew back and forth between James and the window until he finally caught the motion and seemed to understand.

James sat back on his haunches, regarding the window. It was small—much too small for him to fit through. He suspected if he lunged forward, he’d catch the stone wall before he ever had the opportunity to smash through the glass. But then he felt a cold thing twisting around his paw, and as he raised his arm to shake it off, he felt it coil tightly around him before two small fangs sunk into him, and he let out a loud mewl of pain.

Alex would have rolled her eyes if she could have. She barely even bit him, but at least she had his attention. Once he settled down and Alex uncurled herself from his front paw, he finally seemed to catch her meaning and backed up as far as he could in the small room, lunging forward paw first at the window as soon as Winn had flown away from it. The first time it wavered but didn’t crack. The second time he heard the sound of the glass splintering, though it didn’t give way. And finally it crashed through. He bounded back with a yelp of pain, sitting back and licking at his paw, attempting to knock the small shards of glass out.

Meanwhile, Winn flew out through the broken window, allowing himself just a few moments of freedom as he swooped and soared over the trees before flying back to the building and darting in through the front door. He ducked and swerved out of the way of the other Ministry employees, watching with glee as they squealed in surprise and dove out of his path. Eventually he made it into an elevator, perching patiently on the railing as the wizards and witches who were unlucky enough to be with him regarded him warily. When they made it up to his floor he flew down the hallway, catching sight of the glinting key and hooking it with his claws before soaring back out the way he came and finally returning with the key. He managed to push it into the small lock, though he found himself unable to turn it.

Alex hissed until Winn finally landed near her, and she slithered up his body, winding himself around his neck and pushing at his beak until he finally lifted her up. Once more, she wrapped herself around the key, twisting until it turned with her, finally hearing the satisfying click as the door popped open. James rushed forward, nosing the door all the way open, and a snuffling Kara and Maggie followed close behind, running into a few walls as they went. Maggie wondered if this was how Alex felt without her glasses. Once they were out of the room, which, Maggie reasoned, must have been somehow enchanted, Maggie and Kara found their ears assaulted with a loud beeping. The sensors, Kara thought. Potter had told her they would know how to find them. Of course, being able to hear them didn’t make the lack of proper vision any less of an issue.

Between Winn and James, however, they had enough vision and size for the group of them, and they followed their impromptu pack leaders through the halls of the Ministry, delighting in hissing, nipping, and growling at the more senior aurors as they passed. Eventually Winn led them outside, and Maggie and Kara got straight to work, running as fast as their short legs could take them to the sound of the beeping that seemed to be coming from the heart of the grounds that surrounded the building. Suddenly feeling useful, Kara dove nose and claws first into a patch of dirt, burrowing until she latched onto the beeping sensor. A few yards away, Maggie did the same, feeling grateful she’d been able to do something other than help to keep Alex warm during their team mission.

With two of the three sensors gathered, the team followed the noise—whether felt as vibrations or heard as a grating sound—over to one of the gnarled old trees. James pawed at it, but found nothing. Kara and Maggie dug around the perimeter of it, only to find that the deeper into the ground they got, the further away they were from the sound. Eventually they turned to Alex, who slithered her way
up the tree, attempting to focus on the feeling of the vibrating sounds, tracing them to a small crack in the trunk that she managed to wedge herself into, finally getting to what she was fairly certain was a sensor—not that it gave off any kind of heat for her infrared vision to catch it. After multiple attempts to angle herself properly to nose it out of the tree, Alex gritted her teeth (in theory, she couldn’t do much with a pair of fangs) and opened her jaw wide, fitting the whole thing into her mouth and praying it wouldn’t kill her when she turned back into a human.

With the three sensors in (figural) hands, they made their way back to the building, feeling every bit the part of the heroic team even if they didn’t look it.

“Two whole minutes to spare. Very impressive,” Potter greeted them at the entrance, watching as two clawed paws deposited sensors at his feet, and a snake unhinged its jaw, managing to get the sensor back out of its mouth. “Now back to the room with you!”

They all followed dutifully, finding the group of slightly older aurors waiting for them, wands at the ready. Once they had been shepherded back into their initial locked room, they were hit with transfiguration spells once more before the door locked—for their privacy, they soon realized, as they stumbled forward human once more but clothed no longer. Alex and Winn quickly threw on their robes, as did Maggie and Kara, whose attire littered with small, badger teeth-sized holes chewed across them but was at least passable. James, however, stood in the corner, clutching Winn in front of him like a shield. His robes lay in tatters; they hadn’t quite withstood the challenge of accommodating a lion, though he didn’t think Madame Malkin would accept that as an excuse for a return.

When Potter returned and tossed back their wands, Kara was kind enough to magic James’ robes back together before turning her attention to the small holes in her own, while Maggie patched up the damage she had wrought on hers.

“So…you passed day one.” Potter looked between them, gauging their reactions. “How does it feel?”

There were a few long moments of silence before Winn finally spoke up, his voice cracking slightly as he asked, “That’s day one?”

Chapter End Notes

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Also, so sorry it's been a while for getting back to comments! I'm still working up against the last round of deadlines (hence the lack of response to new prompts as well...still trying to get through the old backlog before I really accept anything new). But soon enough, friends! All the comments still make my day :D
Chapter Summary

The much-requested follow up to the Craigslist Girlfriend Chapter 141 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/28270002)

It's all crack and fluff with just a moment or two of discussion about Maggie's past with her family. As my girlfriend put it, "it's too fucking cute." Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Did you know about her real job?” Alex demanded, cornering Lucy and pushing her up against a wall.

“Ya know, I’ve had dreams about this exact situation, Agent Danvers,” Lucy taunted, biting at her lower lip and throwing a lewd wink in Alex’s direction.

“I’m being serious. She said you interrogated her with Vasquez. Did you two know?”

“Um, kind of? Not quite. We knew that she wasn’t quite the scumbag she advertised herself as.”

“And how did you find that out?”

“We had her produce all of her old arrest documents and tax returns.”

Alex continued to eye Lucy suspiciously. “They could have been fakes.”

“No, Vasquez brought a computer system and finger print scanner. We knew the stuff was hers, but we let her cover up her last name and all—very generous of us.”

“And so she also covered up everything that identified her prints as belonging to a cop?”

“I guess.” Lucy shrugged, ducking out from under Alex’s arm the moment she relaxed slightly. Now a few feet away from immediate bodily harm, Lucy grinned over at her interrogator. “Now that you know she’s a cop, that change anything? Suddenly noticing how hot she is?”

Scowling, Alex scoffed and shook her head. “She’s still weird enough to lie about herself online.”

“And you’ve never lied online?” Lucy interjected, shooting Alex a disbelieving look.

“Not like that! And I certainly never volunteered to crash Thanksgiving with a bunch of random people!”

“You could have cancelled on her, but you didn’t…” Lucy trailed off, letting the meaning of her words sink in. “I’m just saying, maybe you don’t have that much room to judge.”

“Whatever.” Alex turned back to the two-way mirror, looking in at Maggie, who sat surrounded by large stacks of paperwork all marked up with sticky tabs indicating where she needed to sign, date, and initial. Seeing her look so small at the large table, Alex felt a pang of guilt. After all, the woman
was stuck spending a holiday alone with paperwork when the only thing her ad had made clear was that she wanted a hot meal spent with other people, even if she wasn’t quite being honest about whom she was.

With a deep breath, Alex pushed open the door. “I come bearing pie.”

“My savior,” Maggie teased, though her stomach chose that moment to let out a loud growl.

“Yes, well, I suppose you were right about having been promised a meal. And I’m not one to back out of a promise.”

“You did stick with me, even once you met Gertie…”

Alex let out a small snort of laughter but nodded, sinking down into the chair opposite Maggie. “You know, when I was little, I used to beg my parents for a dog.”

“Yes?”

“Mhm. I put together whole presentations about why we should get one. They taught responsibility, encouraged physical activity, increased their owners happiness and longevity.” Maggie bit back a smile, imagining a shrunken down version of the woman sitting in front of her presenting whole stacks of research to her parents. “They insisted we didn’t have enough time to be responsible dog owners. In retrospect…yeah, okay, probably fair. But I had everything planned.”

“That’s really sweet, Danvers.”

Alex shrugged. “Point is, I decided about that time that we would name her Gertrude.”

“That’s, uh, quite the name.”

“You named your truck Gertie.”

“I suppose I did…guess it’s just the universe telling us how perfect we are together,” Maggie teased, though she had to admit, spending the day with Alex was much more fun than she had expected. She felt like she knew her better than a few of the women she’d actually dated in recent memory.

“Ah yes, such a sweet talker. For that I’m taking away your pie.”

“Hey!” Maggie protested, holding out her hands and making a gimme motion.

“Nope. When you’re done—if you’re good.”

“Mmm, now that doesn’t sound as platonic as the ad said.” When Alex’s cheeks colored, Maggie grinned triumphantly. “So what else do I get if I’m good?”

“Both kinds of pie,” Alex deadpanned.

“And if I don’t behave?”

Alex rolled her eyes. “You get thrown into a cell until you do.”

“Kinky.”

“Fuck off.”

“If it means I don’t have to do paperwork anymore…”
Eyeing the large stacks, Alex began flipping through them. “First of all, you’re close to done. Second of all, you’re moving slowly.”

“I’m reading the fine print! I don’t sign something not knowing what it says.”

“What if I tell you—help speed this process up?”

“You won’t lie?”

“We’re on camera if I do.”

“And? I know what happens when tapes get lost.”

“You have my word, alright?” Alex didn’t mention that she also had knowledge that Alex had threatened to kill over on more than one occasion, but Maggie seemed to understand that fact.

“Fine.” So Maggie sat back and began initialing and signing more quickly as Alex sped through the information they contained, reducing 400-page documents to a single sentence: “If you out Kara, the DEO will try to lock you up, but they’ll never find your body because I will have come for you first.”

“Says that in the packet, does it?”

“No, I’m giving you the honest version.”

There was something in the steely glint to Alex’s gaze that told Maggie not to push it—not that she ever had any intention of outing Supergirl anyway. She had enough alien friends and experience with forcible outings to know better. “I would expect nothing less.”

“Good.” And she genuinely believed Maggie for some reason.

Eventually they made it through the large stack, finishing much faster than Maggie ever would have if left on her own. “Well, you’re a free woman now, Maggie Sawyer.”

“I believe I was promised pie when I finished my assignment.”

“Mm, that you were…” Thinking back on it, Alex would never know what led her to suggest it—whether it was the knowledge that Maggie had stood up for her to her mother and, hell, to her own voice of self doubt, or if it was just the fresh memory of the delightful way she’d been such a dick to Mike, or maybe the reminder of Lucy’s words about just how cute the woman was—but Alex took a deep breath and turned to Maggie. “My mom dropped off the leftovers at my apartment, and I’ve even got a bottle of scotch there that I bet pairs well with chocolate pecan pie.”

Tilting her head to the side, Maggie tried to find some hint of sarcasm or a prank to get back at her for lying about her occupation. But Alex looked somewhat earnest, and, maybe Maggie was just projecting, but she almost seemed flirty. “You and me?”

“What? Yeah, I mean, I just, neither of us have anywhere else to go today. Though we could, you know, keep each other company.”

“Yeah—yeah, alright.” Even if she was fairly certain it was only her imagination making Alex’s offer sound distinctly sexual in nature, she was down for pie, scotch, and good company.

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“You asshole, you were gonna let me break my hand punching an alien in the face?” Maggie
cackled, the second or third glass of whiskey having loosened them both up. As she tucked her legs up underneath her on the sofa, she found herself feeling beyond grateful for the sweatpants Alex had let her borrow, even if they were a bit long.

“You’re the one that offered to punch him. I just didn’t say no,” Alex pointed out, snorting as Maggie yelled, “Semantic, Danvers! Semantics!”

Finally pulling herself up off the couch, Alex traipsed over to the kitchen where her mom had stored the leftovers. They probably should have started with food; maybe she wouldn’t be feeling the scotch quite as much as she was if they had. “What do you want?”

You, Maggie thought, shaking her head to get rid of that distinctly dangerous thought. “What are you offering?” she called back instead, thinking flirty suggestions were still better than outright propositions.

“There’s turkey, mashed potatoes—damn, Kara’s gonna be pissed when she finds out mom didn’t leave all of them for her—um, cheesecake, chocolate pecan pie, and some kind of cookie.”

“I was told that the pecan pie was the best in the galaxy—and now that I know that wasn’t an exaggeration…”

“Ugh,” Alex groaned, though she still cut a generous portion and dropped it onto a plate, grabbing a slice of cheesecake for herself. She topped off both of their glasses before settling back down on the couch a bit closer to Maggie than she had been before.

“Cheesecake, really? You gonna tell me you always dreamed of being on the Golden Girls?”

“What?”

“The Golden Girls—the show.” Alex continued to look at her in confusion. “C’mon, Rose, Sophia, Blanche, and Dorothy? Four old ladies living together, kickin it old school down in Florida. Really? Never seen it?”

“Why would I have voluntarily watched a show about senior citizens?”

“Because it was amazing. Duh.”

“Mhm, sureeee.”

“I’m serious! First of all”—Maggie held up her index finger, balancing her plate precariously on her knee—“it was so fucking progressive for its time. Second of all, it was all ladies as the main cast. Third, it’s fucking hilarious.” When Alex still looked unimpressed, Maggie waved a hand dismissively at her. “Whatever, you’re such a Dorothy.”

“What does that mean?”

“Guess you’ll have to watch the show to find out.” Maggie stuck her tongue out at her, not caring how childish it seemed.

“You’re the worst.”

“Nope, can’t be true. Cause I’m also the best.”

“How do you figure that?”

“It’s what all my ex-girlfriends said in bed,” Maggie teased, arching an eyebrow, challenging Alex to
respond.

“Mm, find me a girlfriend who’s still your girlfriend to say it, then we’ll talk.”

Biting her tongue, Maggie managed to avoid offering to prove it right then and there. “If I had a girlfriend right now, you would’ve been out a fabulous fake date for the day.”

“There is that.”

“And if I hadn’t been your fake date, you wouldn’t be having this amazing night of tipsy fun right now.”

“I probably would have been tipsy.”

“Yeah, but c’mon, being tipsy with me is like, a bajillion times better.” As if to emphasize her point, Maggie topped off their glasses again, thinking that she should probably call it quits after that—no need to be completely hungover tomorrow, especially when she was sure to get called in for all sorts of Black Friday spats.

“Maybe.”

“Totally. It feels like—like back when you were younger, and at a sleepover, and it was beyond late, and everyone was just a little delirious, but it was so much fun. Like—that time of night when anything could happen ’cause all the grownups were asleep, and it was like you and your friends ruled the world.” She tried not to dwell on how she’d lost several years of those kinds of nights after everything with Eliza—too scared to let herself get close to any of her friends again, too jaded and bitter.

They sat in silence for a few minutes before Maggie noticed the faraway look in Alex’s eyes. “So who was she?”

“Who?”

“The girl.”

“What girl?”

“C’mon, the one you used to have sleepovers with and spend all of your time together with—best friend-level status—but when you came out you realized that not everyone also wants to hold their best friend’s hand and snuggle and spend the rest of their lives together and maybe kiss each other.”

Eventually Alex relented, sighing, “Vicky Donahue.” Maggie patted Alex’s shoulder softly. “What about you?”

“Oh, uh,” Maggie stammered; she hadn’t thought this all the way through. “Um, Eliza—Eliza Wilkie. I don’t—I don’t really wanna talk about it, though.”

Sensing the abrupt shift in mood, Alex turned to Maggie, a grin playing about her lips. “Alright, well, fuck them—except, I guess, probably don’t.” Maggie snorted at that. “We still deserve fun sleepovers, just cause we missed out on some of them.”

Wondering if Alex had had something similar happen, or if it was more that all too common story—the fights that seemed to erupt with no explanation, the dissolution of long friendships when the other one suddenly found a boy to occupy her time—Maggie shrugged. “What do you propose?”
“Well you’re too fucked up to drive, that’s for sure.” Maggie nodded in acknowledgment; she hadn’t been planning on driving Gertie home that night. “So eating absurd amounts of dessert and playing stupid slumber party games?” Alex wasn’t entirely sure why she wasn’t ready for the night to end just yet, but Maggie was fun and, she thought, feeling a bit wistful, she hadn’t gotten to have much fun in a while. Sure, Lucy was great, but more and more she spent her time out at the desert base and her weekends with Vasquez. And Alex was happy for them—of course she was—but she couldn’t help but feel a little…lonely, and Maggie seemed like just the way to add some much needed fun back into her life. The whole day was absurd. Why not make it even more so? And then they never needed to see each other again.

“So, what, truth or dare?” Maggie laughed, but Alex just shrugged.

“Alright. Unless you’d rather I straighten your hair…”

“Truth or Dare, Danvers.”

“Dare.”

“Damn…jumping right in there with a dare.” Maggie paused; she’d forgotten how hard it was to come up with good dares, and the alcohol gave her plenty of ideas, but she doubted that any of them were useful. “Uh, I dare you to prank call Mike.”

“He knows my number.”

“You can use my phone. And god, Alex, you block the number, duh.”

Rolling her eyes, Alex accepted the proffered phone, dialing *67, then plugging in Mike’s number. It wasn’t until he picked up that she realized she hadn’t planned anything, and she definitely hadn’t prank called anyone in many, many years. “Um, is your refrigerator running?” Alex asked, fumbling for words as Maggie bit down on her hand to keep from laughing.

“What?” he asked. “Do I know you?”

Panicking, Alex tried to deepen her voice and yelled into the phone, “No! You’re dumb, and I hate you! Bye!”

As soon as she hung up, Maggie howled in laughter. “That was the worst prank call I’ve ever seen in my life.” She wiped away the tears of laughter from her eyes.

“What?” Alex huffed. “Truth or dare.”

“Truth.”

“Why the hell do you advertise on Craigslist for Thanksgiving? Honestly.”

“I used to work the holiday every year, but the kinds of calls you get on holidays—god, there’s only so much you can take of them. This is a way to get a free meal and not have to deal with a reminder that I’m alone, that my own family would rather have an empty seat at the table than see me—all because if I ever brought a date, she’d be a woman.”

“Fuck, Maggie, I—that sucks.”

“It’s been a long time. I’m used to it. The holidays just—it’s nice to have a kind of absurd distraction, see how fucked up other people’s families are too.”
“Yeah? Got any weird stories?” Alex asked, hoping to bring Maggie’s attention away from the past.

“I should make you wait for the next truth, but…I’m feeling generous. Hmm, last year I went with a dude whose whole family was military—really strict. He was an artist, and nothing he did was ever right. I guess they were on his case about bringing a date, and so he figured he’d give them a big fuck you, so I came in there with my “Fuck Bush” t-shirt and talked about getting arrested for protesting the military.” Alex looked rather impressed. “We were asked to leave before dinner was even over, but I snagged a whole pie and a bottle of wine on the way out.”

“So have you ever made it through a full meal?”

“Once or twice. The time I proposed—well that one went almost 7 hours! They needed to know all about me.”

“Have you seen that person since?”

“Nope.” Fixing Alex with a hard stare, Maggie tried to keep a serious face, even as she popped another bite of pie into her mouth. “Your turn. Truth or dare.”

“Truth.”

“Hm…last significant relationship?”

“Uh…god, I don’t know. I tried dating some dude for a bit in college, but that obviously didn’t work out too well—my being a big flaming homo who just hadn’t admitted it yet.”

“Mm, that does put a damper on things.”

“Then grad school and work kept me too busy to do more than a few casual dates now and then.”

“Makes sense.” Maggie didn’t really see who wouldn’t be willing to put up with slightly crazy work hours for a woman as gorgeous and funny as Alex, but then again, women sure hadn’t been willing to stick around for her.

“Truth or dare.”

“Hmm, truth I guess.”

“Worst first date.”

Maggie thought for a moment. “Hmm…back in college I took this girl to see a scary movie—she’d said that she really liked them too. As it turns out, she hated them. By the ten minute mark, she was already crying, and when we left she yelled at me. Apparently I should have realized that she was lying.”

“That sounds…dreadful,” Alex snorted. “If you ever want someone better to go see a horror movie with, I’m your girl.”

Maggie hated the way her stomach flipped at the idea of Alex being her girl. “Is that so?”

“Kara sure as hell won’t go with me.”

“Let me guess: she prefers romcoms where some douche-bro has a nice little redemption arc.”

“Just the ones.”

“Truth,” Alex answered.

“Hmm…hold old were you when you lost your virginity? Even if it’s a social construct,” Maggie added.

“Twenty. You?”

“I guess we can call this my next turn—18. So now you go again.”

“Oh, dare, I guess.”

Maggie tried to think of something. “Uh, show me any tattoos you have?”

“Don’t have any. Truth or dare.”

“Ugh, you suck. Um, truth.”

“One of these days, you’ll have to choose dare.” Maggie just shrugged; she would…eventually.

“Most embarrassing moment.”

“In thirty years, Danvers? Dear god, how do I choose just one?”

“Okay, just in college.”

“Ooh, it’s a toss up.”

“Between?”

“Got caught a little, uh, less than dressed in the library. And accidentally sent something to a professor that was very much not meant for a professor.”

“How did you do that?”

“A couple of shots and too many documents saved on my desktop with less than descriptive file names.”

“Ugh, you’re one of those people?”

“Not anymore,” Maggie laughed. “Alright, your turn: truth or dare.”

“I guess truth.”

“Celebrity crush.”

“Oh but there are so many…”

“Pick one!”

“Um, oh god, what’s her name?” It was on the tip of her tongue, but the scotch was making her thoughts a little fuzzy around the edges, and Maggie’s hand that had somehow made its way to her knee wasn’t helping. “Um, she played Wonder Woman?”

“Oh fuck, yeah, she’s hot. Totally get it.”

“Yeah, anyway, truth or dare?”
“Dare.”

Alex cackled gleefully before suddenly pausing. “Um…huh, this is harder than I remember.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well back with friends we’d do stupid shit, like make each other dress up in ridiculous outfits or go streaking down the block.”

“You want me to go run a lap around the floor of your apartment building in the nude?” Maggie teased.

“Wha—what? No!” Forcing herself to laugh, Alex tried to drive away thoughts of what Maggie might look like naked, hoping the other woman hadn’t noticed the way her gaze had dropped, though her smirk seemed to suggest that she had definitely noticed.

“So if not that, then what’ll it be, Danvers? What do you want me to do?” She definitely didn’t imagine the slightly strangled noise Alex let out at that particular phrasing.

Trying to think of the least sexual thing she could, Alex suggested, “Let me give you an absurd hairstyle, then you have to snapchat a selfie with it.”

“Deal. Maggie turned around so that her back was to Alex and pulled her hair tie out, letting her hair fall to her shoulders. It wasn’t until Alex was up on her knees, her fingers raking through her hair, that Maggie realized she hadn’t quite thought this through, hadn’t quite realized just how sensual it could feel to have Alex touching her, even if it was to give her an absolutely hideous new look.

Running her fingers through Maggie’s hair, Alex tried to ignore the small shiver that ran through the smaller woman’s frame, tried to convince herself that she imagined the small moan of contentment. Instead she focused on giving Maggie the closest approximation to Cindy Lou Who’s hairstyle she could come up with.

By the time she finished, Maggie nearly fell off the couch in her rush to get away from Alex’s hands, from the heat of her body, from the chance that she would do something stupid like turn around and kiss her frustratingly kissable lips. Luckily catching sight of her new do was enough to completely distract from the situation at hand. “Oh my god,” she cackled. “What is this?”

“You like? Maybe I should contemplate a career change.”

“Oh for sure. Totally worth the risk.” Alex laughed and shook her head, finishing off her cheesecake while Maggie sent the photo around to a few of her closest friends.

Over the course of a few more rounds, Alex talked about her gay awakening and was given 60 seconds to pull together the most ridiculous outfit she could find—returning in as much neon as Kara had left in her closet over the years as she could gather in the allotted time—and Maggie was forced to eat some hideous concoction of the first three ingredients she touched in Alex’s fridge with her eyes covered.

Once she was done rinsing her mouth out for what felt like a thousandth time, Maggie turned back to Alex. “Truth or dare?”

“Um, truth.”

“Hmm…got a crush on anyone at the moment?” Maggie hoped it sounded innocuous enough, like it could totally just be one friend asking another friend, not angling or hoping for anything in particular.
Swallowing thickly, Alex made a noncommittal noise. “Maybe.”

“Well that sounds promising.”

“I don’t know—just, someone new. She seems fun, like maybe she’d be worth the risk.”

“Is she cute?” Maggie wondered if she was more of a narcissist or a masochist, though really that depended on whether or not Alex was talking about her.

“I’d probably say hot, but yeah, she’s cute too.”

“Probably pretty cool and suave too, huh?”

“Meh,” Alex teased, wondering if Maggie knew it was her. “She’s kind of dorky, comes off a little weird too.”

“Bet she’s still one of the coolest people you’ve ever met.”

“We’ll see…” Alex took a sip of the water she’d switched to about the time of Maggie’s absurd kitchen dare. “Truth or dare.”

“Truth.”

Bracing herself, Alex tried to look nonchalant. “What about you? Found anyone you like recently?”

“I think so…”

“That so? Think she likes you back?”

“I sure hope so.”

“What’s she like?”

Maggie couldn’t help the dopey grin. “She’s really smart—like, genius level, ya know? And she’s just gorgeous. And, sure, okay, a huge nerd and probably not the smoothest person out there, but I think she might—she might get me, like, she might not try to change me into someone I’m not.”

Alex nodded earnestly. Even if Maggie wasn’t talking about her, she deserved someone who would give her all of that, deserved someone who would more than make up for the family she’d lost. God, she chastised herself, this so wasn’t like her. She didn’t fall head over heels for random people she barely knew, even when they did stand up for her and look that hot holding a gun and a badge. Kara was the one who got butterflies, who imagined futures together on first dates, who fell heart first without constantly second-guessing herself.

“Danvers?”

“Huh?” Alex shook herself from her thoughts.

“I said truth or dare.”

“Oh, um, dare.

Maggie nodded, trying to gather her courage. “You know, um, dares don’t have to be done at this moment, right? Like, if circumstances aren’t right, of if you don’t want to…”

“Well obviously, you didn’t say that you double dog dared me,” Alex teased, trying to lighten the
mood. It seemed to work as Maggie cracked a smile.

“Right, right. Just a normal dare.” Maggie forced herself to look up at Alex’s face. “Well then, first chance you get, I dare you to kiss that crush of yours.”

“First chance, huh?”

“First chance,” Maggie confirmed.

They both sat there for a moment, neither one of them moving, until Alex surged forward. She could have been smoother about it or tried to go slow enough to make sure Maggie really knew what she had dared her to do, but she knew if she didn’t move quickly, she’d lose all her nerve. So she pressed her lips to Maggie’s, just barely kissing her despite the grand lead up to it all.

Before Alex could panic, backing off and rambling apologies until Maggie left her apartment, she felt a warm hand cupping the back of her neck and dragging her forward, their lips crashing together. And somehow, dressed in a neon yellow t-shirt with lime green leggings on and hot pink knee socks —she still wasn’t sure where Kara even found these types of things or why she had left them all at Alex’s place—and half-straddling a woman in overly long sweatpants with her hair done like Cindy Lou Who, Alex felt like she was enjoying one of the most romantic holidays of her life.

Chapter End Notes

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Because sometimes I think holidays and a lot of holiday episodes of shows or chapters of fanfic hype up the idea of coming out, just as a reminder, if it isn't safe for you to come out or you aren't ready to deal with questions, you're more than okay not coming out, and you certainly don't have to do it on a day with a ton of other stressors already happening just because it's a "convenient" time when the whole family might already be around. It's a personal choice, not one that society or other people (even family and close friends) get to make for you. And if you have the choice and don't want to spend today with biological family, that's okay too! Do what's best for you personally, and sometimes that means binge-watching shitty TV and eating takeout and ice cream with chosen family.
Maggie woke up to the feeling of Alex's tongue hot against her, Alex's fingers wrapped around her hips, Alex's hair tickling at the insides of her thighs.

"Fuck," Maggie rasped, her voice thick with sleep and desire. Her brain struggled to make it to fully awake even as her body surged up at the flick of Alex's tongue up and around her clit, one of her hands falling to the sheets as the other tangled in Alex's hair, holding her in place. "So close," Maggie panted. And god, how true it was.

"I've got you," Alex whispered, bringing her mouth up just enough for Maggie to be able to see her chin and lips glistening with the proof of her own arousal, to see how dark Alex's eyes were even as her lips curled up into a loving smile. And then she was ducking her head back down and taking Maggie's clit between her lips, her tongue flicking across it, and Maggie didn't stand a chance of lasting any longer, coming with a sharp gasp as her thighs tightened around Alex's head.

Trying to get her heart rate under control, Maggie took deep breaths, whimpering slightly when Alex's tongue flicked out once more before she began her slow ascent back up Maggie's torso.

"Good morning." Alex planted a soft kiss on Maggie's lips.

"Really, really good morning."

"Just because you have to work today doesn't mean we shouldn't celebrate..." Alex trailed off, letting her gaze dart over to the bedside table where Maggie noticed a plate of french toast waiting for her along with a coffee mug and light blue envelope with her name scrawled across it.

"Danvers, you really didn't have to."

"I know I didn't have to. I wanted to," Alex explained, pulling herself up onto her knees and helping to prop up some of the pillows for Maggie to sit up and enjoy her breakfast in bed.

"One of the many reasons I love you." It was meant to be teasing, but Maggie's voice dripped with sincerity—the kind of earnestness she once mocked in cheesy romcoms and love stories. Because she had barely even talked about her birthday, let alone asked for anything, but Alex had noticed—of course she had—and had gone out of her way to make her morning perfect.

"You're totally getting soft on me, Sawyer," Alex teased, earning herself a faceful of pillow. By the time Alex had gotten resettled, pushing her hair out from her face, Maggie was sitting beside her, plate in her lap and coffee mug in hand looking the picture of innocence. "You're lucky you're cute."
"Don't I know it," Maggie answered, popping a bite of french toast in her mouth and humming happily. "Oh my god, this is so good—it's just like that diner I used to love!"

"That's because it is from that diner you used to love."

"What? That diner's all the way out in Gotham."

Alex simply nodded, busying herself with her own cup of coffee.

"Did you get Kara to fly out there for me?"

"Ah, apparently she paid a certain masked vigilante a visit while she was out there," Alex shrugged, like it was perfectly reasonable to have gotten her fiancée breakfast from hundreds of miles away, just to make sure it was perfect.

"Well, be sure to thank Kara for me, okay?"

"I think the owner of that diner did plenty of that for you, if the number of takeout boxes Kara was holding was any indication." Shaking her head, Alex laughed softly. It was just like Kara to turn a quick errand into a morning-long exercise in making friends with strangers. "Plus, I thought, well, if you're up for it, maybe we could do a little party over at Kara's tonight?"

"For my birthday?"

"No for this random Thursday, Sawyer," Alex deadpanned.

"Shut up. I'm just saying, you don't have to make it into such a big deal. I'm sure everyone is busy." She shrugged. "This morning is already way more than we ever did back home." It wasn't like her parents had completely ignored her, but birthdays simply weren't a big deal when both of her parents worked long days just to make ends meet. Plus, her birthday was so close to Easter and not that long after Christmas, it just got wrapped into the bigger celebrations, and she learned from a young age not to ask for more, not to demand something bigger or better. Just because the wealthier white kids in her grade—the ones whose parents owned the stores instead of working at them—got big parties where they rented out whole ice skating rinks or took all the girls or boys in the grade to go see a movie and had stacks of presents to open at the end didn't mean that she could. And it was fine. Her mom would bake a cake, and they would sing happy birthday after a dinner that was just like the dinners they had every other day of the week, and Maggie was happy. It was fine.

"But you're not opposed to the idea of something small?"

"Not opposed, no," Maggie confirmed, smiling at Alex's consideration.

"Perfect. Then I'll pick you up from work tonight, okay?"

"Deal."

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Maggie's day passed by in a flurry of activity, having been called in to work a few minor non-Science Division cases since half the precinct was out with a nasty bug, and by the time 5pm rolled around, she was excited to be able to turn off her scanner and relax.

"Sawyer!" her captain's voice boomed out across the bullpen.

"Yes, sir?" Maggie quickly wove her way through the clusters of desks over to his office door.
"Thanks for picking up the slack today."

"Oh, uh, yeah...yeah, no problem."

"It might not be a problem, but you did more than your share of helping to keep our team running
today." Maggie rubbed at the back of her neck, ducking her head slightly. Accepting compliments
had never been her strong suit. "Oh, and Sawyer?"

"Yeah?"

"Happy birthday." She didn't miss the rare smile as he passed over a card signed by many of her
coworkers, most of whom had written short notes thanking her for the work she did, talking about
how nice it was to have her at NCPD and a few joking that they'd willingly fight Gotham to keep her
forever.

Biting back a surge of emotion, Maggie nodded. "Thank you."

"And consider tomorrow a mandatory day off."

"But half the team is already—"

"Just take the day off. Consider it my insisting that you use some of that leave time you keep racking
up, if you must."

"If you insist..." Maggie trailed off, not bothering to hide her grin.

"Now get out of here. I'm sure you've got a glass of scotch and a fiancée waiting for you at home."

With a nod, Maggie gathered her coat and bag and headed for the parking lot where Alex was
waiting for her. With a quick kiss, Alex pulled open the passenger door for Maggie.

"So chivalrous."

"Only the best for you." With a charming smile, Alex climbed back in, starting the car only to have
stereo roar to life with the chorus of a My Chemical Romance song she'd loved back in high school
and had been playing on her drive over to the precinct blasting through the speakers.

"I take back the chivalrous comment!" Maggie yelled over the music while Alex fumbled with the
knobs to turn it down.

"Hush now, you're just getting the full Alex Danvers chauffeur experience."

"Mm, now does this Alex Danvers have any qualms about making out in the backseat to complete
the high school mood?"

"She does not...but she does have a hungry alien sister who might eat the birthday cake if we don't
get there on time."

"Fine," Maggie relented with an exaggerated huff of exasperation.

By the time they got to Kara's, Winn, James, and J'onn had already arrived and were scattered
around the apartment. "Happy birthday!" Kara squealed, jumping up from the sofa when Maggie
and Alex walked in and running over to hug the birthday girl.

"Thanks, Kara." But before Maggie could get any further than the doorway, she found herself being
pulled into a hug by Winn, who whispered, "It's the one day of the year when you can't threaten me
for hugging you...unless you want me to stop."

As tempted as Maggie was to mess with him, she just laughed. "You're alright Schott—but only
today."

"Understood!"

James was next up. "Happy birthday, Maggie. I'm really glad to have you as the newest member of
the superfriends." They both cracked up at the name, shaking their heads at just how extra Winn and
Kara could be—a level that increased exponentially when they were left to work together.

"Maggie," J'onn greeted her with a nod and a shake of his hand, which she quickly turned into a
hug. She wasn't going to say no to a nice space dad moment.

Eventually they made it all the way into the living room and settled in on the couches and chairs
around the room. Playing hostess, Kara used a small burst of super-speed to dart back and forth to
the kitchen and back with trays of drinks and bowls of popcorn and chips to snack on while they
waited for the pizza to arrive.

When Lena arrived, she let the pizza delivery boy up with her and paid, waving off the protests with
a flick of her wrist and a "Happy birthday, Maggie!" Over dinner, they chatted about their days and
the plans for the coming weekend, and J'onn insisted Alex take off the next day to be with Maggie
once he found out that her captain had instructed her to stay home.

"Okay, so, I know that presents traditionally wait until cake," Kara began, looking far too excited to
wait that long, "but I figure nothing about our friend group is really all that traditional, so..." The
group just snickered and rolled their eyes, none of them having expected Kara to make it all the way
to dessert.

"You really didn't need to get me a present," Maggie insisted.

"Aha! We knew you would say that!" Maggie tilted her head to the side, feeling like she was missing
some part of the puzzle here. "That's why we didn't technically get you anything but a card."

Maggie accepted the proffered card and sat back, skimming over the sweet notes from each of them,
including one from Eliza that Maggie could only assume Kara managed to get by flying all the way
to Midvale. "Well thank you, I really appreciate it."

"But that's not all!" Kara announced, sounding like she could have been a game show hostess
revealing what was behind curtain number two. "See, we knew you would say no presents per se,
but you can't say no to a fun experience... So! We all made proposals about what we thought you
might want to do. I still think we should do them all, but Alex suggested that we let you pick."

"I just said she might not want to spend the next several weekends in a row doing big group activities
—fun as they may be." Maggie stifled a laugh at the wink Alex threw her way; she had a feeling she
knew exactly what kinds of activities Alex thought they should save time for, and those activities
were definitely more of a two-person variety.

"Well I thought it could be fun if we all went and played paintball together," Kara began. "You and
Alex seem to bond best over shooting and dodging and strategizing, and what better way to do than
in way with no risk of death?"

"And I suggested laser tag," Lena threw out there. When everyone looked at her in surprise, she
simply shrugged. "Kara made a convincing argument for why the guns and the shooting would be
appealing, but I thought a version where nice clothing needn't be destroyed could be preferable."
"I vote for gocarts!" Winn called out, looking absolutely delighted by the suggestion. He might not ever be able to keep up with them on motorcycles (not that he'd ever tried), but he thought a new kind of vehicle might even the playing field. He didn't mention that the track had been set up to look like National City and the carts had been painted with different villains, vigilantes, and heroes, though it had been a real selling point, especially once the owner added a steel gray Guardian cart to his lineup.

"I could call in some connections from CatCo to get us front row 'media' seats to the roller derby championship tournament that's coming to National City in two weeks," James offered, delighted to find that Maggie's eyes lit up at the suggestion.

All eyes turned then to J'onn, who had remained mysteriously quiet. "I offer nothing more than one of the testing facilities at the DEO."

After a moment of silence, Kara shrugged and smiled at him. "Maybe next year, J'onn!"

He chuckled, winking over at Maggie as he elaborated: "Just you, a testing facility, and a whole batch of the newest model of our flash grenades to throw at moving targets."

Maggie's mouth dropped open at that. "Babe!" she squealed. "Did you hear that? I'm gonna get a flash grenade after all!"

"She should know," J'onn added, biting back a smile at the sight of the older Danvers looking beyond happy as she smiled down at her fiancée, "she designed the new model just in time for the occasion."

James managed to slip out his camera just in time to capture the sight of Maggie's ecstatic grin as she nearly bounded into Alex's lap, kissing her soundly.

When the pizza was just about finished, Alex disappeared, shooing Maggie back into the living room as she busied herself in Kara's kitchen. Trying not to peek, Maggie turned back toward James to listen to what he was saying about the latest news from CatCo. When the lights suddenly dimmed, though, her attention was drawn back to the source of noise coming from the kitchen, where Alex stood clutching a large glass pan of tiramisu, a smattering of candles decorating it and bathing Alex's face in a warm, flickering light.

As the group began singing a surprisingly in-tune version of Happy Birthday, Maggie laughed softly, blinking back the happy tears threatened to fall, which she would vehemently deny later.

"Happy birthday, dear Maggie, happy birthday to you!" they finished, Winn drawing out the note for several bars until Alex finally silenced him with a glare, and everyone joined in to clap and cheer loudly, urging Maggie to blow out the candles and make a wish.

"Happy birthday, dear Maggie, happy birthday to you!" they finished, Winn drawing out the note for several bars until Alex finally silenced him with a glare, and everyone joined in to clap and cheer loudly, urging Maggie to blow out the candles and make a wish.

Closing her eyes, Maggie found that the kinds of wishes she used to have—wishes for a chance to see the world outside of Blue Springs, to do well on her midterm tests, to be allowed to have Eliza sleep over that weekend—just didn't come to her anymore. Looking around and finding a room of friends and chosen family who had all given up their evenings to be here, supporting her and celebrating her, she found the only wish that came to mind was for more moments just like this one.

Chapter End Notes
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholar
Sanvers Engagement Fluff and Crack

Chapter Summary

Just some fun snippets from the engagement they deserved (especially as we’re getting to whatever fresh hell the crossover holds). Feel free to consider this a fix-it for… god, really the whole fucking season, but I’m giving them a bridal shower where no homophobic parents are in attendance, some wedding planning, and a bachelorette party featuring a one Lucy Lane
For those who had been asking for proposal fix-its, I already wrote one (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25858395) as well as a short ficlet with Maggie proposing for a change (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/25553673)

A/N: ALSO yes this is going up now because the good news I thought I might be getting yesterday did in fact work out because she said yes and we’re officially engaged!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Don’t forget your bridal bingo cards!” Eliza called out, handing a sheet to each guest who walked through the door, along with a little golf pencil in case they hadn’t come prepared.

“Kill me now, please,” Alex grumbled, throwing an arm around Maggie’s shoulders and pressing a kiss to her forehead. The sound of a camera shutter drew Alex’s attention, and she held up a finger, pointing it threateningly at James. “What did I say about what I could do to you with that camera?”

“Ooh! Anyone who has ‘photos taken despite Alex’s objections,’ that’s a box checked for you!” Kara yelled over the din of the party, grinning as several people pulled out their cards and checked off the box.

“Brutus,” Alex hissed at Kara as she walked by.

“Nope, just your maid of honor.” Before Alex could protest, she found her hands filled with a flute of champagne and a cake pop and decided it wasn’t worth arguing—yet.

“Ladies!” Lucy yelled as she strolled through the door. “I have arrived!”

“Oh thank god,” Maggie deadpanned, “and here I thought we’d never be able to get the party started.”

“Fear not, Eliza and I have been hard at work coming up with the very best bridal shower games for you two.” Dropping her voice so that only Maggie and Alex could hear, she added, “And I’ve got even more in store for your bachelorette party.”

“What? I, uh, thought the maid of honor planned that?” It wasn’t as though Alex was scared by the thought of Lucy running wild with whatever inappropriate thoughts that came into her mind but, no, scratch that, she absolutely was.
“Typically, yes,” Lucy conceded with a dip of her head. “But since your maid of honor is more pastels and pompoms than lace and lingerie, I figured I could lend a hand. Thanks, Kar!”

“Please don’t mention it…ever.” She might be practically invulnerable, but she didn’t need to deal with an annoyed Alex in the kryptonite training room.

Once Lucy made her way over to Eliza, pulling far too many items out of her bag to Eliza’s delight and Alex’s horror, Maggie dragged Alex around the room to greet all their guests. The routine was simple enough, an excited, “Thanks so much for coming!” followed by some congratulations and best wishes and every so often a “secret tip” for keeping their marriage exciting and the romance alive.

“They don’t know that nothing about your life is boring, huh?” Maggie asked, gesturing to the clump of Alex’s aunts, all of whom had some different secret for keeping away boredom.

“They think I work in a federal lab…and really only do the science stuff.” Hearing the sound of a fork being hit against a glass, Alex grimaced. “Think you’ve got any alien friends who could be convinced to stir up a bit of trouble? Get us out of this hell?”

Maggie gestured around the room to where her closest alien friends were all looking beyond excited at the prospect of hearing about a softer side to the hardass DEO agent who had only recently been accepted by most of them. “I think they’re too invested in finding out about you to jeopardize this bridal shower.”

“Welcome to Alex and Maggie’s bridal shower,” Eliza greeted everyone, joined by Lucy in the corner. “We’ve got quite a few games to play today, but I think we’ll start by bringing our brides-to-be up to the hotseat for a round of the pre-newlywed game to find out how well these two know each other!”

“Deep breath, Danvers,” Maggie whispered, grabbing hold of Alex’s hand and dragging her up to the makeshift stage.

“For those of you who didn’t catch that, we had our first use of Danvers, so go ahead and check that on off your bridal bingo card!” Kara yelled, winking at Alex. If she thought she wasn’t going to use her powers to make sure everyone got the full bridal bingo experience, she was sorely mistaken. Though, Kara had to admit, she was fairly upset that none of her checked off tiles were in the same row or column.

Eliza and Lucy took turns reading off questions, while Alex and Maggie scribbled answers on small dry-erase boards. They started with a few easy ones.

Alex’s favorite color was quickly answered—blue—as was Maggie’s—green—followed closely by their favorite ice cream flavors—rocky road for Alex, while Alex made sure to note that Maggie preferred the vegan version of chocolate fudge brownie, accompanied by her own editorial note, “Gross.” With a question about Alex’s favorite animal (dog), anyone with “Gertrude” on their card found that they had another square ticked off.

“How did you two meet?”

A few moments later, they both swung their boards around. Alex’s read: “Crime scene. It was my jurisdiction,” while Maggie’s, “National City Airport. She still thinks it was her jurisdiction.”

“And how did you two get together?” Eliza asked, remembering just how many weeks had gone by from the first phone call where she heard about Maggie to the one where Alex finally told her they
were dating.

Maggie and Alex’s boards matched exactly: “We should kiss the girls we want to kiss.”

“Bingo!” Winn yelled, waving his card in the air.

“What do ya got?” Kara asked, plucking the card from his hands as she read them aloud; they’d agreed the full party would get to decide whether or not it was a real win. “Talk of Gertrude? Check. ‘We should kiss the girls we want to kiss’ story? Check. Free space. ‘It was my jurisdiction’? Check. Eliza being extra af? I don’t know… What do you think?”

“Not a chance,” Lucy yelled back. “We have so many more things planned—you haven’t even gotten the tip of the iceberg.”

“Then it’s ruled, no bingo!” Winn grumbled as he reached out and took his card back from Kara, but soon had his pencil back out as he heard Alex calling Maggie “Sawyer.”

“Alright, who was your last date with before you got together?” Lucy asked, wiggling her eyebrows at the look of concentration on Alex’s face as she scribbled her answer on the board. Once they stopped writing, Lucy called out, “So who was Maggie’s?”

Alex flipped over her board, looking slightly embarrassed about her answer: “That blonde lady who dumped you?”

“Uh, technically…she did have a name, though—Tricia.”

“No points for Alex,” Lucy declared wielding her pen like a judge’s gavel and tapping it against the table as she announced her verdict. “And who was Alex’s last date?”

“Some boring dude” was scratched across Maggie’s board.

“I mean, she’s kinda right. It was Max Lord.”

“Fake dates don’t count!” Kara yelled out. “Go back another two years!”

Alex glared at her sister, but Lucy beat her to the punch in responding: “None of you are right. Although she clearly did not know it, Alex’s actual last date before getting together with Maggie was with me.”

“What?”

“Don’t you remember those post-Myriad drinks?” Alex looked confused, while Maggie cackled loudly.

“Guess I don’t get to take all the credit for her big gay awakening.”

“Maybe we play a new game?” Alex suggested, really not needing the next group of questions to all be about her obliviousness.

Lucy shrugged, but pulled out the list she and Eliza were working from. “Okay, we’ve got the purse game that we adopted to be more inclusive—now it’s, what’s on my person?”

Everyone gathered round as Lucy explained the directions. “I’ll call out an item. You can use your pockets, bag, and coats. Whichever one of you can produce it first gets a prize.” Once everyone realized that the prizes were bottles of wine, the labels replaced with embarrassing photos of Alex and Maggie, they looked significantly more invested in winning. Sensing the temptation for cheating,
Lucy motioned for James. “Hoist me up.”

“What?”

“I need to be able to see everyone.” She looked at him like it were the most obvious thing in the world. Finally he gave in, lifting her up to his shoulders where she perched, scanning the crowd to make sure no one was already trying to start off with more than they were allowed. “Alright, we’ll start easy: hand sanitizer.”

One of Alex’s aunts won handily, producing not one, but three small travel-sized containers of Purell. Winn claimed the next bottle for having a tin of mints, and Kara shocked everyone by actually having glitter on her person. They ended the game early when Lucy called weapon and found herself faced with a veritable sea of batons, knives, and guns—of both the human and alien variety—much to the horror of Alex’s family members. “Forgot how many cops and federal agents were here,” Lucy chuckled. “Let’s, uh, holster those weapons, grab some food, and settle in for the next game, why don’t we?”

“Wait! Bingo!” Lena yelled. She might have arrived a bit late, but with Kara’s help she’d more than made up for lost time.

“Let’s see.” Kara scanned the card, only to find it plucked from her hands by Lucy.

“Nope, we need an objective third party.” Lucy looked over the crossed off diagonal line Lena had checked through. “Alright, we definitely had Sawyer used as a nickname. I’m sure I did, in fact, say something inappropriate.”

“So many things,” Maggie laughed.

“Free space, yep. Alex and J’onn having a moment…did anyone else catch that?”

“I did!” Winn yelled, earning himself a light slap on the back of the head from Alex.

“Oh! I have bingo now too!” James yelled, ticking off, “Head slap.”

“Too late, we definitely got guns being drawn, so Lena won!”

“Congratulations, dear,” Eliza said, handing over a bottle with a photo of Alex and Maggie passed out asleep on the floor of the DEO’s conference room after having spent almost 48 hours awake dealing with an ongoing threat.

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“Do we sit Lena with Kara at the main bridal party table?” Alex asked, biting at the tip of her pencil as she looked at the large seating chart she had in front of her.

“Oh, you mean because she hasn’t formally admitted that they’re banging?”

“Some might have said dating, dear.”

Maggie just shrugged. “Are we putting Vasquez with Lucy?”

“No…why?”

“Well they’re also fucking. So if they don’t get to sit together, it would kind of be a double standard.”
“Wait, what?”

“Danvers, you run in gay lady circles now. You’ve gotta keep up with the gossip.”

“Remind me to bring a notebook to our bachelorette party to record any rumors,” Alex grumbled.

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“I hereby declare tonight the biggest, gayest bridal shower to ever hit National City!” Lucy yelled, gesturing for Kara to pop the bottle of champagne and formally start their evening.

“I take no responsibility for anything that happens tonight,” Kara added, catching sight of Alex’s apprehensive expression.

“We’ve got some roleplaying games, the naughty almost-newlywed game, and then Kara has something ‘appropriate’”—Lucy looked physically pained by the idea—“with glitter and cell phones.”

Grabbing the bottle of champagne from Kara’s hands, Alex cleared her throat. “As a reminder, the wedding is tomorrow, and the city is to be free of any and all crime tonight and all day tomorrow. You are all to report to your designated stations on time tomorrow morning.”

“She just means show up at the wedding venue!” Maggie called out, wondering when their wedding started to sound like a DEO mission.

“If any of you get too drunk to deal with emergencies for me tonight or to risk being late tomorrow, so help me, I will show up at your home with every non-lethal alien weapon I have and ensure that you regret your actions from now until the rest of eternity. Are we clear?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Lucy saluted, grinning and looking far too pleased with herself. “But fine, yes, I know some of you are on call tonight. Don’t be stupid—take your water shots and just embody that white girl wasted no shame mentality, mkay?” Once everyone had nodded in understanding, Lucy gestured for Maggie and Alex to come take their place in the two large chairs they’d decorated to look like thrones. “We’ll begin with some roleplaying.”

“Luce,” Alex hissed.

“Hush now, you’re not a part of this.”

Alex glanced over at Maggie to see if she had any idea what was happening, but she just shrugged. Procuring a top hat from what seemed like thin air, Lucy made a show of pulling three cards out—two small ones and one larger one. “Lena and, oh hey look, me! And we will be giving our best approximation of the Sanvers morning routine.”

“I’m still not sold on Sanvers as our wedding hashtag,” Maggie interjected.

“Yes, well, we voted and you lost. Time to move on and start tagging your posts properly.”

Maggie rolled her eyes, accepting the flutes of champagne and bowl of popcorn that were handed to them while Lena and Lucy took a shot each and got up in the front of the room, everyone else quieting around them.

With an exaggerated yawn and stretch, Lucy sat up. “Sawyer! Wake up!” she barked, earning a few small chuckles from the crowd.
“I’m not that bad,” Alex grumbled.

“Morning, Danvers,” Lena tried, looking significantly less sure in her role than Lucy. “Um, should we get breakfast?”

“I assume you want something gross and vegan or toasted to charcoal?”

Biting back a snort of laughter, Lena nodded, feeling the warmth of the shot she’d taken slowly spreading and helping to loosen her up a bit. Apparently Lucy was quite the natural. “Yes, dear. But first let’s look through our closets and pick out which of my twenty identical pairs of skinny jeans I should wear today.”

“Good idea, then we can go into our leather jacket room and find one nobody’s seen yet.”

“So glad we order them in bulk!” Alex found herself smiling in spite of herself, and Lena seemed to relax even more when she noticed that the brides-to-be were enjoying themselves as they went about reenacting their morning routine.

“Breakfast sure was great,” Lucy declared loudly. “Wonder what I should do now? Maybe I should call my dearest and most attractive and best friend Lucy…” She pulled out her phone and made a show of looking at it before putting it back in her pocket and glaring at Alex. “No, I’ll wait til it’s a world-ending emergency. Hmm…I guess the only thing left to do for fun besides shooting is fucking.”

For a moment Lena looked like she might bolt, but she finally seemed to give in with a nudge from Lucy. “We should be sure to do it right by the big bay windows when we know Kara’s visiting—make sure that she’s far too scarred to do anything fun all day.” Lena threw an accusatory glare over at Alex and Maggie, who looked appropriately bashful.

“End scene!” Lucy yelled, loudly clapping until everyone else caught on. “Unless we wanted to turn this into an NC-17 version…no? No takers? Not yet? That’s cool.” With a flourish, Lucy reached back into her hat and pulled out three more cards: “Next up will be Winn and Kara, and they’ll be playing Sanvers at the bar.”

After a few moments, Kara and Winn took their places at the front of the room, both of them grinning.

“Who’s whom?” someone yelled out.

“Obviously I’m Alex. I’m taller, duh,” Kara answered, earning a cheer from Alex.

“Hey, Danvers! Come try this whiskey.”

“Oh, my favorite! It’s totally something normal people drink, and isn’t at all purposefully dark and broody.”

“Nope, not at all. I sure like that leather jacket,” Winn complimented, even going so far as to tilt his head to the side to take it in.

“You too. Love that you’re also in skinny jeans and a leather jacket.”

“But it’s not like we’re matching, and my reaction of threatening Winn when he suggested it was so totally appropriate.”

“Threatening Winn is my favorite pastime! Maybe we should play pool? I love how no one else in
this bar literally every approaches our table.” Kara shot a glare at Alex, remembering the one time she had tried playing and been shooed away.

“Ah yes, it’ll be fun to act like I could ever have a shot at winning.”

“I heard Maggie won in other ways on that pool table!” Lucy yelled out, cackling at the way Alex rounded on her and the bright pink flush that colored both Winn and Kara’s cheeks.

“End scene!” Lena yelled, figuring neither Kara nor Winn would go anywhere near the topic now that they knew it could all be turned into double entendre.

A short break and a few drinks later, Lucy dragged Alex and Maggie’s chairs up to the front of the room for all the newlywed questions she’d rejected for the family-friendly shower version. “Audience participation is firmly encouraged,” she added with a wink. “We’ll start off easy.” Alex let out a sigh of relief. “When’s the last time you hooked up?”

“Lucy,” Alex hissed. “What happened to starting off easy?”

“This should be straightforward.”

“Traitor.”

Eventually Lucy coaxed Alex into writing something down and got her to move it far enough away from her chest to let Lucy read it aloud: “Today.” She nodded in appreciation before turning to Maggie. “You in agreement?”

Maggie spun her board around: “This afternoon.”

“Extra points for the specificity, Sawyer! We’re gonna get along so well.” Maggie grinned at that. “How long did you wait until you slept together for the first time?”

At least Kara already knew the answer to this one, Alex thought as she spun her board around: “3 weeks.”

“Maggie?”

Biting at her lip, Maggie flipped her board: “2 weeks.”

“Interesting…you both seemed pretty secure in those answers. What exactly did ya do at two weeks?”

Thinking back to what had happened at two weeks, Alex flushed a deep shade of red and clamped her hand over Maggie’s mouth. “Nothing! I misremembered the date!”

Lucy looked like she desperately wanted to push for more information, but she figured she’d wait until after the wedding and get Alex a little closer to drunk before she asked. “Alright, we’ll let it go…for now. Next up, which of each other’s friends do you find most attractive?”

Encouraging the crowd to sell themselves, Lucy cackled as winks were directed at the brides to be and countless kisses blown in their direction. Lucy even played a few bars of music to try to encourage James to take his shirt off. Even if they weren’t together anymore, she could still appreciate the aesthetic.

“Alright, ladies, reveal those answers!”

Alex flipped hers over: “I only have eyes for Maggie.”
“Aww, babe, that’s so sweet.” Maggie leaned over and kissed Alex, earning a chorus of cheers.

“What about you, Maggie? What’d you put?” Lucy yelled, noticing her sliding her board away.

“Oh, uh, same answer!”

“Let’s see.”

“No need!” But Lucy moved fast enough for Maggie to swear she could have been Kryptonian too, snatching the board from her before she could erase her answer. “Oh, Detective, you could have just said so…” she trailed off, fluttering her eyelashes as she spun it around to show the crowd her own name scrawled on the board.

“Fuck off,” Maggie grumbled.

“Only if your fiancée agrees to it too,” Lucy teased, jumping up and back off the stage as she took off, Alex hot on her heels. “This your way of saying yes, Danvers?”

Chapter End Notes

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Also, I know I said it a few chapters ago, but as a reminder, I'm still closing in on the end of some deadlines, planning a wedding (!!), catching up on a backlog of old prompts that came in before I stopped accepting them, focusing on wrapping up Undercover(s), and working on another slow burn AU of my own (which, I like filling prompts, but I really love writing longer form stuff; that's what got me into fandom), so I'm not really accepting new prompts at the moment. If you've got something that you really want to see, by all means come talk to me and I'll see what I can do, but waking up to 19 new prompts from anons this morning was a bit much to be adding to the list for now. Thanks for understanding!
Sanvers College Library Meet Cute

Chapter Summary

For @performativezippers - hope you're starting to feel better, friend!

Hilariously, this story is plucked from my real life. Except I didn't meet Alex Danvers; I met a very flustered, awkward, burly security guard. And Zipps mentioned my life might make for a pretty cute Sanvers story. So voila. Please enjoy.

Fun fact #2: Every title mentioned was plucked from the bibliography of my paper, so they all exist, and you too can find them in your local university library and have a go at finding love or just the awkwardness I did XD

“Excuse me!” Alex yelled at the student shuffling through the entrance without stopping by the guard desk.

“Hmm?”

They always looked so innocent, the impossibly frustrating “who me?” look, as she thought of it. As though finals week was the first time they’d ever been to the library. As though they didn’t know that ID was required to get inside. As though they didn’t notice the line of people waiting to flash their student cards to her before going in. “I need to see your ID.”

“Oh, I just need to return something,” the student replied, waving in the general direction of his bag like it held some magical proof that made him exempt from following the same rules as every other person in line.

“And I just need to see your ID,” Alex nearly growled, her tolerance for bullshit having all but disappeared over the past few days. She’d taken the guard job as a way to make a bit of extra cash, since her graduate stipend was livable, but didn’t quite cover some of the luxuries she’d come to enjoy: a nice bottle of whiskey, say, or a new leather jacket. And for the most part, it wasn’t a bad job. It forced her to go to the library most days, and early morning shifts left her with long stretches of quiet time to do her work. But when finals hit…suddenly the library was the hot place to be, and she was left feeling like Charon and Cerberus and Hades all at once as she ushered in awake, if anxious, students, only to watch them stumble out hours and sometimes days later looking like haggard shells of their former selves, their eyes dull and souls deadened.

With a show of huffing and grumbling and rummaging in his bag, which appeared to be full of crumpled papers and snacks that Alex just knew would end up leaving sticky residue all over whichever desk he used, the student finally produced his card, flashing it in Alex’s direction until she waved him away, satisfied that he was a student. The next students in line at least had the decency to have their cards out and ready, and a few even thought to say hello and thank her or wish her a good day.

Eventually the rush dwindled to a slow trickle of students, most of them having settled in for the evening. Alex listened as the antiquated intercom system crackled to life and one of the on-duty librarians announced: “This is a last call for check out. You have ten more minutes to bring any books to the check out desk. As a reminder, the front desk will be closing at 9pm sharp. Thank you!”
Over the next few minutes a few students came rushing out of the elevators and stairwell, piles of books clutched to their chests as they got in the line that had begun to curl around the front desk. She chuckled at the sight of one girl nearly too short to see over the stack of books in her arms staggering out of the elevator and toward the check-out desk. Alex most definitely did not find her gaze lingering on her ass—no, that would definitely be unprofessional, even if it was obviously an ass worth noticing.

As the librarians got everyone through the line, Alex wished the ones who decided to pull all-nighters back in the comfort of their dorm rooms and apartments a good night, pulling out her own work again when it seemed like she might get a few minutes of peace. Of course, moments later, the girl with the great ass appeared in front of her, the stack of books now crammed into an overstuffed backpack.

“Have a good night,” the girl called out, giving Alex a small two-finger salute that made her stomach flutter—not that she’d admit to a thing as childish and Kara-esque as butterflies.

“You too. Don’t study too hard.” Alex cringed internally; she never made small talks, and she certainly wasn’t the type to make dad jokes. Yet here she was. Doing both.

The shrill beep of the alarm going off when the girl walked past the sensors saved them both from having to either laugh off the lame attempt at a joke or come up with an adequate response.

“I swear, I went through, and they got all the books!”

“I believe you. Still need to go through them one-by-one, though,” Alex offered with a shrug. Some of the scanners were a bit old at this point, which meant she’d gotten used to the process of scanning the titles and the receipts, making sure they were all listed before she sent the students on their way.

“Oh, um, you know it’s cool, I can just work here.”

Alex cocked her head to the side; the woman looked oddly on edge, the easy way she had carried herself before replaced with a stiffness to her movements. “It’s fine, really. I’m not saying you stole anything! I just need to go through and check your receipt.”

“Yeah, but I’ve, uh, I’ve got so many books—wouldn’t want to bother you. You’ve clearly got homework too.” She gestured to Alex’s notebook, which was littered with complicated graphs and notes in a scrawl that Kara had deemed indecipherable.

“Seriously, it’s fine,” Alex insisted.

With a grimace of a smile, the student plopped her bag down on the edge of the desk and began unloading the large stack of books. Once they were in a neat pile, she handed over the receipt and turned her attention to the floor tiles in front of her. She wondered if they might do her the favor of opening up into a surprise sinkhole that would save her from this moment.

Alex spun the books so that the spines were facing her and began skimming the first title, pen in hand, ready to begin checking the books off the receipt. *The Feminist Porn Book: The Politics of Producing Pleasure*. Oh. Hoping her cheeks weren’t already the same flaming red color as the book cover, Alex checked it off the receipt and moved it into a new pile, looking for the second title. *Coming to Power: Writings and Graphics on Lesbian S/M*. She heard the student clear her throat and caught sight of her fidgeting with the zipper of her leather jacket. *Lesbian Erotics* was up next, followed by *Beyond Explicit: Pornography and the Displacement of Sex*.

“It’s for a research paper,” the girl finally said.
“That’s what the kids are calling it these days?” Alex couldn’t help herself. It was joke about it or ignore the elephant in the room—or, even worse, accidentally risk letting slip some hint of the images that had filled her mind about all the ways they could perhaps practice lesbian eroticism and BDSM together some night, maybe in the stacks, not that it was a thought that had ever flitted through her mind during exceptionally long, lonely night shifts. No, never.

The student relaxed at that, arching an eyebrow playfully as one side of her mouth curled up into a wicked smile, bringing out dimples that had Alex biting at her lower lip. “Mm, I prefer to be direct. Otherwise you end up with girls who didn’t realize the flannel and the flirting and the winking meant that what I called a coffee date really was a genuine date.”

“Not just two gals being pals?”

“Exactly. I’m Maggie, by the way. Maggie Sawyer.”

Alex nodded, like she hadn’t already looked at her name on the receipt. “Alex Danvers. Resident library security guard.”

“That title come with cuffs and everything?”

“Tragically no. Just a panic button that I don’t think even works.”

“Very fancy. They really went all out, huh?”

“Only the best for us guards.”

Maggie smiled and let Alex get back to work, finishing up with her stack of books. After a few moments, though, the silence got to her. Gesturing at the large textbook, Maggie asked, “Bio major?”

“Uh, bio-engineering, actually. Grad student.”

“Impressive. Sorry, didn’t mean to mistake you for an undergrad there,” she laughed.

“Oh, you’re fine,” Alex brushed off the apology. “I mean, by my age, I guess I really should still be an undergrad.”

“One of those child prodigies, then?” Maggie teased, though, given the look of the notes in front of Alex, she wasn’t exactly joking either.

Alex shook her head. “More like summer classes and a desperate need to live up to my mother’s impossibly high expectations.”

“Sounds fun.”

“Very. What about you? Undergrad?”

“Senior,” Maggie answered. “Had space for a few electives, so…” she trailed off, gesturing at the stack of books in between them. “Thought it would be fun to take a sexuality studies course.”

“Is it?”

“It was.”

“Oh no, what happened?”

“Oh just a little thing…you know, having to hand over a whole stack of books on porn and lesbian
sex to a pretty girl…just a tad bit embarrassing.”

“I’m sure she’d tell you it wasn’t embarrassing.” Maggie looked unconvinced. “Or that it was just as embarrassing for her as it was for you.”

“Could I maybe make it up to her?”

Feeling a rush of boldness that could have come from the days of built up sleep deprivation, or the rather X-rated image flashing up at her from the next cover in her stack, or the sight of a very gorgeous woman flirting with her, Alex smirked up at Maggie. “Gonna impart all the lessons you learned from this—what’d you call it again? Research?” Alex teased, finding herself beyond pleased at the throaty laugh that spilled from Maggie’s lips and drew the ire of a student just trudging in from the night, ID card clutched in fingers turned red from the cold.

“I was thinking coffee, but I’m not opposed to, as the kids call it, Netflix and chill-ing.”

“Why don’t we start with coffee and see if you can’t entice me with all the thrilling facts you learned…”

“Challenge accepted, Danvers.”
Maggie and Family

Chapter Summary

Anon: your fics are helping me get through the shittiest breakup right now, so thank you. I know you probably have a million prompts but would you be interested in writing a story where maggie is having a really dark day and feeling really depressed/worthless within herself (either because of internalised homophobia, past trauma etc) and alex takes care of her? maybe even some soft tearful smut later?

CW on homophobia, abusive families, anxiety/depression, etc.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Now that we’re in the thick of the holiday season, I’ve gotten a few asks for chosen family and hurt/comfort. I know it can be really hard dealing with family (or making the perfectly legitimate choice not to but seeing posts on social media that make it seem like everyone else has a loving, supportive biological family). No matter what choice you make (and I know sometimes there really isn’t a choice, depending on the situation), I’m sending you all the best thoughts. I hope you’re able to make time for yourself, even if it just means finding a quiet room to be alone for a little bit, maybe some wifi to catch up on gay af fanfic or cute puppy gifs, which I’ll try to post in spades over the break when I have time to be on my phone or computer. There are links to resources here as well.

A/N 2: Regarding a few lines in this fic: Obviously not all religion is inherently homophobic, nor do I think anyone smart and scientific (e.g. Alex) must necessarily be an atheist. But I think for so many of us who were raised Catholic (fun foreshadowing here for the nerd notes at the end today), religion was something that shaped our upbringing in an often profound way and was then thrown back in our faces when we came out. Are there Catholics who don’t follow the Church on its teachings about LGBTQ issues? Of course. But, for instance, the fact that my family happened to be supportive of LGBTQ rights in a general way didn’t mean that I wasn’t terrified of coming out to them; it didn’t exempt me from years of internalized shame after hearing priests and religion teachers teaching that homosexuality was an intrinsic disorder of the soul; and it certainly didn’t save me from the humiliation of having to write that gay sexuality was a sin on a test to get an A, of knowing that I put the jobs of my family members who worked for the Church at risk just by being out, of being forced back into the closet to serve as a teacher at a Catholic high school. And even with all of that, I had it easy (and I certainly had it much easier than my fiancée), which I say not to guilt anyone who is still religious, but to explain the perspective from which I’m writing in advance.

Resources:
National Domestic Abuse Hotline (online and phone options):
http://www.thehotline.org/

US and International Hotlines for a variety of causes:
“Are you and Maggie doing anything for Christmas?” Kara asked, popping another handful of popcorn into her mouth as she nudged Alex, who had started to nod off during the last episode of The Walking Dead.

“Hmm?”

“Christmas—what are you doing?”

“Oh,” Alex sighed, pulling herself up and rubbing at her eyes. “I don’t know. I mean…I know Maggie used to celebrate it with her family, but obviously that hasn’t been the case in years.”

“Right, right.”

“And it’s not like she goes to church at all these days.”

“I mean…you’re not exactly religious, but we still do Hanukkah with Eliza.”

Alex shook her head. “It’s different, I think. I was never religious; it was always more about…I don’t know, being with family and having something in common. I thought mom might be disappointed in me for being gay, but I never thought her reasoning would be that God said it was bad or anything like that.”

“Right,” Kara conceded. “But it might still be nice to celebrate together—you know, build new traditions.”

“I kinda fucked up with that whole thing on Valentine’s Day,” Alex sighed. Sure, they’d talked eventually and found a way to celebrate, to reclaim memories that had hurt Maggie for so many years. But Alex didn’t want to try to surprise Maggie this time and risk dredging up buried trauma once more. “I don’t know. I’ll talk to her.”

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Closing her eyes, Maggie blinked back hot tears that threatened to fall. She focused on her breathing:
Breathe in—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—hold—1, 2, 3—exhale—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. She fumbled to take off her watch, finding her pulse and focusing on its too fast beat, waiting for it to slow in time with her deep breathing. She ignored the clock, ignored the reminders of how soon Alex would be home, how weak she would look sitting at the kitchen counter and crying over a piece of paper—a stupid Hallmark greeting card with some trite bullshit scrawled across it in fake cursive.

Of course, the card itself hadn’t set her off. It was the hand-written note inside. The sight of the same handwriting that had adorned the rare note in her lunchbox in kindergarten was what had left her eyes stinging, not the vague platitudes about having a very merry Christmas and an even happier New Year. As she read, she was overcome with surges of anger and sorrow and a guilt that she had never quite been able to shake, no matter how much “pride” she claimed.

She tried to seize on the anger—the rage and frustration that she’d used as motivation to succeed: to do well enough in school to get herself out of that small Nebraska town; to do well enough in college to keep her scholarship; to do well enough in the academy to guarantee her a job, even as a non-straight, non-white woman. And there was plenty of it. Anger at her father’s suggestion that her family had always been there for her, as though they hadn’t left her alone at her aunt’s house with barely enough clothing for the week. Rage at this idea that she had been the one to wrong the family simply by living her life honestly and authentically, that she had ruined something otherwise perfect by being herself. Frustration at the phrase, “your friend,” as though her father hadn’t stormed out of their bridal shower precisely because Alex was so much more than just a friend, as though he hadn’t forced her out of her home and family as a mere child because her feelings for Eliza exceeded the bounds of friendship.

But then there was the photo of all of the cousins and nieces and nephews she’d never met. There were sentences about just how much older everyone had gotten, the sickness and bad times they’d been through without her there, the deaths she’d never known about, let alone mourned. Because she’d already done that—mourning the loss of a family that still existed—but not for her. Not with her.

It still got to her, still struck her with a guilt that felt like it could wrench her open, could undo everything she’d worked for, could tear down every inch of progress and confidence and sense of self she’d fought to build for herself.

Maybe he was right. Maybe they were all right. Maybe she was selfish—selfish for putting herself and her desires above her family, the people who had raised her, who had sacrificed their lives to try to make hers better.

And there was another voice—much quieter, harder to hear, harder to believe—that seemed to call back, to tell her that she was worth it, that her life wasn’t worth sacrificing on the altar of bigoted beliefs, no matter who else worshiped there. She thought the voice sounded an awful lot like Alex’s, and its echoes, the voices of her new family: M’gann and J’onn and James and Kara and Eliza and Winn and everyone else who had come together to prove to her that she had people in her corner even when she felt most alone and least worthy of love.

But they were just that: voices. And in the face of the letter, its words right there, her fingers able to trace over them, feel the indents where her father had pressed down just a little harder, those marks and proof of a family that existed in reality—a family she could barely even think of as family anymore—those voices advocating for her faded to the background, drowned out in a chorus of self-loathing so overpowering she could barely manage to stagger toward the bed, her deep breathing long forgotten.

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Alex found her there nearly an hour later. Her body was rigid, trembling every so often but otherwise catatonic. She looked as pale as Alex had ever seen her, and there were tear tracks streaked across her cheeks, her eyes puffy and rubbed raw from the harsh swipe of her shirt sleeves. Her fingers were clenched into fists, and her short nails were leaving deep moon-shaped imprints in her palms.

“Maggie!” Alex called out, rushing forward. She’d seen her like this once before—just once—and it had terrified her as much then as it did now. Remembering her DEO training, she forced herself to stay calm, to detach herself from the situation and let her medical instincts take over.

“Hey, Maggie, it’s me, Alex,” she said, her voice low and even as she knelt down on the ground next to her, pulling out the bottle of water she carried with her in her bag and putting it beside Maggie on the bedside table. “You okay if I sit here?”

Maggie managed to get herself to nod.

“Great. And if that changes, I can move, okay? I’m going to stay with you, but I can be a little farther away, or I can get closer if you want.” She paused to let Maggie process. “Do you think you can breathe with me?”

“It’s not helping,” Maggie forced out, her teeth chattering shut.

“Maybe if we do it together, it’ll help a little, okay?” Alex murmured. “Can I put a blanket on you?” Seeing the nod of assent, Alex pulled out the fluffiest blanket they had—the one with no tags, no rough patches or odd seams, the one that Maggie had wrapped around her after everything with her dad and Cadmus—and carefully draped it over Maggie, taking care not to tuck it under her, lest she feel trapped. Feeling how cold Maggie was to the touch, she slipped over to the edge of the room and turned up the thermostat before making her way back over to the bed.

She knelt next to Maggie, helping her to slow her breathing, holding her hand once she told her it was okay to touch, checking her pulse and smiling broadly as it came down to close to normal levels, telling Maggie just how proud she was when she was able to unclench her muscles and relax slightly into the mattress. Once the worst of it seemed to be over, she got Maggie to drink water and stretch out her stiff muscles.

“What do you say to a hot bath together? It’ll warm you up, and we can light the nice candles.”

“Even the cookie one?”

“Definitely the cookie one,” Alex agreed, smiling at the signs of Maggie returning. A few moments later, she came back into the bedroom, having lit the candles and begun filling the bath. “You good to walk?”

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, standing up and rolling her neck to work out the cricks that had developed in it. She still let Alex take her by the hand and walk her to the bathroom, cracked a joke or two when Alex asked to help take off her clothes, grinned when Alex pulled out the extra fluffy towels they had picked up a few weekends ago and set them on the radiator to warm while they were in the bath.

For a while they relaxed in silence, Maggie sitting between Alex’s legs, her head resting on Alex’s shoulders while Alex ran her fingers through Maggie’s hair.

“My dad wrote,” Maggie said, her voice quiet.

“Do you want to talk about it?”
“Do you think I’m a bad person?”

“What? No, Maggie, never. You’re—god, you’re one of the best people I know.”

“That’s not true. You know Supergirl.”

“Yeah, well Supergirl never gives me the last slice of pizza, and you always offer to share.”

Maggie snorted, shaking her head against Alex’s shoulder. “That’s not what I mean.”

“What do you mean? Because honestly, Maggie, you are one of the most caring people I know. I—you’ve made me better. And not just by helping me to come out,” she clarified, anticipating Maggie’s objection that anyone could’ve done that with enough perseverance or bluntness. “You’ve made me rethink some of those things I assumed I knew. You helped me to see aliens who weren’t just like my sister as people who needed protection, not just prosecution or imprisonment. You showed me possibilities for a life I never thought I’d have.”

“But you didn’t say anything about my family. People have died, Alex—people I loved, people who loved me. They died, and I didn’t know.”

“There’s a difference between choosing not to know and never having been told.”

“Is there? Phones exist. Hell, mail exists. I never tried reaching out.”

“You did nothing wrong!” Alex tried to bite back her anger, knowing that wasn’t what Maggie needed. “Look, I get where you’re coming from. But self-preservation, knowing to take care of yourself—that matters too. You had no way of knowing how they would react if you tried to reach out. They had already hurt you, Maggie.”

“Still. They’re family.”

“And so am I, but if I hurt you—god, Maggie, if I hurt you that way, I wouldn’t want you to feel like you owed me anything. You don’t owe anyone your forgiveness.” Trying to find words, Alex let out a sigh of frustration. “You did try, Maggie. Think about it that way. You tried—you invited your dad to our bridal shower, in part because I wasn’t thinking quite clearly. I thought…I could only think in terms of my own relationship with my mother. And we went through some rough, rough periods, but it was different. I didn’t see that clearly then. But you gave him a chance he didn’t deserve—a chance you were good and pure and kind enough to give him—and he threw it away.”

“He came.”

“Yes, and he left.”

“I know,” Maggie huffed. “And I thought that would be it! And if it was…well, maybe this would all be easier, you know? God, I just—he said no! He doesn’t want me the way I am. So why won’t he stop acting like it’s my fault?”

“I don’t know,” Alex admitted, her voice barely a whisper as she wrapped her arms around Maggie. “I really don’t. And I don’t—I don’t have the perfect advice to offer. I’m happy to call him and yell at him, or get a restraining order, or burn the letter, or ignore it entirely and hold you, or kiss you until you can’t think about anything else. I mean, whatever you want, you know? I’m here for you, and I’ll support you no matter what you choose.”

“Even if I choose vegan ice cream and a whole night of Rizzoli and Isles?” Maggie teased, opting to ignore the tears prickling the corners of her eyes.
“Even both of those terrible choices.”

“You love Rizzles just as much as I do.”

“You’re a cop! How do you deal with all the procedural violations?”

“I watch for the hot ladies with delightful romantic chemistry on my screen and put up with the rest.”

“Yeah, yeah. They don’t even get to make out, though.”

“Neither do half of the actual gay couples on television!”

“Fine,” Alex whined, though she kissed Maggie’s cheek anyway, which led Maggie to turn around, finding Alex’s lips with her own and letting herself be held, letting herself be cared for.

Eventually they got out of the tub, the water having grown lukewarm. Wrapped up in a fuzzy towel, Maggie nudged Alex with her shoulder. “You think it’s okay that I don’t try to reach out to him for Christmas?”

“I think that’s your decision, and you are allowed to celebrate however you want.”

“I mean…I want to celebrate by going sledding and destroying you in a snowball fight.”

“Whatever you want within reason,” Alex clarified, laughing at Maggie’s pout. “And maybe, just maybe, we can think about traveling somewhere cold for a vacation. Don’t see why we’d want to, though,” she added, winking at her fiancée.

“So cheesy movies and as much junk food as Kara can bring over? And maybe when she leaves you and I can find our own way to celebrate…”

“I think that sounds perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

For a bit of queer theory and history, I’ll leave you with quotes from two preeminent theorists. First, in honor of today’s death of Cardinal Bernard Law, disgraced former Cardinal of Boston who resigned after it came out that he had helped to cover up sex abuse, I draw from Lee Edelman’s “The Future Is Kid Stuff” on Cardinal Law’s opposition to domestic benefits that would have ensured the availability of health care to the same-sex partners of the city’s municipal workers—an opposition he couched in the rhetoric of care, religion, and family as a reminder that love and goodness are about actions, not words that seek to hide the harm they’re doing. Law argued, “Society has a special interest in the protection, care and upbringing of children. Because marriage remains the principal, and the best, framework for nurture, education and socialization of children, the state has a special interest in marriage.” He used those words to refuse a basic right to people whose lives he deemed unworthy. In response, Edelman offers one of my favorite lines of all times (and a fucking long sentence): “If Cardinal Law, by adducing this bitter concentrate of a governing futurism so fully invested in the figure of the child that it manages to justify refusing health care to the adults that those children become…then we must respond not only by insisting on our right to enjoy on an equal footing the various prerogatives of the social order, not only by avowing our capacity to
confirm the integrity of the social order by demonstrating the selfless and enduring love we bestow on the partners we’d gladly fly to Hawaii in order to marry or on the children we’d as eagerly fly to China or Guatemala in order to adopt, but also by saying explicitly what Law and the law of the symbolic he represents hear, more clearly even than we do perhaps, in every public avowal of queer sexuality or identity: fuck the social order and the figural children paraded before us as its terroristic emblem; fuck Annie; fuck the waif from Les Miz; fuck the poor innocent kid on the 'Net; fuck Laws both with capital "I"s and with small; fuck the whole network of symbolic relations and the future that serves as its prop” (29).

And then there is Eve Sedgwick on the “Christmas effect,” as a reminder that just because we’re made to believe Christmas does one thing or family looks one way, doesn’t make it true. And those forms of queerness—the “open mesh of possibilities” into which things like chosen family and alternative traditions fall—need not be lesser than or secondary to the presiding image the media feeds us.

“The depressing thing about the Christmas season—isn't it?—is that it's the time when all the institutions are speaking with one voice. The Church says what the Church says. But the State says the same thing: maybe not (in some ways it hardly matters) in the language of theology, but in the language the State talks: legal holidays, long school hiatus, special postage stamps and all. And the language of commerce more than chimes in, as consumer purchasing is organized ever more narrowly around the final weeks of the calendar year...The media, in turn, fall in triumphally behind the Christmas phalanx...And meanwhile the pairing "families/Christmas" becomes increasingly tautological, as families more and more constitute themselves according to the schedule, and in the endlessly iterated image, of the holiday itself constituted in the image of "the" family.

...They all—religion, state, capital, ideology, domesticity, the discourses of power and legitimacy—line up with each other so neatly once a year, and the monolith so created is a thing one can come to view with unhappy eyes. What if instead there were a practice of valuing the ways in which meanings and institutions can be at loose ends with each other? What if the richest junctures weren't the ones where everything means the same thing? Think of that entity "the family," an impacted social space in which all of the following are meant to line up perfectly with each other:

- a surname
- a sexual dyad
- a legal unit based on state-regulated marriage
- a circuit of blood relationships
- a system of companionship and succor[...]

“and of course the list could go on. Looking at my own life, I see that—probably like most people—I have valued and pursued these various elements of family identity to quite differing degrees...But what's been consistent in this particular life is an interest in not letting very many of these dimensions line up directly with each other at one time. I see it's been a ruling intuition for me that the most productive strategy (intellectually, emotionally) might be, whenever possible, to disarticulate them one from another, to disengage them--the bonds of blood, of law, of habitation, of privacy, of companionship and succor-from the lockstep of their unanimity in the system called ‘family’” (6-8).
Prompt: I know you've kind of done this already in Tabula Rasa, but could you maybe write a fic where some of the Superfriends end up in a parallel Earth where all of the Superfriends (or at least most, I'd love to see another version of evil Alex for sure. Maybe a version of her who became evil even without working for a xenophobic DEO? IDK) are evil? (This prompt may or may not be inspired by my annoyance at the plot of the crossover...)

A/N: Ugh yes, we can all be annoyed at the crossover... Since I already did an actual evil alternate universe in Tabula Rasa, I went full on campy supervillain au for this one (think Lucy Diamond in DEBS) inspired largely by my thoughts from this ask: https://sapphicscholarwrites.tumblr.com/post/165918590400/if-there-was-an-earth-where-all-of-the

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Not again,” Alex hissed as the monitors flickered to black before flashing back up now covered in full color, high resolution photos of her from high school: black choker around her neck, black vest on, striped tie looped around the waist of her low-rise jeans, and some heavy black eyeliner to top off the whole punk rock aesthetic.

“You’ve got company headed up in 5,” James informed her, ignoring the litany of increasingly obscene threats crackling through his earpiece.

“Then get your little boyfriend on the phone and tell him to knock it the fuck off,” Alex growled, waiting for the inevitable refutation of their relationship, the insistence that they “don’t do labels.”

Even as he protested, James dialed Winn.

“Hello?” Winn answered, the poorly disguised snicker proof enough that he was behind the hack.

“C’mon man, we let Lucy have her heist last night without issue. Let Alex back into the system.”

“You’re getting off too easily,” Winn huffed.

“And I can guarantee you won’t get off at all tonight if you don’t call this off,” James threatened.

“You’re the worst.”

“Nah, I don’t think so.”

“You know how much shit I’m gonna get from Vasquez if I give in this quickly?”

“What if we promise not to ruin their date night with Lucy this week?”

Winn paused, deliberating for a few minutes. “That I can work with.”
“Thanks, man.”

“See you tonight?”

“My place or yours?”

“James!” Alex growled, her voice startling him.

“Mine,” he quickly answered Winn, hanging up to refocus his attention on Alex. “You should be back in any second now.”

“Not dating my ass.” Alex continued trying to circumvent the active hack until suddenly it disappeared, the screens flashing back to the museum security feed she’d been trying to overwrite when Winn and Vasquez decided to play their little prank. “I’m back.”

“Good. You’ve got about two minutes.”

“Only need one.”

“That’s my girl,” Maggie chimed in, her voice barely audible over the sound of her motorcycle roaring to life.

“Always.”

“Now who’s being gross?” James teased, following Maggie’s location through her motorcycle’s GPS tracker.

“Still you,” came Alex and Maggie’s voices in unison.

“And we’re…clear!” Alex cheered, slinging the long cardboard tube over her back, wiping the keyboard even though she was wearing gloves, and bolting for the back exit where the security cameras were still under repair.

“Three, two, one,” James counted down, watching as Alex and Maggie’s blinking red GPS lights got closer and closer together.

“Hey babe,” Alex rasped, throwing on the spare helmet and straddling the back of Maggie’s bike. “Take me home. You know how I get after a good heist.”

“You still have to come here first!” James yelled, hoping he wouldn’t have to go over in the middle of the night to interrupt them…again.

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“I’m thinking diamonds,” Lucy mused, her teeth nipping at Vasquez’s earlobes and her hips grinding down into their lap.

“Mm, yeah?” Vasquez asked, not trying particularly hard to pay much attention to their girlfriend’s words. At this stage, they were always just ideas, liable to change with a moment’s notice—often to thwart Alex’s latest ploy. They were just grateful that the rivalry had turned (mainly) friendly over the years. Back before Alex started dating Maggie, the two had been at each other’s throats, more often focused on ruining the other’s heists than on actually accomplishing anything themselves. But now that Alex had a “mission statement,” which Lucy loved to scoff at, even though she liked to boast about how she operated within her own code of honor, they’d come to an uneasy truce that involved more playful attempts at sabotage that rarely turned violent these days.
“Can you two not do that in the van?” Winn whined. “This is my space—my sacred space.”

“You said that about your lab too,” Vasquez pointed out.

“Yeah, Schott, you only get one. Pick wisely.”

“Just don’t—keep your clothes on, alright?”

“No promises.”

“Why do I tolerate you two?”

“Because otherwise you’d be sitting in a lab full of perfect inventions without the daring to go use them yourself?” Vasquez offered.

“You’d have this van all rigged for surveillance with no one to watch for?” Lucy chimed in.

“You’d know how to make targeted explosions and decoys and holograms but never see them put to their best uses?”

“You’d—”

“Okay! Okay, I get it. You two are the muscle.”

“And the looks.”

“And the courage.”

“Do you want me to leave?”

“No,” Vasquez said, shaking their head. “C’mon, who would actually know enough about computers to hack me if you left?”

“I guess,” Winn sighed melodramatically. “So you said diamonds…want me to start looking up possible targets?”

“I know just the one.”

“That so?”

Lucy nodded. “Oh yeah. She has more money than anyone in National City—just enough for some forcible sharing, I think.”

“Love the way you think,” Vasquez said, placing a kiss on Lucy’s cheek.

“Wait. You’re gonna try to rob Cat and Astra?” Winn asked, his mouth gaping.

“What? No, I don’t have a death wish,” Lucy laughed. “Besides, they’re already fighting the good fight.”

“Ah yes, that Lucy Lane patented code of honor.”

Holding two fingers up, Vasquez repeated in a military-esque monotone: “Criminals with honor do not harm or steal from other criminals with honor.”

“Damn straight.”
“And so how do you justify messing with Alex?” Winn asked.

“That sense of honor is still new. And these days I don’t harm her—just inconvenience her.”

“Fine,” Winn gave in. “But who’s richer than Cat and Astra?”

“Lena Luthor.”

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The next morning, Alex carefully brushed away a speck of almost imperceptible dust from the broad shoulders of James’ suit jacket, watching in the mirror as he straightened his jacket and tightened the knot of his tie just a hair. Maggie handed him his phone and gun once Alex got his cufflinks fastened.

With a charming (and perfectly disarming) smile and wink, James slung the tube over his shoulder. “Wish me luck.”

“You don’t need luck when you look like that,” Maggie teased, swatting at James as he walked toward the front door, putting an extra swing in his step and letting out a deep laugh at the teasing wolf whistles and catcalls Alex and Maggie sent his way.

“We’ll be in the area if you need us, alright?” Alex added, her expression morphing into a more serious one.

“I know you’ve got my back, Alex.”

“Always.”

Within half an hour, James’ town car pulled up in front of the buyer’s restored nineteenth-century brownstone where he’d agreed to meet them—the hominess of it all somehow helping their genteel clientele to assuage their guilt over purchasing stolen artwork.

“Mr. Kent?” a middle-aged woman answered the door.

“At your service,” James replied with a small dip of his head and an easy smile that had her cheeks flushing a faint pink. “Can I ask your name?”

“Oh, I’m not the one you want to see.”

“On the contrary. You’re the very first one I’ve seen, which must make you someone worth knowing.” James smiled as any sense of wariness dissipated, the woman clearly charmed by him.

“I’m Katarina. I work for Morgan Edge.”

“Well it is my deepest pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

“Yes, I, uh, yes,” she stammered, mumbling her way through a few pleasantries before finally guiding him out of the entrance room. “Come right this way.” He followed her through a long hallway until they reached the home office in the back.

“Mr. Edge, it’s so nice to meet in person,” James greeted the man.

“I see you brought my newest acquisition.”

Right to business apparently, James thought. “I did. I assume you’ll want to see it first.”
As he pulled the tube over his shoulders, Katarina returned, a small mug clutched in her hands. “I brought your espresso.”

“Thank you,” James said, his deep voice rumbling over the disgruntled huff of Morgan’s complaints about her always interrupting his meetings. He paused for a moment to sip at it. “Always better to enjoy while it’s hot,” he added by way of explanation. “And it is excellent, Katarina.”

“Well, if you ever find yourself in need of a fix…”

“You’ll be the first person I call.” Sensing Morgan’s growing frustration, he turned back to the tube, slipping on a pair of gloves to pull out the painting.

Morgan leaned in closely, magnifying glass in hand as he inspected a few areas—always the same ones, James thought to himself, almost disappointed by the predictability of it all. After several long minutes, Morgan nodded. “It will be the perfect piece for my study.”

“And now it’s my turn to inspect.” James carefully rolled the painting up once more and stuck it back in the tube.

“Of course.” Morgan handed over a briefcase full to the rim with stacks of bills before turning back to his desk. With the painting strapped to his back for safekeeping, James checked the totals, then ran the special detecting pen Alex had invented to find fake money by scanning the chemical makeup of the ink and paper over the edges of the bills.

When Morgan turned again, already demanding to know what the holdup was, he found a gun pointed between his eyes. “And what do you think you’re doing?” he growled. “In my own home? I’ll have the police here before you can even think of pulling that trigger.”

“Oh, I don’t think you will. At least not when you’re buying stolen art and trying to pay me with counterfeit bills.”

“They’re perfectly real,” Morgan scoffed, pulling out one of top stacks.

“No, no.” Shaking his head, James pulled out the stacks beneath it. “The rest of it.”

Looking slightly inconvenienced but not at all abashed about having been caught, Morgan unlocked his safe and pulled out another briefcase, which James inspected thoroughly. Finally convinced that they were real, James added the top layer of real bills from the other briefcase to the new one—“for the trouble you put me through”—and handed off the painting, slowly backing out of the room, gun still pointed at the man until he was out of sight.

---

“Deal’s done,” came James’ voice through the intercom once he was safe in the town car again.

“You need backup?”

“Nah, this part is the easiest,” Maggie answered, grinning over at Alex, who was leaning heavily against the wall of the warehouse, barely stifling her tired yawns. “Looks like I wore you out last night, babe.”

“More like Lucy did,” Alex huffed. “I’m so sick of having to deal with the added stress of her shit.”

“Oh please, you two keep each other sharp.”

Before their bickering could escalate—or turn into the heated makeup sex they favored—they heard
the door creak open, and Alex smiled as Maggie greeted the first man through the door in perfect Spanish. They never used names, but she still felt close to him, a level of loyalty she afforded to very few of her other clients.

“I believe we have something that belongs to you,” she said, switching back to English when the rest of the group joined them.

“Already?”

“We’re nothing if not efficient,” Alex chimed in.

“Why?” one of the women in the group asked. She was new, Maggie noted, and rightfully suspicious of a gift that seemed to come with no strings attached.

“I don’t take kindly to my country profiting off of stolen artwork. I’m simply…expediting the process of repatriation.”

The woman scoffed. “And your country is okay with this?”

“Was yours when we stole the art in the first place?”

“And there are no strings attached?”

“Ah, well, I do like a nice bottle of wine—I’m partial to reds, and my partner here likes a dry wine.”

“Anything for you,” the man from before added, tipping his head to Maggie before taking the tube from her. “As always, thank you.”

“Anytime.”

---

“Have I mentioned lately how much I love having shapeshifters for friends?” Kara asked, throwing an arm around J’onn’s shoulders and reaching a hand out to M’gann. “Because I really, really do.”

“Whatsoever we can do to help Lena’s shelter—just say the word,” J’onn said.

“As long as you never say a word, then we’ll be just fine.”

“I still don’t see why the girl won’t let her good deeds be known,” M’gann mused, letting go of Kara’s hand to settle back in behind the bar.

“It’s harder to blackmail rich bad guys when you’re not invited around anymore because the Luthor last name has lost all meaning.”

“You’re the one that collects half the dirt with your powers, though.”

“But I wouldn’t know where to go digging if it weren’t for Lena’s first steps. Plus, you know how she enjoys siphoning off Luthor Corp funds. It’d be less fun if she had to spend her own money.”

“You know we’re mindreaders, right?” J’onn asked, arching an eyebrow at Kara.

“You can’t read mine,” Kara countered.

“No,” M’gann admitted, “but we know that your little girlfriend donates half of her personal income to charities every year.”
Kara groaned. “Don’t tell her you know, okay? She doesn’t want people knowing about it—once people know, it ruins it for her.”

“Whatever you say…”

“It’s not like you want people to know you’ve been volunteering to keep her refugee center running either.”

“No one would willingly enter a center run in part by a White Martian, especially one who shapeshifts to steal and infiltrate the local police units.”

“And you think that they’d send their kids off to play with a Luthor?”

“Point taken.”

“Anyway, are you two coming over for dinner tonight?”

“Not tonight, sorry,” J’onn apologized. “We’re a little short-staffed at the bar, and you know how Friday nights can get.”

“But next time, we promise,” M’gann added, reaching over to give Kara a hug before she left.

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“We should really get going,” Astra sighed, even as she lifted her arms to allow her shirt to be removed. “Wouldn’t want to be late.” Her breath hitched at the feeling of teeth nipping at her neck and nimble fingers deftly undoing the button and zipper of her black pants.

“She’s not my niece,” Cat shrugged. “Besides, I’ve always preferred to be fashionably late.”

“And yet if I’m just a minute late for dinner…”

“I. Do. Not. Wait.” Cat declared, punctuating her words with harder bites, wishing she could leave some kind of mark on that flawless skin.

“I always make it worth your while, though,” Astra drawled, easily flipping them so that Cat was on her back, her breathing ragged and her chest flushed a faint pink.

“Last night you didn’t.”

“Last night I had the chance to sabotage the newest oil pipeline, darling. I don’t complain when your work comes first.” Astra’s fingers trailed up Cat’s thighs, gently pushing up the hem of her dress.

“I know, I know. It’s just a shame—you know my fingers, talented as they might be, just don’t compare to your tongue.”

“Well, why don’t we get dressed for dinner with Kara, and when we get back, I’ll make it up to you threefold.”

“I suppose I could be amenable to those terms if you let us take the car to dinner tonight.”

“But flying is so environmentally friendly.”

“It’s windy.”

“I’ll shield you.”
“We drive a hybrid.”

“Fine,” Astra finally relented.

---

Looking around the table, Kara couldn’t help but smile at the sight of her friends and family all gathered together, laughing as Maggie regaled them with tales of Alex’s latest misadventures with Lucy, Vasquez, and Winn. As much as Alex complained about the lot of them, she knew better than to believe that she truly hated them. After all, it had been Lucy and Alex who’d willingly put aside their differences to bring down Non when Astra’s life was in jeopardy, then again when Max Lord came for Kara herself. Plus, she doubted that Alex would voluntarily spend hours sifting through childhood photos of someone she truly despised, even if she was looking only for the most embarrassing ones.

“What matters,” Alex finally cut in when it seemed like Maggie was just one step away from pulling out the photos for a show and tell, “is that we made it out just fine.”

“Which is why we’re letting Lucy have her little date night tonight without any interruptions from us.”

The laughter that filled the room was soon cut off as both Kara and Astra sprung to their feet.

“We have company,” Astra hissed. Within moments, everyone in the room had at least one weapon drawn, all of which were pointed at the intruder that Astra whisked in through the balcony window and unceremoniously threw to the floor.

“Lucy?” Alex gasped, seeing the telltale full body black leather suit she wore when she went out on her little cat burglary missions.

“The hell, Danvers? I thought you were gonna let me have my date night.”

“Since when is your date night crashing my family dinner?”

“Since when is Luthor family?”

“Since she started dating me,” Kara just about growled, crossing her arms and stepping protectively in front of Lena. “And if you’re here to hurt her, you’re gonna have to fight your way through each and every one of us first.”

“And you know better than to touch my sister,” Alex added, her tone sharp as she let her gaze flick pointedly to the gun in her hand.

“Since when do you protect the rich?” Lucy asked, turning her attention to Maggie, figuring she was the best bet for an ally—she had the whole Robin Hood schtick down to an art.

“When the rich are giving more money away than I could even if I managed a heist every day.” Lena began to object, but Maggie waved off her protests. “Alex hacked into your accounts the first time she found you and her sister in bed together. Be lucky that’s all we found.”

“If you’re so charitable, why have you been ordering millions of dollars’ worth of diamonds?” Lucy demanded.

“Most of them will be sent back to the communities they were stolen from,” Lena huffed. “I might be a villain—”
“Hardly,” Maggie scoffed. “Blackmailing the worst of your one-percenter pals with your girlfriend, stealing from your family’s evil company—they hardly make you a villain.”

Lena just rolled her eyes. “Fine. But, since the surprise is sort of ruined now…” Turning to face Kara, Lena dropped down to one knee. “Kara Danvers, the months I’ve spent with you have been some of the best ones of my life. There’s no one I’d rather extort and blackmail with than you. Would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

“Yes!” Kara gasped, dropping down to her knees as well and pulling Lena into a passionate kiss that may well have gone on much too long to be appropriate in front of family, friends, and intruders were it not for the loud whooshing sound and the way the whole floor seemed to shake.

“The hell did you bring with you, Lane?” Alex growled.

“It wasn’t—” But Lucy didn’t have time to finish her thoughts before a large silvery portal opened up, and doppelgangers of Kara, Alex, Maggie, and Winn thumped to the floor, looking more than a little taken aback at the sight of so many people and weapons surrounding them.

“Who are you?” Kara finally demanded, glaring at the intruders, letting her eyes burn red.

“Um, I think we’re you…from another Earth—Earth-38 to be specific,” the new Kara volunteered. “We were over on Earth-1 helping out some friends, but we had to leave in a hurry, and I think maybe we set up the breech incorrectly…”

“No shit,” Alex growled, looking closely at her Earth-38 counterpart and refusing to lower her weapon.

At that moment, Lucy’s earpiece crackled to life with Vasquez and Winn’s worried questions. “I’m up in the apartment…whole story there. But, uh, we’ve got company, and I think you’re gonna want to see this.”

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Earth-38 Winn scoffed at his doppelganger, having found himself increasingly disgusted as he heard him joking about heists and devious inventions. “How could you? After everything that happened with our dad?”

“After everything that happened, how could you not?” his evil counterpart shot back. “You watched him lose everything—his career, his money, his inventions, his wife, his love for life, his desire to live. How can you justify sitting back and doing nothing to avenge him?”

“Somehow I don’t think a murderer losing his love of life while he rots in prison really rises to the level of vengeance-worthy crimes against humanity.”

“Prison?”

“For murder.”

“What do you mean? He didn’t do anything. He let his boss take credit for his inventions, rolled over each and every time until he had nothing worth fighting for, nothing worth living for.”

Winn stood there blinking. “I…that—that’s not what happened on my Earth.”

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Across the room, Maggie and Alex sat together, watching as their Kara and Winn worked with the other Earth’s more tech-oriented folks to try to make sure that any new breeches wouldn’t send them to yet another Earth that might be even less friendly toward them.

“You didn’t seem surprised that your doppelganger isn’t the paragon of virtue,” Maggie noted.

“I’m not.”

“Why’s that?”

Alex shrugged. “I’m not Kara. I’ve killed before, and I likely will again. I do the things that need to be done. I’ve never been a saint.”

“But you’re no villain.”

“But to have lost things like that…this Alex had both of her parents taken away and was left with another girl who had lost her whole world, who didn’t get a loving, supportive family to raise her. Instead she was left with me—some bitter teenage rebel who wanted nothing more than to see this world pay for its crimes.” Alex shook her head; it was impressive that they’d ended up as decent as they had. Sure, her counterpart had stolen and lied, but she’d never descended to murder or kidnapping or anything of that nature. She suspected Kara had something to do with it; even if this version of Supergirl was willing to claim power in a way hers never had, was willing to kill when it came down to it in a fight, she still fought for justice, still fought for good.

Regarding Maggie, Alex added, “You’re not exactly stunned yourself.”

“If I didn’t have an aunt to take me in, of course I’d have turned to petty theft. Plus, Robin Hood was my favorite Disney movie…”

Alex laughed. “I guess even here you’ve got a pretty deep-rooted sense of justice.”

“Yeah. And here you’ve got an undercut,” Maggie added, veering them toward lighter topics. “It’s pretty hot.”

“I really hope you’re not suggesting a threesome.”

With a loud bark of a laugh, Maggie shook her head. “Not in the slightest. Just, you know, if you ever wanted to change up your look…”

**Chapter End Notes**

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I know I didn’t focus a ton on the interactions between the groups, but the prompt (and my interest) were really centered around the supervillain crew - a snapshot of a day in the life, if you will...
Supercorp First Time

Chapter Summary

I combined two prompts for this one:

jace1181: Can you do a Supercorp fic about their first time getting intimate and the problems that lead to Lena installing the red sun lamps? Like maybe Kara accidentally hurts Lena and freaks out about it, so Lena gets Alex's help in making the red sun lamps because she really wants to have Kara fuck her.

ltoliviabenson: If you are still doing prompts, supercorp, comfort, lena has body issues especially next to kara's abs. Kara comforts her, smut or not you decide

Chapter Notes

CW for body insecurity
Also nsfw, in case that wasn't clear...

“I had a really, really nice time tonight,” Kara whispers to Lena, lingering by the door to her apartment building, her hands resting on Lena’s hips.

“The night doesn’t have to be over…” Lena hadn’t wanted to push Kara to do anything before she was ready, but their heated makeouts had been growing longer, and Kara’s hands growing bolder, pushing up and under Lena’s blouses, cupping her ass through layers of fabric that felt more like barriers than anything else.

“Are you sure?” Kara asked, and Lena felt her heart melt just a little more at how impossibly sweet, how perfectly considerate this woman who had every reason in the world to be jaded—who had lost her home and her family and saw the very worst the people of this planet had to offer—still was, despite everything.

“I can’t remember the last time I was this certain about anything,” Lena rasped, tangling her fingers in Kara’s hand and tugging her girlfriend to the front door of the apartment building and over to the elevator, letting her lips find Kara’s the second the doors closed—nosy neighbors and possible paparazzi be damned.

By the time they make it through the door of Lena’s apartment, they’re both dizzy with anticipation, hands flitting beneath shirts and groping at expanses of flesh that were, much to their frustration, still encased in fabric and layers. They shed coats and scarves and shoes, but it’s still not enough.

Lena feels Kara shudder under her as she kisses and sucks at her neck, unable to mark her but still more than willing to try. “Bedroom?” Lena asks, whimpering loudly when Kara nods her assent, scooping her up and carrying her through the apartment before gently placing her down on the mattress, smiling softly as the plush duvet seems to swallow her up.
“You’re beautiful,” Kara whispers, looking down in adoration at the sight of Lena below her, her dark hair splayed out around her, cheeks flushed slightly, eyes dark with desire. Before Lena can think to refute her, to shake her head and brush aside the compliments, Kara leans down and claims her lips, letting her tongue dip into Lena’s mouth and moaning softly at the low whimper of want Lena lets out.

“Come down,” Lena whispers, tugging on Kara’s top, trying to guide her down.

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t,” Lena promises. “You haven’t yet.”

“But this is—it’s different.” Kara doesn’t want to dwell on the broken toes and noses and wrists that have led to this moment, to this fear.

“Why don’t you get on your back, then?” Lena suggests, feeling pleased when Kara quickly obeys. She carefully maneuvers herself overtop of Kara, letting one thigh drop between Kara’s legs. “Is this okay?”

“Perfect,” Kara sighs, letting her hands travel the length of Lena’s back, slipping under her blouse and caressing the expanses of smooth skin. And then Lena’s hands are back on her, and her mind goes blissfully blank, every part of her focused on the soft feeling of Lena’s lips on hers, the warm weight of her body, the pressure of strong thigh muscles against her center that’s so much more than Kara ever imagined it could be. She finds herself grinding up into Lena’s leg and apologizes, blushing a bright shade of red.

“Don’t—it’s good,” Lena assures her, pressing down more firmly until Kara lets out a strangled little sound, her fingers digging into Lena’s ass and holding her close. “Is that good for you?”

“Yes,” Kara manages, her hips seemingly moving of their own accord as a liquid heat seems to build deep inside of her, making her skin feel electrified, like every little touch is magnified—but not in the terrible way it did when she was new to this planet—no, it’s like Lena grounds her even as she draws her higher and higher, closer and closer to the kind of pleasure she’s never let herself share with another, too afraid of the possible consequences.

“Do you need anything more?” Lena asks, her voice a low purr that has Kara gasping out, feeling herself growing even wetter, her boyshorts now slick with proof of her desire.

“Harder,” Kara gasps, her voice thin and breathy as she drags Lena even closer, feeling her back arch as everything seems to still around her, the only sound she can hear, the thundering of her own heart. And then suddenly it’s as though that pool of liquid heat explodes, coursing through every inch of her as she surges up with a loud cry that’s echoed by Lena herself.

Only, when Kara opens her eyes, Lena has her hand clutched across her forehead. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Lena insists, waving away Kara’s concern. But of course, Kara isn’t easily discouraged, and she gently pries Lena’s fingers away, finding a rapidly darkening spot on her forehead from where, Kara realizes with a pang of guilt, she must have hit her when she surged upward.

“Oh, Rao! Lena, I’m so sorry! Oh, this is why I should never have agreed to this. I’m so, so sorry!” She lifts Lena up, placing her gently at the head of the bed before speeding to the kitchen and returning within seconds clutching a bag of ice wrapped in a towel. “I just—I should go—I didn’t—I’m so sorry.”
“Kara, look at me, please.” When she finally does, her blue eyes sparkle with unshed tears, and Lena can see the way her lower lip trembles slightly. “You’re okay. It was an accident, and I’m not mad.”

“But you should be,” Kara insists. “I should have been more careful—should never have let myself do something so risky.”

“You’re allowed to enjoy yourself and take risks, darling.”

“Look at what happens when I do!”

“What? I get a little banged up? Kara, I’ve done worse than this alone in my apartment because I got distracted and ran into a wall. And, not to bring up past partners while we’re literally in bed together, but I’ve been just as accidentally injured by people who are completely human. It happens—these things happen.”

“Still.”

“You’re still my girlfriend. I still like you and trust you more than anyone else. And I would still very much love to be able to do that to you again sometime.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt again. What if it were worse? Maybe next time it will be. If I—I could never forgive myself if I seriously injured you.”

“Well then, we will find a way to make you comfortable—no matter what we do, even if it takes you a while to feel okay with the idea of sleeping together for a little while.”

“Really?”

“Of course,” Lena says, pulling Kara in and holding her against her chest. She strokes her fingers lovingly through Kara’s hair as she thinks aloud. “So how might we dull your powers enough in the beginning so that you don’t worry about hurting me?”

“Oh! Kryptonite!”

Lena looks aghast. “That makes you physically ill!”

“But it also weakens me,” Kara counters.

“If you refuse to consider your own self-preservation, think about it this way: I will not be the Luthor who lines her wallpaper with kryptonite.”

Looking appropriately chagrined, Kara nods. “Well…maybe there’s a way we could get something that would imitate Rao’s red sunlight?”

It takes several weeks of cajoling the DEO to get them to share secrets that could weaken Supergirl, then another week or two of daily bribery tacos from Alex’s favorite food truck in Chicago and a few very expensive bottles of whiskey courtesy of Lena’s personal stash to get Alex to agree to come over to Kara’s and Lena’s bedrooms to install red sunlamps that will automatically be switched off when the DEO pages with an emergency, that way Kara is never left powerless in the face of an alien threat. Alex spends the entirety of the installation process repeating, “There are uses for red sunlamps other than sex,” to herself over and over again.

Finally, after a few practice rounds with the new lamps, Kara and Lena find themselves in bed once more. Lena’s almost grateful for just how long they had to wait to be back in this moment. The waiting had been a special kind of torture, but at this point, Kara has finally begun forgiving herself,
has let Lena convince her that she’s okay. The bruise has long since faded, and with its disappearance came the reemergence of Kara’s enthusiasm.

They tumble into bed, their legs tangling together as Lena reaches up to flick on the new lamps, which bathe the room in a warm red light. She can feel just how wet she already is, and Kara has barely done more than kiss her.

“Can this come off?” Lena asks, gesturing to Kara’s dress.

Nodding enthusiastically, Kara turns to allow Lena access to the zipper, lifting up and letting it fall from her hips.

“Wow,” is all Lena can manage at the sight of long, lean muscle, of chiseled abs and toned arms. When Kara reaches around and unhooks her bra, her amazement only increases.

“Can I take this off?” Kara asks, tugging softly at Lena’s shirt.

And Lena’s so ready to say yes, to finally feel Kara against her without any of the barriers they’ve left up for so long, but the sight of Kara’s perfect body has thrown her in ways she didn’t expect. Suddenly she hears Lillian’s voice echoing in her head, telling her she’ll never find someone who loves her looking the way she does, if she could just diet, be quieter, take up less space, be less obtrusive. She hears Roulette’s teasing comments—she’d always sworn they were made in good fun, but they stuck with her for years after they ended their misguided fling.

“I, uh, we can make today about you,” Lena shrugs.

“Lena,” Kara huffs. “We installed these lamps so that I could be with you—I want to be with you in every way. I want to feel you and…” Kara pauses, blushing slightly, but finally manages, “taste you.” Lena can’t quite help the small whimper at that. “Please.”

“I just,” Lena feels herself subconsciously trying to suck in her stomach and rubs at her temples. “I don’t look like you, okay?”

“Um, yeah…” Kara trails off, suspecting she’s missing some nuance to that statement.

“I just—I have curves and stretch marks, and I don’t have abs and muscles for days. I’m not tall and blonde and perfectly thin.”

“And? You’re gorgeous, Lena.”

“Not like you are.” And she hates that she still feels that way, hates that she can be smart and successful and independent but still feel those deep-rooted insecurities gnawing at her, still hear Lillian’s judgmental tone even though she renounced any allegiance to her ages ago.

“I don’t—I’ve never been looking for my clone. You are beautiful and smart and absolutely perfect for me—no matter what. And I’m so sorry if I ever made you feel like you weren’t enough, weren’t exactly the person I’ve been looking for.”

Lena sniffs slightly, wiping at her eyes and hoping Kara doesn’t notice. “It’s not on you. It’s—it’s my own thing…old insecurities. And it’s just…being here, next to you…when you look like that…it’s a little hard to feel adequate.”

“You’re so much more than adequate, Lena. You are everything I always wanted—everything I never thought I could have in this world. You make me happy, and I want to do the same for you. I want to make you feel loved and cared for and beautiful.”
Lena smiles but bites her tongue, choosing not to draw attention to the fact that they really haven’t said love yet. “I know I’m being stupid.”

“You’re not stupid—gosh, you’re just about the farthest thing there is from stupid.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Yeah…but still.” Kara pulls Lena into a hug, her breath catching when she feels the press of the other woman against every inch of her. “Oh, um, should I—I can put on clothes.”

“No!” Lena chuckles, slightly embarrassed by her outburst. “I mean…you don’t have to, unless you want to.”

“I don’t have to. Do you still want to stay in yours?”

“I think…I think with you I feel safe,” Lena finally admits. When Kara keeps her hands to herself, Lena carefully undoes the top button of her shirt, guiding Kara’s hands up to take over.

With every button undone, every zipper lowered, every item of clothing shed, the reverent look in Kara’s eyes increases, and Lena can’t help but feel as beautiful as Lillian never let her believe she could be. And it doesn’t fix everything, doesn’t make her suddenly sure that she’s perfect looking and relieve her of all her anxieties. But it calms them, quiets them, lets her be in this moment, lets her feel the weight of Kara’s appreciation and adoration without questioning it.

“You’re stunning,” Kara whispers, her lips dropping to Lena’s jaw, then down to skim across her collar bones before falling lower, peppering her chest with small kisses as her fingertips skim down Lena’s sides. Lena arches into Kara’s touch as her mouth finds Lena’s nipples, sucking and nipping at them until they harden into stiff peaks beneath her tongue. With Lena’s hips bucking beneath her, Kara continues on, kissing down soft curves and lavishing every inch of her with attention.

When Kara reaches Lena’s hips, her mouth just inches from where she most wants to be, Kara looks up at Lena, her pupils dilated with lust and her voice thick with want. “Can I?”

“Only if you want to,” Lena insists.

“Fuck, I want to,” Kara rasps, and it’s that rare obscenity that has Lena tangling her fingers in Kara’s hair and drawing her closer. And Kara isn’t exactly sure what to do yet, even if she read a few how-to articles to prepare, but she makes up for her inexperience with sheer enthusiasm, moaning at the first taste and dragging her tongue up the length of Lena’s sex in broad, eager strokes.

“What do you need?” Kara finally asks.

“You taste so good,” Kara moans before ducking her head down once more, tasting Lena and drawing her tongue up and around until she finds a small, hard nub that makes Lena gasp and arch into her, her fingers tangling more firmly in her hair.

“Circles. Yes!” And then Kara’s lips are slipping around her, her tongue circling her, her hands everywhere she needs them to be, and she’s falling over the edge, calling out Kara’s name as her world narrows to this moment.

By the time she opens her eyes again, Kara is reverently kissing up and down her thighs, then back
up her torso, her lips leaving small wet imprints in their wake. “Thank you,” Kara murmurs when she reaches Lena’s mouth and kisses her softly, allowing herself to be drawn in as Lena deepens the kiss, tasting herself on Kara’s tongue for the first time.

“For what?”

“For letting me be close to you that way.”

“I—it’s nothing,” Lena scoffs.

But Kara shakes her head. “It’s everything. You—you got these lamps, and you waited, and you trusted me—god, you trusted me, Lena. It means everything to me.”

“You deserve everything, Kara.”

“And so do you.” And just this once, the words falling from those perfect lips, from the mouth of someone so very good who has somehow looked past her last name and her family, Lena feels like she might just believe it.

Chapter End Notes

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Though this story was about body insecurity, not an eating disorder, here are a few links to resources for anyone who might need them:

http://myresourcemasterlist.tumblr.com/eatingdisorder

https://pro-hearts-pro-minds.tumblr.com/ed-recovery

http://100reasonstorecover.tumblr.com/post/78119934465/eating-disorder-recovery-websites

I didn't have time to vet every resource listed here, so please do feel free to let me know if anything links out to some of that pro-ana, etc. bullshit that masquerades as recovery. It's still a bit of a triggering thing for me, so I really can't be the one to dig through it all, but I'm happy to update these notes if need be.
De-aged Danvers Sisters

Chapter Summary

Could you write a fic where Alex and Kara are de-aged into teenagers physically, not mentally, so they just have to deal with still having adult brains while being too young to drive anymore, or drink (poor Alex :P), and general teenage awkwardness?

I really loved the de-aging fic that you wrote a while back. Could I request another fic with de-aged Alex, except this time Winn has to babysit her (because I think that would be really hilarious)?

A/N: I don’t know if you’re the same anon or if you two strangers happened to catch the same idea in the same hour (if so, that’s neat! Maybe y’all should try to find each other cause you’re weirdly on the same page), but in any case, I combined these two into de-aged Danvers sisters – they’ve got their adult memories and such, but have the brains and hormones of their new young selves (aka teenage brains, which aren’t fully developed, so things literally feel and seem different)

For another de-aging fic, feel free to check out Chapter 14 of Stronger Together – http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24162081

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Agent Schott!” came J’onn’s booming voice.

“Yes?” he squeaked in response, quickly minimizing the game of Minecraft he’d so definitely not been playing on a government computer.

“I need your help.”

“Oh, yes, sir! What can I do? Need me to hack the unhackable? Slip on under some firewalls? Type my way into—”

“Just come with me,” J’onn sighed.

“Right, yes, on it.” Winn hurried to catch up with the brisk pace J’onn had set as he strode through the DEO’s long hallways. “What’s up?”

“Supergirl and alpha team went out on a routine containment mission, but while team members were bringing in the alien, Supergirl and Agent Danvers came into contact with some of the technology that had been left behind in the alien’s lair.”

“Did they switch bodies again?” Winn sounded positively delighted by the prospect.

“No, Agent Schott. They are…well, they’re younger.”

“Are we talking baby young or like just shaving a couple of years off younger?”

“The medics seem to think they’re 13 and 15, give or take about a year.”
Before Winn could ask any more questions, they arrived at the med bay, where he was confronted with the sight of two teenage girls sitting side-by-side on one of the examination tables wearing slightly baggy clothing that had surely been scrounged up from the XXS bins of DEO uniforms. Alex had a phone out and headphones jammed into her ears, while Kara was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, leaning slightly into Alex’s space.


“I know,” Kara responded simply, her voice quieter than it usually was.

“Oh.” He turned to look at J’onn.

“They seem to still have all of their memories,” J’onn explained. “I need you to watch them.”

“What? You think he’s gonna do a better job?” Alex scoffed. “Let me guess, you found him playing video games.”

“It’s city-building,” Winn huffed, biting his tongue when he realized that he was about to argue semantics with a kid.

“We’ll be fine on our own.”

“As adults, yes. Not in your current state, Alex,” J’onn told her, ignoring the eye roll he received in response.

“This is bullshit.”

“Language!” J’onn and Winn both called in response.

“What, Alex!” Alex scoffed, stuffing her headphones back in her ears.

“Alex. Alex! Can you take those out?” J’onn asked, finding himself growing increasingly exasperated with the surly teenager who had replaced his capable second-in-command.

“What?”

“I’m going to need you to go with Winn here. He’ll watch you until we have an antidote ready.”

Alex looked ready to argue, but then the corners of her mouth twitched upward for a moment.

“Alright.”

“What…what does that mean?” Winn hissed. “J’onn!”

“You’re perfectly capable, Winn.” He didn’t add that James and Maggie both happened to be out of town; surely Winn would be just fine for a day or two. He liked kids, could relate to them. J’onn convinced himself that young teenagers would work just as well.

“You’re the Papa Bear here! You should probably, you know, be the one to play papa.” Seeing the resolved look on J’onn’s face, Winn conceded, “Fine.”

“Perfect. You can take them back to your apartment—less to get into there than here at the DEO.”

With a clap to Winn’s shoulder, J’onn strode out, yelling over his shoulder that he’d send some supplies to them that night if it looked like it wouldn’t be an easy fix.

Winn nodded grimly. “Alright!” he announced, his voice strained with fake enthusiasm at the
prospect of trying to watch over an Alex that lacked the self-control of the already somewhat angry agent. “You two ready to come hang out at my place?”

Alex stood up, and Kara followed in her wake, standing slightly behind her and looking cautiously around. As much as she remembered liking Winn, she didn’t yet feel the same friendship she remembered, couldn’t drown out the loud footfalls all around her, the loud whirring and beeping of medical equipment, the sound of people’s hearts beating, their feet tapping, fingers drumming.

“Do you need to get anything? If not, my car’s just down in the garage.”

“I’ll take my bike,” Alex said, skirting past Winn.

“Oh, no you won’t.” Winn quickly side-stepped his way in front of Alex. “You’re not 16 yet! And wait, no, you have to be 18 to drive a motorcycle, so you’re definitely not able to do that.”

“I have the memories of a 30-year-old.” Alex crossed her arms across her chest and glared up at Winn, who didn’t budge.

“And would you suggest I let your little sister go off and fight aliens just because she remembers doing it?” Winn countered.

“That’s different.”

“How?”

“One is dangerous.”

“Do you even know how many people die in motorcycle accidents each year?” Winn couldn’t even care that he sounds like every sitcom mom in that moment.

“That’s because they’re not doing it right.”

“Maybe we should just go in the car,” Kara whispered to Alex. “I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“Ugh, you’re such a goody two-shoes.” Alex stormed ahead, her phone out and in her hands. She didn’t really have anything to do on it, but she wasn’t in the mood to talk to anyone else.

“Alex,” Kara pleaded, trying to get her sister to look at her again. She raced to catch up to her, tapping her lightly on the shoulder. “C’mon, Alex, talk to me.” But Alex just shrugged her shoulder, pushing away Kara’s hand and steadfastly ignoring her.

“Hey, it’s alright,” Winn assured Kara, who hung back, staying a few feet away from Alex. “It’s just, you know, a lot to deal with all at once.”

“I’m going through the same thing, though.” Kara’s voice was smaller than he’d ever heard it, and Winn fought the urge to hug her, figuring that was probably only good to do with grown-up Kara.

“I know. But hopefully we’ll have you two back to your normal selves in no time! And while we wait, you can totally come have fun at my apartment. I’ve got video games and lots of movies.”

“Can you get us pizza and potstickers for dinner?”

“So that part of your personality was pretty constant throughout your life, huh?” Winn teased. “And yes, we can get them.”

Kara beamed up at him and looked significantly happier than she had just a few minutes ago, though
Winn wasn’t dumb enough to comment on the mood swing there.

By the time they got back to Winn’s apartment, his nerves were already feeling slightly frayed from a less than relaxing car ride. Between Kara’s squealed warnings when she heard a horn or screeching breaks—often miles away from where they were—and Alex’s snorts of condescending laughter each time Winn tried to stick out the “mom arm” when he had to break hard to convince Kara that they were safe and he was listening to her warnings, Winn was ready for a nap.

“I’m hungry,” Kara stated bluntly, plopping down into the same chair adult Kara always claimed when she hung out at his place too.

“Well, lucky for you, I always keep Kara-sized amounts of snacks around—just in case.” He ignored Alex murmuring something about his lingering crush showing and rustled through his cabinets until he found the jumbo tub of frosted animal crackers. “Can I get you anything, Alex?”

“Pass.”

“Oh-kay.” Eventually he cleared his throat. “Um, did you two want to…do anything? I have games or television? We should probably order dinner soon—it’s getting late.”

“I want Thai,” Alex offered, breaking her general silence.

“I still want pizza and potstickers!”

“I—well, I guess we can get both,” Winn shrugged, picking up his phone to call not one, not two, but three different restaurants for delivery. At least they were somewhat familiar with getting large orders from him for the nights Kara and the rest of the superfriends came over.

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After dinner, J’onn popped in with a bag of clothing, as well as toothbrushes and phone chargers for the Danvers sisters.

“How’s it looking?” Winn asked, his tone pointed, anxiety radiating off of him like waves.

“We’re working, but it’s…slower going than we’d have liked.”

“I could probably fix it within the hour,” Alex pointed out, barely looking up from her phone.

“Mm, yes, and think about the headlines now – covert government organization exploiting child labor.”

“Whatever.”

“Hi, J’onn,” Kara waved. “Do you have any of those noise-dampening headphones?”

“I can look. Are you alright? Were your powers affected?”

Kara shook her head. “I don’t think so…it’s just, sometimes when there are big changes, like, oh, I don’t know, getting much smaller and younger, it’s harder to control my powers.”

While J’onn talked to Winn about ways they might be able to minimize the stress, Alex turned to Kara, her phone suddenly forgotten. “Hey, can I help?”

“No, it’s just…really loud. And when I can’t focus there, it’s harder to control everything else.”
“Well, why don’t you try just focusing on my voice or my heartbeat like you did when you were still getting used to it here, huh?”

“Yeah…yeah, okay,” Kara agreed, settling her head against Alex’s chest and closing her eyes as she focused in on the steady beating of Alex’s heart, willing herself to drown out the rest of the world.

When J’onn left and Winn caught sight of the two of them curled up, he was tempted to tiptoe away, leaving them be, but Alex’s voice startled him back to the present. “I can feel you hovering.”

“Ah, yes…did you want to watch a movie?”

“Sure,” Alex shrugged. “But I get to pick.”

“I guess that’s alright…”

She ended up choosing Jennifer’s Body, much to Kara’s chagrin, and within the first half hour, Kara has singed burning holes into his coffee table and plant after getting spooked and accidentally sending bursts of heat vision through his furniture.

“Perhaps we should find a new movie,” Winn suggested, only to have his concerns rebuffed. When Jennifer began stripping, though, Winn called it quits and paused the movie. “That’s enough. This isn’t appropriate for you.”

“I’ve seen literally everything that could be shown here,” Alex countered.

“But this isn’t an appropriate context.”

“I’ve had sex, Winn. Lots of it. I remember it all,” Alex argued with him.

“Not at your current age!”

“You don’t know that,” Alex shot back, crossing her arms defiantly. She was so sick of hearing that she couldn’t do this or that, all because she happened to be in a smaller body.

Winn stammered until Kara cut in, giggling softly: “She’d only ever kissed a boy at 15.”

“Shut up!” Alex yelled, her face flaming bright red as tears prickled at her eyes. She hated that she couldn’t simply tamp down on her emotions the way she normally did, hated how everything felt so much closer to the surface, like one small crack in the façade was all it would take to bring her control crumbling down around her. Grabbing her phone, Alex stormed off into the guest bedroom where Winn told them they could sleep and slammed the door behind her.

She sniffled, refusing to let the tears fall. She just wanted Maggie, wanted her life back. Figuring it was late enough that Maggie might be done with her training, she sent her a text: “Shitty day. Wish you were here.”

A few minutes later her phone chimed back with a response: “Miss you too babe. Just one more day.”

Realizing that Maggie didn’t know, might be the one person who would treat her normally, Alex happily fell into a routine, texting back and forth about Maggie’s training and her own day, only mentioning that the containment mission had gone poorly and that Winn was being particularly frustrating without going into the specifics.

About an hour later, there was a soft knock on the door. “What?” Alex yelled.
“Can I come in?” Winn’s tone was even, though she suspected that no wouldn’t be an acceptable answer.

“Fine,” Alex huffed, standing up and unlocking the door.

“Hey,” Winn greeted her, sitting down on the chair in the room, leaving the bed to Alex. “I know this is tough, but we’ve gotta be really careful until we have you back to your normal self, okay?”

“Fine.”

“Alex,” Winn sighed, rubbing at his forehead. He was good with real kids, the ones who didn’t have 30 years’ worth of memories shoved into their heads, coexisting uneasily with the emotional volatility of an adolescent. His attention snapped into focus at the sound of her phone’s text alert. “Who are you texting?”

“None of your business. It’s my own damn phone.”

Winn grabbed the phone from her, grateful that she was still small enough that hopefully her threats about all that she could do with her index finger were empty. “You can’t text Maggie! She doesn’t know! It’s—it’s unethical!”

“She’s my girlfriend!”

“She’s 30-year-old Alex’s girlfriend!”

“It’s not like we’re sexting!”

“Did you tell her you’re 15 now?” Winn demanded.

Alex just glared at him.

“So you didn’t,” he concluded.

“What? Is it really so bad that one person might treat me like a normal fucking person?”

“Just…you can’t be talking to Maggie like that now. I’m keeping your phone.”

“What the hell! J’onn didn’t give you permission to cut off my ability to communicate with him.”

“If it’s an emergency, you can use my phone.”

“Get out of my room!” Alex ordered, and Winn finally gave in, taking Alex’s phone with him.

An hour or two later—Alex couldn’t quite be sure without her phone, she heard Winn wishing Kara a good night and showing her where towels and toothbrushes were to get ready for bed.

“Do you want to take my bed? I can take the couch,” he offered.

“No, Alex will be fine.”

Winn sounded unconvinced, but he figured Kara had memories of teenage Alex, so he’d let her serve as the subject expert there.

After a bit, Alex heard the door creak open, and she pretended to be asleep, unwilling to deal with whatever heart-to-heart conversation Kara thought they might have had together. The mattress dipped slightly when she crawled in, and she felt the weight of Kara’s gaze as she peered over at her
big sister before finally dropping her head down to the pillows.

Once enough time had passed that Kara appeared sound asleep (and Alex figured Winn would surely be passed out, exhausted from his afternoon of parenting), Alex crept out into the living room, poking around for her phone until she found it in the menu drawer. Rookie mistake, she thought.

She sent a text to Maggie, only to have it ignored. She wondered if Winn had called her, told her not to speak to Alex. Increasingly frustrated, she pulled open cabinet doors until she spied a bottle of whiskey she’d left at Winn’s place after their first game night there when she found out he only stocked beer and some old bottle of gin that tasted more like nail polish remover than something she would voluntarily ingest.

She turned the TV on, keeping the volume low, and settled in with a glass of whiskey to watch something without having it censored mid-viewing.

An episode and a half of some vaguely remembered legal procedural and another glass or two of whiskey later, Kara wandered into the living room. “What are you doing?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

“I mean, why aren’t you in bed?” Kara asked. “And why are you drinking. It’s bad for you.”

“It’s fine. I’m fine,” Alex retorted, ignoring the fact that her words slurred together against her best efforts.

“You don’t sound fine.”

“Can you just stop—stop trying to be so damn good for one second. This sucks. It’s shitty. Can you not admit that?”

“I…yeah, it does,” Kara finally conceded. “I miss having control over my powers that doesn’t feel like hard work all the time. I miss, ya know, not accidentally shooting lasers from my eyes,” she chuckled softly, eyeing the coffee table that had, at the very least, stopped smoking.

“What if we did something to feel better?”

“Like what?”

“What if we went flying?”

“I don’t know, Alex…that sounds like the kind of thing we definitely got in trouble for when we were this age.”

“What are they gonna do? Take dad away again? Drag us into the DEO? Guess what, both of those things have already happened.”

“Um, yeah, okay…I guess.”

“It’ll be fun. You can let loose, not have to worry.”

Alex was always convincing, and Kara found herself nodding, even though her stomach still twisted with nerves. But when Alex carefully pried the window open and the cool night breeze hit her, Kara relaxed slightly. “C’mon,” she whispered, motioning for Alex to clamber up around her the way she had when they were younger and had to fit through small bedroom windows.

With a few less-than-coordinated movements, they managed to get outside, and Kara shot up in the
air gleefully only to find Alex yelling at her to stop.

“What? This was your idea, Alex.”

“The world is spinning. Everything is spinning,” Alex whimpered, closing her eyes tight and trying to take deep breaths to soothe her churning stomach.

“I told you that you drank too much,” Kara scolded, carefully lowering them back down with as little back-and-forth movement as she could manage.

“I’ve never gotten that drunk from just a few fingers of whiskey,” Alex whined, letting herself sink down to the ground and pressing the back of her head against the cool wall, willing the room to stop moving around her.

“I bet you would have back when you were 15,” Kara countered.

“Who’s here?” Winn yelled, stumbling out of his bedroom in Supergirl pajama pants and a Superman t-shirt—as if to prove how unbiased he was—and looking completely unthreatening. He flicked on the lights, spotting Alex sitting on the ground and Kara hovering beside her, the window still open and a bottle of whiskey out on the counter. “What the hell, guys?” he whined, feeling the weight of responsibility falling heavily back on his shoulders. “It’s nighttime, time for sleeping. Could you not let me have just this one thing to myself?”

“Alex is drunk,” Kara informed him. “Like, really drunk.”

“Please don’t throw up on my floor.”

“I won’t,” Alex gritted out through clenched teeth.

“Here just”—Winn took a deep breath, trying to wake up fully—“Kara, you go close the window. Alex, you stay there or move to sit on the couch.” He walked into the kitchen and filled a tall glass with water, then pulled down a bag of pretzels, pouring a few handfuls into a bowl. “Sip slowly, and eat carbs—it should help you from being too hungover tomorrow.”

Alex nodded, gratefully accepting the food and water from him. Once she finished the glass of water and had eaten enough of the pretzels to feel her stomach settling slightly, she offered to go to the guest room and let Winn get back to sleep.

“Not a chance. Another glass of water.” Kara grabbed the glass and quickly refilled it for her. “I’ll sit up with you until you’ve sobered up a little more. Don’t need you laying down and getting the spins.”

“They’re the worst,” Alex agreed.

“Yeah…yeah, they are.” After a few more minutes of silence, Winn spoke up again. “Remember that night Mon-El, uh, went missing from the DEO for a bit?”

“You mean when you too him out drinking?” Kara corrected, remembering just how dead to the world Winn had been the next morning.

“Yeah, alright, fine. Well, he’s pretty much immune to Earth alcohol, like Kara, though we didn’t know it yet. So I was matching him drink for drink, and suddenly the whole world was spinning. He thought it would be the nice thing to do if he carried me home…”

“Oh god,” Alex groaned. “Did he do the leaping bounces the whole way?”
“He did. God, I feel sick just thinking about it,” he mused, pulling laughs from Kara and Alex as well. “I sat up the whole night just drinking water after I let my head drop for just a second and felt I was on a tilt-a-whirl ride. Point being: I’ll sit up with you as long as it takes, Alex.”

“Thanks,” she mumbled. “You don’t—I know we’ve not really been the easiest on you.”

“You haven’t,” he admitted. “But I imagine it’s frustrating—knowing everything but not really being able to do anything about it.”

“I wasn’t one of those kids who thought high school was the best time of my life. In fact, I decidedly did not want to go back to those years.”

“You were popular before I showed up,” Kara volunteered.

“But if the people I hung out with were such jackasses to you, I think that’s proof enough that they’re not the people I’d want to go back and spend even more time with now.” Kara smiled up at her and dropped her head to Alex’s shoulder.


“You weren’t old enough for prom. Don’t make it sound like you were Carrie or something,” Alex snorted.

“Wait, I think I need to know about drunk Alex Danvers at prom,” Winn cackled.

“Someone spiked the punch, then we had an afterparty on the beach. Lots of really cheap beer. But my date got—well, I didn’t want to, you know, so I stumbled home. We lived close by,” Alex paused for a moment in tipsy contemplation. “A lot of things make so much more sense now.”

“Like why you shouldn’t drink cheap beer?”

“Like why I wanted to ditch my date and spend all night with Vicky.”

Winn and Kara laughed at that, nodding in understanding. They chatted for a while longer, finally heading back to bed around the time the sun began to rise.

---

Over breakfast, J’onn called, informing Winn that they hoped to have an antidote to test by that evening. Yesterday Winn would have been horrified by the idea of having to babysit for another full day. But after last night, he felt like they had reached an uneasy truce. And since J’onn had given him the day off, he found he had more than a few ideas.

“Well…you know how there are some things that kind of require a kid…or are less awkward if you bring a kid?”

“What movie do you want to see?” Kara asked, knowing Winn well enough to know what he was thinking before he even voiced it.

“There was that new Cars movie,” Winn suggested. Kara looked pleased by the idea, though Alex remained unconvinced. “And then I thought maybe we could head down to the go-cart track…not quite the same thing as a motorcycle, but you’re just the right size for those carts.”

“I’m in,” Alex quickly accepted the offer, figuring enjoying a day or two without the weight of adult responsibilities might not actually be the worst thing in the world. And the greasy egg and bacon
sandwich Winn made her for breakfast, paired with a side of advil, had already done wonders for the wicked hangover she’d managed to incur during her overnight adventures.

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Maggie got back to National City and rushed over to the DEO just in time to see teenage Alex for a few minutes before she went in for the antidote. Even with just a hug from Maggie, Alex had managed to flush a deep shade of red, stammer over her words, and stumble over her own feet on her way in between her girlfriend and the med bay. Luckily when she came out a few minutes later looking much more like her adult self, she had sense and composure enough to loudly threaten anyone who had seen her awkward teenage self within an inch of their lives if they ever brought it up or told any of the new recruits a word about it.

“Very convincing after the whole lovestruck teenager look,” Maggie teased.

“Oh shut up.”

“C’mon, Danvers, let’s get you home. I hear you’ve got quite the hangover to sleep off.”

“Winn!” Alex roared over her shoulder. The sound of his laughter echoed all the way down the DEO hallways.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

And comments always make me happy! I’ve also posted a few other fics (some one shots and the start of a multi-chapter Carol AU) outside of Stronger Together if you’re interested in them!
Sanvers New Year's Smut

Chapter Summary

Thebiwisebrownkid: Do u mind writing a really soft slow passionate smut with a strap on? I've seen a lot where a strap on is used is usually very kinky and rough and I haven’t really seen some nice soft strap on smut

Anon: Sanvers + Squirting! oh yea some clarification for the squirting fic prompt i asked earlier, could you write alex doing it accidentally while maggie's using the strap-on and she’s horrified but maggie reassures her and then they kinda make it like a goal to do it again? thanks! :))

Chapter Notes

A/N - for more squirting see chapters 72 and 113 (and to get Alex's reaction for the second prompt, just assume these aren't in the same universe, otherwise continuity would be all off)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Should we be going out?” Alex asked, hitting pause on the Great British Bake Off and turning to Maggie, who was sprawled out in bed next to her.

"Why?”

"It’s New Year’s Eve…big party day and all.”

“Yeah…and I’m here with my beautiful fiancée, lots of Christmas chocolates, and some excellent, kind of mindless British television. What more could I want?”

“Yeah, I guess. It’s just Kara and James and Winn and all of them are going out. Are we being boring?”

“No,” Maggie insisted, pulling herself up and looking over at Alex. “First of all: New Year’s Eve is so overrated. Bars charge extra, and they’re so crowded, and then it takes forever and costs a small fortune to get home afterward. And you know why most of the people are there?”

“To have fun being social,” Alex teased.

“No! They’re looking for someone to make out with when the ball drops and maybe take home at the end of the night. And guess what? We already have that! We’re living the dream.”

“I guess when you put it that way…” Alex leaned over and kissed Maggie—just a peck really, though she couldn’t quite help the small whimper when Maggie’s hands cupped at her jaw and trailed through the short hairs along the back of her neck.

“If I’ve thoroughly convinced you of the wisdom of my planning, can we please get back and find
out whose buns Sue Perkins likes best?”

“She’s welcome to feel mine,” Alex drawled, earning a loud laugh and a light shove from Maggie.

“Oh hush, we know you’d be most invested in winning praise from the actual judges.”

“At least from Mary Berry,” Alex conceded. “But I don’t like Paul.”

“He’s hard to read, that’s for sure.”

“Yeah. I prefer your praise, though.”

“That’s because mine comes in the form of kisses and orgasms,” Maggie countered, pushing the computer further down the bed and swinging a leg over Alex’s lap to straddle her.

“I see nothing wrong with those rewards.”

“Oh me either. But I think we’d just be one giant, censored, beeped-out blur on television.”

“Really boost the viewership numbers,” Alex joked, pulling Maggie forward slightly and kissing her deeply, letting her tongue flick across her lower lip and sighing as Maggie’s arms wound around her neck.

As Maggie’s teeth pulled at her lower lip, Alex found her fingers digging into Maggie’s hips, holding her closer. “You feel so good,” she murmured.

Maggie could only nod, feeling the familiar heat building between her legs as she rolled her hips into Alex, whimpering at the friction. Trying to cool down in case Alex wanted to go back to watching their show, Maggie pulled back slightly and rested her forehead against Alex’s. “I’m so happy to be here with you,” she whispered.

“Me too. It’s been one hell of a year, huh?”

“Mm, it has. It really has.” Maggie closed her eyes and thought back over just how much their lives had changed. Last New Years this thing between them was still new, barely a month old. But they’d made it—managed their way through fights and near break ups, braved alien invasions and kidnappings, survived the Daxamite invasion and come out on the other side even stronger. “No one I’d rather have by my side when it seems like the world might be ending.”

“Well now,” Alex began, linking their hands together and running her finger over the engagement ring, “we always will.” She pressed a sweet kiss to Maggie’s lips, humming in contentment. “And in a few more weeks we’ll get to stand up in front of all of National City—”

“Friends and family,” Maggie corrected.

“Oh, I don’t think you know just how big I’m talking when I say I want the biggest, gayest wedding this town’s ever seen,” Alex teased.

“And you say you don’t like Kara’s romcoms.”

“I don’t.”

“Oh really? Surprise to me,” Maggie teased, using her nose to nudge Alex’s softly.

“In all those movies the girl never got to end up with her best friend. But I get to, and I want everyone to know it.”
“Sap.”

“You love me anyway.”

“Absolutely,” Maggie murmured, dropping her head to nuzzle into Alex’s neck and trail soft kisses that grew increasingly heated as Alex held her closer.

“Fuck,” Alex groaned as Maggie found a particularly sensitive spot on her neck and sucked at it, careful not to leave any marks.

“You’re so hot,” Maggie whispered, her fingers slipping under Alex’s shirt and sliding up heated skin.

“Just take it off.” Alex lifted her arms for Maggie to pull her shirt over her head, then quickly returned the favor and pulled off Maggie’s in turn.

“C’mere.” Maggie pulled Alex up and off of the bed, holding her close even as her fingers fell to Alex’s pants and deftly pushed them over her hips and down to the floor.

“I want to feel you inside of me,” Alex rasped, her breath hot on the shell of Maggie’s ear.

“How do you want me?”

“Would you wear the harness? I want both of your hands on me.”

“God, yes.” That was all it took to send Maggie scrambling over the bed to find their harness and pull it on, slipping one of the toys inside and setting the lube on the nightstand. Meanwhile Alex had cleared the computer and snacks from their bed, climbing up and kneeling on the mattress as she waited for Maggie.

Once Maggie was ready, Alex reached out a hand and drew her back in, kissing her soundly and letting her tongue dip between Maggie’s lips as they traded hot, open-mouthed kisses. Carefully guiding Maggie, Alex maneuvered her over to the pillows. “I want to be close to you,” she offered by way of explanation as she pushed Maggie back to sit on her heels and straddled her lap.

Entranced by the sight of Alex’s hips rocking against her, Maggie finally seemed to come to, and she quickly coated the toy in lube and guided it to Alex’s entrance, whimpering softly as Alex slid down until their hips met. “Fuck. You’re so gorgeous.”

Rolling her hips forward, Alex let her eyes flutter closed as she built to a rhythm, Maggie’s hands moving from her waist to her back, pulling her in even closer, pushing even deeper inside of her with every thrust. “You feel so good.” By the time Maggie’s mouth found her nipples, her teeth and tongue working them into stiff peaks, Alex felt waves of desire coursing through her body like molten lava.

As Alex’s soft sighs turned to keening whimpers and needy moans, Maggie shifted the angle of her hips slightly, nearly coming herself at the downright filthy moans that filled the air as the toy dragged down Alex’s front wall. Kissing her way up Alex’s chest, Maggie sucked and nipped at Alex’s neck. “You’re so beautiful.”

Alex had tried to wait, had wanted to stay with Maggie like this, feel this close to her, filled by her, for just a while longer. But with every thrust, she felt herself clawing at the edge. And when Maggie’s arms tightened around her waist and she looked up at Alex with lust-darkened eyes, her lower lip pulled between her teeth, she found she couldn’t hold on any longer. Her back arched and her hips stuttered as she cried out Maggie’s name, riding what felt like wave after wave of pleasure.
until she finally collapsed into Maggie’s chest, panting and out of breath.

“That was…” Maggie trailed off, unable to find words to tell Alex just how utterly perfect she was. It was when Alex’s hips stuttered forward as she rode out an aftershock that Maggie noticed just how wet her thighs were—even more so than usual. She brought a hand down between them and found the harness soaked with proof of Alex’s orgasm.

Forcing herself to focus, Alex looked down at Maggie’s fingers. “What?” she mumbled, her mind still hazy and her thoughts jumbled. She pulled herself off the dildo, her eyes widening at the way the toy dripped down onto Maggie’s lap. “Oh my god. Oh god, I’m so sorry,” she stammered out, nearly throwing herself out of the bed as she raced to grab towels.

“Alex, why are you apologizing?”

“Because!”

“What? Because you came?”

“Because I came everywhere,” Alex hissed, her cheeks flaming red in embarrassment.

“As long as it didn’t somehow hurt you, why would I possibly be upset? Did I hurt you?”

“No.” Alex voice was soft but insistent, her gaze downcast.

“Was it good for you?”

“Amazing,” Alex admitted, her whole body trembling at the memory, apparently immune to the embarrassment she was feeling.

“Then I’m telling you right now, it was hot. Really hot. And if it was as good for you as it looked, then fuck, Alex, I want to do that for you again and again and again.”

“Really?”

“Do you want some proof of just how turned on I am?”

“It wouldn’t hurt…” Alex trailed off, letting Maggie guide her fingers beneath the harness to feel how wet she had gotten. “Fuck.”

“So please don’t apologize because you are perfect. Absolutely perfect.”

“You’re pretty perfect yourself,” Alex shrugged.

“I know—I’ve got proof all over my thighs,” Maggie teased, glad when Alex laughed and rolled her eyes rather than blushing or apologizing.

“Yeah, yeah, don’t get so full of yourself.”

“I’m just saying…we’re really ringing in the new year with a bang.”

“Oh god, you’re such a dork,” Alex laughed, shoving Maggie back down to the mattress and squealing as Maggie rolled her over, placing teasing kisses all over her face.
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
I'm still making my way through old prompts to catch up before I take on any new ones, though if you have an idea and really want to talk to me about it, feel free to let me know! As much as I try to go in order (and pretty much do), sometimes one just fits the mood for what I want to write that day.
Sanvers Masturbation Smut

Chapter Summary

Anon: Shameless smut prompt: someone gets caught masturbating

Anon: Sanvers prompt (if you’re still taking them): masturbation. Also it feels weird to tack this onto a smut request but thanks for being a gift to the fandom!

Anon: Hey there! I have a prompt: Alex is masturbating at the bar she and Maggie are at (b/c exhibitionist streak ay ay ay) and maybe Maggie walks in and helps her while other women at the bar walk in and out of the bathroom they're in?

Anon: could you do a 3 or 5+1 fic? They’re so much fun!

A/N: That’s right, we’ve got 5x the smut in this chapter! (Also, wow, y'all seem to request on theme sometimes, which I certainly won't complain about because it makes my life a bit easier in combining prompts.) Here we've got 4 times (I split the difference between your 3 and 4, anon!) Sanvers got caught masturbating and 1 time it was definitely intentional

Chapter Notes

CW for a few mentions of internalized shame about female masturbation. But hopefully the culmination of five incidents will do enough to dispel some of that stigma...cause goddam, it's 2018, and it's about time we normalize this shit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1.

Maggie was being a good girlfriend—loving and caring and gentle. Alex knew this, in theory. She was still off active duty, and Maggie still thought of her as injured. But being injured didn’t mean that certain things had changed—like just how very much she wanted her girlfriend, her lips, her hands, her tongue. But ever since the first night they had tried making out again when Alex had let out an undignified yelp of pain as she arched into Maggie, Maggie had done nothing more than kiss her gently and tend to her in less...physical ways.

But now, with Maggie out in the living room, headphones in, her attention firmly held by some documentary on her laptop, Alex hurried into the bathroom and shut the door behind her. She carefully lowered herself into the shallow water of the still-filling bathtub, grabbing the detachable showerhead with her as she went. With her back propped against the pad Maggie had picked up for her at Target the first week she was home from the DEO, Alex switched the water over from the faucet to the showerhead and let her eyes flutter closed.

She forced herself back to before a rather large and particularly angry alien had flipped her over a van, throwing her to the ground and tearing large gashes across her skin in the process. Her thoughts
drifted instead to the weekend she and Maggie had spent together, both of them enjoying a rare two full days off from work at the same time. She remembered Maggie’s fingers slowly, teasingly entering her, the way she had started off with a pace so measured that Alex wanted to cry out in frustration, the way she had finally, finally sped up, curling her fingers perfectly until she had Alex moaning her name as she came hard. She thought back to how wet Maggie had been by the time she finally got her on her back—proof of her arousal soaking through the underwear she hadn’t bothered to remove, too focused on getting to Alex.

With a whimper on her lips, Alex lowered the showerhead, feeling her whole body tense at the first pass over her clit. She tried teasing herself, hoping for just a fraction of the build up she normally got with Maggie, but when she was clawing at the shower ledge and nearly drawing blood from how hard she was biting her lip to stay quiet, she realized she wouldn’t last long enough for teasing. It was probably for the best, she reasoned, she wouldn’t want to let the water get high enough to drown. God knows that would be a humiliating obituary.

So she clenched her thighs and adjusted the water to a slightly narrower, harder stream, letting out a small gasp before she clamped her mouth shut once more.

“You okay?” came Maggie’s voice. Of course she had heard. Of course she would be concerned.

“Fine!” Alex yelled back, holding the water away from herself for just a moment to avoid coming while she answered.

When she received no follow up questions, Alex let herself relax back into it, sighing as the water found its target once more. It wasn’t quite the same as Maggie’s tongue, but it was hot and wet and god it had been so long now, so she closed her eyes and pictured Maggie…Maggie on her knees between Alex’s legs, her mouth hot on Alex’s clit, her fingers curling into Alex’s thighs, her raspy whispered, “Come for me,” that always left Alex coming harder than she thought was possible.

She felt her thighs tensing and her hips lifting involuntarily as she hovered right on the edge. She tried to conjure up Maggie’s voice—the low growl of it when she was particularly turned on, desperate enough to fuck Alex just a little harder. Her breathing was shallow and ragged now, and her body was screaming out for release.

It was just then that Maggie swung the door open and pushed open the shower curtain. Her concern about the muffled noises of pain died on her lips at the sight of Alex with her head thrown back, thighs spread wide, water spraying between her legs.

“Fuck,” Alex gasped in surprise and pleasure. And it was too late, much too late to stop, no matter how humiliated she was. Already she was coming hard—so fucking hard, the frustration of weeks and weeks of nothing but soft kisses and gentle caresses coursing through her veins—as Maggie just looked on, her lips parted and her eyes wide.

“Sorry,” Alex mumbled, feeling shame rising up inside of her and threatening to overwhelm her as she turned off the water and pulled the curtain closed.

“Why…why would you ever apologize?” Maggie stammered, still a bit too dazed and turned on to form coherent thoughts.

“Because you know,” Alex hissed. “I shouldn’t…that’s not something you do.”

“Uh, it’s definitely something I do. And it’s definitely something I am more than okay with you doing—not that it would ever or should ever be my call.” She was proud of herself for coming up with something she hoped was reassuring even when her brain was still a bit broken with the image
of a very naked Alex in the throes of passion. But she’d pulled through when she needed to; it seemed absurd, but it sounded like Alex almost had more internalized shame about masturbating than she did about the whole gay thing—not that either should be shameful.

“I just…you were right there. And I should have, I don’t know.”

“I mean, if you ever want to invite me to watch, I’m not gonna say no,” Maggie joked, though she was entirely serious too.

“So you’re not mad?”

“I’ll be a little annoyed if you tore your stitches, but no, Alex, I would never be mad at you for doing something perfectly healthy.”

“Okay.” Alex’s voice was still quiet, but she didn’t seem as upset.

“I’ll let you finish your bath in peace. And if I hear anything, I won’t come bursting in—promise.”

2.

Flipping her pillow over, Maggie dropped her head onto the cool fabric, wishing she could find the feeling comforting. But it just left her looking at the clock once more, watching as the minutes ticked by into hours, and still no sleep came. She had a meeting with her boss the next day—no, scratch that, it was well after midnight already—that she had wanted to be rested and awake for, though she didn’t think it was so stressful that it would have kept her up all night. But here she was, not sleeping, taken with a sense of general anxiety that she couldn’t make dissipate.

She turned onto her side and watched Alex’s breath coming in a slow, steady rhythm as she nuzzled deeper into the blankets. Normally she would have found it adorable. Today, at 3am, she found it maddening that Alex could sleep while she was desperately awake, cut through with a sharp pang of jealousy that she would laugh about in the morning if she ever managed to sleep. The idea that Alex’s alarm would go off and surely rouse her in less than three hours was utterly infuriating to her sleep-deprived mind.

Back before she shared a bed with someone, she knew exactly how she would have dealt with it. There would have been a bit of television first, maybe a light switched on to read—just what the doctor ordered. If that didn’t work, maybe a few minutes of those yoga poses women’s magazines touted as cure-alls for sleepless nights—but Maggie had tried that in the living room already to no avail. And when all else failed, though, if she were being honest with herself, often before that point, she would have made herself come until she fell back to the mattress—sated and exhausted, having fucked away her own anxiety.

Chancing a glance over at Alex, Maggie decided the woman was sleeping soundly enough that a few small movements wouldn’t wake her. After all, she’d slept through Maggie’s restless tossing and turning all night. She closed her eyes and conjured up one of her tried and true fantasies—the kind she brought out for nights when she needed to get off and get off fast. Her fantasy vision of Alex blossomed into existence in her mind: her ass in the air, her pussy dripping, as she begged Maggie to please, please fuck her already, to make her come the way only she could.

And it was enough to have Maggie rolling onto her stomach and slipping a hand down between her legs as she rocked against it. She stifled a groan at the first hard thrust against her own hand. A peek up at Alex confirmed that she was still sleeping soundly, and Maggie rocked more insistently, feeling
herself rapidly approaching the edge.

“What’s wrong?” Alex mumbled, her voice thick with sleep as she rubbed her eyes.

“Nothing!” Maggie froze, staring up at Alex like a deer caught in the headlights.

“You’re moving.” It was the kind of simple, barely coherent statement that Alex would only make when still practically asleep.

“I was having trouble sleeping, that’s all,” Maggie assured her, wondering how she might carefully extract her hand without drawing attention to where it had been.

“Oh.” Alex sighed, her eyes fluttering closed until they snapped open again just in time to catch Maggie slipping her hand back out from under her. “Oh.”

“Sorry,” Maggie mumbled, feeling her cheeks heat up with a flush of embarrassment.

“S’hot,” Alex slurred, her voice still thick with sleep even if she was a bit turned on now.

“Not really. I mean, I don’t, not the way I do it.”

“S’hot,” Alex insisted again, nodding blearily at Maggie.

“I’m basically humping my hand. It’s…weird.”

“Not weird. Keep doing it—for me?”

“You’re sleeping.”

“Not anymore.” And Maggie couldn’t deny that Alex did look more awake now, for which she felt a bit guilty. “I’m not offering to fuck you. Just, do you.” Alex pressed a sloppy kiss to Maggie’s lips and pushed Maggie’s hand back down her body.

And Maggie couldn’t quite deny the spark of desire that still burned inside her, the insistent thrumming of her pulse, the throbs of need between her legs. And Alex’s wet kisses and the way one hand had tangled itself in her hair weren’t helping. So Maggie let herself grind against her hand once more, whimpering into Alex’s mouth as she got the pressure she so desperately needed. And with Alex’s hands on her, her mouth hot against hers, Maggie found herself tumbling over the edge in just a few thrusts, groaning as she came before collapsing back down into the mattress.

3.

“Fuck, you look so hot,” Alex nearly growled, pulling Maggie down by the lapels of her dress uniform blazer and kissing her thoroughly. Her hands fell to grope Maggie’s ass, and she felt Maggie’s hips buck into her.

“I have to go,” Maggie panted, pulling back slightly as Alex nipped and sucked at her lower lip.

“One more minute.”

The pleading voice did her in, and Maggie dipped her head just long enough to capture Alex’s mouth in a heated kiss, her tongue flicking between Alex’s lips and her fingers curling into Alex’s hips, slipping under the soft fabric of her t-shirt.
Finally she pulled back. “I really have to go.”

Alex grumbled loudly but relinquished her tight grip on Maggie’s ass. “Go to your stupid fancy meeting.”

“I love you too,” Maggie yelled grabbing her hat and keys as she ran for the door.

“Be safe!”

Once Maggie was gone, Alex dropped back to the mattress. She enjoyed having days off from work, but she found they were much more fun when they overlapped with Maggie’s. But today…god, she just knew she wasn’t going to get anything done before she dealt with the insistent hum of desire coursing through her. Figuring she had plenty of time on her hands, though she would have preferred having her hands on her girlfriend, Alex reached over into their lead-lined box and pulled out one of their dildos and the lube.

Kicking off her pants, Alex settled down in the middle of the bed, dropping a hand between her legs, intent on teasing herself as foreplay. Only, she found she was already dripping, probably had been since Maggie first knotted her tie and let Alex tug her down by it for a rather filthy kiss.

As her thoughts wandered through all of the things she might have done to Maggie in that uniform, Alex brought the toy between her legs and carefully worked it inside of herself, groaning at the slight stretch. Even with starting slow, just a steady pace as she found a rhythm, Alex felt herself getting more and more worked up with every thrust, clenching tightly around the toy each time the base bumped up against her clit.

Slipping her free hand under her shirt, Alex teased and pinched at her nipples, sighing softly and speeding up her pace just a bit. As she fucked herself harder, she couldn’t help picturing Maggie wearing it, maybe strapped beneath that dress uniform, her pants open just enough to take Alex hard and fast before some ceremony began. Heat rushed through her at that thought, and she threw off her shirt. Her hips canted upward and her loud moans filled the air. She didn’t used to be vocal—barely used to register what she did as pleasure outside of a mechanical sense. But now…now it was so much more. She’d learned not to hide it or feel embarrassed by her own sense of need, and with an embrace of her own wants—even when they were outside the context of sex with Maggie—had come new pleasures.

Figuring she was already going to have to wash one toy, Alex leaned over the edge of the bed and grabbed one of the smaller vibrators as well, clicking it on and holding it up to her clit, gasping out as every thrust now pushed it just a little harder against her, the sensations sweeping through her body. She barely lasted another minute, coming with a strangled moan and a gush of arousal.

It was only when she collapsed back into the pillows, admittedly still debating a round two, that she noticed Maggie standing in the doorway, looking at her like she’d never been closer to snapping and deciding to quit her job in favor of fucking her girlfriend all day long.

“That…holy fuck. I didn’t mean to…I just, I forgot my phone. So I couldn’t tell you I was coming back. And then you were coming. And yeah…”

“Do you need to go so soon?” Alex asked, her voice low and alluring and still thick with desire.

“I…” Maggie looked genuinely conflicted. “I’m late.”

“Then you should go.”

“But you…fuck, Alex.”
“You will. When you get home.”

Maggie nodded dumbly, managing to stumble away from the table where she’d left her phone and toward the door, freezing at the sight of Alex stalking toward her—still stark naked, her long, lithe limbs on full display and her muscles flexing with every movement. Maggie felt herself melt into Alex’s kiss before strong hands were pushing her toward the door. “I’ll see you tonight.”

“Yep, yeah, definitely,” Maggie mumbled, walking down the hallway still in a daze.

4.

It simply wasn’t fair how hot Alex looked doing literally everything. And the fact that she could be sweaty and tackling a fucking superhero to the ground and still look like she’d just walked off of some photoshoot for a fitness magazine was absurd. The heated makeout session they’d enjoyed in one of the DEO supply closets after the match had made Maggie feel a little better, and the way Alex had come grinding against her tensed thigh had made her feel a lot better. But the radio call crackling through the speakers requesting alpha team meet in one of the briefing rooms was distinctly less fun.

With an apology, Alex sent Maggie down to the shower room, assuring her that they were empty during the day for the most part and that no one would care if she showered after using their gym—it wasn’t like she was in the armory stealing flash grenades. The way Alex’s eyes had narrowed in a clear warning at that had Maggie scoffing, but Alex just laughed and shoved her in the direction of the locker rooms.

She was shocked by how clean it was—a far cry from NCPD’s bad imitation of a proper changing room where one lonely shower dribbled lukewarm water in the corner, a torn curtain pulled around it most of the way to shield its sad users from view. It was even nicer than her gym’s; the floor sparkled like it was washed regularly and wouldn’t give her some horrible disease if she accidentally touched it with her toe. It actually looked a bit cleaner than her own bathroom, if she were being particularly honest.

Right before she got into the shower, her phone chimed with a text from Alex: “Missing you. I came so hard just on your thigh. Can’t wait to see what you do to me with your mouth tonight.”

Maggie groaned, feeling a rush of the arousal that she thought she had pretty much quelled during her walk from the supply closet down to the locker room. But nope. There it was again.

Which is how she found herself circling her clit with her fingers, standing under the surprisingly powerful spray of hot water, moaning softly, fairly confident with just how empty the room continued to be. She gripped at the cool tile with her free hand as her knees threatened to buckle, her mind replaying scenes of Alex’s shoulder muscles rippling as she pinned someone who was an actual god on earth. She was close—so very close.

“Hey babe,” came a teasing voice as another naked body slipped through the curtain.

Maggie yelled before she could even register the other woman as anything other than “not-Alex.”

“Oh fuck,” Lucy muttered, casting an appraising look at Maggie. “You’re not Vasquez.”

“T’m not!” Maggie yelped.

“She was supposed to be,” Lucy mused. “We have…there was a plan here. Something went…not quite according to plan.”
“No shit.” After a moment, she thought to add: “Alpha team got called in for a mission.”

“Ah…that makes sense now. Why you’re here. Alone.”

“Please shut up.”

“Oh yes, I imagine it’s rather ruining the mood,” Lucy hummed, stepping back out of the water. “Enjoy jacking off! And nice arm muscles by the way—you’ll have to send me your workout routines.”

5.

Alex barely bit back a groan at the feeling of Maggie’s fingers creeping higher and higher up her thigh as they sat side-by-side at the upscale bar where they’d first enacted her fantasy of having Maggie pack in public and fuck her as though it were a one-time thing. This whole evening had been a kind of delicious torture, with Maggie’s touches growing bolder and bolder, leaving her wet and wanting. She knew she could tap out at any point; they could finish their drinks and go home to fuck in the safety of their own apartment. But there was the thrill of being out—not quite so anxiety-producing here, where there was no chance of Kara or any of their friends finding them in a compromising position, and where the bathroom was clean and the stalls spacious with actual walls that extended to the floor on three of the four sides.

“I’m just going to run to the bathroom to freshen up,” Alex finally managed, extricating herself from Maggie’s hands and sliding out of the booth. Once Alex had gotten to the back hallway where she knew the bathrooms were, Maggie signaled for their waitress and paid their bill, leaving a generous tip to make up for how little they’d ordered.

Maggie casually made her way over to the bathrooms, coughing once loudly, then waiting until she heard the lock to one of the doors slide open. She had to admit, she felt very 007 in that moment, and basked in the feeling until she remembered exactly why she was there. She slipped into the stall, biting back a moan at the sight of Alex’s hand slipped beneath her waistband and working frantically between her legs.

“Fuck,” Maggie moaned, leaning back to watch Alex as she worked. “You’re so hot,” she whispered.

Alex barely stifled a groan as they heard the door swing open and some other woman’s heels clicked across the marble floor until the sink began running. After a non-verbal check-in, Maggie pushed against Alex’s hand, encouraging her to resume her motions. When another woman—presumably a friend of the first—came in to dish about their dates, Maggie had to bite down on her shoulder not to laugh at some of their commentary. Luckily that impulse was soon quelled by the realization that Alex was close—so fucking close, if the desperate look in her eyes or the way her fingers moved in ever faster circles were any indication.

Leaning in, Maggie captured Alex’s lips, swallowing any breathy moans that threatened to escape. And maybe it was the thrill of it all. Or maybe it was watching Alex coming apart just for her despite knowing that other women were just a few feet away. Or maybe it was the errant brush of Alex’s knuckles against her clit. But Maggie felt her knees buckling as she came right alongside Alex, both of them collapsing into one another as they tried to catch their breathing.

Once the women left, they slipped out of the stall and moved to the sinks to wash their hands and check their appearances.
“As much fun as that was,” Maggie rasped, her breath hot against Alex’s ear, “I think I’d like to get you home and hear you call out my name over and over and over again.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites! Also, I wrapped up Undercover(s), my Sanvers spy AU, for anyone who doesn't like to read works while they're still in progress. And for those who don't mind live updates, I'll be posting the first chapter of my political AU either tomorrow or Wednesday. Need to come up with a title and a summary first...truly the bane of my existence. So if anyone wants to come chat with me about some thoughts, I'm around on Tumblr!
Chapter Summary

For 4alarmfirecracker – I hope your day gets a little better!

Prompt: Kinda like Mr and Ms Smith AU. Maggie and Alex work for enemy companies and their ordered to kill one another. But of course they can't do that because they take time to spy on each other, Maggie even finds that Alex has a sister and that she tries to go on dates with guys but it never works out (Maggie is gay and she know she's gay, Alex doesn't know that she is gay yet but she totally is into Maggie) Alex on her side doesn't find much about Maggie because Maggie outside of work doesn't have many people. Anyway at a certain moment they can meet (I'll give you the total liberty on that ^^) I just want at least a kiss, an "Alex puts back Maggie's hair behind her ear (she truly has beautiful hair)" and a happy ending !!!

Chapter Notes

Okay, so, there's angst for sure. And some talk of violence. Also the backstory I used to try to keep them in character got pretty dark and a little dystopian...BUT I promise a happy ending! So...there's that?? (I've also not seen Mr. and Mrs. Smith, so try not to go into it with that as your expectation...). If it's not clear, I'm not 100% certain that I did the prompt justice, but here's hoping and to going outside of typical writing genres!

Anyhow, if you're looking for straight-up spies instead of assassins, I wrapped up Undercover(s) last week, so you can check that out -
https://archiveofourown.org/works/12006666/chapters/27168471

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Newest orders from on high.” A manila folder skidded across the desk to where Maggie sat, a half-eaten sandwich on a plate in front of her.

“What happened to ‘just one more’?” Maggie yelled at the man’s retreating form.

“If it makes you feel any better, sweetheart, then by all means, it’s just one more.” He laughed loudly on his way out the door.

Flipping open the folder, Maggie found a woman’s name, “Alexandra Danvers,” along with a photo and an address. The woman was gorgeous—not that Maggie should notice such things, not when her survival depended on killing that gorgeous woman. She found herself wondering what it was this one had done to get on the boss’ shortlist. The answer came soon enough in the form of three capital letters scrawled in black Sharpie across the back of the photo: DEO. Well, at the very least, she wouldn’t have to feel quite so guilty about this one as she did about some of the others.

Every last one of the ordered hits ate away at her, kept her up at night until the burn of whiskey was enough to dull her nerves and knock her out for a few hours. But some were worse than others: the
family members of targets she’d been told to hold for ransom; the young woman who had never known what she was getting into when she started dating the son of one of the fight club managers; the strung out kid who couldn’t have been more than twenty and already bore a life sentence for having stolen less than a hundred bucks’ worth of drugs from one of their shipments. The robberies and deliveries and jobs whose end purpose she never asked about—they were easier to bear, the kinds of things she expected.

Of course, her first few years had been nothing like this. When Roulette’s men had come to Darla’s place and found a human shacked up with her, they’d offered Maggie a job too—no real definition of what this “job” was, but anything to make money seemed like a good idea. She and Darla had made do, working illegally for the manager grungy bar down the street where they were paid under the table at half the wage of the others, scrounging for food and loose change in the shopping mall downtown, and, when it became necessary, stealing the necessities—a loaf of bread, a bit of cheese, some peanut butter here and there. It wasn’t glamorous, but it beat the hell out of the life she’d had after her parents kicked her to the curb at 14 years old, and over the years, she and Darla had found...well, it wasn’t love, but it was something like care. So when someone came for Darla, it seemed only right that she go too.

And god, the pay was good. They gave her a bike, which later turned into a motorcycle once she’d “proven her worth,” and sent her around town doing deliveries. They didn’t tell her what was in the packages, and she never asked. For a few years, that was all. She and Darla got a new place in one of Roulette’s buildings. It meant they were on call 24/7, but it seemed worth it for the nicer apartment.

Over the years, it became clear that Maggie was a bit of an anomaly as one of the only humans there. Slowly but surely, her responsibilities were differentiated from Darla’s and the other aliens she had gotten to know. Her pay was better, and the jobs given to her came from the higher ups. They started pulling her into trainings—martial arts and target practice. Later came more advanced weaponry—things designed to kill and nothing else. The kind of jobs she did, though, they were still similar to the ones she did before. Sure, she went to nicer buildings, and sometimes she was asked to carry weapons, but she never had to use them.

But then things changed. A series of riots organized by a group that called itself the DEO sparked outrage against the alien population of National City. Maggie noticed more and more of them pouring into Roulette’s buildings by the day. They were forced to share rooms, while Maggie was moved into a new building.

The first time she was given an assignment to kill, she was told it was to protect Darla—they said someone from the DEO was coming for her, would kill her if they didn’t strike first. So she did. The next time, it was someone coming for M’gann. She shot with deadly precision. After that, they stopped giving her reasons. She learned only later that some of her targets had been aliens themselves.

Things in the city slowly and gradually improved; President Marsdin took office, and relations began to thaw between people and aliens around the country. There were even rumblings about an alien amnesty act to come. But Hank Henshaw still ran National City’s DEO—a fact that Roulette and her men constantly repeated, reminding their alien employees that they were still better here than anywhere else. The emergence of Cadmus scared the ones who had dared to leave right back into Roulette’s arms. Even working for little pay or fighting most nights for wealthy patrons seemed better than the fear of the Henshaws and Luthors of the world that Roulette cultivated in them. A hard life was still better than no life.

With too many arrest warrants out to count and a rap sheet a mile long, Maggie had nowhere else to
go, and she justified her actions to herself each night by spending time with Darla and M’gann and all the others she liked to think she protected, even if it meant becoming a killer herself.

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Alex cringed at the sight of Hank Henshaw striding across the room toward her. “Your next target, Agent Danvers.”

“Yes, sir.” There was no point in disagreeing. She’d known what she was getting into when she volunteered, had known there would be no coming back from the things she’d be forced to do here. But it was worth it to protect her family—or what was left of it. Apparently taking a father from her and returning nothing more than an empty coffin hadn’t been enough for the DEO. They’d come back, demanding Kara or another scientist as tribute. Already struggling her way through graduate school, nearly crushed under the weight of her mother’s disappointment, Alex flew home and offered herself as the DEO’s newest recruit. Her life might not have much value left, but, dammit, it was enough to spare her mother and her sister.

Peering down at the file, she found a young woman’s mugshot staring up at her—Margaret Sawyer.

“She’s human.” Even with the bags under her eyes and what looked like a long scratch running down her cheek with flecks of dried blood, she looked young. Even pretty.

“And?”

“We capture aliens.” Well, she captured aliens—for the most part, when it was a viable option; other people killed no matter what the circumstances were.

“And she works with aliens.” Hank’s frustration was increasingly obvious. Alex may have grown into an obedient soldier, but he suspected if her family were no longer around, she’d have tried to escape from the DEO ages ago.

“But she’s still human.”

“She’s a human out to kill you.” Why the knowledge that she worked with aliens wasn’t enough, Hank would never understand. Surely Danvers had seen enough of the devastation aliens wrought to know that consorting with aliens—especially the band of criminals this woman associated with—was justification enough.

Alex gritted her teeth. She’d known something was coming after she spearheaded the mission to capture two of Roulette’s prized fighters. The fact that her agents had killed a few of the other aliens and one of Roulette’s men along the way had done nothing to improve Alex’s odds of avoiding retaliation, though she’d hoped that the fortress that was the DEO might protect her. Apparently not. It was kill or be killed, and when being killed meant leaving her family at risk once more, Alex knew exactly what she would do.

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As rain slowly flooded the roof around her with puddles, Maggie huddled deeper into her black raincoat and kept her binoculars trained on the window of the address she’d been given for Alexandra Danvers. Over the past few days of devoted investigation, she’d seen little of the woman. One night she’d finally wandered in around 10pm, had a few glasses of something, and crashed on her sofa around midnight. The next few nights had been much of the same. Tonight, for the first time, she was with someone else.

As Maggie waited for the person to turn around so she could see a face, she adjusted the focus,
trying to get a better view of the woman’s face. The rain helped nothing, but her view was less blurry, at the very least.

Finally the other person—a man—took off his coat and moved further into the apartment with Alexandra—no, the target, Maggie reminded herself. The distance was important. They sat on the couch, and Maggie watched him inch closer and closer, finally throwing his arm up and around the woman. She seemed to tense, and Maggie couldn’t help but feel a burst of indignation before she remembered that the woman killed aliens, hunted them like prey and dragged the few who survived back to labs for what she could only imagine were cruel experiments.

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Alex forced a smile before seeing Jeff to the door. He claimed one last kiss before leaving, squeezing her hand and promising to call her tomorrow to schedule their next date. He was the third date in what felt like as many days that Kara had set her up on, and she figured giving one the chance for a second date might get Kara off her back. She knew her sister meant well, knew the dates and the sister nights and the constant check-ins were the product not only of Kara’s good heart but the guilt she still bore for letting Alex go off to the DEO.

But for now she had work to do in tracking down her target. Getting anywhere near Roulette’s apartment buildings, which had turned into something more like a compound than a courtyard, was out of the question, which had left Alex spending her evenings after work circling the area for hours—always to no avail. But today at work, she’d finally gotten her first break in the form of traffic camera footage that allowed her to follow Margaret Sawyer all the way from the apartments to a coffee shop downtown. She’d zipped across town and hunkered down in an alley across the street, waiting as the woman who was out to kill her held hands with some blonde and sipped coffee, cracking jokes as though she weren’t in the middle of plotting a murder.

She’d followed the cameras across town to the blonde’s apartment, and planned to go back under the cloak of darkness to figure out if there were any ways to get off a clean shot from outside the building.

She hadn’t expected for the lights to still be on in the apartment after her date, for the two women to be pressed up against the large bay windows and clawing at one another, for her heart to hammer in her chest the way it did. Clearing her throat, she decided it was a clean enough shot and booked it back to her apartment to get herself enough scotch to forget the image and fall asleep.

She went back to the apartment every night for the next two weeks. Not once was the woman there a second time.

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Tapping her foot impatiently, Maggie checked her watch and waited for the woman to get back to her apartment. While she would never advocate for treating an investigation into an assassination target as entertainment, she couldn’t help but find the woman’s life intriguing. There had been a string of men, but most had been turned away with a small kiss at the door never to return again. And each date had been followed by an extra glass or two of what Maggie had, after finally purchasing much nicer binoculars, been able to determine was scotch. Tonight was the third date with the one who had seemed least offensive. He brought flowers, and they left for a couple of hours. When they came back, Maggie watched what she would later think of as the worst sex she’d ever have the displeasure of participating in—even if it was only as a voyeur.

At that point, Maggie decided she really didn’t need to see certain things twice and resolved to make her move, finding a way to intercept the woman on her way to work. Which is how she found
herself merging into traffic two lanes over from Alex’s SUV, a knife tucked into her boot, and a gun hidden under her coat, hoping that the woman would stop somewhere—maybe for coffee—where Maggie would be able to casually run into her. From that point on, it was just a question of getting her alone, and that had never been much of a problem.

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Alex cursed as the light switched from yellow to red before she could accelerate through the intersection. She looked around her, gasping when she noticed the very woman out to kill her perched on the motorcycle whose plates she’d been tracking for weeks now, only one lane of traffic between them. She shook her head when the first thought to cross her mind had nothing to do with how best to kill her and everything to do with how very good she looked on the bike. Ignoring the flush of heat that swept through her body, Alex merged over one lane once she got her green light, now driving side-by-side with her would-be-assassin and target. The roads still weren’t particularly crowded. She wondered if she could veer over, claim the woman had been in her blind spot….but no, there were still plenty of witnesses who would see.

Remembering that Margaret needed to kill her too, she figured she may as well make herself visible in the hopes of getting the woman to follow her, so she turned up the radio and cracked the windows, pretending not to notice when the woman’s eyes flashed over to her. Ignoring the flush of heat that swept through her body, Alex merged over one lane once she got her green light, now driving side-by-side with her would-be-assassin and target. The roads still weren’t particularly crowded. She wondered if she could veer over, claim the woman had been in her blind spot….but no, there were still plenty of witnesses who would see.

“Nice bike,” Alex observed, feeling for the gun in her waistband.

“You ride?” Maggie tucked her helmet under her arm as she fell in step with her target, keeping just enough distance between them to have room to draw.

“Not much these days.”

“Ah, well, maybe one day I’ll have to take you out on a ride…”

Alex laughed and ignored the swooping sensation in her stomach at the wink she got. “Maybe one day.” In hell, she added in her head. Quite the way to kill someone.

Maggie tilted her head to the side, not having expected the pink flush on the woman’s cheeks. Then again, her dates with men seemed to have been going terribly, so maybe women were her thing. But no, she chastised herself, this wasn’t about getting a date; it was about getting a hit. Just because the woman didn’t exude evilness like some cartoon villain didn’t mean she didn’t go off to her lab and commit atrocities every day. “Maybe if I start with buying you a coffee, it’ll help?”

“Why not,” Alex shrugged. Unbidden, the image of Margaret and her date stripping each other of clothes and finally throwing one another into the bed flashed through her thoughts. Which was utterly ridiculous. Because she was only saying yes to get her alone long enough to shoot her without witnesses. Obviously.

“I’m Maggie, by the way.”

Alex reached out and shook her hand, adjusting the way she’d thought about the woman. Admittedly, Maggie seemed to fit her better than Margaret.

“Alex. Nice to meet you.”
Maggie smiled back at her.

While they waited in line, they chatted—both of them lying, both fully aware that they weren’t getting any true answers. They spoke about jobs they’d never hold and families they didn’t have, all the while sizing each other up and both concluding, “If it comes down to it, I can take her.”

As they neared the front of the line, Maggie let herself brush up against Alex just slightly and grinned as she heard a sharp intake of breath. “So, uh, I know I haven’t technically gotten you coffee yet, but what do you say to dinner this weekend? I’ve got some new recipes that I’d love to try.”

Pretending to consider it, Alex waited a few moments. “I don’t know…we don’t really know each other yet.” Mainly, she didn’t even know where in the damn compound the woman lived, and it seemed like a really terrible place to go to commit murder and escape unscathed.

“Give me your number, then. Let me prove to you that it’s worth the risk.” She flashed a toothy smile that she just knew brought out her dimples.

Nothing was worth that risk, Alex thought. “Alright, give me your phone.”

After a moment’s panicked hesitation, Maggie finally handed it over, watching the woman like a hawk to make sure she wasn’t installing any kind of tracker on it. Instead, Alex—no, the target—just put in her number and sent herself a text. Maggie almost pitied her. Sure, she worked for evil people and probably did evil things, but she had no idea she was texting herself from the phone of the woman who would kill her.

“Excuse me,” the barista called out, rolling her eyes when the two women finally turned around. “I get that first dates are exciting, but we’ve got a line.”

“Oh that’s not,” Alex stammered.

“Not yet—it’s really more of a pre-date,” Maggie clarified, ignoring Alex’s flustered looks. She quickly placed her order and then let Alex order before swiping her card. “I told you I’d buy you a coffee, so let me.”

“Um, alright. Well, you know, this means maybe I should cook dinner for you instead.” The fact that she couldn’t cook would never need to be an issue, so long as she killed the woman before the main course.

The barista shook her head at their flirtation; subtle they were not.

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Over the next couple of days, they texted almost constantly, and even though Alex rarely told the truth about what she was doing, she found the truth about her mood or the general gist of her feelings seeping into her texts. And she couldn’t help but notice that Maggie always knew just what to say—whether it was the promise to come kick the asses of any one of Alex’s bosses who didn’t see her worth or a barrage of gifs that had her smiling even at the lowest of times.

And Alex realized that she was learning small things about Maggie despite herself—never the kinds of things that would help her with an assassination, though. Instead of having any idea of how to get into Maggie’s building unseen, she now knew that Maggie was a vegetarian who didn’t drink milk—hence the preferred soy chai tea latte order. Instead of learning what times Maggie was alone outside of that goddam complex, she found out what shows Maggie liked to watch in her spare time and the songs she absolutely required on a road trip playlist.
Inadvertently, she found herself even admitting one or two true details about herself—the fact that her dad died several long years ago, the fact that she had a sister who came over to watch Game of Thrones and ate more pizza than anyone she knew.

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Even though there was no chance of possibly intercepting Alex tonight, unless she waited for the sister to leave, Maggie found herself sitting cross-legged on the roof’s edge of the building across the way simply watching Alex through her binoculars as she tidied the apartment for her weekly sister night. She could feel herself growing attached and continually reminded herself of all the horrible things the DEO did to her friends. One less person like that in the world was a good thing, she repeated like a mantra that she just couldn’t quite believe.

Eventually the sister arrived—all blonde and bubbly and everything Alex was not—carrying with her several large pizza boxes, though Alex provided the wine and ice cream. Watching the two of them sit side-by-side, Alex’s arm draped protectively across her sister’s shoulders, she felt a pang for everything she lost when her family forced her out of her home. She hated knowing that she’d be responsible for wiping the smile off of the sister’s face—possibly forever. She took a few minutes to compose herself, pulling the binoculars away and counting out her breathing until she felt steady once more.

Once the episode ended and the last of the ice cream was finished, the blonde woman pulled her sister into a tight hug. When she turned around, though, Maggie could swear she saw what looked like bickering. Focusing in on Alex’s face, she saw that her expression had grown tense, lines of worry and stress and age hardening her features. Finally, after an exasperated shrug from Alex, the sister jumped out the window—no, that couldn’t be it. But no, there she was, floating in midair and swooping up into the cloud cover and away into the night. And oh god, she was an alien. The sister was an alien. Did that make Alex an alien? And oh, Maggie paused, did that make Alex one of the good guys? Why work for an organization designed to kill your sister?

She barely slept that night, consumed with feelings of guilt that weren’t helped at all by the harsh reminder one of Roulette’s men delivered about how soon she needed to act.

She found herself agreeing to dinner at Alex’s place the day after next, fighting back the wave of guilt and nausea and self-loathing when she sent a cheery text back to the woman whose life she was about to end.

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With her weapons all hidden in places designed for easy access and a store-bought meal in the oven, disguised as homemade, Alex wiped her hands on her jeans. She hated how nervous she was, how consumed by guilt she felt over the thought of killing the woman who was ready to do the same to her. She’d thrown on a Kevlar vest under a chunky cable-knit sweater just in case, though she didn’t really want it to come down to that. It was simple—just get the first shot in, and be done with it. Clean up. Destroy the evidence on Maggie’s phone. And go about her days as though she hadn’t taken the life of a human who hadn’t yet done anything wrong—at least to her knowledge.

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Clutching flowers in her hands and ignoring the cold metal of the gun in her waistband, Maggie knocked on Alex’s apartment door.

“Hey,” Alex greeted her, throwing the door open wide.
Maggie hated how trusting the gesture was. She swept in and looked around and made polite conversation like she’d never seen the place, as though she hadn’t spent the past month staring through the windows and watching Alex cook for herself and drink alone and cuddle up next to her sister and have terrible dates and even worse sex. “Oh, these are for you!” She held out the flowers and smiled despite herself at how charmed Alex looked by the simple gesture.

“Thanks, let me just find water for them,” Alex muttered, making her way into the kitchen without turning her back on Maggie. She quickly threw out the flowers she’d gotten from Jeff and replaced them with Maggie’s, which were, truth be told, much closer to her style than the gaudy pink and purple and white bouquet Jeff had brought her.

Over appetizers and wine, the conversation flowed easily. Maggie asked about her week, remembering the deadlines and stressful meetings Alex had mentioned in passing and making a point of asking how they had gone. Alex, in turn, asked whether Maggie had gotten around to catching up on American Horror Story, volunteering to watch with her that night since she knew it sometimes freaked her out if she watched alone late at night. She flinched as her hand brushed against the gun strapped to the underside of the table at her place. She wondered whether it would be so bad to put it off for one more day…

As they sat talking, Maggie reached a hand out and let their fingers tangle together. Alex swore she could feel her heartbeat in every inch of her body at the press of soft, warm skin against hers. And god, she wasn’t the kind of person who felt like this, certainly not with women, but she found herself looking deep into dark brown eyes and noticing flecks of gold and wondering how they might look fluttering shut if she leaned over and… No! No, the woman was going to kill her, and it certainly wasn’t the time to be swept away in some silly fantasy.

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When Alex went to the kitchen to bring out the main course, Maggie couldn’t bring herself to draw the gun from her waistband. Surely it could wait for dessert. She wished there were some way she could find out how Alex had come to work for the DEO. Maybe she was a mole, some plant meant to take it down from the inside. If that were the case, Roulette would have to understand sparing her, right? She doubted it, even as she let herself hope.

While Alex scooped two generous servings of a very professional looking lasagna onto their plates, Maggie joined her in the kitchen and refilled their glasses from an open bottle of wine. She swirled it in her cup and inhaled deeply. “This is a nice merlot, Danvers,” she mused, shooting her an impressed look as she brought it up to her lips to test it.

“No!” Alex yelled, lunging at her and smacking the glass out of her hands. The glass shattered and red liquid spattered against the wall and floor—a bit heavy-handed on the foreshadowing, Maggie thought grimly. “It’s, uh…bad luck! I’m the host, you know? I need to, uh, make a toast first.” Alex didn’t mention that it was also in poor form to serve guests wine laced with enough alien tranquilizers to knock them out for hours if not kill them.

As Alex bent over to pick up the largest glass shards, Maggie found her gaze drawn to her ass, but before she could even enjoy the view, a glint of metal and a slight bulge drew her attention. She had her own gun drawn and the safety clicked off before Alex could even stand up.

“No! Don’t even think about it,” Maggie growled.

Alex’s eyes widened in fear for a second, but then she launched the handful of glass at Maggie and lunged behind the wall while Maggie was left closing her eyes and shielding her face as best she could from the onslaught. By the time she had opened her eyes again, she found Alex pointing what
looked like an actual bazooka at her.

“Put the gun down, Sawyer. You’re not winning this fight.”

“The bigger gun doesn’t equal the better shot,” Maggie bluffed, knowing full well it’d be fairly impossible to miss at such a close range.

“Keep telling yourself that,” Alex growled, backing Maggie across the kitchen and into the counter.

“You greet all your guests with the best weapons you have to offer?” Maggie asked, trying to buy herself a bit of time to figure out an escape route.

“Only the ones trying to kill me.”

“Wait…you knew?” The secret was out in the open at this point, so there was really no reason to act like it wasn’t true. Really, there was no coming back from pointing guns in each other’s faces and acting like it was all some silly misunderstanding—a comedy of errors, really.

“Of course I knew,” Alex huffed. “Why else would I be ready to kill you at a moment’s notice?”

“Oh, I don’t know.” Pretending to ponder it, Maggie tilted her head slightly. “Maybe because you work for a murderous, xenophobic organization that kills aliens for sport?”

“Oh right, because Roulette’s so much better with her underground fight clubs where she lets them kill each other instead of doing the dirty work herself.”

“I—look, I’m not Roulette. You’re actually one of them.” Alex just glared at her. She was, and she hated herself for it. “You’re not gonna tell me it’s all for the good of the city?”

“It’s not.”

“What?”

“What we do isn’t good. Maybe it could’ve been…I hear in some cities the DEO is a force for good.”

“Is this about your sister?” Maggie didn’t realize she could make the situation worse, but with the way Alex’s gun was suddenly touching her chest, she suspected she just had.

“What about my sister? Think really fucking carefully before you answer.”

“Why would you work killing aliens when your sister is one? And you clearly love her,” Maggie stammered. “I’m not trying to out her! I—most of my friends are aliens. My ex-girlfriends too. I just…it didn’t make any sense.”

“So? Maybe she is.”

“Then why work for Hank Henshaw?”

“Better me than her,” Alex answered as though it were the simplest thing in the world. And for her, it was. She would have given her life a hundred times over to spare Kara’s.

“You didn’t join by choice?” Maggie asked it like was a question, but deep down she already knew the answer. It wasn’t just attraction skewing her judgment; Alex really wasn’t like the other DEO agents she’d met and taken out over the years. Because she didn’t choose to be one of them.
“No.” The one syllable spoke volumes, carrying with it years of regret and pain and hatred that seemed to flash in vivid color on Alex’s features for just a moment before they were schooled back into a mask of cold indifference.

And Maggie knew it might be stupid—probably was—but at that, she lowered her gun and set it on the counter behind her.

“What are you doing?”

“I was ordered to kill someone who worked for the DEO, the kind of person who delighted in hunting and torturing and killing my friends—aliens, people who are different. And had you been, I would have killed you already.”

Alex lowered her weapon a fraction of an inch. “Why?”

“This—Roulette and her men and the shit they do—I didn’t sign up for this life either. And I know what that feels like. But I do it to keep fighting for the lives of my friends, the people I care about… my family. I won’t kill you for doing the same.”

Alex slowly dropped her weapon, putting it all the way down only after sweeping Maggie’s gun to the side. “I didn’t really want to kill you,” she admitted.

“That’s comforting.” And they couldn’t help but laugh. And they laughed and laughed until the corners of their eyes prickled with tears because how else could they possibly respond in this situation?

But when Alex looked up, she found she was a lot closer. And this time, she didn’t feel the same weight of guilt laying heavy in her stomach when she noticed those flecks of gold sparkling in Maggie’s eyes. And this time she didn’t flinch back from Maggie’s touch. No, this time she brought her own hand up and tucked a lock of hair behind Maggie’s ear, letting herself notice just how soft it was and how right it felt and how beautiful Maggie looked, and then she lost herself in the feeling of Maggie’s soft lips against her own and fantasies of running away together, leaving behind the burdens and responsibilities of National City for some island getaway—just them and some guns and as many alien friends and family members as they could smuggle out with them and cartons of that gross vegan ice cream she remembered Maggie mentioning in a text once. And when Maggie’s soft hand came up to cup her jaw, Alex let herself believe that their happily ever after was just around the corner.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites

Also, for those of you who haven’t seen it yet, I started posting my new political AU, which has Sanvers as one of the two main pairings (https://archiveofourown.org/works/13335732/chapters/30527949). And I promise you, I’m writing to *escape* the current news cycle, so there will be scandal and a bit drawn from 2016, but I promise happy endings, so that can really only mean one thing...
At the sound of the key turning in the lock, Sawyer grinned and double-checked that the over time was one before walking over to meet Alex as soon as she got in.

“Hey,” Alex greeted, pulling Sawyer in for a hug and a chaste kiss. “How was your day off?”

“Busy,” Sawyer admitted. “But productive.” They’d cleaned for what felt like hours, scrubbing countertops and vacuuming under all of the furniture and doing never-ending loads of laundry. Between long days at work and longer nights with Alex, they knew household chores had fallen by the wayside, and with the two of them living together—if not officially, at least in practice—the mess had doubled. Of course, Sawyer wouldn’t give up Alex for anything, even if it meant getting back their free time to keep the apartment clean and organized, but they had missed the sense of calm that having a neat home gave them—something they certainly hadn’t gotten while they were living with their aunt in high school or with their roommates in college and during their years in the academy.

“Well that’s good!” Alex kicked off her boots and tossed down her bag, not noticing the furrow that appeared between Sawyer’s eyebrows or the way that they moved behind her to pick up the shoes and place them in the closet, then hang the bag on one of the hooks. “God, I’m exhausted. We had three separate Fort Rozz escapees wreaking havoc on downtown National City—three! You’d think maybe they could be considerate enough to space out their attacks.”

“Mm, yeah, guess the not being considerate thing is in the air today,” Sawyer muttered, scowling as Alex continued not to notice how clean the house was or how her partner was having to follow behind her to clean up the mess she was leaving.

“What?”

“Nothing.” Sawyer shook their head, trying to shake away the bad mood that had settled over them.
“So, what’s for dinner? It smells great!” Alex grinned up at Sawyer from the couch where she had settled down, massaging at her thighs as she tried to chase away the aches that had settled in around alien number two.

“I’m roasting some stuffed peppers now,” Sawyer answered, trying to remember that Alex was tired and that her failure to say thank you for cleaning up and making dinner didn’t necessarily mean she didn’t notice or wasn’t grateful.

“Oh…that’s all?” Alex could feel her stomach rumbling from having skipped lunch. She knew Sawyer was no Kara—and her doctor was grateful for the changes to her diet—but after an exhausting day, she longed for the comfort of some cheesy, greasy takeout like she and Kara used to get.

“No,” Sawyer said through gritted teeth. “There’s also couscous.”

“Okay, cool.” Alex walked over into the kitchen and wrapped her arms around Sawyer’s waist, nuzzling into their shoulder. “I just worked up an appetite, that’s all. Wouldn’t want to be too tired for you tonight,” she whispered, punctuating her words with small kisses up and down their neck and jaw.

“Well, I might be a little tired tonight,” Sawyer countered, their voice tight.

“Sorry, I forgot how busy your day was,” Alex teased, only to have Sawyer stiffen in their arms and step away.

“I might not have been fighting aliens, but I was busy. Clearly you haven’t looked around you long enough to notice, but I spent all day making the apartment we basically share look nice. The trash that I asked you to take out last night? I took it out. The Chinese food you and Kara left in the fridge last weekend that I mentioned had gone bad a few nights ago? I threw it out. The food and dirt and gunk and shit that had gotten caked onto the burners or spilled on the counters? I cleaned all of it. I vacuumed and bleached and did laundry—including yours!”

“I didn’t ask you to do that!” Alex shot back, feeling herself growing increasingly defensive. “If you’d reminded me, I would have thrown out the food or taken out the trash.”

“That’s the thing, Alex. I did! Multiple times!”

“Sorry I have other things to distract me, like, oh, I don’t know, aliens destroying the city every fucking day!”

“And I don’t? Alex I work for the police. I’m just as busy as you are.”

“You have union reps and people out there making sure you’re not constantly on call,” Alex pointed out. She couldn’t even think of the last time she’d had a genuine day off from work after the “sick” day she and Sawyer had spent home in bed together nearly a month ago.

“If you didn’t feel compelled to be there any time Supergirl sets foot in a fight, you could have a bit of time off too.”

“Stop it—just stop,” Sawyer snapped. “You don’t get to turn this into something where you’re the victim or the one who was treated unfairly. You came home, and you threw your shit all over the floor without even pausing to think about how much cleaner the house looked.”
“It looks good.”

“That’s not the point! Just like I don’t care that dinner smells good. I know it does; I made it!”

“So then what is the point? I’m not a mind-reader. I don’t just magically know what you need of me at all times. I have been on my feet since 9 this morning, and I’m exhausted. Excuse me for just wanting to come home and hang out with my partner and not have to worry about every single thing I say or do.”

“It’s not a question of worrying, Danvers. It’s the fact that in all of this you never said thank you. Hell, you still haven’t said thank you!”

“I…yeah, I definitely did.”

“No, you didn’t.”

“I mean, of course I’m grateful.”

“Doesn’t really seem like it when you don’t say it.”

“When did I have the chance to say it?” Alex shot back, growing increasingly annoyed at having to be on the defensive. “You’ve been weird ever since I got home.”

“Maybe it’s because the first thing you did when you got home was to mess up the apartment I just cleaned!” Sawyer tried to tamp down on their anger, but they could feel every past annoyance bubbling up and threatening to erupt.

“I would’ve put them away later. I just wanted a few fucking minutes to myself.”

“Would you have? Or would I have eventually gotten annoyed enough to just do it for you, Alex? That’s not the same thing. I shouldn’t have to walk behind you and clean up after you.”

“You don’t normally!”

“You so sure about that? Or is it just that you don’t notice?”

“Like you’re so perfect? What about those nights I came home exhausted and wanted nothing more than to go to bed but stayed up because you were bored.”

“Oh, I’m sorry I wanted to spend time with my girlfriend! You know what, you seem pretty exhausted now. Why don’t you go home?”

“Fine,” Alex all but growled, grabbing her shoes from the closet. “Enjoy your clean house all to yourself.”

“I will! It’ll be just as nice as it was before we started dating!” Sawyer yelled at Alex’s retreating form, cringing when they thought of what their neighbors would surely be thinking. They were already the gay one on the floor, the one with “Mx.” before their name, and now they’d get to be the one with loud girlfriend troubles too.

The sound of the oven timer going off finally startled them back into the present, and they pulled the food from the oven, distinctly less enthusiastic about the prospect of eating it now that it would be for one and only one.
By the time Alex got to her apartment, she only had to wait another minute or two before the deliveryman arrived with the greasy food she’d been craving but now found she didn’t really want. Of course, she still ate it, angrily stabbing at bits of sesame chicken as she grumbled to herself about not having been given a chance to decompress after work before being expected to notice everything around her.

When she finished eating, having grown tired and restless sitting alone in front of the television, she cracked open her fortune cookie: “Don’t wait for happiness to come to you – go get it!” With a roll of her eyes and a noise of annoyance she tossed it into the trash and headed to the shower. She couldn’t help but notice that the apartment seemed too quiet. The long nights of solitude she’d once craved now seemed lonely, like something—or someone—that was meant to be here in some fundamental way was missing. That night her bed felt massive, and when she woke up the next morning, she found herself cuddling a vaguely Sawyer-sized mass of pillows and blankets.

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After a report reached NCPD about another alien attack—the third from the day before that had, apparently, escaped the DEO’s custody—Sawyer pulled out their phone and sent a quick text: “Are you okay?”

The reply was only two words with a period: “I’m fine.”

Without the guilt of potentially being angry at an injured girlfriend, Sawyer sent back a curt: “K.”

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At the end of the day, Alex found herself heading to Sawyer’s apartment out of habit and had to force herself to turn around, driving loops around the city until she headed over to Kara’s apartment.

“Hey, what’s up?” Kara asked, pulling open the door before Alex could even knock a second time.

“Sawyer and I are fighting,” Alex admitted with a defeated sigh.

“Aww, come in, come in. Let’s get you ice cream and pizza.”

“I don’t—I don’t know if I deserve it.”

“Alex.” Kara fixed Alex with a stern glare. “No one deserves ice cream and pizza; they are gifts from this planet’s gods.”

For the first time since she left Sawyer’s apartment, Alex found herself smiling and laughing—a genuine laugh. As they ate, Alex talked about the fight, voicing her frustrations at not being given a chance to explain, even as she defended Sawyer too, not wanting to throw them under the bus when they weren’t even there to defend themself.

“I mean…they sent you a text the minute news went out about the attack. They clearly still care.”

“No, I know.” Alex pinched the bridge of her nose as she tried to sort through her thoughts. “It’s just…I don’t want them thinking that I don’t care or won’t pitch in around the house or something like that. But I also don’t want them thinking that it’s okay to snap at me without giving me a chance to defend myself!”

“I don’t know. This kinda sounds like something you should be telling Sawyer, not me.”

Alex grumbled, “When did you get to be so wise?”
“Please, I come from the superior planet. I’ve always been wise,” Kara teased, laughing as Alex launched a pillow her way.

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Sawyer knocked on Alex’s door twice. After a few seconds, they knocked a few more times for good measure. Still no answer. Annoyed now at having been the one to cave when Alex clearly wasn’t moping around feeling equally miserable, Sawyer made their way back outside and drove home, playing angsty music that they would absolutely deny ever purposefully listening to if anyone ever asked.

Trudging back upstairs, they tried to remember how much vegan ice cream was left. Ever since they’d gotten Alex to try it and to admit that it really wasn’t so bad, cartons seemed to disappear much more quickly. Leave it to Alex to finish their ice cream and then leave them in just the kind of mood that called for it.

Distracted by their musings, it took Sawyer almost the full length of the hallway to notice Alex sitting with her back against the door, her knees pulled up to her chest and her phone clutched in her hand.

“Uh, hey,” Sawyer waved. “You lose your key?”

“No. I just—I don’t know. I knocked and you didn’t answer. And then I was gonna leave. But then I got nervous that you were dead, or something awful had happened. So I used my key and realized you just weren’t home. But then I felt weird, like maybe you wouldn’t want me here, I don’t know. It’s your place; you should still get the final say on whether I can come in.” Alex rubbed at the back of her neck, realizing that she might sound a bit too far gone down this mental rabbit hole. “But I still thought we should talk, so, um, yeah…I’m here. Waiting.”

As cute as the rambling was, Sawyer figured they should probably make it into the apartment to finish their talk before nosy neighbors could eavesdrop any more. “Come in.”

“I brought ice cream.” Alex offered them a bag with a couple cartons of vegan ice cream. “I finished yours. I mean, this is sort of soupy now, but it probably still tastes good.”

And Sawyer knew they needed to talk, to figure out what the underlying issues had been, but in that moment all that mattered was that Alex had been thinking about them, had been considerate enough to know just what they would want and to go out of her way to get it to them. They stepped forward and took the bag, quickly popping it into the freezer before moving back to Alex. “I just…can I kiss you?” they asked, their voice slightly breathy.

In lieu of words, Alex simply nodded and, with an earnest smile, leaned forward and kissed Sawyer, feeling the stress and tension of the past two days melt out of her body as Sawyer’s arms wrapped around her and pulled her in close.

“Thank you,” Sawyer finally murmured, having pulled back far enough to talk, even though their foreheads still rested together, one of Alex’s hands still curled gently around the back of their neck.

“I’m sorry for not noticing at first and not saying thank you. I guess, I don’t know, it’s not an excuse, but I just assumed you would know that I was grateful. Because I’m grateful for everything you do in this relationship. And I try to show it, you know? But I should probably say it too.”

“It would be nice to know that you notice,” Sawyer admitted. “I just…I’ve been in relationships where it feels like I’m being used or taken for granted.”

“I’d never—”
“No! I’m not saying that’s what you’re doing. But that’s, I don’t know, my baggage or whatever. I still worry that it’s going to happen to me again.”

“Even if this isn’t just about me, I never want to make you feel unappreciated. You make me impossibly happy. You’ve given me…” Alex paused, shuffling her feet slightly. “It’s cheesy, but you’ve given me a home. I feel…safe here. With you.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. But I need to remember to put effort into it too. And if that means helping out more, I can do it. I can’t promise that it’ll be my first instinct, but I promise to try.”

“And I promise not to snap at you without giving you a chance to explain,” Sawyer added, looking slightly chagrined.

“Well, it’ll be even better if I don’t give you reason to in the first place.”

“So we’ll both try?”

“I think I can agree to those terms,” Alex teased. “Now, I believe we have some very melted ice cream to eat…”

“Sounds impossibly tempting,” Sawyer laughed. “However did you get into law enforcement when you’re so clearly suited to marketing?”

“Oh shut up,” Alex huffed, playfully nudging Sawyer with her shoulder and stepping into the kitchen to grab the ice cream from the freezer. “Peanut butter cookie or chocolate fudge brownie?”

“Oh, is that even a question?”

With a snort of laughter, Alex shook her head and grabbed the carton of chocolate fudge brownie and two spoons. “Where to?”

“Curl up on the couch and watch the new season of Grace and Frankie?” Sawyer suggested, already grabbing a pile of blankets from their newly organized basket.

“Have I told you recently how much I like you?”

“Mm, you know, it never hurts to hear it again.”

“In that case, Sawyer, I really, really, really like you,” Alex said, emphasizing each really with kisses that grew slightly longer every time.

“Alright, ya big sap, our ice cream isn’t getting any less soupy.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
Prompt: Hello. I just read that on Wednesday there will be a total lunar eclipse and it’s both a blue moon and super moon. I remember in one of your stories that Alex and Maggie watched the solar eclipse. Can you maybe write a fic in the same AU where they watch the lunar eclipse as well? :) In case you couldn’t tell, I’m an astronomy nerd.

A/N: This is in the HSAU, though at this point, they’re in college. If you’re looking for the solar eclipse one, it’s Chapter 126:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/26797200

“You know she’s been here before, right?” Daisy teased Maggie, watching as she straightened her comforter for the fourth time that hour. “And she loves you. And probably won’t dump you if your half of the room happens to be slightly less than immaculate.”

“I know, I know,” Maggie relented. “I just want things to be nice for her.” They’d agreed not to be that couple that spent the entirety of their freshman fall visiting one another and failing to make friends on their own campuses. So Alex had come to NCU to help Maggie set up her dorm room, since she’d gotten to arrive early for a pre-college week for first-gen students, and then Maggie had gone up to Stanford to visit Alex for the long weekend she had off from classes and work during the fall break. But otherwise they’d kept it to phone calls and FaceTime chats and a handful of fumbling attempts at Skype sex that were only once interrupted by a roommate—Daisy, in fact, who had proceeded to give Maggie all sorts of shit about it for weeks. Of course, she and Alex had spent large chunks of winter break together, and Eliza had invited Maggie and her aunt over to have Christmas dinner with them, but somehow she was still nervous about the visit.

“Look, if your girl agreed to try Skype sex again after I walked in on you two, I really doubt she’s gonna run off just because your military corners got a little fucked up.”

“Stop!” Maggie hissed. “Alex doesn’t need to know you know!”

“It’s college,” Daisy laughed. “You’d go crazy if you didn’t have someone to talk to! Plus, if I didn’t know you at least had someone to get freaky with over the phone, I might think you were sorta boring for all those nights you spent home while I went out.”

“You’re the worst,” Maggie grumbled, but her smile gave her away. It had been nice having someone to be open and honest with. They’d met during the first day of pre-college week programming, and after a bit of uncertainty, they’d slowly but surely let their walls down. All the forced openness during the ice breaker events probably helped, though Maggie found herself letting her guard down the most during the late nights they together spent back in their room, propped up in their own beds wearing ratty old high school t-shirts and pajama pants that still smelled like home.
“Nah, I’m pretty excellent, actually.”

“I mean, maybe…but I’m definitely better.” Maggie shot a shit-eating grin in Daisy’s direction.

“I suppose you’re better at chemistry, but otherwise…” Daisy trailed off with a shrug and a crinkle of her nose.

“I’m better at holding down a girlfriend.”

“That’s cause I’m not looking for one,” Daisy shot back. “That’d be like if I said I was better at dating men than you.”

“Ah yes, sometimes I forget that you are tragically heterosexual,” Maggie teased.

“Hence the complete and total lack of desire to date seriously. I’ll give ’em a few more years to mature. It’s like…a nice wine. I want them good and ready before I commit to a bottle. For now, ya know, I’ll take some sips of that two-buck Chuck here and there.”

Maggie cackled as Daisy mimed sniffing at a glass and sipping it with a shrug. “The most refined of palates—truly.”

It was then that a knock startled Maggie to attention and, with one last tug at the corner of her comforter, she nearly skipped to the door. “Hey! Come in!”

“Hey!” Alex swept Maggie into a tight hug and let herself be pulled into a kiss once the door was kicked shut.

“Hey, new friend!” Daisy nearly yelled, laughing at the death glare Maggie sent her way when Alex startled.

“Oh, um, I’m so sorry. I’m Alex.”

“I remember.”

“Daisy!” Maggie hissed, watching as Alex’s cheeks flushed a light pink.

“What? We met the day you moved in for a few minutes, Mags. God, get your head out of the gutter.”

“Excuse me, that’s where you live!”

“Well you’re my roommate, so you must live there too.”

Alex watched the back-and-forth like a spectator, rather than an active participant. This was a part of Maggie’s life that she knew about, but wasn’t really privy to—and she got it! That was what they had decided would be best, and she was grateful for it. She’d gotten involved in clubs and made friends up at Stanford that she suspected would have been more difficult if she and Maggie were taking turns visiting one another every weekend. But it was still…new—this idea that Maggie had someone, had a whole part of her life, that Alex didn’t know intimately.

“Anyway, Daisy doesn’t get much better behaved than this, but she’s nice enough to let me borrow some of the Hiking and Outing Society’s camping gear so we can hang out at the park comfortably instead of trying to squeeze in at the campus observatory.”

“Are you coming too?” Alex asked, hoping she sounded polite. It wasn’t as though she would be angry, but she had hoped for some time alone with Maggie.
“No, no, won’t go interrupting you lovebirds again.”

“Daisy!”

“It’s fine,” Alex insisted, not wanting to make a bad impression by being the stick in the mud girlfriend who couldn’t take a joke. She’d tolerated a lot worse from Lucy, and surely at least one or two of her new friends would do the same to Maggie.

“No! Told ya that people love me, Maggie.”

“Tell that to the girl who sits next to you in history,” Maggie snorted.

“It was an accident! I talk with my hands—she should know that by now.” She’d actually been rather apologetic, but the girl had huffed out something about a rush event that night and now refused to sit in the seat directly next to Daisy, preferring to put her bag there and leave one in between them.

“Whatever you say… Anyway, Alex and I are gonna go grab dinner, then we’ll come back here and sleep for a bit before we head up early in the morning.”

“Have fun! I’m gonna go crash with Tasha down the hall before we go down to the observatory. And call if you have any issues with the gear.”

“Thanks, you’re the best!”

“Aha! I knew it!” Daisy crowed, earning a shove from Maggie.

“It was good seeing you again,” Alex offered with a small wave. “If you’re around tomorrow, I’ll be here through lunch. It’d be great to get to know you a little better.”

“Yeah? I could do lunch before my 2 o’clock class.”

Maggie nodded, happy to see her girlfriend and her roommate making an effort.

“Perfect! Maggie was telling me there’s a pizza place just outside of town that she just loves, and since I have a car, I figured maybe we could go?”

“I like her, Mags. Don’t fuck it up!” Daisy called after them.

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“I know it hasn’t really been that long since break, but I’ve really missed you,” Maggie whispered, pressing soft kisses across Alex’s stomach as she drew herself back up from between her legs.

“God, I’ve missed you too. So much.” After a pause, she added, “And not just for that, you know. It was nice getting to see you everyday again and know that you were just a few minutes away if anything happened.”

“Yeah, I get that.” She kissed Alex—softly now, without the desperation they’d had crashing back through the door before falling into bed together. “We should probably try to get a little sleep.” The plan had been to go to bed early, but they were far past that point now.

“Fine,” Alex huffed, smiling as Maggie pressed a few last kisses to her lips and cheeks before pulling the comforter up and over them.

“I’ll set an alarm for 3, and then it’s only, like, half an hour max from here.”
“Well then, I’ll see you in two hours.”

Maggie groaned at the idea of waking up that early, but soon found herself sinking happily into a restful sleep with Alex tucked into her side.

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The alarm was gratingly loud, but Alex’s enthusiasm about the lunar eclipse was more than enough to outweigh Maggie’s annoyance at losing sleep. They stumbled out of bed and found comfortable clothing before dragging their bags out to the car. The drive over was spent blasting music to ensure they stayed awake, and their first half hour was spent setting up their tent. At 3:48, Alex took a break from helping to point up at the sky. “The umbral eclipse is starting,” Alex whispered, as though speaking any more loudly could upset the delicate balance of nature at work.

They worked quickly and efficiently as they got the tent set up, knowing they likely wouldn’t use it much at all. But they hung out in it for a bit, positioning their heads near the entrance to get an upside-down view of the moon as it worked its way toward totality.

“So, that super blue blood moon, huh?” Maggie teased, laughing as Alex huffed.

“That phrase is misleading. People keep thinking it’s gonna be blue. It’s only called a blue moon because it’s the second full moon of the month, which is really rare…hence, you know, the expression. Once in a blue moon. Doesn’t mean the moon is blue!” Maggie smiled as Alex worked herself up. “It’ll be red-ish brown—hence the blood moon. And that’s all because of the Earth’s shadow. But people on the internet keep acting like it’s the end of the world or a sign of the apocalypse or something, and it’s just frustrating.”

“You’re pretty perfect, you know that?”

“What?”

“You’re such a nerd, and I love you for it.”

“I love you too,” Alex chuckled, letting herself be pulled into a soft kiss. “Now, wanna tell me about your classes?”

For the next hour or so, they hung out in the tent and talked about their new semester of classes, every so often pausing to snap photos and document the building eclipse. A little before 5, they pulled their sleeping bags out of the tent and settled back down to watch as the eclipse reached totality. They took several more photos, and for a while, they just watched in silence, their hands intertwined and resting in the grass between their sleeping bags.

“I’m really happy I got to see this with you,” Maggie whispered.

“Well, there’s another super blue blood moon”—Alex crinkled her nose in distaste at the phrase—“in 2037…maybe we could even come back here again.”

Maggie looked over at Alex, blinking back tears, only to find Alex studiously avoiding eye contact and busily checking the photos she had taken on her phone. “Hey, uh, Alex?”

“Yeah?” Alex’s voice was soft and slightly gravelly, and she looked more vulnerable than Maggie had seen her since they first talked about whether or not they would stay together when they went off to different colleges.

“I’d love to come back here with you in 2037.”
“Really?”

“Oh yeah. So start getting some facts ready, cause I’m definitely gonna want a whole new presentation on this special moon from my nerdy expert scientist girlfriend.”

Chapter End Notes

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As a reminder, I'm still catching up on old prompts. I've been spending a lot of time on my slow burn political AU, and things at work (plus also wedding planning) have been a bit busy, so the prompts are on the back burner a little bit for now. There'll still be updates, but I just don't have time to make them as regular (read: daily) as they were for a while, especially since plenty of the prompts I've gotten recently really require some world-building so it doesn't feel like I just threw you in without context. And I like to think that if you're trusting me with your prompt or headcanon, you'd like to see it done with the thought it deserves, even if it means waiting a bit longer.
Please enjoy this almost completely canon-compliant alternate meeting AU! Also, note that it gets NSFW about halfway through, since a few people had been requesting smut...

Anyway, I'll be here every day this Sanvers Week, except, perhaps, the undercover AU day, since Undercover(s) wrapped up pretty recently. And this one, which is already nearly 8k words, isn't even one of the longest so GET EXCITED!

“Please don’t make me do this,” Alex begged, meeting Kara’s pout with an equally devastating one of her own.

“Alex,” Kara sighed, putting down her eyeliner as she remembered the last time she’d tried to apply without looking. “It’ll be fun. It doesn’t have to be about finding a date; it can be about meeting people, making friends, finding community, you know?”

“Those sound like all of my least favorite things.”

“Yes…but we’ll also be out in a bar that has pool tables—so boom, there are two of your favorite things!” Deciding the matter was settled, Kara returned her attention to the bathroom mirror.

“I don’t have to interact with anyone?”

“Obviously I can’t force you to do anything. But I really think it’d be good for you to get some gay friends.”

“I have plenty. Look at our friend group! There’s no shortage of ladies lovin’ ladies. You and Lena and Vasquez and Lucy…”

“Yeah, and you’re always going to have me. But let’s be honest, I’m never going to be the first person you come to with questions about, ya know, sex or dating or whatever.”

Alex fought back her gut reaction to cringe at the very idea. “I could!”

“You won’t. And that’s fine, really. Lena and Vasquez are great, but I wouldn’t say you’re particularly close friends with either one. And then Lucy travels a ton, and even when she’s here, she’s all the way out at the desert base with Vasquez. Plus, I don’t think you’d ever willingly let her hear that you weren’t the master of everything.”

“She’s a little shit who would tease me for ages,” Alex grumbled.

“Exactly. So this is a chance to start meeting people, building a network. Worse comes to worse, you hate it, and we leave.”
“You promise we can leave?”

“When the happy hour is over, absolutely.”

“That’s not the same thing!”

“It takes you such a long time to warm up to people. The least we can do is ensure that you have the full three hours.”

“Fine.” Alex shuffled out of the bathroom and over to her closet where she fished out her favorite black leather jacket. If nothing else, at least she’d look good while drinking alone.

Kara bounded out of the bathroom a few minutes later, half of her hair pinned up and the rest falling in soft waves down her shoulders. “Ready to go?”

“I guess.”

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With downtown National City just a few blocks away from Alex’s apartment, the trip over ended much sooner than Alex would have liked, and she was quickly confronted with the sight of The Loft. It was quieter than the club-like atmosphere of the other few gay bars in town, which would normally have been a welcome change, except that this time it had been chosen to allow for casual conversation between strangers—Alex’s absolute least favorite kind of conversation.

“Come on.” Kara nudged Alex softly, gesturing at the door just a few feet in front of them.

“What if…what if I don’t fit in?”

Pulling Alex past the door for a loop around the block, Kara launched into a pep talk. “First of all, I bet half of the people showing up there have the same worries. Yeah, you all like women, but otherwise, there’s not much to say that you’ll get along.”

“Exactly.”

“It might seem small, but that’s actually a big thing! Do you remember how nervous you were coming out to people?”

“No, Kara, I have absolutely no memory of being nervous at all,” Alex deadpanned, glaring at her sister.

“Oh shush. The point is: that big scary moment when you come out or when I introduce Lena as my girlfriend—that’s not something you have to worry about here! And that’s amazing.”

Kicking her boot against the cracked cement of the sidewalk, Alex shrugged. “I guess.”

“It is. And maybe you find people you click with and enjoy talking to, or maybe you don’t. Either way is fine. But this is a chance to go out and meet a group of slightly older women instead of throwing yourself to the twenty-year-olds over at the club.”

Alex shuddered at the memory. Kara had been well-intentioned, of course, but Alex really didn’t need to spend her first weekend after coming out carefully declining the advances of college-aged women who didn’t seem to get that her whole standing by the bar and scowling wasn’t just an act to attract them.

“Just promise me you’ll try?”
“Fine,” Alex relented. “But if it sucks, next weekend, you’re spending one full night home with me doing nothing but marathoning the show of my choice.”

“Deal.”

A minute later, they made it back to the front door a second time. Squaring her shoulders, Alex strode forward and pulled it open, walking in and then….stumbling to a stop. Because it was sort of crowded. And she had no idea who anyone was. And oh god, this was the kind of thing Kara was good at—being friendly and talking to new people and turning some random space into a welcoming, homey one.

“Come on, let’s get a drink,” Kara whispered, tugging Alex along behind her and over to the bar.

“Whiskey. Neat,” Alex ordered as soon as they caught the attention of the bartender.

“Club soda is fine for me,” Kara chimed in, smiling broadly at the woman behind the bar.

“Designated driver?” the bartender asked.

“On call for work.”

“Bummer.”

Alex watched the interaction, wishing that just for the night she could be like Kara, could make pleasant small talk without feeling like every word was a herculean effort to get out. It used to be a bit easier in grad school, back when she’d drink enough to loosen her tongue, enough to stop caring because she wouldn’t remember most of it the next morning anyway.

Once they got their drinks and Kara put in an order for a basket of fries, they found a high top table and set their stuff down. “Look around,” Kara hissed. “See anyone you like?”

“Kara,” Alex whined, hearing too much of her teenage self in it. “You said this wasn’t about finding a date.”

“It doesn’t have to be,” Kara clarified. “But what about someone who looks like the kind of person you might want to be friends with?”

Alex looked around, scanning the crowds of women. “I don’t know, maybe the one in the leather jacket.” She discreetly gestured over at a small woman who was laughing loudly with her own circle of friends. Alex bit back a grin at the sight of prominent dimples that became visible as soon as she smiled. The woman was on the short side, but that didn’t seem to stop her from effortlessly leading the conversation. She spoke with her hands, and every so often she shook her hair back to get it out of her face where it had fallen forward. The women who surrounded her seemed to hang on her every word, and Alex wondered how someone got to be like that—whether she was born enjoying that kind of interaction, or if it was something she’d learned to love.

“She’s cute,” Kara seconded, oblivious to Alex’s tracking of all the minutia of the woman’s outfit and personality. “Should we go meet her?”

“No!” Alex nearly choked on her drink at the idea. “She’s already got a big group of friends—she doesn’t need more.”

“Fine, fine.”

A minute or two later, their basket of fries arrived, and just a few moments after that another woman
Alex swallowed quickly, ignoring the stinging burn of the only half-chewed and still much too hot fry sliding down her throat. “Hey,” she managed, trying not to listen to the small voice in her head yelling that “hey” was such a dumb opening line.

“Hey there!” The woman waved cheerily. “I’m Heather.”

“Alex.”

“I’m Kara. Nice to meet you.”

“You too! I wanted to come by and introduce myself. I work for the local LGBTQ Center, and I’m one of the organizers for the monthly happy hours. We always love seeing new faces, and I just wanted to make sure you two were doing alright.”

“Thanks so much. Yeah, I’ve been meaning to come out for a while, but work keeps me busy too many nights,” Kara admitted.

“What do you do?”

“I’m a reporter for CatCo,” Kara answered, watching some of the tension ease out of Alex’s frame.

“Oh I do miss Cat Grant…”

“You knew Cat?”

“Oh yeah, she was a big supporter of the Center. One of our biggest donors too.”

Kara vaguely remembered seeing Cat’s invitation to their annual black tie holiday dinner each December, but she just assumed Cat got them for her name. “Oh, that’s really cool. Yeah, fingers crossed that when she’s done at the White House, maybe she’ll come back to us in National City.”

“A girl can hope,” Heather laughed. Turning to Alex she asked: “And what about you?”

“Oh, uh, I also have long hours at work.” It wasn’t a lie, and she certainly wasn’t about to admit that it had taken her nearly 29 years to come out, then another year to make it out to an event after failing to do anything about it.

“Are you also a reporter?”

“No, no. I’m FBI,” Alex lied.

“Wow, very impressive!” Alex just shrugged and sipped at her drink. “Well, you ladies let me know if there’s anything I can do for you, alright?”

“You’ve already done so much just putting this event together.” Kara gestured at the room full of folks mingling and drinking and chatting together. “It’s really nice having a space like this.”

“I’m so glad to hear it—really, it makes what I do worthwhile when I hear that it made just one person feel a little more comfortable or safe or happy.”

With another round of thank yous and waves, Heather disappeared into the crowd again, a mass of curly brown hair bobbing in and out of conversations and groups.

“See, that wasn’t so bad, was it?”
“It wasn’t so bad because you did all the talking.”

“Well, next time I’ll leave you to be the chatterbox.”

“Ugh, please don’t.”

“Come on, she was really nice!”

“I guess,” Alex shrugged, finishing her drink. “I’m gonna go get a refill. Want anything?”

“I’m fine,” Kara sighed.

By the time Alex got back from the bar, two women were chatting easily with Kara, soft peals of laughter ringing out in the air. Why Alex had expected anything even remotely different from the usual was beyond her. Of course Kara would still be the better one—better at making friends, at being out, at attracting attention. Deciding not to interrupt, Alex slid into a seat at the end of the bar—close enough that Kara could still see her even without taking off the glasses, but far enough away that she didn’t feel like she was lurking and leeching off of her sister’s naturally friendly demeanor.

After a couple of minutes, a woman with close-cropped blue hair came over to join her, sliding onto the stool next to Alex’s. “Hey there.”

“Hey.”

“You over here because you wanted some time away from people, or because you didn’t have a group?” the woman asked. “I’m happy to leave if you don’t want company.”

“Nah, it’s fine. I’m not so great at the whole small talk thing.”

“Ah okay, then here, let’s drive right into big ideas and deep philosophical conversation. Tell me, stranger: is it ever possible to know with certainty that we exist?”

Alex actually cracked a smile at that. “Even bigger question: Would it matter either way?”

“Touché! Well played, stranger at the bar.”

“Alex, by the way.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m Katarina, though Kat works just as well.”

“Good to meet you too.”

Katarina nodded and returned her attention to her drink, letting Alex get used to having another person with her. After a few minutes, she cleared her throat. “So, is the blonde woman your girlfriend?”

“No, no, she’s my sister.”

“Knew it!”

“What?”

“Nah, just a few people were trying to figure out if you two were already taken.”

“Ah, yes, well, you can tell them that tragically Kara is, in fact, already happily taken.”
“Who says they were asking about her?” Katarina challenged, arching an eyebrow and sipping at her cocktail.

“She’s tall and blonde and friendly. And I’ve been out with her enough to know that they’re always asking about her.”

“Don’t underestimate yourself there, Alex. You’re just a little harder to approach with the whole scowling, brooding thing you’ve got going on, but it doesn’t mean you don’t have rows of people very into the idea of trying.”

“I—yeah, whatever.”

Katarina laughed loudly, shaking her head when Alex looked flustered. “Sorry, sorry. I didn’t expect talk of queer lady crushes to be what finally made you stutter.”

“Shut up,” Alex grumbled.

“Nah, it’s nice to know you’re just as human as the rest of us. Not all pure stoicism and unwavering seriousness,” she teased.

“It comes with the job.”

“Oh yeah? And what’s that?”

“Uh, FBI.” Alex made a mental note to give Kara more credit for lying every single day. She was fine doing it, but god, it got to be frustrating, especially when she thought about potentially dating one of these women and having to lie about such a fundamental part of her life.

“Very fancy. Now tell me, Alex, have you ever lived out the plot of Miss Congeniality?”

It was the very last question Alex expected, and she snorted loudly in amusement, blushing a faint pink at the realization that she’d just snorted in front of someone that wasn’t her sister. “No, can’t say I have.”

“Tragedies. I might have been willing to go watch that year’s Miss America pageant if so.”

“Maybe next year.”

“A girl can dream…”

“What about you? Philosophy professor?”

“Nah, though my second major in college was philosophy, so you get half credit for the guess.” After a moment, she shook her head. “Wait, no, you’re FBI, which means you read people for a living. You get no credit for a guess that wasn’t completely right.”

“What are these double standards?” Alex joked, realizing with a jolt that she was actually sustaining a conversation with a stranger.

“Life’s not fair,” Katarina shrugged, smiling at the pout of indignation on Alex’s face. “I actually do graphic design.”

“Oh very cool.”

“Yeah, it’s not so bad. I mean, I have absolute horror stories about some of my clients, but at least they make for good party conversation.”
“Yeah, my work horror stories tend to kill the party mood.”

“You’ve got to find yourself a group of friend, like, cops and surgeons and morticians or something. Then you can share to your heart’s content!”

Alex just chuckled and shook her head. “We’d be quite the motley assortment.”

“Ya know, I hear there’s a happy hour that plays old Adams Family episodes at that kinda dingy bar down the street that has the best wings. Maybe you could find your people there.”

“Maybe.”

They chatted a little while longer until Katarina had to leave to meet a friend who was in town for the week for dinner. She left Alex with her number, insisting she’d be up for a friendly beer over that Adams Family happy hour if Alex ever wanted some company.

“That went so well!” Kara squealed the second Katarina was out the door.

“Oh my god, were you eavesdropping?”

“Not intentionally!”

“You’re the worst.”

“I’m just filling my little sister duty. Anyway, there’s an emergency downtown—no, nothing that requires your help,” Kara clarified, pushing Alex back down into her seat. “You’ve only got an hour or so left here. Just stay and enjoy yourself.”

“Fine,” Alex grumbled, realizing that she was much less reluctant to stay after her successful talk with Katarina. Even if she spent the rest of the night totally alone, at least she could chalk the night up to a success and never have to worry about doing it again if she didn’t want to.

After Kara left, she walked over to find the bathroom, giving herself a few moments to be alone and make sure she didn’t have anything stuck in her teeth. When she came back out, she noticed that both of the pool tables were empty and decided playing would occupy her time while she waited for the event to end.

Setting her drink down on the small counter that ran along the wall behind the pool tables, Alex quickly racked the balls and found the cue that seemed the least warped and worn out from overuse and a lack of attention. Setting down the cue ball, Alex lined up her shot and sent the ball flying, smiling at the resounding crack as the balls went spinning across the table—one striped and one solid making it into side pockets.

Starting with stripes—her first choice, no matter the set up—Alex began slowly but surely knocking them into pockets and clearing half of the table. After a few tricky ones that had ended up taking more than a single shot, Alex was left with just the solids and the 8 ball.

When she was down to just two balls, she heard a voice from behind her. “Impressive. Think you want to play against another person for round 2?”

Alex sank the green ball, leaving her with just the 8, before she turned around to see who was offering. She was grateful for the support of the cue when she spun around and found the same gorgeous woman she’d half jokingly pointed out to Kara earlier that evening standing behind her with a teasing smirk on her face and her leather jacket slung over her arm, revealing a white button-up with the sleeves rolled up to her elbows.
“Sorry, I can go if you don’t want company.”

“No! Uh, no, it’s fine.”

“Cool. So, you gonna call a final pocket?”

Alex gestured to the left corner and easily sank the ball, sending up a word of thanks to whatever god made sure she didn’t completely embarrass herself.

“So, do I get to know who I’m playing, or are we gonna go all strangers in a bar who know nothing beyond their love of the game?” Maggie asked, dropping her voice into a melodramatic tone that sounded like it could have come from the opening voiceover of a soap opera.

“Alex.”

“Maggie.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“You too. You new here?”

“To town? Nah. To this event? Yeah.”

“Well, welcome. It’s a pretty fun way to pass the evening when I get out of work on time.”

“Long hours?”

“More like unpredictable hours,” Maggie shrugged.

“I know that feeling.”

“Oh yeah? What do you do?” She quickly added, “I’m a cop.”

“FBI.”

“Ah, a fed.” Maggie scowled, but it soon gave way to a full smile that left Alex staring at her dimples once more. “So now this game is about so much more than just two strangers in a bar. Now we’re playing just another round in that longstanding fed versus local cop rivalry.”

“Well, I hope you’re prepared to lose—but then again, you should be used to that,” Alex taunted.

“Oof, low blow, fed. If you steal fewer shots than you do jurisdictional claims, maybe it’ll be fair for a change.”

“Oh please, we only claim jurisdiction when we have it.”

“Yeah, and let me guess. You think that’s always.”

“I don’t think; I know.”

“Oh lord,” Maggie groaned, rolling balls down to Alex from the pockets at her end of the table. She couldn’t help but be entranced by the sight of how quickly Alex’s hands moved to perfectly rack the balls.

Once everything was ready, Alex looked up and over at Maggie. “Do you want to break?”

“You can do the honors.”
Alex quickly sent the cue ball spinning down the table, watching as everything finally settled. “I’ll take stripes.”

“But you sank one of the solids.”

“I’ll still take stripes.” Besides, she had a pretty decent set of shots lined up for her this way. She methodically sank three balls before knocking a fourth one against a wall and leaving it in a better position for her next turn.

Maggie sank one of hers, but then sank the cue ball right along with her next shot, groaning as Alex got to place it back on the table with a smug smile.

When it was down to the 8 ball and four solids still left on the table, Alex took pity on Maggie, motioning to the yellow ball down her end of table. “This is actually your best shot.”

“I don’t want to scratch again,” Maggie admitted, eyeing the green ball that was so much closer, even if the angle was a bit off.

“You just need to pull back more. And do it quickly,” Alex explained, trying to demonstrate with an air cue before realizing just how odd she looked.

“You could always come show me,” Maggie flirted, batting her eyelashes and leaning over the table.

“Ah yes, I see we’re reenacting the classic romcom now. What’s next? You’ll reveal that you knew how to play all along and were just stroking my fragile ego?”

“Why stroke an ego when there are things so much more fun to stroke?” Maggie teased, grinning at the pink flush that crept up Alex’s chest.

“Really?”

“What? Can’t keep up, fed?”

With a small noise of frustration, Alex strode around the table and positioned herself behind Maggie, taking hold of the cue and turning to point it at the yellow ball. “Better?” she rasped, her breath hot against Maggie’s ear.

“So much better.” Maggie doubted she was learning anything about pool, but she was learning so much about the feel of Alex’s body, about just how much muscle seemed to lurk beneath that leather jacket, about the particular cadences of Alex’s voice.

Alex sank the shot with Maggie just barely present enough not to fuck it up. Eventually, when she was left to her own devices, she scratched and left Alex with an easy shot to sink the 8 and win the game.

“I think an apology is due to the feds.”

“Mm, how about I just buy you some victory pizza instead,” Maggie offered.

“I suppose that works.” In fact, Alex was starving.

Maggie led them down a few blocks to a little shop that actually sold pizza by the slice—something that Maggie insisted was far too rare on the West coast. Over pizza, they chatted about life, about where they’d grown up and gone to college, about the kinds of hopes they had for their future. Alex learned that Maggie had traveled extensively after a semester abroad in college and a couple of years...
in Kyrgyzstan with the Peace Corps after graduation, while Maggie got to listen to Alex talk about having nearly been a doctor and her years in a research lab in Seattle. They chatted about how they’d come out and found the group, though Maggie rushed through her high school years, settling into her stories once she hit her college years. Alex reminisced about the years she spent trying to make things work with men, then the years she spent assuming that things like sex and intimacy weren’t for her, before she finally realized it might just be that she’d been looking in the wrong places. It wasn’t until the pizza place began putting away the leftover pies that they realized they’d been talking for hours.

“I should probably head out…” Alex realized that she was actually reluctant to put an end to this… whatever it was.

“Want me to walk you home?”

“Gonna ask to come up for a nightcap?” Alex teased.

“Do young people even know that line?”

“I don’t know,” Alex admitted with a chuckle. “Perhaps I should have suggested Netflix and chill instead.”

“That your way of asking?”

“No—uh, no, sorry, I just meant, like, in general,” Alex stammered.

“Hey, sorry, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. I’m just teasing, that’s all.”

“Ah, okay.” Alex wasn’t sure how to admit that she was nervous and thrilled by the idea in equal measures, that she’d been returning to the idea ever since she wrapped her arms around Maggie and felt the woman’s ass press back against her.

They walked back slowly, neither one of them quite ready for the night to be over. When they got to Alex’s building, Alex paused, kicking her boot against the lowest step up to the front door. “I mean, if you wanted to, ya know, come up for a drink or something…”

“Yeah?”

Alex shrugged, feeling a rush of blood heating up her cheeks.

“I probably won’t drink anything else.”

“Me either. But I wouldn’t mind the company.”

“Then lead the way.” Maggie followed behind Alex as she led them into the building and up the elevator. They were silent, the air thick with unvoiced question and anticipation. Alex’s hand shook slightly, and she fumbled with the key, finally getting it unlocked and shoving the door open. Alex kicked off her boots and threw her keys onto the small table, and Maggie followed her example.

“Can I get you anything?” She poured two glasses of water, assuming that was a good enough bet.

“Depends. What are you offering?”

Fingers drumming against her hip, Alex let herself be bold, let herself dip into the confidence she normally reserved for fighting aliens and challenging her superiors. She strode forward and stopped just inches away from Maggie, letting one hand rest on Maggie’s hip. “What about this?”
When Maggie nodded and stepped forward to close the gap between them, Alex ducked her head forward, claiming Maggie’s lips in a searing kiss. And oh, wow, if she’d had any lingering doubts about being gay, this cleared them all up. Because it had never felt like this before. Maggie’s lips were soft, her body pliant as she moved against Alex. There were strong hands sliding up Alex’s back and under her shirt and jacket that left her wanting in a way she never had in the past. When Maggie’s thigh and her hip were suddenly pressed between Alex’s legs, Alex didn’t even think before letting out a small whimper. Later, she didn’t think much before bending slightly and picking up Maggie to place her on the counter, smiling when Maggie’s legs hooked around her waist and drew her forward.

Maggie tangled her fingers in Alex’ hair and sighed softly at the feeling of Alex’s hands cradling her jaw as though she were something precious, something fragile, something to be protected and cared for and maybe even loved. She tugged gently at Alex’s lower lip with her teeth, groaning when Alex’s hand that was on her waist tightened, dragging Maggie closer, holding her tighter. It left her pressed up against impossibly solid abs. She idly wondered where Alex’s jacket had gone, but found she didn’t really care, assuming it had been thrown off at some point. She couldn’t even be embarrassed about the fact that she was grinding against Alex, still fully clothed—not when it felt like this, not when Alex looked like that and kept up with her the way she had and challenged her and made her feel like a real, full person, not just so-and-so’s ex or the one that went home with Brianna last week.

Pulling back slightly, Maggie dropped her lips to Alex’s strong jawline, kissing up it and sucking Alex’s earlobe between her teeth before traveling down the long expanse of her neck, feeling more than hearing the hitch in Alex’s breathing.

“Fuck,” Alex cursed, as Maggie’s lips found a particularly sensitive spot on her neck. She didn’t think she’d ever been quite so turned on. She could feel the slickness of her own arousal against her underwear, and for a moment she panicked, wondering if that was okay, if it was too much too soon, if she had even worn something that wasn’t ratty and old, since she’d assumed she’d spend her night home alone with pizza and Netflix.

“You okay?” Maggie asked, pulling back to look at Alex. “We can stop. I can go home. I can act like this never happened or call you for a second date—I’m gonna go ahead and call this a first date, since it was better than most of the ones I’ve ever been on.”

“I’m good,” Alex sighed, dropping her head to Maggie’s shoulder as she caught her breath. “I just, um, this isn’t really something I’ve done.” Her voice was small, and she hoped she didn’t sound completely pathetic.

“Sex, or…?”

“Um, sex with a woman,” Alex admitted. Also a one-night stand, but if Maggie was talking about dates, maybe it didn’t have to be. The thought made her giddy in a way she might have mocked in other people.

“Oh. Hey, yeah, that’s cool. Everyone has to start somewhere, right?”

“Right.”

“First of all, everything you’re doing now, I mean, A+ work, really,” Maggie joked. She grinned back at Alex when the woman laughed. “If you want to stop and wait to figure out if this is something you really want, that’s fine too.”

“I want this.” Her voice was quiet but firm. If there was one thing she was certain about, it was
exactly how much she wanted this right now. “If, uh, if you still do.”

“Alex, yeah, I still do. Nothing you could say could change that. Well, okay, I mean, maybe who you voted for in the last election,” she joked, relieved when Alex laughed back. “I mean, very basic details here: I got tested a month ago, and then I slept with one person afterward, but I wore gloves, and she didn’t touch me.”

“I, uh, it’s been a little while, but I still get tested every year. I’m fine.”

“Cool. So, if you want to keep going, maybe we move this to the bedroom. But if you think maybe you don’t want to go any further or you decide that later on, that’s fine too. Just let me know.”

“Thanks,” Alex whispered.

“So what are you thinking?”

“Maybe we head to the bedroom…”

Maggie nodded and hopped down off the counter, tangling her fingers with Alex’s and walking her over to the large bed that dominated a whole room. She let Alex dictate the speed as they worked themselves back into a rhythm. She could feel waves of want rolling over her, and she longed to have more of Alex, to feel every inch of her.

With a deep breath, Alex eased the jacket off of Maggie’s shoulders, feeling Maggie moving to help shuck it off. From there, their clothes seemed to fall to the ground in a slow procession. First it was Alex’s shirt, followed by Maggie’s and her bra right along with it. They took a moment then for Alex to appreciate the vision that was a very topless Maggie in bed beside her. She listened as Maggie whispered what she did and didn’t like, let herself be guided by the moans and sighs and whimpers as she licked and sucked and nipped at every inch of newly exposed skin. Making mental notes about her observations, Alex tried to remember that Maggie seemed somewhat ambivalent about her chest—making so many more noises when Alex’s teeth nipped down her abs, her tongue flicking out across the jut of her hipbones.

When Maggie finally managed to get Alex’s bra off, Alex let herself be pressed into the mattress and worshiped as Maggie took her time in a way not even her two long-term boyfriends ever had. Between the feeling of Maggie’s mouth and hands on her and the knowledge that there was—or at least could be—so much more to come, Alex couldn’t help the way she was nearly dizzy with anticipation. And when Maggie’s fingers looped under her pants, she was nodding before Maggie could even ask, lifting her hips and helping Maggie to push them down her legs.

Crawling back up the bed, Maggie propped herself up next to Alex, dragging her fingers across Alex’s abs, then swirling them up and around her chest then all the way down to her hips in a kind of pattern that wasn’t exactly a pattern but left Alex on edge in the most delicious of ways. “What do you like?” Maggie whispered, her breath hot against Alex’s ear.

“This,” Alex answered honestly.

“This all you want? It’s fine if it is!”

“No, I just, um, I trust you.”

“Okay. But what types of things do you enjoy? Do you want me inside you? Do you want my mouth?”

Alex couldn’t help the strangled whine. “Both, uh, both sound nice.”
Maggie grinned. “Well, if you want me, I’m happy to oblige.”

“Are you sure?” Alex couldn’t help feeling guilty, like she was getting so much more out of this already than Maggie was.

“It would be my pleasure, I promise.” Maggie moved back between Alex’s legs, kissing up and down the smooth expanses of toned muscle. When Alex’s hips began bucking up each time she got near the line of her underwear, Maggie slid her fingers beneath the waistband. “Can these come off?”

“Yes,” Alex sighed, too far gone to worry that maybe she was too wet. Of course, with her eyes fluttering shut, Alex missed the look that flashed in Maggie’s eyes—a look that was all lust and need and hunger. Her eyes shot open at the first swipe of Maggie’s tongue. “Fuck.” It wasn’t that no one had ever done it for her before, but god, she’d never been so turned on when they had. And apparently that really did make all the difference. She lost herself in pure feeling as Maggie’s tongue worked between her legs, seeming to adapt to Alex’s likes and dislikes instead of keeping a pattern and sticking with it. She gasped at the feeling of a finger teasing at her entrance, then groaned as it slowly slid into her. Part of her was ready to ask for more, to point out that she was wet enough that she’d barely felt the first, but Maggie seemed to get that, moving a second inside her and looking up as Alex’s hips canted forward, pushing Maggie further inside.

“This all good?”

“So good,” Alex panted, dropping her head back to the pillow as Maggie’s mouth found her clit and her fingers built to a steady rhythm. She had already been so close with Maggie’s mouth alone, so close way back in the kitchen, that it was just a matter of minutes before she felt herself clamping down around Maggie’s fingers, her back arching off the bed before all the pressure seemed to release at once, sending her flying over the edge as her body fell to the mattress once more. Maggie slowly licked and kissed all around the area, avoiding anything that might be overly sensitive before making her way back up Alex’s abs and to her lips.

“You still okay?”

“That—that was really good.”

Maggie grinned, her lips still shiny with Alex’s arousal. “I’m glad to hear it.” She wrapped an arm around Alex’s waist and held her close to her, kissing up and down the back of Alex’s neck and across her shoulders.

They stayed curled together for a little while until Alex rolled back over to face Maggie. “You, um, did you want anything? Or is that not…”

“You seem tired. I’m okay, really. And if you want to go out with me again and at some point down the future decide you’re ready, I’ll be more than happy then.”

“I don’t—you should get to…I don’t want to leave you hanging.”

“If you want to, I will happily say yes. But if you want to wait until you’re more awake, make sure you’re sure about all this, that’s okay too.”

“But you didn’t get to come.”

“That’s true,” Maggie conceded with a dip of her head.

“I don’t know that I’ll be any good, but I could try. I’d like to try, I mean,” Alex clarified, pulling herself up to her knees.
“You sure?”

“Maybe just with my hands...” After a moment, she rushed to add: “Not because I don’t want to! To, um, taste you.” She ignored the blush she could feel heating up her cheeks. “I just, I feel like that might take some time for me to, uh, figure things out.”

“Yeah, that’s fine.” Maggie helped Alex to pull her skinny jeans down her legs, tossing her underwear off after them.

“Wow.”

Maggie smiled softly at the sight of Alex’s expression of amazement. “Just one finger, okay?”

“Oh, uh, am I doing something wrong?”

“No! I just need something on my clit too, but it took me a while to get the hang of doing both things at once, so I thought I might help.”

“Keep doing that,” Maggie panted, looking up at Alex’s face, smiling at the way her lips were parted and her eyes dark with want. “Really, really good, Alex.”

Alex whimpered and felt herself speed up slightly. She watched Maggie’s fingers moving quickly,
watched as her thighs seemed to tense and her hips canted forward until suddenly she shuddered hard, collapsing back into the mattress.

“Wow.” Alex carefully slipped her finger out of Maggie. She couldn’t remember what Maggie had done to dry her finger. When she thought Maggie wasn’t looking, she quickly pulled the tip into her mouth, trying to imagine what it would be like to go down on Maggie.

“Fuck, Alex.”

Alex startled and squeaked out a, “Sorry!”

“You’re fine, really. Want to come up here and cuddle?”

“Mm, so you’re a cuddler?”

“Nationally ranked, in fact. I never went pro, though—worried it might take the fun out of it for me.”

“Oh god, I just slept with a dork, didn’t I?”

“I saw the science books, fed. Don’t try to act like you’re not a big nerd.”

“I plead the fifth.”

They fell asleep after a few long minutes. When Maggie woke up, she found she had sprawled diagonally across the bed, though luckily it was big enough that Alex still had much of her own space. She blinked, trying to figure out why she was awake.

“Phone,” Maggie grunted, poking at Alex.

“What?” Alex grumbled, her voice thick with sleep.

“Your phone. Ringing.”

“Fuck.” Alex flung herself out of bed and across the room to her work phone. “Danvers,” she answered. She listened, interjecting, “yes,” and “understood,” a few times. “I’ll be there.”

“Duty calls?” Maggie yawned.

“Yeah. I mean, it’s a body, so at least it’s not as urgent, I suppose.” Maggie snorted, and Alex couldn’t help but think of Katarina’s comment about needing to find someone like a cop to share her sense of humor and appreciate her stories. “I should still get dressed and get down there soon, though.”

“Yeah, no, of course. Maggie quickly found her clothes, pulling them on as Alex washed her face and brushed her teeth. By the time Alex was out of the bathroom and half-dressed, Maggie was sitting fully clothed at the kitchen table. “Want me to wait to leave with you?”

“Oh, um, you don’t have to.” She wondered if FBI agents always wore suits or if she could get away with nice pants and a shirt.

She was saved from having to answer by the trill of Maggie’s cell phone. Maggie looked down at the number. “Ah, should’ve known better than to think I might get a quiet on-call day.” She answered and jotted down the details on a small pad of paper she found on the edge of the table. When she hung up, she scrawled her phone number across the top of the next sheet.

“If you want to get in touch, my number’s there. I’d really like to see you again.”
“Yeah?”
“Yeah.”

Maggie left Alex with a soft kiss and a promise to be thinking of date ideas slightly more romantic than pool and pizza, though Alex insisted she was quite happy with a repeat of that as well.

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“How was it?” Kara whispered when Alex finally showed up at the crime scene, dressed in a much more formal outfit than she’d normally like.

“It was actually good.” In fact, it was one of the best nights of her adult life. She stooped over to where the badly beaten body was stuffed behind a dumpster.

“Wait, really?” Seeing the blush on Alex’s cheeks, Kara poked at Alex until she spun around to face her.

“What?” Alex gestured at the body, trying to get across the message that there were clearly more important things to worry about right now.

“I need details!”

“Later, okay? I promise.”

“Fine,” Kara sighed, giving up for the moment and going off to find J’onn to see what more he knew.

“Fancy seeing you here.”

“Maggie?” Alex jolted and nearly toppled over in her haste to stand and spin around at the same time. She found Maggie dressed in the same outfit she’d left in with an overly large NCPD jacket thrown over top of it. She wondered if she’d had to borrow a jacket from a much larger colleague.

“Out here it’s more like Detective Sawyer, NCPD Science Division.”

“Huh.”

“And given the fact that you’re investigating a dead body covered in bumps and scaly, purple skin without any expression of surprise, I’m gonna go ahead and guess that you’re not just a fed; you’re DEO.”

“How—”

“It’s my job, Danvers. My division knows about your little black ops team.”

It wasn’t ideal, but Alex found herself secretly glad that she’d never have to hide that part of herself again if they started dating.

They worked quickly to analyze the crime scene, and Maggie’s boss seemed impressed that she’d been able to find a fed who willingly cooperated, though Alex still insisted that the DEO had the right to be the primary agency in charge of the investigation, since they had much better technology.

By the time Supergirl came over to see what was up, Alex and Maggie were already wrapping things up. Kara bit back a squeal at the sight of the cute girl from the bar. Maybe Alex would be able to get her number
“I expect to be kept in the loop, fed!” Maggie called, laughing at Alex’s grumpy expression.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll be sure to give you a call when we’ve got something.”

“Maybe you can read me in over dinner—I think it’s your turn to pay,” she teased, walking off with a small wave and much too much swagger for Alex to handle this early in the day.

Kara looked at Alex with wide eyes and an open mouth as she connected the dots. “You have so much explaining to do!”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
#SanversWeek Day 2: College AU

Chapter Summary

Please enjoy an even longer entry today for a senior year college au in which Alex, Maggie, Lucy, James, and Winn all live in the same house, and all sorts of shenanigans ensue (as happens when living together)

Chapter Notes

A/N: For those interested in more of high school and college AUs: I’ve already done a multi-chapter high school AU, as well as a few other separate high school AU one- or two-shots, which I compiled in a Tumblr post a month or two ago (https://sapphicscholarwrites.tumblr.com/post/167465761368/supergirl-hs-au-master-list - it’s missing the most recent high school au chapter, but it’s close enough). I’ve also done some college AU one-shots, which can be found in Chapter 7 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24059268), 61 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/24920502), and 150 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/29797449). Theoretically the last chapter of the HS AU, Chapter 159, is also set in college (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/31058022).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why do I always get the cart with the broken wheel,” Alex groaned as she valiantly shoved at the large yellow cart with all her moving boxes piled high inside it.

“Because they’re literally all broken,” Lucy snapped back, too busy trying to get her own overloaded cart’s busted wheel out from a crack in the sidewalk where it had gotten stuck to be sympathetic toward Alex.

“I hate you for making me move off campus.” They weren’t that far away, but it felt like an eternity with the weight of all of her worldly possessions in front of her. Instead of going just a few yards down over nicely paved walkways to a new campus building, now she was forced out into the real world of cracked sidewalks with chunks of grass poking through where the concrete had been broken away over too many years of disrepair—perfect traps for sticky, spinning wheels.

“You’ll love it once you’re there. C’mon, no one wants to spend all four years cramped in tiny campus dorm rooms.” Anticipating Alex’s objection, she added, “Or three in your case, my little genius.”

“They have apartments too,” Alex shot back, never one to simply give up the fight.

“In name only.” Sure, the little on-campus “suites” had their own bathrooms and kitchenettes and living rooms complete with furniture that always smelled just a little bit like mildew and other people, but there were still RAs and rules and regulations in place that kept it from feeling like freedom.
“Ah yes, I forgot the grown-up joys of monthly bills and rent payments and neighborhood association violations.”

“C’mon, you know we’re not gonna be throwing big house parties. I can’t afford to get kicked out of ROTC, and Maggie’s here on scholarship and financial aid. Plus, you’re too much of a nerd to let anyone get that close to your books.”

“Whatever.”

They kept quiet for the last few blocks, pushing their carts to the soundtrack of their ragged breathing and the squeak of wheels groaning under the weight of far too much luggage.

When they finally arrived in front of a small blue house with a patch of grass in the front and a slightly longer rectangle of greenery in the back, Lucy held up her arms. “Voila! Welcome to your new home!”

“Hooray.”

“Cheer up, Danvers. Don’t want to make a bad impression on the new housemates.”

“Don’t we already hate one of them a little bit?”

“Who? James?”

“Uh, yeah, the ex-boyfriend who dumped you after getting you to come out to National City for college—that’d be the one.”

“Look, it’s senior year now. We’re over it.”

“Really?”

“Really. Was I mad at first? Yes. But he groveled enough that we’ve moved past it.”

Alex fixed Lucy with a hard glare. “Be honest: was it the whole sleeping with one of his best friends that finally helped?”

“Oh yeah, for sure.” Lucy laughed to herself at the memory of James’ face when she’d strolled down the stairs in their shared house. Had it been petty? Absolutely. But it was also more than a little effective. And if it kept her from hating Alex’s little sister for her summer fling with James, even better. Plus, she’d come to quite like National City University. After a rough start, she’d become close friends with Alex and Maggie and even warmed up to James again. Plus, her ROTC friends made for solid company on the nights when Maggie was working or Alex decided she needed to spend all her time in the lab or James took Winn out to try to wing-man for him—an endeavor Lucy was fairly certain would be doomed to failure if they didn’t start including men in their potential date category as well. Poor boy had shit taste in women—at least when it came to the ones who liked him back.

Before Lucy could get her key turned all the way in the lock, the door swung open and a small woman Alex had never seen before pulled Lucy into a bear hug.

“Lucy!” Maggie squealed. “It’s been too long!”

“You’re the one that went away all summer,” Lucy shot back. “How was your whole saving the world thing?”
“I interned for the ACLU, dude. It was basically fetching coffee and proofreading reports all day,” Maggie snorted. It wasn’t that she hadn’t gotten valuable experience as well, but it tended to be a reward for putting up with the monotony of menial office work for several days in a row. And she understood why—of course the law school interns would get the more substantial work—but it didn’t mean that there weren’t days when she was disappointed, wishing she could be doing more, doing something that felt real.

After a moment or two, Lucy motioned for Alex to come join them, insisting that no one would be able to run off with the heavy carts in any sort of timely manner. “Alex,” Lucy introduced, “this is Maggie Sawyer. Maggie, this is Alex Danvers.”

“I’ve heard so much about you! It’s really nice to finally meet you in person,” Maggie offered, smiling up at Alex.

“You too,” came Alex’s terse reply.

“Don’t mind her, she’s cranky from lugging boxes all morning,” Lucy explained, elbowing Alex in the ribs.

“Well, I made some cookies if that’ll help lift the mood,” Maggie joked, gesturing back to the kitchen where she had two racks of sugar cookies cooling. After a day or two alone in the house while Winn was at work, she’d gotten more than a little bored and ended up doing things like baking just to keep herself busy.

“Always!” Lucy grinned and slipped between Maggie and the doorframe to sneak inside for a cookie.

“Need a hand, Danvers?” Maggie offered, gesturing at the full cart.

“It’s fine.”

“Well, alright. I’ll be inside if you need me.”

Alex nodded and walked back down, intent on beginning the slow, methodical process of getting all of her boxes up and into the house.

On Alex’s third trip up and back, Lucy came up to her. “Why are you being so weird?” Lucy hissed.

“What do you mean?”

“Just…can you try for me?”

“Maybe,” Alex shrugged.

“You wouldn’t!” She still hadn’t forgiven Kara for letting Lucy look through old photo albums when Lucy had come home with her for a visit to Midvale.
“Try me.”

“Fine, fine. I’ll give the smiling thing a shot.”

“Thank you.”

After several long trips to the house from the cart, Alex finally got everything in and up the stairs to the single she was very excited about having. She was happy to find she was at the end of the hallway, leaving her with just one wall that she would, apparently, be sharing with Maggie’s room.

“Damn, what sport do you play to get arms like that?” Maggie whistled, as she walked past the room where Alex had stripped down to a tank top, her t-shirt having gotten much too hot in the oppressive late-day sun.

Flaming a brilliant shade of red, Alex’s head shot up as she turned around to the doorway where Maggie was standing. “What?”

“I want your workout routine, is all I’m saying.” She was also saying Alex was hot as fuck, but she’d let that detail slide for now.

“Oh, uh, I do a lot of bodyweight training,” Alex shrugged.

“Ah nice.” When Alex didn’t say anything in return, Maggie continued. “I brought up some cookies, figured I’d see if you needed any help unpacking since Lucy’s already recruited James to do her heavy lifting.”

Alex snickered at that. Even years later, it was basically an art form how well she could still get him to grovel. “It’s really fine, I don’t mind.” In fact, she hated unpacking. There was a reason why one or two of the boxes had still been packed and neatly taped up in her closet from the previous fall semester.

“At least take the cookies.”

Remembering Lucy’s threats, Alex forced herself to smile and accept the gift, even taking a bite to show that she appreciated them. “Fuck, these are actually good.”

“I wouldn’t have offered them to you if they sucked,” Maggie snorted.

“Eh, my little sister likes to give me the first bite sometimes, which means I was always stuck as the guinea pig who got the fun surprise of finding out if she’d accidentally used salt instead of sugar.”

“Oh shit, that’s a big mistake.”

“She was little and new here—with my family—she’s adopted.” Alex cringed, trying to figure out why she was perfectly fine lying and talking to anyone else, but this annoying little woman perched on her dresser was proving to be such an issue.

“Ah, I see. Yeah, getting used to a new house, new family’s way of labeling shit—it’s a pain. I bet it was nice that she had you.”

“Thanks,” Alex mumbled, ignoring the pangs of guilt she always felt when she remembered how much of an ass she’d been to Kara her first few years with them. She wondered whether Maggie was also adopted, but figured there really wasn’t a polite way to ask if that’s what she meant.

“So, last chance: want a hand with unpacking?” When Alex paused instead of giving her an explicit
no, Maggie forged ahead, figuring this year was the chance to make a better impression on people—the ones who didn’t know Emily, hadn’t already heard horror stories about how she broke the poor girl’s heart. “I promise only to touch the boxes you tell me to touch. I’m not trying to stumble on your nightstand contents,” she joked.

Alex cocked her head to the side slightly. “What?”

“Ya know…condoms, vibrators,” she shrugged, not wanting to make assumptions about the woman’s sexuality just because she’d noticed Alex’s gaze trailing down the length of her body when she first met her.

“No! Nope, nope, we’re, uh, it’s fine,” Alex stammered, busying herself with a box so that Maggie couldn’t see the blush she just knew was creeping up her cheeks.

“Oh-kay.” Figuring the best way to get over the awkwardness would be to busy herself, Maggie bent over and pulled open the first box, finding piles and piles of large textbooks. Taking a few at a time, Maggie began lining them up along the bookshelf, trying to cluster them by what seemed like the appropriate disciplines. “You a bio major, Danvers?” Maggie called out as she realized that there seemed to be nothing but science and medical textbooks in the first box.

“Oh, yeah, bioengineering.”

“Cool, cool. I’m a bio minor myself. PoliSci major, though.”

“Ah, pre-law?” Alex asked, remembering the ACLU comment.

“I don’t know,” Maggie shrugged. “I was—and I’ve taken most of the recommended classes, but I’m not so sure that it’s what I want to do anymore.”

“Really? Why’s that?” Alex asked, surprising even herself by continuing to engage in conversation.

“I just—working at the ACLU was cool and everything, and obviously they’re doing really important work…but I think, I don’t know, I think maybe I want something a little more hands on—some job that lets me be out in the community, maybe as an organizer or something.”

“Yeah? Well, good to know now, I guess.”

“Mhm. What about you? Pre-med?”

“I don’t know,” Alex sighed. “I mean, I am. And I’ve already been accepted to Stanford’s MD/PhD program. I just…I don’t know if the doctor thing is right for me. Or the research thing for that matter…”

“Well, if you’re smart enough to be doing all that, I’m gonna go ahead and bet that no matter what you do, you’ll be amazing at it.”

“Tell my mom that,” Alex snorted.

Seeing the look of surprise on Alex’s face at having said anything so personal, Maggie didn’t dwell. “Yeah, well, parents have their own ideas about what is and isn’t good for their kids, and those ideas don’t have to be right. Often aren’t.”

Pretending to busy herself with the box of clothes in front of her, Alex peered up at Maggie, observing the clench in her jaw and the way her hands seemed to curl reflexively into fists before she forced them to relax. They worked in silence for a little while until Maggie put on the newest album
from some band Alex had never heard of. It wasn’t bad.

While Alex rearranged her books in the very particular order she liked, Maggie fixed Alex’s bed so that it was made with precise military corners.

“You ROTC like Luce?”

“Oh hell no,” Maggie laughed. “Just…it’s a nice way of feeling like there’s a bit of order, no matter where you’re sleeping.”

Once more, Alex was struck by the feeling that there were a good number of things about this person she didn’t yet know—not that she’d pry.

“You want some food or something if I order it?” Alex offered. “You know, for your help.”

“I didn’t do much.”

“You forced me to unpack.”

Laughing, Maggie pulled out her phone to check the time. “Yeah, alright. Want to do pizza? I’ve got some beer downstairs that’s actually pretty good.”

“Works for me.”

Once they got the order placed, Maggie sat down on Alex’s floor, stretching her legs out while Alex gathered the boxes and stacked them in the hall to take down to the recycling bin.

“Need a hand getting them outside?”

“You’ve already done more than enough, really.”

“C’mon, I’ll give you a tour of the house this way.” Alex looked skeptical, but Maggie was back up on her feet again already, leading the way. “Right here, you have my room.” Alex poked her head in the doorway and noticed the somewhat sparse but very organized room. The few splashes of personality seemed to shine through mainly in the books that lined the shelves and the handful of photographs tacked to the wall, as well as the pride flag draped over the closet door.

“Down the hall is the bathroom and Lucy’s room. Uh, last year we kind of implemented a rule that if you were just showering, you’d crack the door open so that if people needed to brush their teeth or wash their face or whatever, they could come in. But if you’re not comfortable with that, we can work out another system. It’s just a little hard with three people sharing one bathroom sometimes.”

“Oh, uh, yeah.”

“Ack, cool.” Looking around, Maggie shrugged. “That’s about it for this floor.” She grabbed half of the boxes before leading Alex down the stairs and out the back door, yelling, “This is the living room, then the kitchen,” along the way. “And this”—Maggie gestured with her head—“is our backyard.” Once they got rid of the boxes, Maggie let Alex take a minute to look around. It certainly wasn’t a large yard, but she liked being able to come outside on sunny days and enjoy a bit of nature.

“That a garden?”

“Oh, uh, yeah.”

“Is the owner still coming by to maintain it?” There wasn’t a weed in sight, and perfectly neat rows of flowers were broken up only by small pots of what might have been herbs.
“Actually, that would be me,” Maggie admitted, rubbing at the back of her neck. “It’s kinda nice—that’s all. To have a responsibility that I choose, if that makes sense.”

“Yeah, that’s pretty cool.”

“Anyway, um, the kitchen we should probably figure out as a house—see which shelves are best for which people.”

“I assume you and Lucy will duke it out for the lowest ones,” Alex teased, earning a pout in return that rivaled Kara’s.

“Rude, Danvers.”

“I speak nothing but the truth.”

“Yeah, we’ll see how well that works out for you in the long run,” Maggie huffed. “Now come along, let’s go see how the boys are doing.” With a loud knock on the wall to alert them to her presence, Maggie walked down the stairs. “This is where Winn and James live.” The room was still in a state of chaos from James’ late arrival the night before. After a moment, Winn popped out from behind one of the doors.

“Hey, Maggie! Hey, Alex!”

“How do you already know Maggie?” Alex asked.

“We’ve been here alone for a few days—ya know, hanging out, bonding, chilling.”

“Play it cool, Schott,” Maggie teased.

“Roger that.”

“James here?”

“Nah, Lucy dragged him out to get groceries with her so that she could use his car.”

“Of course she did.”

“We’re grabbing some pizza for dinner, but maybe when everyone gets back we could do a little house bonding, hammer out any ground rules,” Maggie suggested.

“Works for me.”

Over dinner, Maggie chatted about the house and its quirks—like how the shower nozzle had been installed wrong, so the direction labeled hot actually made it cold and vice versa, or how the vent system was a bit off-balance, so certain vents needed to be kept half-closed or else the rest of the house would freeze through the winter. Having lived there for a full year already, though, Maggie at least felt like she had a handle on it.

“Why didn’t you move if the house has so many problems?” Alex asked.

“First of all, no house that gets rented to students is gonna be perfect,” Maggie laughed. “Second, don’t think of them as problems; think of them as…character!”

“Yeah, I don’t really need my house to have enough quirks to be in a Faulkner novel,” Alex shot back.
Grinning, Maggie looked over at Alex. “I like you.”

Alex could feel her cheeks heating up against her best efforts; she’d later blame the beer, even though she’d barely finished her first bottle. “What?”

“Good literary references. Dry humor. Know good pizza places from the shitty ones. Hell, I even like the whole asshole vibe you’ve got going on. I’m here for it.”

“Did you just call me an asshole?”

“Uh…an asshole that I’m excited to call my housemate?”

“I don’t think you’ve made it any better.”

“No, it’s a good thing. See, we’ve relaxed into something now—we’re chatting, we’re eating, might even say we’re bonding—but I get to be excited and call that progress because I would never have expected it when we first met. Other people, ya know, I might think they were just doing the polite thing because they felt like they had to do it, not because they genuinely wanted to spend time with me.”

“Who says I want to spend time with you?”

“Ah, well, touché, I suppose.” Maggie laughed and shrugged it off, but Alex swore she caught a glimmer of something that looked a bit like self-doubt in Maggie’s eyes.

“I guess you’re not so bad yourself,” Alex admitted, remembering the way Maggie’s expression had darkened and hardened earlier in her bedroom. “And you’re right, I’m not really a people person in the way Lucy is. Or you are, for that matter.”

“Don’t get me wrong, if it came down to people or dogs, I’d give up people in an instant.”

“Who wouldn’t?”

“I don’t know.” Maggie sipped at her beer as she contemplated the question. After a moment her eyes lit up. Gesturing emphatically with her bottle, she called out: “People with allergies!”

“Poodles!” Alex shot back, holding out the pizza crust she’d been nibbling at for the past few minutes like a pointer.

“Ooh, good point. So then it’s decided: we’d all give up other people for dogs.” After a moment, she added, “Though, I do feel a bit like a traitor to my people.”

“What?”

“Lesbians. We’re cat people, ya know.”

“If I can desert them, so can you.”

“Oh? Oh! Cool, yeah, I didn’t—Lucy didn’t mention it.” Shifting her focus down to her hands, Maggie picked at the label on her now empty bottle, hoping Alex hadn’t picked up on the slightly flirty comments she may have made earlier, assuming Alex was as straight as they came.

“Ah, well, Lucy likes to call me a non-practicing lesbian,” Alex huffed. Seeing the look of confusion she got in return, Alex explained: “I came out, but I don’t exactly keep a schedule that allows for dating or going out or…whatever.”
“Well, you’re obviously still welcome in the club,” Maggie teased. “And if you ever need a good wingwoman, I’ve gotta say, you’re looking at one of the best.” She didn’t add that she’d happily volunteer to be Alex’s first date or hook up or whatever she’d let her be. That seemed a little desperate and a lot inappropriate for a housemate. Besides, just because she’d heard so many delightful stories about Alex from Lucy didn’t mean that she actually knew the woman.

“You and Lucy can compete for that title,” Alex snorted. “Last year she kept trying to set me up with some friend of hers.”

“Yeah?” Maggie felt a pang of annoyance. Lucy had shown Maggie enough pictures and told her enough stories about Alex, that she’d been dying to get to know the woman—not realizing they’d soon end up living together—but she’d never mentioned trying to get Alex out on a date, much like she’d never mentioned that Alex was gay. Then again, Maggie realized, perhaps it had been with someone who hated Maggie. Sometimes it felt like half the lesbians on campus still did for how everything had fallen apart with Emily. And it certainly wasn’t like Lucy would have trusted the lesbian community’s resident playboi with her best friend’s heart, even though Lucy had insisted that she understood, had heard Maggie’s side of the story and recognized where issues had been building for years, annoyances bubbling beneath the surface that finally burst forth one night when Maggie was fairly convinced they’d ended things for real.

“Yeah,” Alex sighed. “I had labs and all the application stuff for the MD/PhD program to do, so I always said no.”

“Ah, well, I’m sure the girl would have been lucky to get to know you.”

Shaking her head, Alex chewed thoughtfully on the last bite or two of crust. “I’m not—I don’t think so. Especially not last year. I had so much going on. And this girl had just gotten out of some long relationship, but, I don’t know, Lucy insisted it had been over in all but name only for a while, told me I wasn’t gonna be some rebound fling. But I think I probably would have been—no matter how cool she sounded.”

Quirking her head to the side, Maggie tried not to entertain the idea that had cropped up that maybe Lucy had been trying to get the two of them together, that someone else out there also saw how well they seemed to click. Sure, it wasn’t obvious just yet, but Maggie felt like she could make Alex happy, like Alex might actually be the one to get back in through some of the walls she’d built up and let her feel loved in a way that Emily, for all her good traits, never had. “Oh…really? Lucy tell you anything else about her?” By way of clarification, Maggie added: “Just, you know, I know a lot of the LGBTQ folks on campus…might be able to score you that date after all.”

“No, it’s fine, really. I don’t remember much: something about how she liked to cook and how she could be as jaded as I was, even if she didn’t show it as much. Apparently she also rode motorcycles, which, I’ll be honest, was kind of the biggest selling point.”

“You have one?” Maggie hoped talk of bikes would distract her from the soaring hope in her chest that she might have been this girl—that Lucy, who knew her faults better than anyone, might have actually trusted her with Alex’s heart, might have thought she was worthy of another chance.

“I actually gifted it to my little sister when I left for college. I taught her to ride the summer after my senior year—it was something she’d always wanted to try, so I figured: why not?”

“Damn, that’s generous.”

Alex ignored the compliment. “You ride?”
“I do. Got a little side savings account earmarked for just the right bike post-graduation.”

“Very cool. There’s a bike show in downtown National City every year—maybe we could check it out together.” Alex resisted the urge to text Lucy and tell her just how well she was doing at making friends, though she did make a mental note to point it out later.

“Sounds awesome.” It also sounded like an awesome date, but Maggie bit her tongue and kept that particular thought to herself.

They chatted about bikes until the last of the pizza was gone and Lucy and James were long since back. “Guess we should probably clean up for the house meeting, huh,” Maggie said, gesturing at the pizza box and the empty beer bottles. “Don’t want to be the first item of censure on the agenda.”

“Oh, right, right.” Alex moved to get the box, but Maggie waved away her hand.

“I’ll get it—have to grab something from outside anyway. Do you mind just grabbing Lucy? I’ll yell for the boys.”

“Sure,” Alex shrugged, making her way upstairs while Maggie gathered the recycling to take outside. “Lucy!” Alex called, her voice lilting, her whole demeanor a little friendlier after the second beer. She strolled up the stairs as she yelled again: “Luce!”

“Yeah?” Lucy called out from inside her room.

“We’re gonna have our house meeting now.” Alex popped her head into the doorway, looking around to see how Lucy was decorating. “Looks nice.”

“Yeah—it’ll be better once I get everything up.” Alex nodded; it was already more decorated than her room—or Maggie’s, for that matter. “I see you and Maggie are getting along.”

“Oh, yeah, she’s not bad.”

“Would I have tried to set you up with someone awful?” Lucy scoffed.

“What? Oh, you mean in the house?”

“No… Last year, I told you I wanted you to go out with my friend Maggie.”

“You didn’t—you definitely didn’t give me a name.”

Lucy tried to remember, thinking back to last winter. “You do have a tendency of stalking the people I try to set you up with.”

“It’s called vetting them! I’m just being cautious, using the resources they’ve put at my disposal.”

“Yeah, yeah, you dork.”


“Nah, I wanted to see if you would say yes first. She heard lots about you—laying the groundwork, of course, like the amazing friend I am. But she didn’t know,” Lucy answered.

“Thank god.” Alex breathed out a sigh of relief, feeling her heart rate drop down to something approaching normal. She might need a little bit of time to get over the knowledge that mystery woman was Maggie—the same mystery woman Lucy had described as, “pretty and smart and fucking phenomenal in bed”—but at least Maggie wouldn’t ever be able to realize just how much of
a bullet she’d dodged in never having dated someone like Alex, someone who threw herself into her studies and her work but still never seemed to be good enough, especially when it came to a social life.

“Why?”

“No, it’s just—we’re roommates.”

“Housemates,” Lucy corrected.

“Same difference.”

“Huge difference.”

“Semantics.”

“Whatever you need to tell yourself,” Lucy sighed. “Anyway, where’s the house meeting?”

“Probably in the living room.”

They walked downstairs and found Winn already curled up at one end of the sofa, the soft glow of his Nintendo DS illuminating his face.

“Ready to be an adult, Schott?”

“Oh shush, I bought this with money I earned working at a tech company.” After a moment, he turned it off and focused his attention on the two women standing across from him. “We’re still waiting on James and Maggie anyway.”

“I’m here!” James yelled, jogging in through the kitchen, straightening his shirt and toweling off water from his face after his quick shower.

“Maggie was just taking out some recycling,” Alex added by way of explanation, smiling softly at the sight of the back door creaking open and Maggie strolling in with a small green watering can in her hand.

“Here I come,” Maggie called out, pausing only to wash her hands before joining the rest of the group in the living room.

They spent the next hour making a list of the bills that would need to be paid, and the chores that would need to be done, and the regularity with which things should happen. Some of it took a bit of cajoling, and they all found they needed to compromise on certain issues—for instance, Winn could get everyone to agree not to touch his tech stuff if he would agree not to leave it scattered around the communal areas, and Lucy got everyone to admit that they preferred a clean house, if she would relax the policy of not allowing dirty dishes to soak in the sink (“Have you ever tried cleaning a lasagna pan without letting it soak?” Maggie had squawked).

“Last but not least, no getting kinky on the communal furniture!” Lucy yelled out.

“What about just making out?” Maggie asked, gesturing to the large television in the living room—the only one in the house.

“Vote on it?” James suggested. “I’m fine, but maybe a little notice if we should be knocking before unlocking.” He pointed to the front door and the fact that it opened straight into the living room.

“Also fine with it,” Winn volunteered.
“Yeah, I wasn’t really calling kissing kinky,” Lucy snorted, “so that’s fine by me.”

“Uh, yeah, same,” Alex shrugged, trying to forcibly repress all the memories of Lucy’s comments about how great Maggie, her almost-date, was in bed and how smooth she apparently managed to be on dates.

“Well done, team,” Winn joked, looking over the somewhat elaborate housing contract Lucy had drawn up for them. “Maybe we relax with a beer or something to remember that we don’t all hate each other?”

“Turn it into a get-to-know-you bonding game, and we could kill two birds with one stone—no offense to our resident vegetarian,” Lucy teased, winking over at Maggie.

“Ah, fuck off, Lane.”

They spent the next couple of hours learning random bits of trivia about one another over bottles of wine and beer. Alex couldn’t quite help looking at Maggie in a new way. Now she was more than just the (admittedly hot) friendly student who lived one room over from her; she was the mystery date Alex had found herself falling for over the course of a year. Back then it was easy to write it off asfalling for an idea of a person, not a real, flawed human being. But now she had a face and a personality and a voice and, after the game, so many random details and stories about this woman. Now she was real.

It should have made her less desirable, but somehow the unidealized version of the woman was better—more real, obviously, but also more likeable. She had flaws and quirks and humiliating stories that were oddly charming. And then there were things Lucy had never mentioned, like her dimples, or the way her hair fell in loose waves down her back when she pulled it out of a ponytail, or how every ounce of her attention seemed directed at whomever she was talking to, like nothing in the world mattered more than what they had to say. And god, Alex felt nearly drunk on it. She ignored Lucy’s knowing smirks and teasing winks when Maggie left the room and Alex stared just a little too long, but she couldn’t ignore the way her heart beat just a little faster when Maggie took her place on the couch, sitting a few inches closer to Alex each time until they were practically cuddled together, Maggie half-asleep on Alex’s shoulder.

Alex’s dreams were haunted with images of movie dates and dinner dates and picnic dates and Maggie’s face and that gravelly laugh she had when she got a little sleepy or had been talking too much for long stretches of time.

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The first few weeks of the year flew by in a rush of classes and work and club meetings, and it felt like it was nearly October by the time anyone had really settled into things. It didn’t help that as a house full of seniors, they were all working on their theses—or the equivalent, equally time-consuming projects for Winn’s Computer Science program and Alex’s Biology major. More than a few nights a week the whole lot of them could be found camped out around the kitchen table with laptops and books propped up around them. It got to be crowded, but it was nice having people to commiserate with, and Alex felt like it was helping to keep some of her anxiety in check. Plus, Maggie often made baked goods when her stress got too high, and Lucy was quick to order in enough take out to share. Alex and James took turns picking up booze for a rare night off, while Winn just ensured that their wifi stayed in peak condition, even when it meant stealing the neighbors’ signal the time a tree went down and knocked out the internet in their house and everyone to the left of them for three full days.

And for once, Alex found that she didn’t constantly feel overwhelmed. Sure, she still had an absurd
amount of work and enough reading to break lesser women, but it felt manageable now. The fact that most nights Maggie liked to go over what they had both accomplished that day probably had a lot to do with it, though Alex would never admit it, having teased her mercilessly about the “reverse engineered to-do lists” for much too long to simply admit she had been wrong about them. Maggie probably knew anyway, Alex figured; otherwise there was no reason for her to keep doing them with Alex. And the fact that Maggie used the lists to show Alex how much she had accomplished and help her to justify taking an hour or two to watch some silly movie or chat with Maggie up in her bedroom with a bowl of chips between them and mugs of tea resting on the bedside table definitely went far in improving Alex’s general mood.

The first long weekend in October finally brought with it a bit of much needed relaxation. Alex used it to get ahead on her work, while Lucy used it to crash in bed even earlier than usual—always careful not to fuck up her sleep schedule with the threat of a groggy ROTC session looming over any fantasies of letting herself sleep in too late. James and Winn headed out of town for a senior class retreat—the first in a series of camping trips that the Senior Class Committee organized as a kind of final hurrah for students at National City University. They were supposed to give people a chance to meet students they’d never taken classes with or really even met, but inevitably people went with their friends, leaving the organizers with the unenviable task of trying to figure out who was friends with whom and then split them up accordingly.

“Have you seen Maggie?” Alex asked Lucy during a commercial break in the middle of some old Friends rerun that they’d been too lazy to turn off.

“Why? You thinking of turning this into a Monica and Chandler situation?” Lucy teased.

“Oh fuck off. I’m not trying to date her.”

“Nah, you two just spend all your waking moments together and get your low-key flirt on in front of the rest of the house and eyefuck across the kitchen table.”

“We do not!” Muting the show, Alex turned to face Lucy. “Are you—does the rest of the house think this?”

“James and Winn? Alex, you could literally be fucking Maggie on the table, and it would take them a good solid half hour to look up long enough to notice.”

“They’re not that bad,” Alex laughed.

“Maybe not. But they miss a hell of a lot.”

“Fair.”

“So…still wishing you had made time in that busy schedule of yours to let me set you two up last year?”

“I hate you.”

“You don’t hate her, though.”

“I didn’t mean it,” Alex huffed. She’d been a little drunk, and Maggie had looked particularly good out weeding her garden—an endeavor Alex still thought was incredibly endearing—in nothing more than shorts and a sports bra that morning, and she might have let it slip to Lucy that she had something that just barely approached a crush—really, just the lowest level of affection, barely more than friendship. Of course, Lucy had locked onto that teensy, tiny admission and teased Alex about it at every given opportunity.
“Totally did.”

Lucy, at the very least, had the common decency to quiet down at the sound of a key scraping in the front lock.

“Hey, guys,” Maggie waved, pushing the door open wider and revealing another person standing behind her, clutching a bag from a restaurant downtown—some little French place Alex vaguely remembered Maggie mentioning a while back…something about good crepes and even better wine. “Alex, Maggie, this is Darla. Darla, these are my housemates.”

“Nice to meet you,” Alex offered by way of greeting.

Lucy waited until they were inside and Maggie had ducked into the kitchen to turn to Darla. “So, are you a student here too? Studying with Maggie?” Lucy just barely managed to bite back a grunt of pain when Alex elbowed her hard in the ribs beneath the blanket they’d been sharing.

“Nah, I work over at the bar a few blocks from here. Just started a couple of weeks ago actually.”

“That’s nice,” Alex said, hoping it could just end the conversation.

“So how do you know Maggie?” Lucy asked, smiling widely up at the woman.

“She’s my date, Lane.” Maggie offered a hand out to Darla, whispering, “We can head up to my room, let them have the living room.”

“Okay,” Darla shrugged, looking wholly unconcerned. “Nice meeting both of you.”

“You too!” Lucy yelled. “Can’t wait to talk more later!”

“Luce,” Alex groaned.

“What?”

“Don’t.”

“Don’t what?”

“Don’t…don’t do whatever it is you think I want you to do.”

“What? Like point out that you’re prettier or have so much more chemistry with Maggie?”

“Yeah, like all of that.”

“Just because I don’t say it doesn’t mean it’s not true…”

Eventually Alex and Lucy made their way back upstairs to call it an early night. The sight of Maggie with another woman—while obviously perfectly fine, Alex was quick to add—had put a damper on the mood that no amount of late 90s humor could fix.

It wasn’t until later—an hour and several re-reading of the same 10 pages in her textbook later, to be exact—that Alex realized what a terrible mistake she’d made in going back upstairs. Because there was absolutely no mistaking the sound of bed springs creaking or muffled laughter or poorly stifled moaning coming through the walls, which apparently lacked any attempt at soundproofing.

Alex pulled out her phone and quickly texted Lucy: “Can you hear that?? If you can’t, we’re switching rooms!”
“I can,” Lucy sent back. “Want me to start moaning along with them? 10/10 guarantee it kills the mood real fast.”

Alex snorted into her pillow. “It’s fine.”

“Want some company?”

“Why? So we can whisper and text each other and listen to the live sex show happening next door?”

“Misery loves company, right?”

“Ugh, I think misery needs more wine tonight instead.”

A few minutes later, Lucy found Alex downstairs with a coffee mug full of cheap red wine clutched in her hands, her textbook open in her lap, but her eyes unmoving.

“You okay, sweetie?”

“Fine. It’s not like I have a right to be upset.”

“Alex, they’re feelings. You have a right to feel whatever you want. Maybe you shouldn’t act on it or go yell at Maggie or anything rash, but you can be sad or annoyed or upset or whatever.”

“I don’t know.”

“At least let me keep you company?”

“Yeah, alright.”

Grabbing one of her books off the table, Lucy settled in next to Alex on the couch, pulling the blanket up from the floor and throwing it around them. Anytime sounds filtered down from upstairs, Lucy made a point of coming up with some random question that absolutely needed answering immediately. It wasn’t fooling Alex, but she appreciated the effort anyway.

“Maggie! Fuck, fuck, Mags, don’t stop!”

“Hey, Alex, what do you know about Thomas Hobbes’ political philosophy?” Lucy asked loudly, grimacing as her voice did little to mute the noises coming from upstairs, all of which culminated in a loud gasping moan.

“Pretty sure he thought it was just as hellish as this nightmare,” Alex growled, closing her eyes and praying Maggie wasn’t feeling all that generous tonight.

“Hey, that’s actually right,” Lucy chuckled, patting Alex on the shoulder and attempting a smile.

Alex just grunted, finishing the wine in her mug. “Since it sounds like we won’t be getting an encore tonight, I’m off to bed before I have to make pleasant conversation with darling Darla on her way out.”

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The next morning, Maggie shuffled Darla out the door, smiling sheepishly at Alex and Lucy, both of whom were at the kitchen table already by the time she woke up. When she came back in, she rubbed at the back of her neck awkwardly. “I, uh, sorry if it was—”

“It’s fine,” Alex cut in. “We only said not on the shared furniture. You’re fine.”
“I, uh,” Maggie stuttered, trying to figure out why Alex was being so curt if it was fine.

“I’m gonna go work in the library,” Alex announced, throwing some of her books into a bag. “Have a good day.”

Maggie was left feeling like Darla must have kept the other two up rather late if their matching scowls were any indication.

She spent the next month crashing at Darla’s place most weekend nights.

Alex spent most of her nights for the next month at the library. She also invested in heavy-duty concert earplugs for the nights Darla ended up back at their place. It didn’t stop her from knowing exactly what was happening, but at least she didn’t have to hear the very vocal proof of everything she had missed out on by telling Lucy she was too busy to date.

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Maggie and Darla broke up a couple of weeks after Halloween. Apparently there had been some big fight after a party that had ended with nasty accusations being thrown and Maggie’s storming out of Darla’s apartment at 2 in the morning with no way home. After a block or two with too many catcalls by drunk men leaving costume parties in hoods and masks, Maggie broke down and called Alex, sniffing into the phone as she explained what happened. She’d asked if Alex would just talk on the phone with her while she walked, but within what felt like minutes, Alex was roaring up alongside her in James’ car.

“Sorry,” Maggie muttered, as she slid into the car, fumbling blindly with the seatbelt. “I’m sure you were asleep.”

“Hey, your safety matters a hundred times more than sleep or work or studying, okay? Don’t forget that.”

“Wow, more than studying? Sure know how to make a girl feel special,” Maggie laughed, hiccupping softly.

“Yeah, yeah, don’t let it go to your head.”

“Don’t worry, Darla said enough to convince me that I definitely don’t deserve any inflated sense of self-worth.”

“First of all, I have very vivid memories that seem to suggest an inflated ego is definitely deserved somewhere,” Alex joked, pulling a watery chuckle from Maggie. “And second of all, I’m far more judgmental than I think she ever was, and I’m telling you right here, right now that you’re a good person. You don’t deserve whatever shit she said to you.”

Maggie didn’t mention that a few of the things Darla said had everything to do with just how much Alex seemed to like Maggie—and how uninterested Maggie seemed to be in doing anything to deter that kind of relationship with her. “I don’t know, some of it seemed pretty true. Like the fact that she wasn’t my main priority.”

“You’re a student, Maggie. And one that works too. No shit she wasn’t at the top of your list! And for good reason.”

“And she said I was stubborn and hard-headed.”

“So am I, and you don’t think I’m a terrible person, do you?”
“Of course not!”

“Therefore, the same things about you do not make you a terrible person either. Logic.”

“You’re spending too much time with our future JAG Corps lawyer.”

“I’m sure she’d say there’s no such thing as too much time with her.”

“Even more proof that you’re spending too much time with her,” Maggie snorted.

They drove in silence for a few minutes. As they got closer to their house, though, Alex spoke up.

“While we’ve got the car, want to go get anything? I hear chocolate and wine are really great for making break ups suck less.”

“I think…I don’t know, it’s gonna make all her points about me seem even more true, but I’m just… I’m not that upset about the fact that we’re not together anymore. I’m more upset about the way things ended.” Alex nodded. “Like, I didn’t love her, but I thought we both liked each other. And if you like someone, you should treat them with a certain amount of respect, right?”

“Absolutely.”

Maggie just sighed, resting her forehead against the cool glass of the window. “Could we get Fruit Loops?”

Trying not to laugh, Alex cleared her throat. “Uh, the cereal? Or is that some kind of a code name for a drink or drug that I just don’t know about yet.”

Maggie burst out laughing. “Nah, the cereal, Danvers.”

Okay, uh, yeah, we can swing by the store.” Alex made two rights to get them headed back in the direction of the grocery store. “Wanna tell me why?”

“It’s dumb.”

“It’s not dumb, I’m sure.”

“No, I just…I had it on special occasions when I was little. We didn’t normally get name brand stuff, ya know? So it was always, like, a big deal when we did. And then, um,” Maggie paused, sniffing softly, “um, when I moved in with my aunt in high school, she tried to have it for me whenever I was feeling down—her way of showing me that, I don’t know, it’s stupid, but it was like a reminder of only the good parts of home that I could still have with her.”

“It’s not stupid,” Alex insisted, patting around in the center console and trying to find tissues for Maggie.

“It is. I mean, I know it is. But it doesn’t stop it from making me feel better.”

“It’s really not dumb, Maggie.”

“Oh really? Is your best memory of home some shitty cereal full of high fructose corn syrup and artificial coloring?”

“No,” Alex admitted. Steeling her nerves, she took a deep breath. “But a dirty old surfboard is.”

“What?”
“I, um, I used to surf a lot. We lived right on the beach.”

“That’s cool.”

“Yeah. Uh, anyway, my dad was the one to teach me, and later on weekends, he’d take me out if he was around. Anyway, he took me out one of the last really good surfing weekends of the year when he was home for a visit before a long work trip, and he bought me a new board—didn’t give it to me until the day he left, though. He, um, he didn’t come home.” Maggie debated reaching out, but decided to keep her hands in her lap at the sight of Alex’s knuckles clenched tightly around the steering wheel. “And so that board—not the new one, but the one I learned to surf on, the one I rode during all those mornings we spent together—I never used it again. I was worried that, I don’t know, that somehow I’d fuck it up. Like, I’d hit the waves wrong or wipe out and crack the board or something, and then it wouldn’t be right anymore. And then I’d be responsible for ruining the last thing about him.”

They sat in silence for a little bit before Maggie spoke, her voice barely above a whisper. “That’s not dumb either. Not that you need me to say it.”

“It kinda is. But it’s okay.”

Maggie understood the logic. “Thanks for trusting me with your story.”

“Yeah, I, uh, of course.” She didn’t mention that she’d never told anyone that story, that even Kara didn’t know the full reason for why a ratty old surfboard was still prominently displayed when Alex had a brand new one.

Maggie twisted her ring around her finger, trying to work up the courage to be as open in return. “My, um, my aunt took me in. After my parents kicked me out. For, uh, being gay.” Maggie was just grateful that her voice had only wavered a little. She didn’t like telling people, didn’t want the pitying looks that always came with the confession, the way that she was turned back into that same scared, helpless little girl in their minds when she’d fought tooth and nail to turn herself into someone who could never be hurt that way again. But she suspected that Alex might just understand.

“I’m glad you had someone,” Alex whispered, her hand finding Maggie’s and squeezing for just a moment.

They drove the rest of the way in a comfortable silence and left the store with a few bottles of cheap wine, some vegan ice cream, three family-sized boxes of Fruit Loops, and a box of pancake mix. The teenage boy at the checkout counter laughed and muttered something about how they should “enjoy their trip.”

That night, they ate until their stomachs ached from overeating and cackling at shitty movies that definitely weren’t funny enough to warrant deep belly laughs.

Over the next couple of weeks, they sank back into a familiar routine. Maggie joined them at the table once more, and Alex stopped going to the library most nights. If Alex and Maggie sat just a little closer and shared a few more inside jokes, no one seemed to notice—or at least they didn’t care enough to comment on it. Lucy made a few teasing remarks, but she seemed to sense that Alex needed time to get used to the new normal, so she kept it to a minimum, too focused on her thesis and the looming first chapter deadline her advisor had set for her to pay much attention anyway.

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“I hear you’ve a birthday coming up this Thursday.”
Alex peered up from her textbook at Maggie. “Oh, uh, yeah.”

“How are we celebrating?”

“It’s a school night. We’re not.” She couldn’t quite help the swoop in her stomach at Maggie’s use of “we,” though.

“It’s your 21st, Danvers! We have to do something special!”

“What? Like drink enough that I spend half my night curled around the toilet bowl wishing I were dead? No thanks. Not my thing.”

“Point taken. But you should at least go out and get carded.”

“The campus bars barely remember to ID anyone when half of the kids here have fakes that make it through the scanners.”

“Then we won’t go on campus. C’mon, my treat. Let me buy you one drink for your birthday, then you can come back here and spend your night having a rollicking good time with your textbooks.”

“I guess,” Alex shrugged.

“That’s the spirit!”

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The next day, Lucy found Alex in her room. “So! Tomorrow’s the big day, right?”

“Lucy, I told you, I don’t care that much about my birthday.”

“Birthday? Nah, I mean your big date with Maggie.”

“Lucy!” Alex hissed, her head whipping to the wall she shared with Maggie to listen for any movement.

“She’s not here; calm your tits.”

Alex just rolled her eyes. “Is this your way of telling me you’ve forgiven me for not letting you buy me my first legal drink?”

“I suppose I got to buy you your first illegal one,” Lucy sighed, throwing a hand dramatically across her forehead. “That’ll have to be enough!”

Alex tossed a pillow at Lucy, laughing until another it was launched right back at her, catching her unprepared and unguarded. Then it was Lucy’s turn to laugh loudly.

“You know I’ll expect a full report, right?”

“I’d expect nothing less.”

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After spending hours upon hours hunched over her books, Alex actually found herself ahead of schedule on her homework and long-term projects in time for her drink with Maggie. She might have skipped a meal or two and several hours of sleep to get there, but the excited smile she got in return when she told Maggie was beyond worth it.
Within minutes, Maggie had her out the front door with little more than her license thrown into her pockets.

When the first bar they went to didn’t ask for Alex’s license, Maggie shook her head and whisked her over to the next one, finding them a seat at one of the tables along a low half-wall.

“You moved on quick,” came a raspy voice that Maggie would have recognized anywhere.

“It’s just Alex’s birthday,” Maggie explained through gritted teeth. She wondered idly when Darla had gotten the new job.

“And I’m sure you two are here alone because no one else could possibly have come out with you.”

“It’s not—I don’t have to justify myself to you, Darla. You dumped me.”

“And apparently for all the right reasons.”

With an apology to Alex, Maggie led her down the road to a third bar. Alex tried not to ask the questions that spun through her thoughts, making her dizzy with curiosity. But at least the bartender at the next place was friendly. And he asked to see Alex’s ID, which was the whole point of the evening. Maggie bought her a glass of middle-grade whiskey, promising that when Alex was ready to go all the way to the outskirts of town to the distillery, she’d buy her something from the very top shelf.

With her work out of the way, Alex found she had no excuses to say no to a second drink—especially not when she wanted one, when she wanted this time to celebrate and be with Maggie.

Her phone rang a few minutes after her third round. The caller ID read, “Mom.” With a sigh, Alex stepped away from the table to answer. Maggie drummed her fingers against the table while she waited. Alex came back with a new drink that Maggie definitely hadn’t purchased for her and a scowl on her face.

“You okay?”

“Fine.” She didn’t sound fine.

“We could, you know, go home… Or go grab a bite to eat.”

“Why? You disappointed in me for going out to drink on a Thursday too?”

“What?” Maggie looked shocked and quickly shook her head. “No! I mean, I brought you out here. If you don’t want to be here, I promise, we can leave.”

Sighing, Alex dropped her head into her hands. “No. No, sorry. I’m just ruining something more now.”

“What?” Maggie couldn’t help but feel like there were pieces of the story she was missing.

“Nothing. I’m just always a perpetual disappointment who’s never going to be the woman my dad dreamed I might become.”

“Excuse me? Who said that?” Maggie demanded.

“My mom. Not in so many words, but the meaning was clear enough,” Alex sighed, drinking deeply from her glass.
“Maybe we talk instead,” Maggie suggested, gently nudging the half-empty glass away from Alex. “I’ve been told I’m a good listener.”

“I’m tired of just talking. I want to do something.”

“Well…why’s your mom mad?”

“She’s not—I don’t know—she didn’t say she was mad. She just sighed and ‘Alexandra’-ed me, and asked why I wasn’t studying on a school night—after all, she doesn’t pay for me to squander my time out at the bars.”

There was a dangerous glint in Maggie’s eyes when she looked back at Alex. “If you could do one thing for your last few months of college that isn’t just school work, what would it be?”

“What?”

“What’s something you always thought, ‘Huh, maybe I could do that,’ but never gave it a shot because that little voice in the back of your head that sounds suspiciously like your mother told you it was a waste of time?”

“It’s silly,"

“No more silly than Fruit Loops.”

Sighing, Alex looked up at Maggie. “It’s the most stereotypical of things, but I kind of wanted to play rugby.”

“Then do it!”

“The season’s already over.”

“Correction: the fall season is over. Senior spring: join the rugby team.”

“I wouldn’t know anyone.”

“You and me, we’ll join together.”

“You want to play?”

“Nope,” Maggie laughed. “But I’m happy enough to hang out with a bunch of gay ladies and drink beer on weekends and warm the bench at matches.”

“You’d do that for me?”

“Of course,” Maggie answered, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world, as though anyone would say the same.

“Why?”

“Because you’re one of my best friends.” If Maggie had finished more than a single drink, she might have admitted that Alex was her best friend and, at times, something more—or at least it felt like they were always hanging on the edge of something more.

Alex, who was four drinks in with little to nothing in the way of food to absorb the alcohol, tilted her head to the side and squinted over at Maggie. “Did you know Lucy thought we’d be good as not-friends?”
“Oh.” Maggie tried not to let the expression of hurt show. Just because Lucy had thought they wouldn’t get along didn’t mean that her first close friend at the school didn’t trust her or think her unworthy of good people’s time and attention.

“Yeah. I was dumb enough to say no. I mean, I thought it was smart then,” Alex slurred, gesticulating with her glass as she tipped the rest of the contents into her mouth. Maggie wondered whether she might have grabbed another drink during the phone call. “If she’d shown me your picture, I might have said yes,” Alex admitted with an uncharacteristic giggle.

“What do you mean?”

“The date. Or the almost date. Last year.”

“Wait…between us?”

“Yes. Sorry, I’m sure you don’t feel the same. It’s fine. I should go.”

“Wait, Alex!” Maggie called after her, chasing behind the woman with her coat after tossing down enough money to cover a generous tip. She just hoped Alex had paid for her drinks outright instead of setting up a tab.

“What?” Alex kept walking at a brisk pace that left Maggie half-jogging to keep up with her.

“I didn’t know. But I thought you sounded cool—whenever Lucy talked about you, I mean.”

“Yes?”

“Yeah. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because I wouldn’t even think about saying yes to a date when I had classes. And I’m a disappointment and not particularly friendly, and I’d probably be too self-conscious to yell your name in bed.” Maggie’s cheeks flamed at the realization that Alex had absolutely been able to hear Darla—and not just the muffled sounds she assumed were the worst possibility.

“Alex, look, you’ve had a lot to drink. I don’t want you to say something now that you’ll regret in the morning. But if you want to talk then, let me know, okay?”

“Fine.”

They walked the final blocks in silence.

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Alex avoided Maggie for days on end. She almost wished she’d had enough to drink to forget the whole night. Instead, she could remember how desperate she surely sounded, practically throwing herself at Maggie as she begged for the woman to say anything to validate her one-sided affections.

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On day six of the silent treatment, Maggie skipped her last class, banking on the hope that Alex would go back to the house if she thought Maggie wouldn’t be around. She picked up two drinks from the campus coffee shop to bring with her.

“Alex,” Maggie called out. “Alex, I’m here!” She heard a shuffle of movement from upstairs, followed by eerie silence. “I’m coming upstairs, Alex!” After knocking softly on Alex’s door three times, Maggie pushed it open. “Hey there.”
“Oh, uh, I didn’t hear you there,” Alex muttered, gesturing at her headphones before going back to staring intently down at the pages of her book.

“You forgot to plug the headphones into your phone,” Maggie commented, pointing at the dangling cord.

“Right.”

“Pick a drink: chai latte or earl gray tea latte. Soy milk in both.”

“Chai is good,” Alex sighed, reaching out for the offered drink if only to give her hands something to do.

“We don’t have to talk about your birthday, but I miss talking to you in general.”

“Sorry.”

“You don’t—don’t apologize for taking time. I just, I’m still your friend, no matter what.”

“And that’s all?”

“That’s all because that’s all you’ve asked for when you’ve been sober,” Maggie snapped.

“What am I supposed to say? That I fell for you before I even got to know you, and ever since moving in here, I’ve regretted my decision to say no to Lucy more than I regret most things in my life —and that’s a long fucking list?”

“Why don’t you start with telling me why you think I’d never feel the same way.”

“What?”

“Alex, Darla dumped me because she said I was in love with someone else—with you.”

“That’s stupid.”

“Maybe. But it wasn’t necessarily wrong.”

“What?”

“I can think of a hundred reasons why it’s a terrible idea for us to date—our adjoining rooms, for one—but I can’t find any combination of those reasons that make my feelings go away.”

“Are you, uh, are you saying you like me?”

“Yeah, Danvers, that’s exactly what I’m saying.”

“And you know I like you too, right?”

“I’m gathering as much.”

Alex nodded slowly as she sipped at her drink. “So, uh, what do we do now?”

“Well, I’ve been telling you to live senior year without regrets, and I’m realizing maybe I should take the same advice myself.” Alex looked up at Maggie with wide eyes, her shaky fingers still clutched around the warm cup. “And I think—I think that there’ll always be things that stand in our way, and if we let them win every time, we’ll never get to find out what might have been.”
“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying that life’s too short. We should be who we are. And we should kiss the girls we want to kiss. And I—well, I really, really want to kiss you, Alex.”

Maggie reached over and took the latte from Alex’s hands, gingerly placing it down on the desk by the bed as she leaned over, pausing just a few inches away from Alex. “So besides rugby, is there anything you’ve been letting fear stop you from doing?”

“Oh stop, you’re starting to sound like a motivational speaker,” Alex teased. But she leaned forward just the same, throwing an arm around Maggie’s neck and dragging her in until they were kissing—soft and gentle and oh so right.

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Two weekends later, Lucy found herself once more grumbling about loud noises coming through the wall and echoing around the upstairs hallway. Like the last time, she pulled out her phone to text Alex, only this time, her message was a little different. “Danvers, I swear to god! You know how thin these wall are, and if I hear either one of your names one more time, I’m making you go fuck in your girlfriend’s backyard garden!”

She followed it up with: “But I’m so happy for both of you.”

Then: “But seriously, I need sleep, so stfu.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Almost 100% Maggie’s POV on this one, so get excited for a change of pace! This is fairly canon compliant in the basics (just think Alex and Maggie meeting several years earlier).

Chapter Notes

A/N: This was so fucking cathartic to write, considering Maggie’s first day is an exact replica of my own first day as a barista (minus Alex…tragically), so please enjoy a glimpse into my life (or at least one of the few times I’ll own up to doing it). Also, your comments have been amazing and are totally helping me get through a shitty week at work, so thank you <3 and I promise to get back in there to respond very soon! Just need to spend tonight finishing that soulmate au for tomorrow…got some surprise twists ahead!

“Here’s your apron, two polos, your hat, and your drink manual. Try to have the basics memorized before your shift on Monday. And you’ll need to wear non-slip shoes and pants of a solid color—black or khaki are preferred. No jeans.” Maggie nodded along as Grace spoke quickly, trying to figure out if there was some way she could try to restack what was becoming a rather unwieldy pile of things without looking like she’d stopped listening or wasn’t able to handle it. “Your schedule will be posted in the employee break room on Thursday of each week. Check it. If you won’t be in, call someone to have them send your hours to you. If you can’t cover a shift, it’s your responsibility to find someone who can cover it for you. Got it?”

“Um, yes,” Maggie nodded. “And I’m still okay to take the weekend after next off, right?”

“You put it in your application?”

“Yes.”

“Then, yeah, you should be fine.” Grace paused for a moment to look at Maggie, as if remembering that she was a couple years older than most of their new recruits, who tended to be new college freshmen looking for a job to feed their caffeine addiction and leave them with a bit of extra money for books and food.

“Great.”

“We’ll see you on Monday, Maggie.”

Carefully shuffling the items over to her left hand, Maggie reached out to shake Grace’s hand before turning and leaving the back office. She took a moment to stuff her new belongings into her bag, then headed out to her motorcycle. As she drove, she tried to imagine her new life. She still had a
couple of months before her police academy training began, but she’d been forcing herself out of bed early each morning for long runs to prepare. And until then, she had a local branch of a coffee chain to call her workplace. She hoped it would be better than the bar she worked at during college. At the very least, it should be less disgusting to clean at the end of the night and, she hoped, involve far fewer patrons trying to grope her.

It was still weird trying to adjust to life back in the states. After spending two full years abroad with the Peace Corps after graduation, it was quite the adjustment to be back in a city where people would come and pay her $4 for a cup of coffee, where she had fairly reliable wifi, where people willingly went to restaurants that charged $20 for a couple of eggs. And she certainly didn’t want to act like one of those people who thought they were some savior from the West who had gone out and rescued babies and brought culture to regions of the world that already had their own culture and had already been screwed over enough times by the West that “saving” was beyond misleading as a verb.

But still, she could admit that it was a culture shock to be back—even more so when she thought about just how different she would be from everyone at the academy and even most of the people at the coffee shop. She was less straight and male and white than pretty much everyone in the accepted class of recruits for the academy, and even though she was only a couple of years older than some of the other baristas, she worried it would feel like an unbridgeable chasm.

Her worries occupied her thoughts for the full ride home, and before she knew it, she was back up in the half-furnished apartment she’d promised herself that she would try to decorate this weekend. But, she reasoned, it was probably more important to set about memorizing the drink recipes…

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Monday morning came, and with it, her first shift. Pulling out the dresser drawer and ignoring the way it stuck on the left side and squealed indignantly when she finally got it to budge, Maggie fished out a pair of non-wrinkled black pants that she wouldn’t be too mad about ruining if there were any spills, then yanked one of the regulation black polos over her head. She wished she had taken the time to wash the shirts to break them in a bit. As it stood now, the polo was stiff and crunchy, the lines from where she’d folded it clearly visible running down and across her torso. Sighing, she threw an apron and hat in her bag and swept her hair up into a neat ponytail. Figuring that was about as good as it would get, she tossed her drink manual into her bag for good measure and headed downstairs to her bike.

She arrived a few minutes early—a fact that seemed to impress Grace—and was shown how to swipe her time card and where to leave her bag. Grace took her up to the front next.

“This is the cash register. I assume since you listed a few customer service jobs, you already know how to use one. You get a manager or an assistant manager if you need to void transactions—don’t try to do it yourself.”

“Got it.”

“When it’s slow, you can look around, familiarize yourself with where all the buttons are so that you won’t slow down the line when it gets busy.” Maggie nodded. “Behind you is where you’ll go for drip coffee. Coffee, tea, and pastries are the only items customers get before leaving the counter. Otherwise you get their name, scratch the order on the cup, and send it down the line.”

“Okay.” So far, it wasn’t too bad. She was glad to hear that she wouldn’t have to prepare every drink her first day. She followed along as Grace showed her how to brew coffee and set the timer that would tell her when she had to throw out the old stuff and put on something new. Next up was tea, which seemed the easiest by far, though she wondered if Grace was making the use of tongs to pull
single tea bags out of their boxes look easier than it really was. In any case, throwing something into a cup and dousing it in hot water was definitely a first-day-level task she felt more than capable of handling. Next, Maggie followed Grace over to the pastry case where Grace pointed out the small signs for where different items should be displayed. Almost immediately, Maggie put tongs that were apparently quite sharp through the center of a scone that then crumbled into three chunks and a cascade of crumbs.

“Right, so, uh, that can be your breakfast now.”

“Sorry,” Maggie mumbled, feeling her cheeks heat up slightly.

“It’s fine,” Grace insisted, waving away Maggie’s apology. “If it’s still happening by your second week, then it’s a problem. Hour one? Eh, not so much.”

“Okay, yeah, I’ll definitely be better.”

“The trick is to get all the way under the pastry with your tongs so that you don’t get just one point digging straight in.”

“Makes sense.” Working side-by-side, Maggie and Grace filled the shelves with breakfast pastries. The bagels were Maggie’s favorite; even though they rolled, they were almost impossible to break. The scones and the coffee cake were firmly at the bottom of her list. By the time they were done, they both had full plates of free, if slightly broken, breakfast pastries.

“When we’re open, don’t eat behind the counter. You can make yourself a drink at the end of the shift and for your break, but don’t go so extravagant that you’re making yourself two gigantic frappés every single time you work.”

“I prefer espresso, so I promise, no big drinks for me,” Maggie laughed.

“And if a customer says the drink is wrong, the drink is wrong. If they drank out of it, throw it out. If they didn’t touch it, you’re welcome to keep it for yourself, but it can’t be served again. Sometimes they’ll be wrong. Sometimes you’ll be wrong. No matter what, smile, apologize, and offer to do it again. If they berate you or anything seems potentially dangerous, you can come back and get me or the on-shift manager.”

“Does that happen often?” She wasn’t too scared—after all, she was planning to be a cop, and that would mean dealing with so much worse on a daily basis—but she was a bit horrified at the idea that people would be getting violent over coffee with any degree of regularity.

“Not too much. We’re by the hospital and the med school, so sometimes we’ve got really stressed students and doctors who come in, or friends and family of patients who are already in a bad mood that has nothing to do with you. But you’ll get used to it.” As if remembering that she didn’t want to lose an employee already, she added, “There are great customers too! The regulars who tip no matter how simple their order is. A few nice older people who come over after their physical therapy and want to know how your day’s going. You’ll get to know them too if you stick around.”

“Makes sense. Like you said, I worked in customer service before, so I don’t scare easy.”

“Always good to hear.” After that, Grace led Maggie around the small area, pointing out where the fridges were with the different kinds of milk and whipped cream. Then there was the “flavor wall” with pumps of just about every flavored syrup she could imagine; it almost felt like a very mundane, significantly less exciting version of a Willy Wonka room. Next up was the equipment section with frothing pitchers and thermometers and espresso tampers and blenders and a hundred and one things
that Maggie wasn’t quite sure about yet. Finally, Grace gestured at the espresso machines. “You’ll know what they are. Honestly, if you’re not on register or you’re working a slow period when you’re the only one up front, you’ll spend most of your time here. You pull espresso here.” She gestured at the center section. “Heat and foam your milk here.” She gestured at the arm that came down off the side of it. “Watch the temperature. Follow the guidelines listed there. Go too hot and the taste will be off. Too cold and, well, you’ll get them back up at the counter in just a minute or two demanding a new one.”

Maggie nodded, hoping she would get more detailed instructions as she went.

“Before we open, go check to make sure the creamers have been put out, the sugars stocked, napkin dispensers filled, you know the drill.”

“Want me to do that now?”

“That’d be great. We open in 15, so when you’re done, just look around, figure out the cash register buttons, that kind of thing. I’ll be back up to help make your drinks since Katie called out sick. You’ll take care of coffee, tea, pastries, and the register. If it gets quiet, come down and watch me make drinks to start learning how. Otherwise, you memorized the drink abbreviations for the cups, right?”

“Yeah, I think so.” Now, of course, her mind seemed perfectly blank when faced with the extensive menu board, but she hoped it would come back to her. Once Grace went to the back, Maggie set about filling the sugars and the bottles for creamer and carefully arranging them along the two small side tables. When she finished with them, she went back to the register and read across the rows, trying to figure out the logic to how they were arranged. She’d always had difficulty memorizing anything that seemed random, but the second it had an internal logic, the second she could put some sense into it, she was just fine. Of course, a few of her teachers hadn’t particularly cared that she needed to know more background information and had scrawled bright red Xs across her tests with admonitions to “do better,” as though she weren’t already busting her butt trying, but she’d learned her own way.

“Ready to open up?” Grace asked, her voice startling Maggie out of her concentration.

“Yes!” She was happy to find that when Grace propped open the doors, no rush of people spilled in. Instead, the store stayed empty for a few more minutes until a small group of doctors walked in together, two of them greeting Grace by name.

Maggie listened as they ordered, grateful that they spoke slowly, recognizing her as one of the new people. She scrawled more complicated orders on cups and passed them to Grace, then set out one medium-sized cup to get the requested coffee after she’d rung them up.

“Milk drinks: bottom left,” she thought to herself as she found the buttons for “cappuccino” and “latte,” before moving up to the prominently displayed drip coffee section.

“For the three drinks, it’ll be $10.80.”

“I think you forgot to charge me for soy milk,” one of the younger doctors whispered, giving her a small wink when she grimaced at her mistake. “I mean, I won’t complain, but I wouldn’t want to get you in trouble either.”

“Thanks,” she mumbled, quickly finding the “extra cost” options set off from the other buttons. “It’ll be $11.30.”
They quickly paid, and Maggie shuffled over to watch Grace finish up with the cappuccino.

Over the course of her first two hours, Maggie brewed new coffee and served several cups of coffee and tea. She broke one piece of their pumpkin loaf and got several sympathetic smiles from people who could tell she was new. She watched Grace pull shots of espresso and even got the chance to do a couple herself for iced drinks, which she found were much easier than hot drinks, though she left the milk frother alone for now; she could try that out later—maybe once she figured out how to use tongs.

The customers were an interesting assortment of people. There were definitely a few stressed, grumpy doctors, but then there were also doctors who seemed grateful for a few minutes away and left generous tips for her. She spotted a few students lugging backpacks that had to be heavy enough to be destroying their backs. A few of them looked old enough to be grad students—probably med students, since their campus was so close. They were the ones that parked themselves at the small tables in the corners, extra-shot lattes clutched in their hands and bloodshot eyes skimming across pages of small text.

One of them had caught her eye—not that she would ever be the creepy person who scrawled a number across a receipt and made a customer feel uncomfortable in what had once been a favorite study spot. She was on the tall side with long brown hair that cascaded down the back of her black leather jacket and big eyes that Maggie swore she could get lost in. The faint smell of whiskey lingered on her jacket, and Maggie found herself wondering if she’d taken a night off from studying to get a drink or if she’d simply ended up enjoying a glass of something at home with her textbooks. Her gaze was slightly critical, but she hadn’t been hostile or even impatient in the way some of the others were. Grace had Maggie pull the shot of espresso for her red eye, and Maggie was grateful when the woman—Alex, at least if she’d given her real name—didn’t find any reason to complain about it. And, while she’d never look intentionally, she happened to glance up when Alex bent over to set down her bag and found the view from the backside was extremely nice as well.

A new rush of people left her too busy to contemplate this Alex woman any further. Besides, her long nails seemed to suggest that she was very straight, and Maggie was done trying with those ones these days. During undergrad, it had been one thing. There were people from small towns who’d never really thought about anything outside of heterosexuality as a possibility, and Maggie didn’t mind talking to them and sometimes sleeping with them. But after getting burned a few too many times—whether she was left behind when the girl decided she was definitely straight and didn’t need reminders of a time she’d thought otherwise, or paraded out like some kind of show pony at parties to attract the kinds of attention that Maggie definitely didn’t want—she’d focused her attention on the ones who were already out and available.

When it quieted down again around 11, Grace pulled off her apron. “I need to go check in at a few of our other locations. Mike should be in any minute, and you’ll be able to take another short break. Then you’ll get Brett at noon for any lunch crowds. I’ll turn on the dishwasher so that you guys won’t be stuck this afternoon, but when more people are in, you’ll want to take turns washing dishes by hand in the back. It’s faster, and it cuts down on expenses.”

“Thanks.” Wanting to look productive, Maggie grabbed the rag and began wiping down the counters while she waited for Mike to show up. The thumbs up from Grace on her way out at the sight of sparkling counters and freshly refilled sugar and creamer containers was definitely worth the bit of extra work. Maggie checked the clock, watching as the minutes ticked by and still no Mike.

A customer cleared his throat, and Maggie snapped to attention. “Hi! Sorry, how are you?”

“I’m alright,” he chuckled. “New here?”
“First day,” Maggie admitted. “Is it that obvious?”

“I’m a regular,” he shrugged. “In that case, how about just a plain coffee and one of those double-chocolate Oreo brownies.”

“Yes, sir.” Maggie punched the items into the register and rung him up, then successfully managed to pull out a brownie without breaking it. She cheered internally—or at least, she thought she had, but the amused smile playing about his lips seemed to suggest that she might have let one small “yay” slip. Once he had his coffee, she watched as he walked past rows of empty tables to where Alex was sitting, a large book propped in front of her. She couldn’t hear what they were saying, but Alex didn’t appear to be in distress, and she moved the stack of books for him to join her at the table.

Several more minutes went by. A few people strolled in together, and Maggie tried not to panic at the sight. The first two wanted coffee and espresso, respectively, and Maggie managed to pull it off. The third ordered a latte, and Maggie apologized, explaining that it was her first day and she hadn’t yet learned how to heat and foam the milk. He seemed annoyed, but eventually he relented and asked for a coffee with extra room for milk, which Maggie was all too happy to do. When they left, she began poking around for any kind of staff directory that might list Mike’s number, but she found nothing. Trying to stay calm, she watched as customers slowly filtered out. And then suddenly, there was a rush of movement. She wondered if it was shift change at the hospital or maybe the end of a popular class time. In any case, it was far too many people for one skilled barista to handle alone, let alone a brand new one who barely knew how to use half of the things behind the counter.

“How can I help you?” Maggie asked, hoping that Mike would magically appear before anyone ordered anything more complicated than coffee.

“I’d like a mocha frappé and a peppermint frappe.”

“Oh, uh, you know, our second person is coming in in just a few minutes.” She raised her voice slightly. “Is anyone here ordering plain coffee?”

One or two people raised their hands, and Maggie quickly served them, sending them off happy enough. “Um, what about red eyes? Or shots of espresso?” Maggie called out, wincing at the grumbling that met her call.

“It’s frappé happy hour!” someone yelled out from the line.

“What?”

“I got the email about it and everything. Buy one get one half off.”

Maggie definitely didn’t know how to enter in that kind of discount, much less how to make a frappé or even use the damn fancy blender that seemed to mock her from its prominent place on the counter. “Uh, it’s my first day, so I haven’t learned how to make all of our drinks yet. If you could just wait for my coworker to come in, he should be here any minute now.”

“I have to get back to work!”

“I have class soon!”

“If you’re offering a promotion you have to honor it!”

The voices rose in pitch, and Maggie couldn’t figure out whether the impulse to scream and quit or to break down and cry was stronger. She wouldn’t do either; she knew damn well that she was strong enough not to cry in front of strangers and too responsible to abandon the store. But the impulses
were there, and she felt like she was teetering on the edge in a way that she hadn’t in quite some time.

“I am sorry,” Maggie yelled over the din. “Like I said, it’s my first day. I can offer you a coupon to come back for a free drink later today or in the future, but I am not able to make frappés at this moment.”

The yelling continued, and one man who looked far too old to be quite so angry about a delay in getting his high-sugar, high-fat frappé slammed his fists down on the counter, making Maggie wish she’d already gotten through the academy and had any kind of formal authority to snarl right back at him.

“She offered you a free drink coupon when the current promo is only for a half-priced drink with the purchase of a full-cost one. So how about you recognize a good deal and back the fuck off?” Maggie looked up to see Alex striding across the shop and glaring at everyone in line. “And you—yeah, you, with the fists coming far too near a young woman—I suggest you step back very, very slowly unless you want to find out what it’s like to have one of these heeled boots far enough up your ass that I could use you as an extra credit project for my anatomy class.”

The man stepped back, looking thoroughly chagrined and more than a little frightened, and Maggie realized her jaw had dropped open at this woman who had just gotten about twenty times hotter than she already was.

“Maggie, right?”

“What?” Maggie asked, feeling thoroughly underprepared to deal with a conversation with this beautiful, badass angel sent down from lesbian heaven.

Alex just gestured at the small nametag that Grace had affixed to her apron, smirking at Maggie’s quick nod. “Is someone coming in to help?”

“Um, Katie called out sick, but Mike was supposed to be here at 11.”

With a noise of disgust, Alex shook her head. “Yeah, Monday Mike sucks. He’s never here on time, and when he’s here, he barely does work. Look, the kids are great, but yesterday was homecoming. I think you’re gonna be a little fucked.”

“Great,” Maggie groaned.

“It’s fine,” Alex assured her, and somehow the level of certainty in her voice seemed to broker no disagreement. She raised her voice and addressed the crowd once more: “No frappés today, got it? You have a problem, you take it up with management when they come back because they’re the ones that left someone brand new here alone. Try to yell at her again, and I’ll make sure that my friend Hank”—Alex gestured to the large man who looked significantly more intimidating now that he was standing with his arms crossed and not eating an Oreo brownie—“escorts you out and straight over to the campus police. Got it?” Even the worst of the group seemed to cower under her intense gaze and fell into line. “Good. Now anything else should be fine.”

Maggie took her place at the register while Alex washed her hands. She suspected she wasn’t supposed to let strangers behind the counter, but she also suspected she should never have been left alone on her first day.

As Maggie took orders, she found Alex was able to quickly and (hopefully) correctly fill them. She was gruff and didn’t try to attempt any kind of cheerful smile when she called out the drinks—and, in
fact, she actively glared at anyone from the initial crowd who had yelled at Maggie, going so far as to sneer at a younger man she clearly recognized and to tell him he’d “better be wide awake and ready in Chem-201 tomorrow morning”—but she was efficient, and that was all anyone could ask for, especially since she wasn’t even getting paid.

The next hour or two flew by in a rush of people clearly off on their lunch breaks. Apparently word had spread quickly down the line so that even new people knew better than to complain about the lack of a frappé special, happily accepting their drinks with forced smiles.

By the time the rush had quieted down, Maggie had already gotten a call from Brett, who was also mysteriously “sick,” and still no word from Mike. “You saved my ass. Thank you so much,” Maggie said to Alex.

“Don’t mention it. Happy first day.”

Maggie snickered at the sarcastic tone. She wasn’t sure why, but she suspected Alex’s humor was lost on most people. “If I last, you can get free drinks whenever I’m working.”

“That so?”

“Yeah. You seriously saved me back there.”

“You know I’m in an MD/PhD program here, right?” She didn’t add that she was also using her “free time”—the idea of it made her laugh—to take extracurricular lessons with Hank Henshaw, leaving her even more sleep-deprived, if slightly more driven and purposeful than she had been before. “So I’ll definitely be taking you up on that offer.”

“I look forward to it.” If it was a little flirty, Maggie hoped the woman didn’t mind.

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The next week, Grace bumped Maggie’s salary up to assistant manager-level in a desperate bid to make sure she didn’t quit. She also fired Mike and put Brett on probation. The frappé lessons came quickly thereafter, and soon Maggie was faster than most of the other baristas.

Every single day she worked, Alex came into the shop. She wondered if the woman somehow found out her schedule, or if she simply visited every day and only got her drinks for free when Maggie was working. There wasn’t much out of the ordinary about their interactions. Maggie certainly had customers who were friendlier and chattier—ones who asked about her day and told her about where they worked and the kinds of things they did over the weekend. But when Katie, who ended up being out for a full week actually sick with strep throat, came back to work, she gasped at the sight of Alex cracking a smile at Maggie’s gentle teasing.

“She talks to you?” Katie hissed incredulously when Alex went back to her corner table.

“Uh, I mean, that’s sort of the extent of it,” Maggie shrugged.

“No, I don’t think you understand. She’s been coming here for years, and no one has ever heard her say more than her order, her name, and ‘thank you.’”

“Oh.” It was dumb and totally juvenile, but Maggie couldn’t help feeling a bit smug at the news.

That night, Alex was still there when she started wiping down the counters to close.

“Shit, sorry, I lost track of time. Let me get out of your way,” Alex apologized, moving to shove her
textbooks into her bag.

“You’re fine,” Maggie called back. “If you don’t mind the smell of bleach, I’m happy to let you stay until I lock up.”

“You sure?”

“You already got behind the counter under my watch once, I don’t think sitting quietly and reading is gonna be too much of an issue,” Maggie snorted.

“Thanks. I just—big exam tomorrow, that’s all.”

“I’m sure you’ll ace it.”

Alex just shook her head. “I wish I had your confidence.”

“Really? The woman who doesn’t even work at a coffee shop but came in, yelled at a bunch of people, and then did a better job than half the employees here is lacking in confidence?”

“Not…it doesn’t matter.”

“How about this: you fill the sugars and napkins for me while I mop, and in exchange I’ll make you your drink of choice and quiz you to prove that you’ll do amazing.”

“Quiz me? Really? Is this grade school?”

“God, no, I think it’d be a terrible idea to give such small children such large books.” That drew a loud, full laugh from Alex, and Maggie longed to hear it again before it was even over. “C’mon, it’s a good way to review. And it’ll keep me from feeling guilty about kicking you out of the store soon enough.”

“Alright, alright. And I’ll take a double.”

“That much caffeine? This late?” Maggie had noticed that the woman really did drink an awful lot of espresso, but she liked to think it was only the case on days when she was working and could provide it for free.

“I’ve got a lot of studying to do.”

“What about a chai latte to make me feel better?”

“Make it dirty, and I might just agree.”

Before she could think better of it, Maggie winked. “I’m always up to make it dirty.”

Luckily Alex just laughed. It wasn’t the ideal response—obviously that would have started with a very dramatic sweeping motion across the table and involved the breaking of several health code violations—but it was better than awkward silence or horrified revulsion.

They worked quickly and quietly and were soon finished for the night. Once Maggie clocked out and grabbed her bag, she realized she had no idea where they were going.

“It’s a little creepy late at night, but since we’re not alone, we could go to my lab,” Alex suggested.

“Works for me.” Maggie fought to keep any inappropriate thoughts in check. Just because she was the only person Alex spoke to and Alex happened to make a joke about making something dirty
didn’t mean she liked her in any kind of sexual or romantic way.

Alex was surprised to learn that Maggie hadn’t gone to Stanford, so she pointed out some of the “most important” campus spots along the way, though Maggie suspected if she asked any other students, they wouldn’t name the small sloping hill where the angle was just right and the trees pruned just enough to get the full view Cassiopeia, or the lab where some doctor with a German-sounding name was working when he first had the idea to begin tracking different radioactive signatures in relation to the thriving and hibernation cycles of certain alien species—or something to that effect; Maggie was pretty distracted at just how beautiful Alex looked in the moonlight, her eyes flashing in excitement as she spoke with her hands about all the nerdy things she loved.

Eventually they made it to the labs, which Maggie could admit were a bit eerie when deserted, and they settled in at a table with two of those gigantic textbooks open in front of them. As it turned out, it was sort of hard to quiz Alex without knowing much about bioengineering herself, so when they made it through the stack of flashcards, Maggie let Alex simply explain concepts to her, smiling as Alex seemed to realize just how much she already knew in the process.

“How ya feeling about that exam?”

“It’ll happen.”

“Hey! That’s almost confidence,” Maggie teased. Alex pursed her lips and rolled her eyes in response. “Now you should really go to bed and get a bit of sleep before it.”

“I suppose…”

“It’ll do ya good. And next shift I’ll even treat you to one of those old-fashioned donuts I see you eyeing sometimes.”

Blushing a pale shade of pink, Alex rubbed at the back of her neck. “I’m not eyeing them…”

“You totally are,” Maggie shot back. “As you should be. I mean, they’re delicious.” She resisted the urge to add that sometimes it looked like Alex was eyeing what was behind the counter just as much, and that she could be equally delicious in the right situation.

“I suppose you have a deal.”

“Excellent.”

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Alex ended up enjoying the donut. A lot. Enough that the face she made seemed to haunt Maggie’s dreams for a few torturously long nights. She also ended up acing the exam, though the look of surprise on her face confused Maggie.

“I just—I don’t always do as well on the exams. I mean, I know everything—it’s not like I’m stupid. Sometimes it just doesn’t translate too well on paper.”

“Well, if you ever want to study again, you know where to find me. Literally.” Maggie gestured at the space behind the counter. “Though, if you want to celebrate your scores, you could maybe find me out at a bar tonight?”

“Oh, I, uh, I probably shouldn’t,” Alex stammered.

“Right! Right, yeah, sorry. No, that makes sense.”
“It’s just—”

“No, I get it! I mean, you’re not—and we’re not really—it’s just a thing here.” Maggie checked the clock. “Anyway, I’m done in a few minutes and need to finish up the dishes before I leave.”

“Okay.” Alex looked distinctly unhappy with how everything had gone, but Maggie didn’t want to get her hopes up in speculating about why that might be. For all she knew, Alex had heard her question for what it was: saying I like you, asking would you go out with me, confessing to feelings that extended beyond the weird quasi-colleague territory they’d staked out for themselves. And for all Maggie knew, it was that question that sent Alex running, not her inability to properly respond.

“Congrats again on the exam, though.” Maggie tossed out when she was halfway through the swinging door to the back. Maggie let her attention be consumed by the dirty dishes until her shift was over, and when she left, she took the back door out into the alleyway.

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They barely saw each other the following weeks. Maggie caught the flu that had been sweeping through the student body and had to take off for an entire week, then Alex was missing from her usual seat for two shifts in a row. When Alex came in during Maggie’s third shift of the week, she looked exhausted, and she had deep purple bags under her eyes. Maggie idly wondered if she had caught the flu as well and hoped she hadn’t been responsible for transmitting it. Alex only stuck around for an hour and didn’t make conversation at all that day.

They finally saw each other on a quiet day the following weekend. Alex strode in, looking as purposeful as she had the day she got the crowds in order, and walked directly up to Maggie at the counter, straightening her leather jacket to give her hands something to do. “Hello,” she greeted Maggie, sounding both slightly breathless and oddly formal.

“Hey?”

“I…it’s been a little while.”

“Yeah, I got the flu.”

“Oh no, I’m sorry.” A touch of the old Alex shone through in a moment of unplanned sympathy.

“Did you get it too?”

“What? No,” Alex shook her head. “I just, um, had some personal issues come up.”

“Ah, okay.”

They stood there silently for a few moments until Alex spoke up again. “Will you get a break today?”

“I’m overdue for one actually,” Maggie admitted. “But I have to wait for someone else to come up front to cover for me.”

“Do you think, um, could I talk to you? On your break, I mean.”

“Sure.” Maggie was pleased to hear how steady her voice sounded. She worried Alex might yell at her or try to tell her why she was flattered but not gay and would appreciate never hearing that insinuation ever again. Maybe Maggie was projecting, but she’d dealt with it enough times in the past not to expect any better.
“Cool.” Alex stuffed her hands in her jean pockets and shuffled back awkwardly.

“Did you want something to drink?” Maggie called after her.

“Oh, uh, sure. Anything is fine.”

Figuring Alex probably didn’t need any caffeine to add to her jitters, Maggie got her an herbal tea, then waited awkwardly for Brett to come back from his break so that she could leave and get this conversation over with. Of course, when he came back, she found herself wishing she had a bit more time, feeling like she could have used more preparation.

“So, uh, you wanted to talk?” Maggie asked, standing beside Alex’s table. She noticed the woman didn’t have her full backpack of books this time. Maybe she wanted to be able to make a clean getaway.

“Yeah. Want to walk outside for a minute?”

“Okay.” At least she wasn’t going to make a scene in Maggie’s workplace.

Once they made it out into the fresh air, Alex seemed to breathe easier. “So, uh, the other day, I kind of bolted on you.”

“What?”

“Maggie, I know you know what I’m talking about.”

“Okay, fine. Yes, I know.”

“Right. It’s just…it’s been…not the best couple of years for me.”

“Okay…” Maggie trailed off.

“And I don’t—I don’t make friends that easily.” Maggie suspected now wasn’t the time for pleasant reassurances. “And I thought, well, it seemed like maybe you were—or you could be—a friend. And I liked that.”

“I liked being friends with you too. I still do.”

“No, I know. Or, not necessarily, so that’s good to know.” Maggie bit back a smile at the adorable rambling. “Anyway, um, you know Hank who joins me once a week or so?”

“Yeah, big dude who’s really into chocolate?”

“That’d be the one.” Alex smiled to herself. “Anyway, he, uh, we’ve gotten close this past year, which has been really helpful for…stuff. And one day he mentioned something about you. He, uh, he said that he thought you liked me.”

“I just—”

“Sorry, can I finish? It’s just, if I don’t say it now, I don’t think I ever will.”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Anyhow, I thought he was wrong. And then when he said something about thinking I liked you back, I thought he was doubly wrong. But, I don’t know, we had fun together. And then you asked me to get drinks—and maybe it was just as friends!” Alex’s face flushed a deep red at the thought
that maybe she was making completely baseless statements. “But maybe it wasn’t. And I got a little
freaked out because it just seemed like…like there was a lot of other shit going on in my life, and
maybe dating when I’m already barely balancing classes and work and stuff wasn’t the best idea, and
maybe dating another woman when I already seem to be such a —no, it doesn’t matter.”

“Alex, hey, it’s fine. Seriously, I’m not upset. You can be straight or not interested or whatever. I
just, I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable. We can always get drinks as friends.”

“I don’t want to be just friends,” Alex blurted out, doing her best to stand strong even when her
cheeks were flushed a deep shade of red. “I mean”—Alex took a deep breath—“I mean I did a lot of
thinking. Which is why I was sort of distant. And gone for a little while. And I realized that Hank
was right…I do like you. As more than a friend, I mean. And if you still want those drinks to be a
date, I’d, well, I’d really like that too.”

“Yeah?”

“If you want.”

“I think I could say yes to that.”

Alex beamed at her, and Maggie held open her arms, figuring the woman could use a hug after
working up all that nerve. The feeling of Alex pressed into her chest, strong arms wrapped around
her, though…well that made it exceptionally difficult to concentrate for the rest of the afternoon. The
fact that Alex showed up again around the end of her shift in tight jeans and a nice leather jacket did
not help any.

Once Maggie clocked out and came out with her apron, polo, and hat firmly stuffed into her bag and
her hair hastily let down and combed through with her fingers, Alex nearly sprang out of her seat,
her eyes going wide at the sight of Maggie in the small tank top that she evidently wore under her
polo. “Hey!”

“Hey, you okay?”

“Yeah, um, I just realized that I don’t actually have your number.”

“Oh, shit, here let me give it to you.” Maggie took Alex’s phone and quickly entered herself as a
contact, then sent a text to her own phone. “Now we’re all set.”

“Well, actually, I realized today’s a Saturday. And that kind of makes it the perfect day of the week
for going out for a drink. So I wanted to see if maybe you might want to go today… But if you’re
too busy or too tired, I totally get it!” Alex rushed out.

“You okay being seen with me in pants that sort of smell like milk and coffee and non-slip shoes?”

“You’d look really pretty no matter what you were wearing.”

“That—that right there is smooth.”

“I have my moments,” Alex laughed. “But if you want to change, I could also meet you
somewhere.”

“I sort of remember you saying something about a clearing where we got a rather perfect view of the
stars.”

“Oh, not all of them. Just Cassiopeia and some of the surrounding ones,” Alex corrected.
“Right, well…what do you say to showing me the proper Stanford college experience? We could get a bottle of wine and go look at the stars?”

“Now who’s smooth?”

“Oh, but that’s not a surprise.” Maggie shrugged, affecting an air of nonchalance that only broke when Alex fixed her with a hard stare and pursed lips.

After a quick trip to the local liquor store for a rather overpriced bottle of Chianti and a corkscrew, they made their way back to campus and found a spot on the grass. As they passed the bottle back and forth, Maggie settled back so that she was leaning on her elbows. “Ya know, I don’t actually know too much about you.”

“I don’t know that much about you either,” Alex shot back.

“Fair,” Maggie conceded. “What’s your last name?”

“Danvers.”

“Danvers.” Maggie rolled it around her mouth, getting a feel for the sound of it. “I like it. I’m Maggie Sawyer. Where ya from, Danvers?”

“Midvale, California. What about you, Sawyer?” Alex shot back, her eyes sparkling mischievously, like she hadn’t had this much fun in a long time.

“Blue Springs, Nebraska.”

“Damn, your parents must miss you halfway across the country.”

“Nope.” Maggie took a long drink from the bottle.

“Oh, shit, sorry.”

“I’m…well, no, I’m not over it. But I’m done waiting for anything to change. I’ve got some good friends and an aunt who loves me, and I like to focus on them instead of on people who’d rather you were an Alexander than an Alexandra.” Alex cringed at the name. “Shit, shit, am I hitting on something bad?” She felt a wave of nausea roll over her at the thought that she might have just dead-named the woman she was very desperately trying to impress.

“No!” Alex rushed to assure her. “It’s just…the only person that calls me Alexandra is my mother. And she only does it when I’m disappointing her, which seems to be all the time, especially these past few years.”

“Well, you seem pretty impressive to me.”

“Never impressive enough.” Alex’s eyes went dark for a few moments before she seemed to shake it off. “Sorry, let’s not dwell on the negative stuff. How’d you end up in this coffee shop?”

“I’m here until I start at the police academy,” Maggie answered. “Seemed better than a bar.”

“Is it?”

“First day excluded, it is. Tips are worse, but the people are less handsy.” Alex nodded. “I mean, I can think of one customer I wouldn’t mind getting handsy,” Maggie flirted, laughing at Alex’s blush, though her breath caught at the look of longing that seemed to flash in Alex’s eyes as she bit at her lower lip. “So, uh, how’d you learn to make coffee?”
“Ah, little sister worked as a barista and ended up getting gifted some fancy espresso machine from her old boss. She taught me how to make a bunch of stuff, but I wouldn’t be caught dead voluntarily ordering any of the frozen shit that’s basically just a glorified milkshake.” Maggie laughed because it was so very Alex, even if she didn’t know all that much about her yet. “Why do you want to be a cop?”

“How clichéd is it if I say I want to help people?”

“Depends on how true it is.”

“I just, I don’t necessarily want to be a beat cop. I’d love to get into some of the specialty units, be a community liaison type, you know? There are lots of people—and aliens, they’re totally out there living among us—who could use someone who gets what it means not to fit in or to be looked at suspiciously just for who you are. And I want to be able to help them. I just—I can empathize a lot more than most of the guys who got accepted to the academy with me, and I want to be able to put that to good use.”

“I think you’ll be a great cop.” Alex whispered, her voice soft and achingly sincere.

“And what about you? Destined for an award-winning research lab?”

“Uh, not quite. I’m working with a group that…combines research and action. We’ll see how it all pans out.” She shrugged. “Once upon a time I thought I was going to be a doctor. I’ll still get the degree, but I don’t think that, or the straightforward research track, for that matter, is for me.”

“Well, I’m sure no matter what you do, you’ll be brilliant.”

“Thanks.”

“It’s true.”

“Can I tell you something?”

“Always.” Maggie rolled onto her side to properly face Alex.

“When you say it…I almost believe you.”

“Well then I will say it over and over and over again for as long as you let me.”

“That’s very sappy.” Alex tried to mask her sniffler with a cough and a swig of wine.

“Would you rather I try for sleazy? Or sweet? I don’t know if I can pull off pure sweet, but I could give it a shot.”

“I think just being Maggie is working out well for you.”

“So smooth for a baby gay,” Maggie laughed.

“How’d you know?” Alex pouted.

“Well, you pretty much told me. I mean, okay, you could’ve just been really anti-dating in general, or gay but unwilling to act on it, but, I don’t know, I just had a feeling.” Maggie shrugged. “Also, if I may repeat what customers told me on my first day: you might not seem that new, but I’ve been here long enough to know better.”

Alex nodded. “You’re right, I suppose. I mean, I probably should’ve known earlier. But I let myself
ignore a lot of signs.”

“Yeah…sometimes back in high school I thought my life would have been a lot easier if I’d ignored some things too.”

They grew quiet for a little while, sitting side-by-side in silent contemplation as they passed the bottle back and forth and drifted slightly closer together. Realizing how dark it had gotten around them, Alex gestured up at the sky. “That’s Cassiopeia. It’s named after the queen of Aethiopia. She was married to Cepheus, and their daughter was the princess Andromeda.”

“Like the galaxy?”

“Yeah, same name. Anyway, they’re all up in the stars next to each other. She got put there by Poseidon as a punishment for saying she was more beautiful than the sea nymphs—or at least, that’s one version of the story. Anyhow, there’s more stuff about her punishment, but I don’t want to bore you.”

“I mean, I listened to you talk about bioengineering for hours. I think I’m pretty invested in what you have to say.”

“Maybe I’d rather…” Alex paused, pulling her lower lip between her teeth. “Could I kiss you?”

“Yeah,” Maggie breathed out, reaching over and cupping Alex’s jaw with her hand as she drew her in. It was soft and a little awkward at first as they bumped noses and tried to figure out how to hold themselves, but as they eased into it, Maggie felt Alex grow pliant beneath her touch. She sighed when Alex’s arms wrapped around her and pulled her in closer as her lips parted to deepen the kiss. It was only when Maggie shivered that Alex finally pulled back.

“Are you okay?”

“Fine!” Maggie insisted, but it was too late; Alex spotted the goosebumps that ran up and down her arms.

“You’re cold!”

“I could just be enjoying myself,” Maggie countered.

“The sun set, and you’re out here in a tank top. And as much as I enjoy the view, I am not going to have you freezing to death on me.”

“Maybe it could be tragic enough to get a constellation named after me,” Maggie joked, earning a light shove from Alex.

“Hush. I prefer you alive.” Alex pulled herself up on shaky feet, her head spinning slightly—whether from the wine or the kiss, she really couldn’t say.

“It’s probably for the best,” Maggie admitted. “I’ll call a cab, and you’ll call a cab, and we can go home. And then tomorrow, if you’re still sure about this, then you let me know, and maybe I’ll even let you see what I can cook when I’m not limited to pre-made pastries, sad paninis, and an industrial toaster oven.”

“I think that sounds like a pretty good deal, Maggie Sawyer.”

Chapter End Notes
Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites! Also for those of you following the political au with sanvers and supercat slow burns I’ve been posting for the past month, a new update will still be going up today, but I forgot to email it to myself, so I won’t get to it until after work.
#SanversWeek Day 4: Soulmates AU...with a twist

Chapter Summary

Welcome to the longest fic of the week! Okay, you all had such great soulmate ideas when I posted on Tumblr about this particular day of Sanvers Week, but in the interim another idea struck me, and I had to run with it! I may try to integrate those into later chapters though… Anyhow, for people who are still with me on this very different, cracky interpretation of a soulmate au, I bring you a The Good Place AU. If you haven’t seen the show and don’t want any spoilers, I’d advise you not to read this one (it won’t perfectly mirror the plot, but some basic premises will obviously be given away).

Chapter Notes

A/N: Anyhow, those of you still with me, come along. Technically, yeah, we’ve got major character deaths, but if they’re alive and kicking in this afterlife AU, does it even really count?? Also, they’re a wee bit out of character as far as what we see on the show, but I think it’s not a huge stretch for the period of life I picked and the “what ifs” (like, what if Alex blamed Kara for her dad’s death and never had J’onn intervene to help save her from her spiral out of control in grad school?)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex looked around her, trying to figure out where she was. She didn’t remember much of the night before, but she’d definitely never seen anything that looked like this before. Maybe she’d finally taken Jason up on that offer to score her some LSD. This could definitely be a hallucination. That must be it, she decided. Definitely a weird, very immersive trip.

“Alex?” a lean woman popped her head out from behind a door Alex hadn’t even noticed and motioned for her to follow. “Come with me.”

She was a little bummed that her trip was apparently only going to get as wild as a typical waiting room.

“Hi, Alex. I’m M’gann. How are you today?”

“Uh…fine?” If this wasn’t a trip, maybe her mom had finally sent her to rehab. She’d been threatening to ever since Alex got herself thrown into jail for drunk driving, but really, when none of the cabs would come get her because they all knew her as “that girl that got wasted and threw up in the back seat,” she was kind of shit out of options. The woman—Megan or something, Alex reminded herself—just looked at her, her hands folded neatly together on top of the desk. Definitely rehab. Trying to be pleasant to get this ordeal over with faster, Alex smiled politely at her. “Thanks for asking. Um, just a quick question: Where exactly am I? Who exactly are you? And what exactly is going on?”

M’gann chuckled. “Right, right. I imagine you could be feeling a little confused. So you, Alexandra Danvers, are dead. Your life on Earth has ended, and you are now in the next phase of your
existence in the universe.”

“Cool.” Alex tried to figure out her emotions. The fact that she wasn’t completely panicked made her think that maybe the LSD theory had been correct. “Cool… I have some more questions.”

“I thought you might.”

Alex forced herself to smile at her. “How did I die? Actually, no, scratch that. Am I definitely dead? This seems like it could be fake.”

“Ah, yes, that’s a somewhat common question, especially for those who died when they were young enough for it to come as a surprise.” M’gann snapped her fingers and a screen descended from the ceiling. An obituary for Alex, coupled with a death certificate popped up on screen.

“Oh.”

“I understand this can be a lot to take in. I’ll give you a few minutes.”

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“How did I end up here?” Maggie asked. “I…I don’t have any memory of dying.” She remembered leasing some absolute shithole of an apartment on the other side of town after Emily threw all of her worldly possessions out onto the lawn of the house they’d been sharing together for the past three years. Maybe that brown ceiling really was rotten through. The landlord had insisted it was just discoloration, but maybe the upstairs apartment had collapsed in and crushed her.

M’gann smiled softly at her from behind the desk. “In the case of traumatic or embarrassing deaths, we erase the memory to allow for a more…peaceful transition. Are you sure you want to hear?”

She nodded quickly. At least she’d have been right about something. Maybe now that she was dead Emily would regret telling her she didn’t deserve happiness.

“All right,” M’gann sighed. “You were in a grocery store parking lot when you dropped a bottle of something called”—she looked down to consult her account of the day—“‘Lonely Gal Margarita Mix for One.’ And when you bent down to pick it up, a long column of shopping carts that were being returned to the shopping cart collection area rolled out of control and plowed right into you.”

“Oh. So that’s how I died?” It was a shame she hadn’t at least gotten to enjoy those lime margaritas. They might have been pathetic, but at least they were equal parts delicious.

“No, sorry, there’s more. Anyway, those police instincts of yours kicked in, and you were able to grab onto the front of the column of shopping carts, but it swept you right out into the street where you were struck and killed by a mobile billboard truck advertising a service for women who suspected their partners of cheating called, ‘Proof of Douche.’” Maggie cringed at the irony. “Funnily enough, your ex-girlfriend Emily was leaving the store at the same time and happened to catch the whole thing on tape,” M’gann chuckled.

“Oh. So that’s how I died?” It was a shame she hadn’t at least gotten to enjoy those lime margaritas. They might have been pathetic, but at least they were equal parts delicious.

“No, sorry, there’s more. Anyway, those police instincts of yours kicked in, and you were able to grab onto the front of the column of shopping carts, but it swept you right out into the street where you were struck and killed by a mobile billboard truck advertising a service for women who suspected their partners of cheating called, ‘Proof of Douche.’” Maggie cringed at the irony. “Funnily enough, your ex-girlfriend Emily was leaving the store at the same time and happened to catch the whole thing on tape,” M’gann chuckled.

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“Okay, that’s enough. I get it. Thank you.”

M’gann nodded at her. “Any other questions?”

“Am I…” Maggie trailed off, gesturing up at the ceiling. “Or, ya know…” She grimaced, pointing down at the floor.

“Do you mean heaven and hell?”
“Yeah, I guess.”

“Well, that whole idea wasn’t quite right. Sorry, I know that revelation can be a lot to handle for some of our Catholic residents.”

“It’s fine,” Maggie insisted, waving off her concerns. Probably for the best that the particulars of Catholic hell weren’t real.

“Generally speaking, there’s a Good Place and a Bad Place for the afterlife. You are in the Good Place.”

Maggie let out a shuddering sigh of relief. “Oh thank god.”

“Well…yeah, you’ll learn about that whole idea later.”

“What?”

“Nothing.” She stood up from behind his desk. “Shall we take a tour of the neighborhood?”

Uh, sure, that sounds good.”

Maggie followed behind M’gann as she led her through idyllic neighborhood streets, gesturing at quaint little shops that looked more like the illustrations from her children’s books than anything she’d ever encountered in the real world. “The Good Place is divided into distinct neighborhoods. Each one contains exactly 322 people who have been perfectly selected to blend together into a blissful harmonic balance.”

“And are all of the neighborhoods like this one?” It wasn’t that Maggie didn’t appreciate the aesthetic, but she thought of friends from college who would have been horrified to be ripped from the city. Then again, maybe they hadn’t made it to the Good Place…

“No, no, not at all. Every single neighborhood is completely unique based on its 322 residents and their personalities. The weather changes. The setting changes. The animals and the scenery… everything really. Except for frozen yogurt. That’s the same everywhere.”

“Really?” Of all things, it wasn’t what Maggie had expected to be the constant.

“People just love frozen yogurt! I don’t know what to tell you.”

Maggie nodded along with her. It wasn’t her favorite, but presumably her moderate like was balanced out by the intense love of someone else in the neighborhood.

“I’m sure you have a million more questions, but for right now, how about you go grab a seat? We’re about to begin!”

Maggie made her way into the crowd, getting her first good look at everyone she’d be living with for the next…eternity, she supposed.

“Hello, everyone!” M’gann called from the podium. “Welcome to your first day in the afterlife.” A few people cheered and clapped. “You were all, simply put, good people. But how do we know that you were good? How are we sure?”

“Excuse me,” Alex muttered, shoving into the row as she found a seat in the back. “Fork,” she grumbled as she tripped over someone’s foot. “Fork,” she tried again. “What the fork?” She resolved to investigate later. She looked up and found graphs being projected onto screens. Oh good,
apparently the afterlife would be as much like classes as her pre-death life had been.

“During your time on Earth,” M’gann explained, “every one of your actions had a positive or a negative value, depending on how much good or bad that action put into the universe. Every sandwich you ate, every time you bought a magazine, every single thing you did had an effect that rippled out over time and ultimately created some amount of good or bad.” Alex watched as actions popped up onto the screen with corresponding positive or negative values. She couldn’t help but grimace at the sight of too many of her own actions glaring at her in bright red print: drinking to excess; endangering the lives of others; lying; disrespecting family members; leaving a Denny’s without paying. She tuned back in just in time to hear M’gann announce: “We were watching.” It sounded more menacing than she thought a Good Place should. Everyone else in the crowd just laughed, apparently unperturbed by the surveillance state.

“Anyway,” M’gann continued, “when your time on Earth ended, we calculated up the total value of your life using our perfectly accurate measuring system. The fact that you’ve made it here—to the Good Place—means that you had the absolute highest scores. You were the ones fighting for world peace and donating small fortunes to charities and sacrificing your lives for others. And this—this is your reward!”

The crowd cheered again, and Alex felt her stomach flip. She wondered if maybe that frozen yogurt place wasn’t quite up to code yet.

“What happens to everyone else, you ask? Don’t worry about it! What matters is that you lived some of the very best lives in history. And what’s more, you won’t be alone here. Your one true soulmate is here too!” A gasp went up through the crowd, and whispers rippled down the rows as people began speculating about their soulmates. Alex tried not to gag. “That’s right! Soulmates are real. One of the other people in this neighborhood is your actual soulmate, and you’ll get to spend the rest of eternity together. So welcome to eternal happiness. Welcome to the Good Place.”

M’gann jogged over to Alex when the presentation was finished. “What’d you think?”

“Um, really interesting.”

“Still have those questions for me?” M’gann motioned for Alex to join her as they began walking down a brick path.

“Well…who is in the Bad Place? I mean, anyone that would really shock me?”

“Well, pretty much all of the artists that ever existed. Most politicians too.”

“I don’t think you’re really getting what I mean by shocking.” Alex thought for a few minutes. “What about Florence Nightingale?” She remembered doing a project on her in middle school, and she seemed like maybe she should have made the cut.

“That was close, but, no, she didn't make it.”

“Wow, really?”

“It’s an incredibly selective system, Alex. Most people don’t make it here. It’s not just as simple as: oh, you got a positive number, so you were good and deserve to be here. No, you have to get one of the very highest numbers ever achieved.”

Alex narrowed her eyes at M’gann. That didn’t seem particularly fair. She wondered what Florence Nightingale could possibly have done to end up lower than her. Not that she thought she was a bad person, but she was probably…mediocre, at best. Maybe before Kara had shown up and ruined her
family she might have done better. She’d still have a dad, still have a mom who treated her like anything other than a disappointment. She might already have finished with grad school. She could be out there, saving lives as a doctor or some shit, instead of ignoring all her academic probation letters and blowing through the money her mom put into an account for “food and bills” once a month.

“Don’t look so concerned, Alex. You’re here. You, a renowned surgeon who traveled the world with Doctors Without Borders, saving lives every morning in the operating room and every night in the makeshift classrooms you helped to build for the young women who didn’t get to go to school—you are extraordinary.”

Oh god. Alex thought she might be sick. Just like always, she couldn’t measure up—apparently even to herself.

“Here we are,” M’gann said to herself as she pushed open a door. “Welcome to your new home.”

Alex looked around. It was a perfect recreation of her grad school apartment—the same one she woke up in most mornings to scattered letters from her dean and notes from her neighbors about not banging on their doors when she got home drunk and couldn’t find her keys, or not passing out in the hallways, or not throwing up in the elevator and trying to blame it on Mrs. Flannery’s children.

M’gann looked over at Alex, whose jaw was open wide. “It’s perfect, isn’t it? You see, in the Good Place, every person gets to live in a home that perfectly matches their true essence.”

“Oh, cool.” She looked out the window at towering mansions and tree forts with slides and cozy cottages. “So, uh, why did I get this one?”

“Well, I imagine it reminds you of your life right before you embarked on your journey to save the world one life at a time. You never did want very much, though don’t worry”—she wagged her finger at Alex—“we did make the kitchen bigger since we know how much you loved cooking for the neighborhood kids.”

“No! Alex nearly yelled. “Uh, just that there’s no need…” If her graduation and the screaming match she’d gotten into on the day appeared in her living room, surely M’gann would know that she didn’t belong here.

“No!” M’gann insisted, snapping her fingers. A video began playing, but Alex most definitely did not recognize anyone or anything in it. There she was, apparently, getting awards and honors and the MD/PhD that Alex still hadn’t actually completed. People seemed to adore her, all of them waving and not keeping their distance from the disaster member of the class who’d so often been mean, unwilling to play their dumb icebreaker games but not quite good enough in classes to justify it as a “nose to the grindstone” kind of mentality.

A soft knock at the door startled Alex from her spiraling thoughts.

“Oh, come on in,” M’gann yelled, beaming at the small woman who walked through the door, clutching a note with directions to this standalone apartment. “Alex, meet Maggie Sawyer.”
“Hey, Alex,” Maggie waved, taking in the woman standing before her. At least she was hot; she’d give credit where credit was due for whatever scale picked her out. It almost made up for the unique torture that was her coming out experience—almost. “I’m your soulmate.”

“What?”

“She’s your soulmate,” M’gann explained, raising her voice slightly.

“No, I, uh, I heard the words. But I think there’s been some kind of misunderstanding…”

“Well that’s impossible. Everything here is calibrated to ensure that soulmates are perfectly matched, just like we’ve given you your ideal home in your ideal neighborhood.”

Alex nodded slowly. If she continued to protest, she might give herself away as not being that borderless doctor who liked kids and cooking. “Well, cool, then. Bring it in here, soulmate!”

With a curious look, Maggie walked over and let Alex throw her arms around her. It felt more like a bro hug than she would have expected from her soulmate, but if the system thought this was right, it must be right. That was how soulmates were supposed to work, wasn’t it?

“I’ll leave you two alone. I’m sure you both want to take plenty of time to learn everything there is to know about one another.” With a wave, M’gann left.

“So…” Alex trailed off. “Where ya from?”

“Well, I was born in Nebraska, but I spent some of my high school years in Illinois. Then I went to school in New York. And I was in Gotham for work. What about you?”

“Uh, I was born in Midvale.” Maggie nodded. “It’s in California. Then I went to school down in National City—also California. Then I did some more school out at Stanford…also California.”

“Well, I’m really excited to get to know you, Alex.” Taking a deep breath, Maggie willed herself to be open with this woman—her soulmate—in a way she never had been with Emily or the other girls she dated along the way. “I, well, I didn’t always have the best life on Earth. In fact, there was a lot that just really didn’t go according to plan. But now I’m here, and you’re my soulmate, and you’re this beautiful woman, and apparently the universe is more than willing to recognize that as love, as two people destined to be together and make each other happy. And I’m so excited to spend the rest of…well, eternity, I guess, doing that with you.”

Alex looked over at this woman baring her soul. “Maggie?”

“Yes?”

“You really seem to believe in this soulmate stuff, right?”

“Um, yeah? I mean, M’gann made it pretty clear that it’s a perfect system.”

“So, as my soulmate, you’ll stand by my side no matter what?”

“Of course, Alex. I’m here for you, through good and bad.”

“Cool. Because those aren’t my memories,” Alex said, gesturing at the screen where the video was frozen on a medical center somewhere in the middle of a war-torn area.

“What?”
Alex pointed emphatically at the screen once more. “I wasn’t a doctor—not yet, at least. And I wasn’t a teacher—don’t even like kids that much. I never traveled abroad except a Spring Break trip to Cancun. And god, I’m not even gay, so they royally forked up on that one. I don’t even think I’m supposed to be here.”

“Wait, what?” Maggie looked over at the memories now playing on the screen. “Are you sure this isn’t you?”

“Yeah, dude, I’m pretty sure I’d remember all that, especially those award ceremonies. Might have actually seen my mom be proud of me if I had.”

“So…who are you?”

“Oh, I really am Alex Danvers. They got my name right, but not much else.”

“So after busting my ash for years to be an out gay woman, you’re telling me someone gave me a forking straight girl for a soulmate? That’s bullshirt.”

“Okay, what is the deal with that? Did you mean to say bullshirt?”

“No,” Maggie sighed, rubbing at her temples. “Apparently some people here don’t like cursing, so they’ve made it so that you can’t.”

“Fork that.”

“Look, if I’m supposed to cover for your ash, can you at least tell me who you really are?”

“Well, I was, in fact, in grad school for an MD/PhD at Stanford.”

“Oh…are you sure you didn’t just forget the rest of your life?” Maggie wasn’t sure why she was so desperate for this woman to be better than she thought she was.

“Oh yeah, big time. I was not on track to graduate or get any award except maybe, like, a six-months sober chip.”

“Huh.” Maggie tried to think through all the possible outcomes. “Maybe! Maybe this is a test. Like, if you turn yourself in, you pass and then you get to stay.”

“Why would I be the only one with a test?” Maggie shrugged. “Maybe your test is seeing if you’re good enough to help out your soulmate.”

“Yeah, well, you already pointed out that you’re not gay, so I guess you’re not my soulmate.”

“Maybe it’s like an all-women’s college or something. Ya know, I could be gay for the stay.”

“The stay is eternity, Alex!”

“Okay, well, I’d still much rather go gay for eternity with you than go to the Bad Place!”

“Have you ever thought that maybe I deserve my actual soulmate? That maybe I should get a say in this too?” Maggie snapped, feelings of indignation rearing up inside her.

“I’m sure you weren’t perfect either,” Alex shot back.

Biting back the creeping doubts that maybe she also didn’t belong—after all, M’gann had gone on and on about how she put her life on the line every single day, but really she hadn’t done much more
than issue some traffic tickets so far. But she’d totally been willing to do more! And if she hadn’t met such a tragic, early end, she definitely would have gone on to do all of that; she was sure of it.

“Wait…maybe this machine knows how our lives would have ended…maybe you did go on to do all of that shirt.”

“You think so?”

“I don’t know. Let’s ask Janet.”

“How do we get her?” Alex looked around and tried clapping her hands a few times to no avail.

“Janet?” Maggie called out.

They both startled slightly as a woman appeared out of thin air. “Hi there! How can I help you?”

“That machine—the one that says how many points we earned—does it know how many we would have earned if we’d lived longer?” Maggie asked

“No. The machine is designed to calculate the cumulative effects of your actions right up until the very last moment of your life. There are too many variables to account for the different way a person’s life might have gone had they lived.”

That stumped Maggie.

“Now…is a mistake possible?” Alex asked.

“No.”

“And if there were a mistake?”

“There isn’t one.”

“But if there were?”

“That would be impossible.”

“Well, what if it were a simple one. Say…someone got assigned a soulmate who’s gay…but they’re not gay.”

“Soulmates are perfectly matched to meet all of each other’s needs.”

“Can people access your logs, Janet?” Maggie cut in.

“No. Is this your way of asking for pornography? What kind would you like to view today?”

“No!” Alex yelled. “No thank you.”

“Very well.”

“But, okay, M’gann said my soulmate is Maggie,” Alex reasoned.

“Because she is.”

“But I’m not gay.”

“Yes, you are.”
“Wouldn’t I be the one to know that?”

“Well, sometimes people die before they’ve figured things out. Or sometimes they lived in places where certain things weren’t possible. But it doesn’t make them any less true.”

“Great, the universe decided a closeted baby gay is my perfect soulmate,” Maggie grumbled.

“Whatever, at least I’m a hot closet case,” Alex snapped. It was only then that the reality of her words hit her. “I’m…gay?”

“Welcome to the club, dear.” Seeing the look on Alex’s face that always meant she was about to have a very long, very emotional conversation with a baby gay, Maggie tapped on Janet’s shoulder and motioned to the door.

“I…like women?” A rush of memories hit Alex—the handful of times she’d seen women kissing each other out at clubs or in movies, the way her heart had always sped up too fast then, leaving her head spinning and her stomach clenching. She always drank a little more on those nights.

“That’s the general gist of things. But since we’re already soulmates, let’s go ahead and say you like me specifically.”

“But I don’t.”

Maggie huffed and glared at Alex. “What? You think you’re some great catch? You’re a drunk who’s failing out of med school. Just because you’re some sort of…sexy skyscraper doesn’t make you better!”

With a snort, Alex shook her head. “What did you call me?”

“A drunk.”

“No, not that.”

“A med school failure.”

“Keep going.”

“Not a great catch.”

“Wrong direction.”

“Look, you’re hot, objectively speaking. But it’s not like I’m ugly.”

Alex let herself look in a way she never had before, let herself gaze appreciatively at Maggie, let herself notice curves and graceful lines and the way her hair fell in soft waves over her shoulder. She vaguely remembered thinking her best friend in high school was equally pretty, but when she said something to that effect, all of the boys had started calling her Dykey Danvers, and she quickly found one of the varsity football players and let him get to second base with her behind the bleachers just so that she could laugh in all the boys’ faces and tell them that she just like older men, hotter men, more mature men than they would ever hope to be. It shut them up, though it also left Alex with a reputation and a new group of friends that probably weren’t the best influence, but at least banding with them ensured that she didn’t lose every shred of dignity when her weird new foster sister came to school with her, ensured that she had people who wouldn’t ask how she was feeling after her dad died but would buy her booze with their brothers’ fake IDs and sit out on the beach and talk about absolutely nothing until the weight of the world receded back into a dull roar.
“You okay?” Maggie asked, watching as a whole range of emotions seemed to flit across Alex’s features.

“Sorry,” Alex muttered. “You, uh, no, I certainly didn’t get the short end of the stick.”

“Yeah, well…” Maggie trailed off, unable to come up with words to say to this woman who was supposed to be her soulmate.

“Look, okay, we didn’t get off to the best of starts, but I am committed to being the best forking soulmate you’ve ever had, just like you’re totally committed to saying nothing to M’gann about how I’m probably not supposed to be here, right?”

“Fine,” Maggie grumbled.

“So how about we get to know each other? I think that’s what all the other soulmates are doing before tonight’s party.”

“Yeah, well, they have the easy task of just looking at their video feeds and being able to see a life that isn’t a lie!”

“Well I can do that for you—speed up this process a little.”

Maggie shrugged, stifling a laugh as Alex yelled at the home entertainment system to play Maggie’s life. “You sound like an old person who thinks Siri and Alexa only work if you scream.”

“Shut up,” Alex grumbled. “At least it worked.”

“Fine, fine.”

They sat back and watched as the video began playing different clips from Maggie’s life.

“Who’s that?” Alex whispered, gesturing up at the screen.

“My mom.” She didn’t even try to hide the bitterness these days.

“Why the hostility?”

“I assume you’ll see soon enough.”

Annoyed by the lack of answers, Alex crossed her arms and continued watching the screen. “Who’s she?”

“Eliza Wilkie.”

Alex couldn’t help but notice that Maggie sounded just as mad now as she had before. She watched as snippets played—a handwritten note with an invitation to a date and a dance; a horrified look on the little blonde girl’s face; so much anger; a duffel bag in a pick up truck; a bus station blanketed in snow; a slightly younger woman who kind of looked like the one Maggie called her mother; graffiti spray-painted across a locker and the mocking taunts of far too many teenagers.

“Oh,” Alex sighed. “We should turn this off. You shouldn’t have to—they never should have—I’m sorry.”

“Well, they can all kiss my ash—I’m in heaven, benches!” But there was a tightness to Maggie’s voice, a clench to her jaw that wouldn’t simply relax, no matter how easygoing her words were.
“Do you, uh, do you want a hug?”

“It’s fine.”

“Television, skip forward!” Alex yelled, pulling an amused chuckle from Maggie. “This is good!”

“This is college,” Maggie whispered, watching as snippets of some of her favorite classes played. There were also women—a lot of women—a lot of women not wearing a lot of clothing.

“I, uh, I guess lust wasn’t such a big sin after all,” Alex joked, though her voice was thin, and the laughter sounded fake even to her own ears. Sure, she hadn’t known she was gay until a few minutes ago, and she’d only known Maggie for a few minutes longer than that, and all of this was from literally another lifetime, but Alex couldn’t quite help the twinge of jealousy she felt tightening in her chest.

“Maybe we, uh, fast forward.”

They watched Maggie’s time in the police academy, watched the relentless bullying, the taunts telling her to go back to wherever she was born, the sexist, homophobic slurs thrown out on the regular. Alex watched Maggie build a home with some woman. She was pretty—tall with silky brunette hair and outfits that looked like they came from the expensive department stores and somehow looked classy, not dowdy, like Alex suspected they would on her.

“Wait…are you taking money from that guy?”

“What?” Maggie gulped, watching one of the handful of times she’d let herself be bribed by some of the other cops into staying silent. And she absolutely hated herself for it—had drank herself into a stupor all four times it had happened—but she had student loans to pay off and a girlfriend with expensive tastes and bills that never seemed to stop coming. And she knew that if she didn’t accept their money, it would still be her word against all of theirs to a captain who was straight and white and male and everything she wasn’t but they were. And so did it really even matter? Of course it did, the little voice in her head had yelled back at her; it made her complicit in every shitty thing they’d done, all the worst parts of the justice system that she’d been out to fix. She told herself each time it happened that she would make a difference once she got just a little higher, once she was more than a rookie beat cop without a single friend or confidante at the station. As it turned out, she died before any of that could happen, but, she reasoned, her intentions must have been good enough if she made it to the Good Place.

“Oh my god, now you’re cheating on your girlfriend! Dude, you don’t belong here either!”

“Shut up,” Maggie hissed. “Just—just stop, okay? It must take into account…circumstances. Or intentions.”

“Janet!” Alex yelled.

“Television, hide!” Maggie yelled, feeling exactly like Alex. Actually, it was more like the time she’d opened porn in college to see what it was like only to have the page get frozen, as it was want to do when spammy pop-up ads cluttered the display, but the volume stayed on full blast even after she slammed the lid shut when her roommate got home early.

“How can I help you?”

“That point system M’gann mentioned. Does it take into account intentions?” Alex asked.

“It does.”
“See!” Maggie crowed, feeling her heart rate slow considerably.

“Can we see a list of someone’s points?”

“I can show you the neighborhood point totals, I think.” Janet appeared to be thinking hard when suddenly a small display popped up in the air. It was labeled, “Top Secret,” but it didn’t stop Alex from opening it. Alex scrolled through, noting how high up the imaginary Alex Danvers was. She made it all the way to last name before she found Maggie, her number lower than 321—someone named Catherine Grant—by about fifty, and both of them impossibly lower than that of 320.

“What do the numbers of people in the Bad Place look like?” Alex asked, watching as Janet pulled up a spreadsheet. No names were attached to the numbers this time, but the numbers looked a lot more like Maggie’s. “You can go Janet.” With a smile and a nod, Janet disappeared. Alex turned back to Maggie, a triumphant gleam in her eyes. “Now who doesn’t belong?”

“Still you!” Besides, if she didn’t belong, that Grant lady didn’t belong either, and clearly M’gann thought they should both be here.

“But you don’t either!”

“Look, I was a decent person. I did a few bad things, but it didn’t make me a wholly bad person. I don’t deserve to go down and suffer for all of eternity because I died too young to have fixed my issues.”

“And I do?” Alex asked incredulously.

“Point taken. Alright, well, how about we get to know each other the old fashioned way?”

“And what’s that?”

“Talking.”

“Alright…” They sat in silence for a few minutes until Alex cleared her throat. “So…how’d you die?”

“Let’s not start there.”

“Embarrassing death, huh?”

“I got hit by shopping carts and then run over by a truck while my ex watched and filmed it. Also I was only out because I was living alone and buying some margarita mix to drown my misery,” Maggie answered in a monotone.

“Oof. I just got alcohol poisoning and had no one who cared about me enough to realize that I’d been in the club bathroom for way too long.”

“That’s not much better.”

“At least no one caught me on tape.”

“Touché.” Maggie looked around, trying to find a better conversation starter. “Well…what did you like to do when you were alive?”

“Um, surfing.” She hadn’t done it in years, but back before her life went to shit, it was one of the few things she genuinely enjoyed—one of the few things that made her happy. “What about you?”
“I liked reading. And listening to music.”

“Cool.”

“Yep.”

They sat in silence for a little while longer. “Does this feel a lot like one of those awful, painfully awkward icebreaker games to you too?”

“So much so, yes.”

“Thank god.”

“Okay, so, if this were just a normal day, and we weren’t soulmates in the afterlife, what would you be doing?”

“Looking at my work and trying not to panic,” Alex admitted.

“I’d probably be watching Netflix if I wasn’t on duty. Emily kept the television, but I still had my laptop. So I’d be holed up in my dingy little apartment and watching that stupid pinwheel spin and spin while my spotty wifi caught up and I managed to eke out another few minutes of the show.”

“You wanna know something truly awful?”

“What’s that?” Maggie asked.

“This apartment—it’s actually mine. Like, I lived in it for the absolute worst years of my life.”

“Shirt, man, that’s forked up.”

“And M’gann tells me she’s made it a little better, right? So I’m feeling a little excited, like, oh, okay, lots of bad memories, but maybe it’ll suck less. But know how she fixed it?”

“How?”

“She made the kitchen bigger! Do you know the last time I cooked something? I think Bush was still president!”

“Which Bush?” Maggie teased, earning a pillow to the face.

“Fork off, I’m not that old.”

“You might be that useless in the kitchen, though.” After a minute, she added, “I’m not too bad—learned to cook some while I was living with my aunt. She’s, uh, the one in the video who took me in. After the whole thing with my parents.”

“Well I am an excellent bartender, so I promise to put in a little effort on my end. Isn’t that basically in our soulmate vows? In good times and in bad, in kitchens and in bars, until eternity fizzes out into a black hole of nothingness?”

Maggie burst out laughing. “That’s the least romantic thing I’ve ever heard in my life.”

“Why thank you.”

They spent the next hour before the party chatting and learning little things about one another. It wasn’t until they had to get dressed that the reality of their new lives hit them. Of course, there were
some amazing moments, like being able to ask Janet to produce an outfit and simply having it appear, but there was also the crippling anxiety that Alex had really hoped wouldn’t be a part of any sort of heavenly existence. Somehow this imposter syndrome seemed even worse than the grad school version, and Maggie kept pacing around trying to figure out why she’d gotten in when everyone knew her number wasn’t high enough.

“Ready to go mingle, soulmate?” Alex offered, her voice dripping with sarcasm that Maggie suspected probably wasn’t going to fly at the party.

“Ready as I’ll ever be.”

When they left, they found couples happily walking down the path, chatting easily, their hands tangled together or arms thrown over shoulders and around waists. Everyone seemed to be smiling, looking like they really were in paradise.

“Should we, uh…” Alex trailed off, gesturing at the couples around them.

“Oh. Sure,” Maggie shrugged, offering her hand and feeling Alex’s fingers find hers. “Firm grip,” Maggie joked, laughing at the blush on Alex’s cheeks.

“What does someone even need this much space for in paradise?” Alex whined, gesturing at the gargantuan mansion towering ahead of them. “Have they just appointed themselves the official party hosters? I bet they don’t even know how to throw a good rager.”

“I assume all your little party friends didn’t quite make the cut,” Maggie whispered back, “so I’d lower your expectations. No Kesha on blast or free drinks for taking off your top.” Alex scowled, but she couldn’t quite correct the assumptions.

As they walked in and made their way further into the house, it became increasingly obvious that this was not the kind of place one went to party it up. There were elegant decorations and perfect centerpieces on every table instead of heaps of coats and cheap purses that wouldn’t be terrible to lose if they got left behind at the bar; flutes of champagne instead of trays of jello shots; rows of French hors d’oeuvre platters instead of stacked boxes of questionably still okay to eat pizza.

Everyone around them mingled effortlessly, and Maggie was hit by a rush of memories of all sorts of events where she was the only one left on the edges. At least she had Alex this time, she tried to assure herself. Though when she looked beside her, Alex was gone.

Maggie later found her at the bar, looking much happier than she had earlier. “Come on, honey,” Maggie nearly growled. “We need to be talking to people.”

“This—this is definitely more fun,” Alex slurred. She wasn’t quite sure what they served up here, but damn, it was a lot more powerful than the stuff she’d had on Earth. “You should have one.”

“No, we should socialize.” Maggie pulled Alex away from the bar, shooting a forced smile at the bartender. “What part of blend in don’t you understand?”

“Well I’m never gonna blend in, since I don’t belong here!”

“Hi there!” a friendly voice cried out. Maggie and Alex’s heads both shot up and spun in the direction of the voice. “I’m Scott, and this is my soulmate Linda. I live right next door to you, Alex.”

Alex looked at him suspiciously. “Oh.”

“That’s great,” Maggie cut in, smiling just a bit too wide. “I’m Maggie, Alex’s soulmate.”
“Oh, wow, I didn’t realize you could have gay soulmates,” Scott laughed.

Gritting her teeth, Maggie tilted her head slightly. “Didn’t realize because you hadn’t considered any existence other than your own or because you thought we wouldn’t deserve to be here?”

“What happened to playing nice?” Alex hissed, her breath reeking of whiskey and hot against Maggie’s ear.

“I mean, I’m just surprised that you’re surprised,” Maggie tried again. Her smile was all teeth, and she was fairly certain it looked less real than her seventh grade class picture when the photographer instructed her, “Look at the camera and think about cute boys!”

“Just interesting, is all!”

“Right.”

“So,” Alex cut in, hoping she sounded less drunk out loud than she did in her head—cause in there it was all sorts of incoherent—“what did you two do before you ended up dead?”

“Alex!”

“What? We’re all dead—it’s not impolite anymore.”

Linda smiled at them. “Well, I was a school teacher who started a foundation to raise money for books for children with cancer. And then I spent the last few years before my death in Uganda promoting children’s literacy.”

“Oh.” Maggie felt her heart sink even lower. Linda wasn’t even in the top ten on the neighborhood list, and she had done all of that.

“What about you, Skip?” Alex asked.

“It’s, uh, Scott—but don’t worry about it!” He was much too genial; Alex already hated him. “I worked as a firefighter. I died on the job, actually, but at least I managed to get all those orphans and nuns out alive.”

“What? No puppies there to save?”

“Hmm?”

“She’s just really passionate about puppies,” Maggie explained tugging on Alex’s sleeve. “We’re going to go see about trying out those appetizers, aren’t we, dear?”

“It was great meeting you! I’m sure we’ll be seeing more of you soon, neighbor!”

“If we move in together, we’re moving into my place,” Maggie whispered as she dragged Alex down to the buffet.

“Wow, that whole U-Haul stereotype really is true, huh?”

“Fork off. You’re a baby gay; you can’t make the jokes until you’ve earned your badges.”

“Mm, and how is it I earn those exactly?” Alex drawled, tracing a finger down Maggie’s chest.

“Stop it!” Maggie smacked Alex’s finger away, earning a cackling laugh in return. “Just eat something—anything, alright?”
“Ooh, baked brie…”

While Alex was distracted, Maggie chatted with a few people around her, feeling her heart sink each time they explained who they were and what they had done. And god, the sheer number of shocked expressions she got every time she told them her soulmate was a woman, explained that no, Alex was not Alexander—she’d really hoped paradise would be a little less heterosexist. With every conversation, she felt more and more like she didn’t belong here, like each person’s remarks were perfectly calculated to remind her of all the small ways she’d messed up in life.

Eventually Maggie found Alex stealing bottles of liquor from behind the bar. Alex sighed. “Look, before you say anything, just know that I just had to listen to someone named Marissa or something tell me about how easy Stanford’s MD/PhD Program was. I deserve a drink.”

Maggie paused. “Give me a bottle, and I won’t say anything.”

“I think there might just be hope for us yet, Sawyer.”

With bottles tucked under their arms, they tip-toed off to find a quiet stairwell to hide out in for the duration of the event.

“Cheers to not belonging!” Maggie offered by way of a toast.

“To being frauds!”

“God, this party blows. Everyone’s straight, and they’re all so forking good that I can’t even be mad at them.”

Alex furrowed her eyebrows. “Why can’t you be mad at them?”

“If I got mad, I’d just be proving how much I don’t belong here!”

“Dude, you gotta just embrace it. Look, these benches don’t know shirt. Maybe they saved some people, but they’re so self-righteous about it. And isn’t pride supposed to send you to the Bad Place?” Maggie shrugged, but Alex took it as agreement. “That’s what I thought. So sit with me, and let’s be outcasts together. At least the food’s amazing.”

“I never did get any…”

“Ah here.” Alex passed her bottle of wine to Maggie with a muttered, “Hold this.” Reaching into her bra, she pulled out a handful of cheese cubes.

“That’s one of the grossest things I’ve ever seen in my life.”

“Technically, it’s the grossest thing you’ve ever seen in your death. But I’m gonna go ahead and say it’s not, cause I saw Scott and Linda macking on each other and let me tell you—no, thank you.”

“You’re so gay.”

“Well, yeah, apparently I am. Anyway, are you gonna eat any of that cheese? Cause if not, I’ll take it back.” Alex began stuffing the cubes back into her dress.

“I don’t want your boob cheese, Alex!”

“Whatever, I thought we were supposed to be in lesbians together, but I’m sure I can get someone else to go share boob cheese with me.”
Maggie looked up at Alex incredulously, only to see the other woman grinning. “You’re joking.”

“It’s been known to happen.”

Maggie snorted, turning it into a cough as one of their perfect neighbors walked by. “Fine, give me a cube of your finest boob cheese.”

“Ahh, well, I’ve been told by suitors that the right one is just a little bigger, and therefore better, so let’s pick a selection from that side.” Humming softly, Alex plucked one out and handed it over to Maggie before picking one for herself.

“Why didn’t you just get a plate?”

“I did. But how was I supposed to get extra that way? And what if everyone made themselves hungry talking so much about what great people they were that they finished all the cheese before I could go back for another round?”

“Couldn’t we just…poof more into existence?”

“Can’t take those sorts of risks.”

They sank into a comfortable silence, sipping from their bottles and eating cheese and making fun of everyone else at the party.

“Can we have your attention?” a small blonde woman called from the front of the room where a stage had been assembled. “Welcome, everyone!”

“So blondie gets the McMansion—no surprises there,” Maggie muttered.

“Before I hand it over to M’gann, I just want to introduce myself. My name is Cat Grant, though I suppose many of you already knew that,” she added with a small smile. “Yes,” she nodded, “that Cat Grant. My soulmate Lucy Lane and I are very happy to have you here in our home, and we hope you’ll enjoy everything we’ve chosen for you to eat and drink tonight—I was known for the quality of my events!”

“Huh, at least blondie’s not so straight,” Alex pointed out.

“Are you related Lois Lane?” someone in the crowd called out.

“She’s so cool!” another woman chimed in.

“I heard she married Superman!” Alex gritted her teeth at the reminders of the damn Kryptonians.

“I bet the two of them will go straight up to the Good Place one day!”

Cat and Lucy stood side-by-side sporting matching grimaces. “They’re not here,” Lucy managed, “so let’s focus on the people who are, since tonight’s all about getting to know your neighbors.”

“She doesn’t sound as cheery as everyone else here,” Maggie whispered.

“I already like her more than almost everyone. Except Janet.”

“Hi there! What can I do for you?”

“Holy shirt! No—no, Janet. We’re fine.”
“Okay then!” And in a blink, Janet was gone again.

“Maybe I don’t like her that much,” Alex grumbled. She looked back up in time to see M’gann taking the microphone and thanking the crowd for their applause.

“Thank you, thank you! Now, having met all of you, you know that I am, of course, the architect of this neighborhood. But what you don’t know is—well, I’m probably not supposed to tell you, but…what the heck? This is actually the very first neighborhood that I have ever designed! After being an apprentice for hundreds of years, I was finally trusted with my first solo project, and I’m so excited to finally get to meet all of you!”

The residents all cheered.

“You all deserve every bit of happiness in this perfect world because each and every single one of you is a good person—one of the very best.”

Polite applause and self-congratulatory looks abounded, while Maggie and Alex continued drinking alone in the stairwell. “Wanna head out?” Maggie asked.

“Why so I can go be tortured some more by terrible memories of my terrible life in my stupid shirthole of an apartment?”

Maggie shrugged. “Yeah, pretty much.”

“Fine. Let me just grab something, and I’ll meet you by the door.”

By the time Alex found Maggie, she was stuck in a conversation with Scott once more. “Alex!” Maggie cried out. “Oh, perfect. So sorry, Scott. Have to end this little chat. Come on, babe, time to get back to paradise!”

“Uh, yeah, alright.” Alex let herself be led outside, following behind as Maggie stormed down the stone steps up to the mansion.

“God, I just want to shove his face in something. Next thing you know, he’ll come over all friendly and want to talk to me about scissoring?”

“What?”

“Nothing—he’s just, god, it’s like they found the worst kind of straight person and put him right the fork next door.”

“I have something that’ll make you happy…”

“Is it his head shoved into a big hole in the ground?”

“Even better!” Alex pulled back the lid of a picnic basket she definitely hadn’t come brought with her when they left, revealing the entire wheel of baked brie and several rolls. “C’mon, let’s go before they notice!”

And Maggie suspected this kind of behavior was probably in poor party form, but she was also so tired of being forced to confront the fact that as a person, she really kind of sucked in comparison. So she scampered across the massive front lawns with her soulmate-but-maybe-not, running all the way to Alex’s front door and crashing into the living room, slightly out of breath but exhilarated.

“Cheese, my lady?” Alex asked, pulling out the contents of her basket.
“You even stole the platter?”

“Otherwise it would have gotten all gross in the basket,” Alex replied, as though it were the most obvious answer in the world.

“I—” Finding herself with no words, Maggie finally just agreed. “Yeah, alright, fine.”

After a quick change into pajamas—all of which were emblazoned with the Stanford logo, much to Alex’s annoyance, they settled in on the couch with their brie and rolls.

“This is amazing,” Alex moaned. “We should have baked brie every day.”

“I bet, uh, you know who,” Maggie whispered, “could bring it to you.” She looked around anyway, still half-expecting Janet to appear.

“Yeah, maybe… But half the fun of this is that it’s rare.”

“And stolen?”

“You said it, not me.”

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They woke up sometime in the middle of the night to the crack of thunder. Extricating herself from the couch, where she’d gotten tangled up with Maggie, half a roll still clutched in her hand, Alex walked over to the windows and pulled open the blinds. With another loud roll of thunder came a bolt of lightning that seemed to split the whole sky in two, illuminating the utter chaos outside. As the skies let loose a torrent of something that looked an awful lot like large blocks, Alex heard the all-too-familiar lyrics begin blaring: “Wake up in the morning feeling like P Diddy…”

“What the—?” Maggie stood beside Alex, watching the chaos erupting in front of them. “Are those cheese cubes?”

“Oh, huh, I think you’re right!”

A wheel of brie that had to have been six feet in diameter came rolling down the hill next, crashing into a whole set of whiskey bottles that had been set up like bowling pins right by the heart of the downtown area.

“Emergency! Emergency! Report to the park immediately!” A voice announced over the intercoms, interspersed with loud sirens and screeching noises.

“What are the odds that this happens in every Good Place?” Alex asked.

“Considering it’s everything you stole, I’m gonna say low!” Maggie yelled over the cacophony of sounds.

“Considering it’s everything you stole, I’m gonna say low!” Maggie yelled over the cacophony of sounds.

They watched as everyone came running out of their houses in matching yellow and navy pajamas. “If I’m the only guilty one, why aren’t you in those ugly clothes, huh?” Alex asked, arching an eyebrow in challenge and folding her arms across her chest. “And look!” Alex crowed, pointing out the window to where Scott’s house was currently being buffeted by scissors. “You did that! You said something about scissoring, and hating Scott, and now his house is being destroyed by scissors!”

“Maggie! Alex! Are you in there?”

“That’s M’gann!” Alex looked utterly panicked. “If she sees us in these normal people clothes, she’s
“Gonna know something’s up!”

“Take them off!”

“Now doesn’t really seem like the time…”

“Alex,” Maggie groaned. She raised her voice: “Just a minute! We’re…kissing.”

“And scissoring!” Alex yelled, winking and giving Maggie a thumbs up.

“You’re the worst,” Maggie grumbled, throwing her clothes far across the room, then running to grab blankets from the bed. “Take this and cover yourself!”

Alex wrapped the blanket around herself, feeling a bit odd pretending to have just gotten laid when she was still clearly wearing a tank top, but she figured she’d ignore it if Maggie did.

“What’s happening?” Maggie asked M’gann, looking the picture of innocence as she clutched her sheet tightly around her shoulders.

“I’ll be honest with you”—M’gann shook her head—“I have no idea. I just—this shouldn’t be happening! Not in a Good Place! Not unless there’s something truly wrong with the design, some fatal flaw in the system.” Maggie gulped. “Anyway, no time to waste! We’ll be having a neighborhood meeting down in the park. Apparently a giant hole opened up in the town square!”

Looking horrified and muttering to herself, M’gann took off for the park.

Ignoring Alex’s gleeful expression at the notice of a hole—yet another one of Maggie’s phrases come to life—Maggie called out, “Janet?”

“Yes?”

“Can we get some of those striped pajamas?”

“Here you are.” Janet held out two sets of pajamas.

“Thank you,” Maggie murmured gratefully, quickly throwing her set on.

Once Alex was dressed, they headed down to the park, finding most of the other residents looking nervous as they perched on the edge of their chairs.

“Everybody, everybody! Uh, gather round, please, thank you, thank you.” M’gann looked much more frantic than she had at their orientation the day before. “Obviously, there’s something very wrong with this neighborhood. We don’t know what it is, how long it will last, or what caused it. See, that’s the trouble with these perfect systems. One little flaw can lead to well, it can lead to that.” M’gann motioned to the town center where one of the frozen yogurt places had been swallowed up by the large crater that had sprung up overnight.

“Well, that’s probably for the best,” Alex whispered. “I don’t think that one was up to code—didn’t sit too well with me.”

M’gann talked for a little longer, taking questions about what could be done.

“When will we get rid of these hideous outfits?” the blonde woman from the night before called out. “I mean, I get the bold colors, but really, zig-zag stripes don’t even look good on models, and they’re paid to look good.”

“No way does she belong to be here either,” Alex whispered.
“She was still higher than me!”

“Okay, well, yeah, she’s, like, a medium person. Like you. Or me. We’re all medium people. We don’t deserve to rot in the Bad Place forever.”

“Maybe we try to get to know her…see if she’s cool. I mean, she seems a little snooty, but at least she and her soulmate aren’t straight. And they’re pretty hot too.”

Alex shrugged. “They’ve gotta be better than Scott and Linda.”

“Oh!” M’gann gasped, looking up as the skies began to clear. “That’s a good sign! Maybe this is almost over!”

Everyone gasped and cheered and clapped as the sky cleared up fully, leaving the sun shining brightly once more.

“Alright, well this—this is a very good sign indeed!”

As the crowds began dispersing, M’gann sauntered over to Cat. “Now Cat, I remember how much your mother always wanted you to get involved with more of her environmental causes.” Cat bit back angry retorts about how her mother only wanted her involved with those issues because it would keep her less-than-perfect daughter far away from her literary friends. God forbid she admit that she preferred newspapers to the latest thousand-page novel. “I just noticed what a state of disrepair the neighborhood is in, especially the lake…”

“Oh, yes, I would be…happy to help.”

“Wonderful!” M’gann exclaimed, clapping her hands. “Janet!”

“Yes?”

“Could you get me some trashbags?”

“Here you are.” Janet handed over a box.

“Now, will it just be you?” M’gann asked.

“Surely my soulmate will join in.” Cat knew it was petty, but god, she loathed the woman for making her think of Lois every single day of her supposedly perfect existence.

“Right, um, yep.” Lucy wondered if and when she’d get to spend some time doing the things she actually wanted to do, instead of the things Cat felt they needed to do to “set an example” or “keep up appearances.”

“Oh, and here are Alex and Maggie!” M’gann announced, waving them over. “I wonder if you two might want to help as well.”

“Na—” Alex stuttered to a stop as Maggie nudged her hard. “Not a problem, is what I was gonna say! Of course we can help. Want to help, even.”

“Wonderful. We’ll get a few more residents to lend a helping hand, and you can get our paradise back to its perfect state.”

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An hour into garbage duty, Alex heard whoops of laughter coming from the park. “What do you
“Think they’re doing?”

“Not picking up garbage, I assume.”

“This is the worst. Couldn’t we, like…magic away all this shirt?”

“Maybe good people get off on doing all this by hand.” Maggie watched as John and Miguel turned it into a game of trashcan basketball, apparently not caring that the large hunks of cheese were soft and kind of smelly and definitely not something Maggie would whoop and cheer about touching.

“Well then plaster a big ole smile on your face, cause you look as miserable as I feel.” The smile Alex got in return looked unhinged and slightly maniacal, and she howled with laughter, attracting the attention of Cat and Lucy—neither of whom seemed to be enjoying themselves the way the other residents were. “Sorry,” Alex mumbled. “Just…soulmate stuff.”

“You mean all that scissoring, right Danvers?” Maggie teased, smirking at the blush that crept up Alex’s chest. “Hey, maybe in the Good Place we’ll all be flexible enough for it to work.”

“Only one way to find out.”

“You offering?”

Alex just rolled her eyes and flipped Maggie off. At a loud boom of thunder, Alex’s eyes snapped open wide and she hastily apologized to Maggie, switching her middle finger out for a thumbs up. The skies seemed to calm. “Alright, here’s the deal,” Alex whispered. “I think this weird universe knows when we do something bad.”

“You think?”

“Keep being sarcastic like that and we’re gonna end up with another garbage storm.”

“Sorry.”

“Whatever. Point is, I think—” Alex’s musings were cut off by M’gann’s arrival, and Alex quickly busied herself with the garbage can.

“How are we all doing?” M’gann asked, looking as cheerful as anyone not forced into manual labor should.

“Great,” Alex answered, lifting the corners of her mouth into the closest approximation of a smile she could manage with her hands full of cheese growing softer and stinkier by the second. And really, she thought, shouldn’t cheese just stay in its perfect state in the Good Place?

Maggie, Lucy, and Cat all forced themselves to respond similarly.

Assessing the area, M’gann refocused her attention and beamed at the lot of them. “Fabulous—just fabulous work you’re all doing.”

“Thank you,” Cat called back, and Alex wondered why she thought she deserved most of the credit. Just because she’d roped them all into it…

“A word, Alex?”

“Uh, yeah…” Alex shot Maggie a panicked glance before following M’gann down past the lake to a small grove with benches and wrought iron tables.
“Oh, Alex,” M’gann sighed, looking—for just a moment—defeated, tired in a way that Alex assumed gods—or architects or whatever she was—shouldn’t be. “Alex, something here is terribly, terribly wrong.”

“I—uh, yeah…the cheese is a little smelly,” Alex admitted. She could almost hear Maggie in her head yelling, “Really? Of all the things, you went with the cheese smell?”

“It’s more than that. There’s something wrong here—something very, very wrong.”

“The storm?”

“But we wouldn’t have had the storm if there weren’t a problem to cause it. And I know it’s not the design, I’ve gone over it literally hundreds of thousands of times.”

“So…what do you think it is?” Alex suspected she didn’t want to know the answer.

“I think it’s not a what. I think it’s a who.”

“Oh. Wow.” Sending up a little prayer—to whom, Alex really hadn’t the foggiest idea at this point—she hoped she sounded adequately surprised, like the way a resident who belonged here and didn’t have an entirely fake backstory would.

“I know. It should never have been able to happen, but now—now, on my very first job, I have to be the first ever architect to find a fake.”

“That sounds…hard.”

“I know. Which is exactly why I’ve come to you. Well, to you and to Cat.”

“Oh?”

“Well Cat was an investigative journalist for so many years.” The dots clicked into place, and Alex suddenly recognized the name—media mogul Cat Gant, that would be the one. “And then you, well, you were always the first one to volunteer to solve problems in your community.”

“Right, yes. Yes, I was.”

“So I thought together, the three of us could form a little task force!”

“I really—I mean, what can I even say in response?”

“Say yes!”

“Well then it seems like that’s what I’ll say!”

“Wonderful, I’ll go tell Cat.”

Once M’gann had disappeared with Cat, Alex ran over to Maggie. “Fork me, Maggie! She knows! She knows that someone here doesn’t belong! And now she’s putting together a task force that I’m supposed to be leading with Cat to figure out who the problem child is.”

“Motherforker.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

“Okay…okay, we can—we can get through this! Right, we made this mess by acting like our old
selves. So we can keep everything okay by being good people.”

“That sounds like it kinda blows.”

“Well isn’t it better than the Bad Place?”

“I don’t know,” Alex shrugged. “At least they know how to throw a good party. Probably.”

“Janet!” Maggie called out, barely even startling as Janet appeared this time.

“Yes?”

“Janet, what’s the Bad Place like?”

“I cannot tell you that.”

Thinking for a few moments, Maggie tried again: “Is there anything about the Bad Place that you can tell us?”

“I can play you a clip of the sounds coming from the Bad Place at this moment,” Janet offered, receiving two enthusiastic nods in return. Her mouth dropped open, and suddenly the air was filled with the screams of people who sounded like they were in utter agony.

“Stop, Janet, stop!” Alex yelled, looking around to see if they had attracted the attention of anyone else. “That’ll be all.” Once Janet disappeared again, Alex turned back to Maggie, her expression panicked. “That did not sound like my kind of party.”

“Alright, so, now we’re good people. It can’t be that hard…”

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Hours and hours of picking up trash while the rest of the neighborhood celebrated the restored utopia seemed to suggest being good sucked. A lot. But they did it, and nothing more rained down from the sky.

“I think we deserve a reward,” Maggie declared, offering her hand to Alex, who she was happy to see took it. Somehow the utter chaos seemed to have brought them together in a way that a declaration of their soulmate status had not. “How about some froyo?”

“I guess. I just kind of wish we got real ice cream…is something the old Alex would say! New Alex is grateful to have anything.” Maggie shot her a thumbs up.

While they waited behind a couple who wanted to try every single flavor, ultimately deciding that they’d “filled up” on samples and leaving after wasting everyone’s time, Alex and Maggie took turns pinching one another to help keep the frustration in check. When neither one of them snapped, they counted it as a victory.

On their walk home, they cheered each other on as they picked up random litter and bit back laughs at the sight of Scott’s arms, which were completely covered in hundreds of little bandages from the scissors that had, apparently, found a way into his home.

“I’m very sorry to hear you got scissored so badly,” Maggie said, just barely managing a straight face.

“Maggie,” Alex whispered, trying desperately to hold in snorts of laughter, “that doesn’t sound like a real apology.”
“You’re right—let’s keep on walking before it gets even worse.”

They rewarded themselves with some terrible television and a home-cooked meal that Maggie put together using Alex’s very fancy kitchen, and they fell asleep curled together in Alex’s bed, Maggie’s arm thrown protectively across Alex’s waist.

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They kept up a similar pattern over the next few days, and while Alex was out with her task force, Maggie sat in her apartment sipping coffee and reading self-help books and treatises on ethics that she had only kind of skimmed during undergrad. They all seemed to contradict each other, leaving Maggie even more convinced that this system was rigged to favor the rich people who never had to worry about more basic concerns and could freely donate as much time and money as they wanted to saving the world. But the one time she’d voiced that theory aloud, loose change had begun falling from the sky and cracking through windows and knocking Scott unconscious once more—not that Maggie could find it within herself to mind that part.

Alex watched with bated breath as Cat interrogated members of the neighborhood with skill and a level of precision honed over years of practice as a gossip columnist, then an investigative reporter, then a CEO who once presided over an internal leak.

Some of the neighbors broke down and confessed under Cat’s hard gaze, but it was always to such minor things that Alex wanted to cry. Who thought that the one time they lied about not having another stick of gum because they didn’t want to share was really a Bad Place-worthy offense? Well, Marjorie, apparently. Honestly, Alex thought, the person who saw someone else with gum and immediately asked for a piece really deserved to be the one stuck in the Bad Place.

Each time M’gann announced that she had narrowed her list of suspects down just a little more, Alex felt her stomach roil. This was worse than every meeting she’d been forced to attend with her dean when he sat her down and folded his hands and tried to look like some combination of disappointed father figure and scary all-knowing judge while he pored over her progress reports and shook his head and asked how such a promising young woman suddenly stopped succeeding.

One morning, M’gann called Alex and Cat into her office. “This might be hard for you to hear, Alex, but I have a suspicion about which person who doesn’t belong.”

Alex clutched her hands together, hoping M’gann wouldn’t be able to see the slight trembling in them. She’d been better here—she didn’t drink nearly so much, and she was actually helping with a project, and she’d let Maggie in and told her things that were actually true, even when they made her feel vulnerable. And she’d helped Maggie—they’d learned to stop hating themselves quite so much, and they’d even made Scott a “get well” basket after the falling change incident with brownies that they baked themselves without adding in any laxatives or anything. Maybe before she deserved to go to the Bad Place, but now—now she at least deserved a Medium Place, not eternal damnation.

“Who is it?” Cat asked, her pad of paper and pen clutched in her hands. After weeks and weeks of being told she’d failed in her daily assignments, failed to find the fraud, failed to protect the neighborhood, she was ready to find the culprit and be done with it already.

“It’s Maggie.”

Alex’s head snapped up. “What? No, that can’t be right!”

“She was near the epicenter of every bad event that has happened here, and she is, well, you’re probably not supposed to know it, but she is at the very bottom of the neighborhood ranking list.”
“But she’s still here! You said that made us all some of the best people in existence,” Alex objected. Besides, Maggie had still been better than her—they knew exactly the kind of person she was when they took her in.

“I know, I know. This can’t be easy for you, Alex. After the kind of life you’ve lived, you deserved the perfect soulmate in the perfect afterlife, and instead I might have given you the worst of the bunch.” Sliding a box of tissues across her desk, M’gann smiled softly at Alex. “Why don’t you take the rest of the day off? Cat and I will hand this one.”

“No!”

“Alex.” M’gann’s voice brokered no disagreement, and Alex found herself nodding and biting back the instinct to cry or yell or throw things.

By the time Alex got home, Maggie was already gone.

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“You know, I’ve been waiting, giving you all the time in the world to confess, but instead you’re sitting there and acting like you haven’t been ruining paradise for 321 other deserving people.”

Maggie felt a surge of anger that was too much to tamp down any more. “Alright, ya know what, calm down, 321. I don’t think you’ve got much room to talk.”

“Excuse me?” People didn’t exactly talk to Cat Grant like that, and she wasn’t about to allow that sort of pattern to start now that she was in paradise.

“That’s right, you’re up here acting high and mighty, going on and on about catching the person forking things up, but I’ve seen your numbers. You don’t belong here.”

“What do you mean you’ve seen my numbers?”

“Janet showed me the neighborhood list on my first day here. Out of 322 people, you’re number 321.” Cat was suddenly besieged by memories of every comparison that her mother had ever made about her and the children of some of her other friends—the ones who had gotten a “proper” education and gone on to be professors and writers (not journalists, but real writers, Catharine had always emphasized). She remembered all the times she had lost to Lois Lane and gotten pitying looks from her staff and board members, even as they whispered about replacing her, rebranding CatCo under a new name. After all, The Tribune was failing, while Lois Lane and her darling superhero rocketed up The Daily Planet’s sales. “That’s right, you’re barely above me, and we’re both way below the numbers we were supposed to have to get in here.”

“I—well—I exposed terrible injustices and raised millions for charity each year. Clearly I deserve to be here.”

“Weren’t you also known for calling your staff by the wrong names?” Maggie shot back, too angry to even think about backing down now.

“It built character—taught resilience.”

“Yeah okay, keep telling yourself that.”

“Excuse me, I was nothing like my old bosses who used to call me ‘sweetheart’ and grope me in elevators as a thank you for fetching their coffee—they deserve to rot for all of eternity.”
“Okay, yeah—see!” Cat cocked her head to the side and looked ready to point out that “see” was not exactly a full point. “They are bad people. They obviously deserve to be punished. You and me—we’re medium people. Maybe we weren’t saints, but if you deserve to be here, so do I. We shouldn’t be sent straight down to the Bad Place to be burned alive every waking moment.”

“Oh my god, is that what they do?”

“Apparently it’s a perfectly tailored torture, so probably only to people who are afraid of fire and don’t like being hot,” Maggie reasoned, sounding rather calm despite having woken in a cold sweat too many nights trying to figure out exactly how they might torture her.

Cat seemed to hesitate at that. As much as she hated being told that she was failing in her task force duties, she also didn’t really want to send someone down for however many million years of torture. “Well, M’gann didn’t point a finger at me,” Cat reasoned. “She told me to investigate you. And you’ve admitted to doing some not great things.”

“I didn’t kill anyone! I was nice to waiters and baristas! I even let it slide when people who had drinks and steak wanted to split the bill evenly when I only got salad and a water!”

“I… Look, I don’t know, alright?” Cat snapped. “I don’t know why you were in the middle of every issue that’s happened here. I don’t know why you were let in if your numbers were low enough to be concerning. I don’t know why a few small problems are enough to send you to hell forever—oh, would you look at that. We can say hell.”

“Hell. Huh, we can.”

“Point is: I was given a job to do. I don’t—I don’t want to be sent away because I said no to god or whatever she is exactly.”

“No, I get it,” Maggie sighed. “I just don’t get why we’re going all Spanish Inquisition and making everyone paranoid all the time.”

“I know…Lucy’s been having nightmares every night,” Cat admitted.

“Really?” Maggie hoped that if she could keep Cat talking, she could keep the attention off of her. Toying with the rings on her fingers, Cat looked somewhat lost, like for once she didn’t feel like the great Cat Grant. “Nothing I’m doing is helping her. She’s convinced that she doesn’t belong here, and apparently by talking about my investigations, I’ve only been making it worse.” Cat sighed and tried to swallow her emotions. “This is supposed to be paradise, but she’s in pain, and I’m constantly failing her.”

And oh, that sounded too familiar. “Why don’t, maybe you and Lucy could come over for dinner tomorrow?” Maggie offered. She’d gotten to know Lucy a bit while Alex and Cat were out on their task force meetings. Sometimes the ethics books really did get a bit dull, and she regularly found Lucy wandering around town, looking slightly aimless. Maggie had wondered if she just missed her soulmate, but as they got to know each other, she realized it was something more. Lucy didn’t like to talk about it, preferred joking around and mixing as many flavors of frozen yogurt into one cup as she could, but once she let it slip that she still worried about what had happened to her team. M’gann told her she’d been killed in combat, but when Lucy asked about everyone else who had been there, M’gann had simply waved off her question, insisting that those were earthly concerns—not the kinds of things that should bother her here.

Cat looked slightly incredulous and even more suspicious. “Really? Even after I subjected you to, as
you called it, the Spanish Inquisition?"

Maggie shrugged. “We’re all just doing what we have to.” It didn’t sound right for paradise, and Maggie longed for some sense of security.

“That would be…lovely, thank you.”

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That night, Alex and Maggie curled up on the couch together. “I’m sorry,” Alex whispered.

“For what?”

“Maggie. I know you know.”

“No, I don’t.”

“You’re supposed to be here—actually supposed to be here—and instead you’re out there having to defend yourself because of me.”

“You’re the one that pointed out that I really shouldn’t be here. Plus, I’m the one that made it rain coins and opened up some gigantic pit and got our neighbor attacked with scissors.”

“Still. Maybe if you had your real soulmate you wouldn’t have been upset enough to let any of that shirt happen.”

“Alex, I get…I get that you’re not the life-saving doctor by day, teacher by night that they think you are. And I get that you forked up in life as much as I did, maybe more. But you’re not a bad person. And since we’ve been here, I think we’ve made each other better people.” Alex’s mouth twitched a little; outside of that first night, she tended to agree. She felt more honest, more authentic. “And”—Maggie took a deep breath—"if soulmates are about making each other happy, making each other the best versions of ourselves, then I have to believe someone knew what they were doing when they matched us.”

“You’re getting soft on me,” Alex sniffled.

“I guess our ‘turn good’ plan is working,” Maggie joked, trying to mask the emotions behind it. “Look if they, um, if they send me away—”

“Don’t talk like that,” Alex interjected. “I won’t let that happen.” And god, she didn’t know she could feel so strongly, but somewhere deep inside of her she knew it was absolutely, without a doubt, true. She would not let them come for this woman.

“Just let me say this, okay?”

“Fine.”

“If they send me down to the Bad Place, I want you to promise me that you’re gonna keep being the person I know you can be up here. I want you to have all the baked brie and wear those Stanford pajamas with pride because I fully believe you could have turned your life around down on Earth too, and you deserve those degrees. And if you wanted to, I don’t know, every so often ask the lady in charge to think about giving me an appeal or something, that’d be cool too,” Maggie laughed, trying to keep it light.

“Okay,” Alex agreed, knowing Maggie wouldn’t accept anything else. “I will.” After a moment, she
added, “And just so you know…”

“Yeah?”

“I couldn’t have picked a better soulmate.”

Time seemed to stop working in its usual way then, like they had stepped out of reality—or whatever level of reality the afterlife even existed in—and let it fall away behind them. Maggie’s hands were so soft, her lips even softer. Alex wondered if everyone knew just how soft women were. Clothes seemed to fall away as they lost themselves in soft touches and reverent kisses. Alex couldn’t help noticing that it felt an awful lot like, “I love you,” and far too much like, “Goodbye.” She held Maggie even closer then, tried to memorize every inch of her, every bit of soft skin and firm muscle and silky hair. She prayed she would remember how it felt to have Maggie inside her, to trust Maggie with every single part of her. She wanted to remember Maggie’s whimpering sighs, the taste of her, the way she’d held Alex close to her chest for what felt like hours until they both drifted off to the best sleep they’d had since arriving.

They woke up the next morning to an announcement over the intercom system demanding everyone report to the town square immediately, that they’d found the fatal flaw in their neighborhood.

“Alex, I”—biting back tears, Maggie forced herself to continue—“I…just in case, I want you to know that I’m happy. Because of you. You make me happy. I didn’t think I deserved that—happiness—didn’t really think I’d ever get it. But you gave it to me, Alex.”

With Maggie’s arms wrapped tight around her, her lips pressed to Maggie’s neck, Alex whispered, her voice muffled and just barely audible, “I love you.”

“I love you too, Alex. So much.”

Wiping her eyes, Alex forced herself to smile, forced herself to look happy when all of this was crumbling around them. “No matter what happens, we’ll always have boob cheese.”

With a watery chuckle, Maggie nodded. “Yeah, yeah we will.”

They walked down the meandering path for what might be the last time holding hands and trying to silently reassure one another. They never let go, not during M’gann’s introduction, not while she listed, once more, all the bad things that had happened in the neighborhood. They held hands all the way until M’gann announced that Maggie clearly didn’t belong, that she would be going to the Bad Place where she deserved to be, that their neighborhood would be a utopia once more.

Everyone gasped, but only Cat and Lucy looked upset. Cat had told M’gann that she failed once more, that Maggie wasn’t the problem, but apparently it hadn’t been enough. Once more, she was going to watch as she failed another person in her life.

Alex let go of Maggie’s hand then, but when Maggie turned to kiss her goodbye, she found Alex standing up in her place. “Maggie isn’t the problem,” Alex yelled. “I am.”

Another gasp rang out, and shocked murmuring rippled down the rows of people.

Before Maggie could react, Alex was walking straight up to M’gann. “Maggie has done nothing wrong. Instead she’s helped me to become a better person. She deserves to stay here.”

Alex’s promise not to let Maggie be sent away rang in Maggie’s ears, and when she felt Lucy’s arm wrapping around her shoulders and Cat’s hand holding her own, Maggie found she couldn’t stop the tears she’d tried not to let fall.
All three of them followed behind Alex as she was led away. All three of them sat in the waiting room with its slightly wicked looking signs that were meant to be reassuring. All three of them waited as Alex’s real file was reviewed, point by painstaking point, every detail of her life held up for scrutiny and found lacking.

They all stood when Alex reemerged again with M’gann directly behind her.

“What’s going to happen to her?” Maggie asked, her voice wavering slightly.

“She’ll be sent to the Bad Place—where she’s always belonged.”

“Look, maybe she belonged there at the beginning, though I’m not convinced she ever did, but she’s changed! She’s become a better person. And if I belong here, she does too.”

“Ah well, that’s the thing. For helping a known fraud to stay here, you’ll also be sent to the Bad Place,” M’gann explained.

“What?” Alex growled, turning on M’gann. If she was already off to the Bad Place, she may as well make it worth it.

“We already took a risk on her. Low numbers, but room for potential. And do you know what she did with that opportunity? She deceived us, at every opportunity. Clearly she never deserved that second chance at happiness.”

“Now hold it right there,” Cat stepped forward, her hands on her hips, looking every bit the part of the CEO she had once been. “Aren’t you supposed to be some sort of benevolent architect-god thing? Aren’t good people supposed to forgive and give people chances and not condemn them when their intentions were good?”

“Oh my god,” Alex gasped. Everyone turned to look at her. “Yeah, Cat’s absolutely forking right. That is what would happen in the Good Place. The Good Place architect wouldn’t point out our flaws and make us feel terrible about ourselves. The Good Place architect wouldn’t try to have us turn on our own. And you know what? The Good Place would also serve real ice cream, not this watered down shit.”

“What are you saying?” Maggie asked, though she couldn’t help but hear proof of all the things she’d been thinking too.

“This right here is a clusterfork. We spend all our waking moments in fear and misery. Maggie got stuck with a closeted baby gay soulmate and a bunch of dumb neighbors who had never heard of lesbians. Cat’s constantly reminded of her biggest rival and is being told every day that she’s failing by the only person here she really has to try to impress. I have to live in the site of all my worst failures, surrounded by proof of a life I could have had, should have had, if I weren’t such a forking failure.” Alex was getting more and more worked up by the second. “Do you know why this is?” She didn’t give them a chance to respond. “We’re in the Bad Place!”

Everyone seemed to freeze for a moment until M’gann burst out laughing. “Wow, you weren’t supposed to figure that out for at least another thousand years or so. Maybe you really did belong at Stanford.”

“What?” Lucy gasped. “Why? And how’d you know?”

Alex looked over at Lucy. “Well, I don’t actually know why you’re here. But I was a trash human being, and Maggie cheated on her girlfriend and took a bribe or two, and Cat probably stepped on a hundred people to climb her way to the top. But you…”
“Were proud and jealous of your sister and very, very xenophobic actually—well, to aliens at least. Even more so than Alex here whose life was ruined by one,” M’gann cut in.

“Thanks for the reminder.”

“Anytime. Literally. For all of eternity.”

“Okay, but we’re medium people. We’re not bad people.”

“And you think that matters?” M’gann asked, an incredulous look slowly giving way to laughter that seemed to erupt from deep within her. “There’s only one scale, and you just didn’t measure up.”

“Okay, but look, don’t some post-death things count? Like, Maggie didn’t cheat on me at all. In fact, she protected me and took care of me and helped me to be a better person.”

“And Cat hasn’t called anyone by the wrong name recently. And she’s been trying to help Lucy,” Maggie pointed out.

“Lucy’s really been the one helping me,” Cat admitted. “She’s sweet and clearly the superior Lane. Plus, Alex literally spent her days in paradise helping you to figure out who the fraud was without once trying to pin the blame on someone else.”

“And then she actually gave herself in! To protect Maggie, who’s been a really wonderful friend to me,” Lucy added.

“We improved each other,” Alex implored M’gann. “We’ve become better people together, and if that isn’t proof that we don’t deserve to go to the Bad Place, I don’t know what is.”

“Oh, it’s proof of something,” M’gann conceded, smiling devilishly. “It’s proof of the real fatal flaw in my plan: I had you all be soulmates. I had you live next door to one another. I had you spend almost all of your time together. Next time, I’ll spread you out so it’s more of a slow burn.”

“What?” Cat asked, her eyes flashing up at M’gann.

“What next time?” Maggie pressed.

“Oh,” M’gann sighed, nodding along with them. “Yeah. Yeah, I’m gonna erase your memories, you know, leave a few fun new details in there maybe, make a couple of changes, and we’ll start on over again. Hopefully.” She crossed her fingers. “Just gotta get the boss man to sign off. Wish me luck!”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Summary

Alright, so, I had a whole fic plotted out as a prequel to the auror chapter that was about Maggie and Alex’s time abroad while Maggie was a wandmaker’s apprentice, and I may still come back to that! But I had a dream about the Harry Potter universe, and at 4:30am when I woke up from it, it seemed like such a good, magical idea (like the shower, it’s one of those places where all the best ideas happen), so anyhow, enjoy this magic in the modern work/cooking show AU instead. Also, yes, I borrowed Paul Hollywood and Mary Berry from the Great British Bake Off, though they’re rather minor characters if you don’t watch it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey, and welcome to the first episode of Bippity Boppity Bake’s fourth season,” host Leslie Willis announced with her trademark eyeroll. Cat huffed from behind the camera, but she couldn’t deny that viewers enjoyed the snark—not that she’d ever admit it to Leslie. She’d merely stepped in one day when Eve Teschmacher had fallen ill, but after the veritable deluge of requests to have Leslie back, Cat had been happy enough to promote her when Eve left to go work for Lena Luthor. The show had…changed, to say the least, under Leslie’s influence, but they still got quality footage that brought in viewers and advertisers alike.

Cat looked back up and watched Leslie strutting across the front of the room, enchanted cameras following her every move, catching each swing of her hips and smirk on her lips. She quickly recited the rules, memorized after weeks and weeks of reminding the audience at home—a fact that bothered her to no end. She watched as Leslie leaned up against the edge of the judge’s table. “For those of you at home too dense to remember the premise of the show, the judges are non-magic chefs who are married to or children of the witches and wizards you all know and love. They’re here to see how well your contestants can do when left to muggle devices and recipes with nary a wand in sight.”

The audience ooh-ed and ahh-ed as though they had never before heard of the idea, despite having watched three seasons of it already.

“I guess you’ll probably want to meet our first batch of contestants,” Leslie drawled, wandering down the aisle to the first station. “First up is blondie.”

“Kara,” Kara reminded Leslie, ignoring the blatant shrug of Leslie’s shoulders that so clearly seemed to scream, “I don’t care!”

“What should the audience know about you, blondie? Are you more than those pastel cardigans and surprisingly butch belts?”

Blushing a faint shade of pink, Kara squared her shoulders. “I’m Kara Danvers,” she introduced herself. “I work as a journalist for the Daily Prophet.” As she spoke, she forgot about her annoyance at Leslie and remembered how excited she was to be on the show, beaming out at the audience and the cameras. “I really love eating, so I figured I should probably learn to love baking too! And, well, here I am!”
“What’d you slip into your coffee this morning?” Leslie grumbled, furrowing her brows as she took in Kara’s bubbly demeanor. Looking around the room, Leslie’s eyes lit on a contestant that looked more her speed. “You—surly. What’s your deal?”

Alex looked up at the feeling of Leslie’s gaze trained on her. “Oh, uh, she submitted an application without telling me,” Alex admitted, glaring over at Kara.

Intrigued by the open admission of not wanting to be on the show, Leslie perched herself on the corner of the woman’s baking station, knowing there would be a whole team by to sanitize it the second she moved her ass. “Ya gonna get back at her by winning the whole thing, surly?”

Alex shrugged.

“You got a name?”

“Alex Danvers. Older sister and potions professor.”

“Oh you must be so much fun in class,” Leslie cackled gleefully. “I can picture it now: a whole class torn between swooning and crying, am I right?”

“All that matters is that they learn potions.”

“Now what about cooking. You cook?”

“Nope.”

“Blondie,” Leslie called out. “What’d you bring her on for if she doesn’t cook?”

Crossing her arms, a defiant look on her face, Kara explained: “Alex said she’d obviously be great at muggle baking, since she can brew perfect potions. I told her to prove it, and now she will—or won’t,” Kara added with a teasing laugh as she stuck her tongue out at Alex.

Cat watched as the audience roared with laughter and applause. She’d assumed Alex would be the first or second one sent home, but she wondered if there might be a way to keep her around for another week or two to boost the ratings.

“Rainbow, what’s your deal?” Leslie called out at one of the bakers who had a few rainbow pride patches sewn onto her apron.

“I’m Maggie Sawyer. I’m an auror, but I bake a lot for the women I date, so if you’re looking…” Maggie trailed off, shooting a flirty wink directly at the camera that Cat just knew would end up plastered across the tabloids as the perfect moving photograph to sell the current season.

“Now do you bake by hand for them, or are those hands busy doing something else?” Leslie asked, her voice a filthy drawl at that point. Cat wondered how much would need to be edited before it aired.

“I can’t say I bake by hand too often,” Maggie admitted with a cheeky grin, “but I’m a muggle-born, so I’ve got quite a few years of experience under my belt that should put me a step or two ahead of the competition.”

With a sharp rap of her knuckles against Maggie’s baking station and a whispered, “Find me after the show,” Leslie meandered over to the next station. “Alright, checkers, your turn to impress me.”

Winn looked up from his plaid shirt, seeming to startle slightly even though he knew he was next.
“I’m Winn—Winn Schott.”

Leslie appeared to grow increasingly uninterested as Winn talked about turning to muggle baking for the same reasons he found muggle technology fascinating, but Cat noticed a few of the audience members that seemed charmed by the somewhat attractive little hobbit.

As they went down the rows, Cat listened to Jamil, a wizard who had married a muggle, talk about turning to muggle baking when his recipes just weren’t turning out the way his partner remembered them. There was a quidditch player who’d turned to baking by hand as a way to destress after long days out on the pitch. A healer who enjoyed the comfort a hand-made treat could bring to friends and family. A Ministry employee who had lost a bet and been forced to live without magic for a full week, only to realize he didn’t mind the way he was forced to pay attention to every last detail when he couldn’t simply charm a spoon into stirring his sauces or enchant the flour to only shake itself out for so long. M’gann, he Leaky Cauldron’s newest bartender. Psi, a bookseller from a well-known Knockturn Alley shop that was rumored to be haunted for the nightmares its patrons were all left with the following night. And last but not least, their tenth and final contestant, Siobhan Smythe, who carried herself with an air of confidence most of their contestants only pretended to have for the cameras—whether it was earned or not, Cat would decide.

“For this first challenge, we’ll be starting simple with a muggle favorite.” Leslie basked in the feeling of having the attention of absolutely every person in the room on her. “Cupcakes. Use whatever recipe you want, whatever flavors you want—just make us a dozen of your best attempt and hope you’re not the laughing stock of the wizarding world.”

Looking at the recipe book in front of her, Alex grumbled when she couldn’t simply flick her wrist and have it fall open to the recipe she wanted. Instead, she thumbed through to the index, looking for something that appealed to her before making her way over to the page. Lugging the book with her, Alex walked over to the cupboards in the back, ignoring the cameras trained on her into which she was supposed to announce what she would be making and why. Honestly, it seemed like a big waste of time.

Maggie snickered at the sight of Alex, apparently rather appropriately dubbed “surly,” cursing in front of the shelves about how nothing was arranged in a sensible fashion, all the while trying to balance the book that she’d dragged back with her in one hand while she sorted through bags of flour with the other.

“What are you laughing at?” Alex snapped, rounding on Maggie.

“Just thinking about how annoyed Cat will be that she can’t use any of this footage because you’re filling it with obscenities.”

“Wait…if I curse, they can’t use it?”

Realizing that she might have given away too much, Maggie rubbed at the back of her neck. “I mean…I assume they’d figure out a way to edit it. But I think Cat would probably kill you for the extra work.”

“Why is there talk of killing?” Kara whispered, poking Alex hard in the side. “I told you to play nice.”

“I’m being too nice, if anything,” Alex grumbled, turning her attention back to the shelves. Propping her cookbook up against her forearm, Alex turned her back on Maggie and Kara while she gathered ingredients. There was sugar, obviously, and flour. Then one of the baking soda or powders… Probably some vanilla. And cocoa. It was as she was reaching high for the cocoa powder that a
warm hand was suddenly on her waist, nearly causing her to drop everything in her arms.

“Let me help,” Maggie insisted.

Alex normally would have said something in response, but there now were two surprisingly strong hands around her waist, gently guiding her back from the shelves in their makeshift pantry. Plucking items down without a recipe in sight, Maggie deposited a handful over at her station before dropping the rest off for Alex.

Finally, with Maggie a safe distance away, Alex seemed to snap out of her haze, and she shuffled over to her work station to put down the ingredients still in her hands. Before she could set off to begin working on her batter, Maggie was chuckling and a hand was back on her waist. When Alex flinched, though, Maggie quickly withdrew it, muttering apologies too soft for the cameras to notice and for Cat to turn into drama.

“It’s—it’s fine,” Alex assured her, unclear on a good way to point out that her startled reaction was due mainly to the fact that Maggie just had really nice arms—like, unfairly nice—and nice hair too, and a cool, very gay apron, and that it had been a while—too long, really—since Alex had done much of anything with another person. Somehow between the shit that her students managed to get into on what felt like a daily basis—and really, they were 13-year-olds with wands running around, so it should probably be expected—and her summer trips around the world gathering ingredients and meeting potions masters who specialized in different traditions, Alex found she didn’t have much time to date. There had been the fling with the flying instructor, but she’d never wanted to settle down, and Alex wasn’t about to waste her precious little free time agonizing over some woman who couldn’t decide whether or not she wanted Alex in any kind of substantive way.

So instead, Alex had gone back to singledom, which she enjoyed for enough reasons not to try too hard to change things. She appreciated not having to answer to anyone when she fell asleep with her cauldron on and woke to a room full of putrid odors and thick smoke. She liked being free to apparate halfway around the world on a whim if she needed a particular kind of root only available in two places. She enjoyed knowing that her nights were her nights, not the time for someone else to insist that she put on fancy clothes and act charming.

But there were things that seemed like they could be nice…like having someone to come home to at the end of the day, someone to talk to about her work and travel with for fun, someone to hold her close at night and maybe help her to work out some of the pent-up frustration built up over long days of dealing with students and putting out fires—only sometimes metaphorical ones. And really, was it so wrong to miss having another person in bed? Even enchanted sex toys reached a point of ceasing to feel like they were enough, like they were a solution for all that she wanted.

“You’ll need butter and milk—I assume you’re making a fairly standard recipe, yeah?” Maggie’s voice broke Alex out of her musings.

“Um, yeah.” Alex could feel her cheeks flaming a bright shade of red from the very last place her thoughts had strayed. Honestly, though, it was Kara’s fault for choosing to investigate all of the other candidates before they began filming. It was Kara’s fault that Alex had found pictures of Maggie soaring around on a broomstick in a sports bra from her days on an amateur LGBTQ quidditch league team. It was Kara’s fault that Alex knew so many small, random factoids about the woman’s life that somehow seemed to make her impossibly more alluring than the taut muscles and cocky grins already had.

“Well, here you are. Unless…did you need any more help?” Maggie wasn’t entirely certain why she was still offering to help when the whole show was a competition—and she definitely wasn’t one to back down from a challenge. She knew Alex was gay, of course, had even before the list of
candidates was released. As terse and demanding and even mean as Alex could be as an instructor, she was also known far and wide as the one that the kids went to when they started to wonder if maybe they were looking for a witch instead of a wizard, or maybe neither of those labels seemed just right, or maybe really nothing made sense at the moment. Because away from her classroom, it turned out Madam Danvers could be pretty caring and surprisingly good with the same kids that sometimes left her classroom in tears after seeing the laundry list of “areas of improvement” that she’d drawn up at the bottom of their reports. Somehow those same students always seemed to forget that sense of desperation later when they had improved by leaps and bounds and achieved decent O.W.L.s, but what mattered to Alex was that they succeeded, not whether they gave her credit—though she’d never say no to a good bottle of Ogden’s Old Firewhiskey. Maggie found herself idly wondering whether Alex remembered her name from the owl she’d sent over one summer inviting her to come play on their gay quidditch league team. Alex had never responded, despite having been one of the best beaters the wizarding world had seen in years, but Maggie had no doubt that she was still a proud member of the LGBTQ community, which was in and of itself an attractive quality. And then in person, she was just attractive. End of sentence. Full stop.

“Probably shouldn’t—competition and all,” Alex answered with a shrug.

“Right, yeah, wouldn’t want to cross Cat. Just figured ya looked a little lost.”

Huffing, Alex plucked the butter and milk from Maggie’s hands. “I’ll be just fine. You’ll see when I beat you.”

Hoping the cameras weren’t watching, Maggie let her gaze drop to watch Alex away. Alex wouldn’t win, of course, but the confidence was endlessly appealing. Once the woman was back at her station, Maggie turned to the fridge and pulled out all of the ingredients she would need for her vegan chocolate peanut butter cupcakes.

Across the room, Siobhan was explaining to the camera that she always whipped her frosting and did her decorating by hand—magic just didn’t seem to achieve the right texture or the level of perfection she wanted in her presentation. Seated next to her was M’gann, who had cast the cookbook aside in favor “letting the flavors speak to me.” Like mixing drinks, she had told Leslie, cooking was about feeling and being open to new experiences. Leslie had scoffed, suggesting that she wasn’t really open to food poisoning, but M’gann had remained unfazed, simply shooing the host away from her station.

At least one contestant already seemed completely overwhelmed, and the cameras had followed him over to the back corner where he was pacing and trying to work up a bit of confidence. Kara was happily chatting at the camera, losing her sense of surety only once when Cat stalked by the edge of the cooking arena, her eyes lighting on Kara and making her feel like her whole future was being decided by this tiny little woman who seemed more powerful and intimidating than her diminutive size should have allowed for. When Cat left, however, Kara quickly regained her footing and went back to her bowl of batter with renewed vigor.

“We’ve got our first batch in an oven,” Leslie announced, directing the cameras over to Alex’s station, where she appeared wholly unready for the attention.

“Uh, yeah,” Alex shrugged. “I mix things for a living…”

“What’d you make, surly?” Leslie asked, peering into Alex’s oven.

“I made chocolate cupcake with Guinness, and then I’ve got a recipe for a whiskey buttercream frosting that I’ll be making with some of my favorite firewhiskey.”
“Man, between you and our resident bartender whipping Bailey’s into her icing, I might just enjoy these dumb little cakes.”

“Leslie!” Cat snapped, her voice ringing through Leslie’s earpiece and making the woman cringe.

“Right, right…”

While Leslie went back to doing her rounds, Maggie snuck a peak over at Alex’s station, where the woman was now trying to figure out how to use the muggle blender—a challenge that had never failed to amuse Maggie, who had grown up using one to make cookie dough from a young age.

“Ya know,” Maggie began, her voice a low drawl, “if you needed help, you really could have asked.”

“I’m doing just fine,” Alex replied haughtily, ignoring the fact that she was still holding some attachment that was definitely supposed to be anywhere other than in her hand if she wanted her ingredients to look less like butter coated in sugary crystals and more like frosting.

“Fine, fine. Don’t blame me when you don’t leave yourself enough time to beat everything by hand.” After a moment, she couldn’t resist adding, “Though your muscles look like they’d be up for the challenge.” She drew a finger slowly across Alex’s forearm, breaking off into laughter when Alex spluttered and nearly fumbled her mixer.

“Just get back to you damn station, Sawyer. Some of us are trying to work.”

“Please, my cupcakes are already in the oven, and my mixer, unlike yours, is already assembled.” Alex looked up and over, annoyed to find that it was true. “Last chance: want my help?”

“Are you gonna be an ass about it later?”

“Well that depends…”

“On?”

“On whether or not you’ll come join my gay quidditch league.”

“What?”

“You ignored my last invite. At least come practice with us once—one time, and I won’t lord it over you forever that you, renowned potions master, couldn’t figure out very basic muggle technology.”

Appearing to deliberate for a few minutes, Alex finally relented, handing over the attachment to Maggie, who had the mixer set up and whirring within seconds.

“See you at practice tomorrow.”

“Hey! You didn’t tell me it was so soon!”

“You didn’t ask,” Maggie pointed out, shooting Alex a shit-eating grin before strolling back to her station to check on her cupcakes. She was happy to see they were rising well, even though sometimes the vegan substitutes could be a little heavier, making the cake denser than Paul and Mary tended to like. While Maggie set about adding ingredients for her peanut butter frosting into her mixing bowl, relishing in the feeling of Alex’s gaze on her, Leslie strolled back over to her station.

“How’s it going over here?”
“Can’t complain,” Maggie answered. “I’ve got cupcakes baking, and I’m all ready to start my icing.”

“Now what sets you apart? What do you have going for your cupcakes that’s gonna wow the judges?”

“Well, I gave myself the additional challenge of making a vegan recipe.”

“Really?” Leslie cut in. “You vegan or just a masochist?”

Weighing out peanut butter, Maggie chuckled softly. “I try to eat vegan when I can. Vegan desserts have gotten a lot better over the past few years, and I think if I can win with this recipe and beat the contestants using more traditional recipes, it’ll do a lot to show people that their first instinct to dismiss vegan cooking as ‘gross’ isn’t necessarily grounded in the new reality.”

Leslie paused, seeming to consider this information. “Ya know,” she drawled, a smirk curling up the corner of her mouth, “I’ve never eaten a vegan.”

Grinning, Maggie held Leslie’s gaze. “Well, once the judging’s over, maybe you’ll have to come give it a shot.”

Across the aisle, Alex fumed at the blatant flirting—because it could influence the judging, of course, not like she was jealous…or would have any right to be. It was just, well, if she were being honest, Maggie had seemed a bit like she was flirting with Alex earlier, and maybe Alex let her hopes creep up slightly that the quidditch practice might turn into something. But apparently it was just the way Maggie was, not anything special about Alex that had brought it out of her.

A high-pitched beeping pulled Alex’s attention away from the two women, and she looked all around the room until Kara caught her attention with a loud hiss. She pointed up at the ceiling, where a circular device beeped loudly, its small red light flashing in a pattern that Alex tried to decipher.

“It’s a fire alarm, Danvers!” Maggie yelled.

“Fuck,” Alex growled, noticing the black smoke billowing out of the oven. Apparently she’d been a bit too distracted by the sight of Maggie’s arms and the annoying display of innuendo-laced communication to pay attention to the cupcakes she’d sworn just needed “another minute.” Without thinking about it, Alex murmured the incantation for an extinguishing spell; wand or no wand, she was perfectly capable of a fair amount. But nothing happened.

“The walls are enchanted,” Maggie explained. “No magic can happen inside the tent.”

“Cat actually does it herself before the start of every show,” Kara chimed in, looking beyond impressed. “It’s one of the strongest charms the Ministry said they had ever seen!”

Cursing under her breath, Alex turned off her oven and propped it open before climbing up onto the stools that sat beneath every station, even though they were rarely used, and grabbing ahold of the godforsaken device. With a strong pull, Alex ripped it from the ceiling, jumping back to the floor, crushing it with her boot, and tossing it into the garbage.

The audience roared with laughter, as well as some scattered applause and loud whistles. Knowing how well something like that would play on television, Cat didn’t complain, though words would be had if Alex destroyed any more of the show’s property—especially if it were something more valuable than a smoke detector.

Cameras followed Alex closely as she used an oven mitt to pull the cupcakes that more closely resembled charcoal than cake out of the oven and toss them into the garbage.
“No!” Kara gasped. “You have to present something!” Just because she was here to prove to Alex that muggle baking wasn’t the simple task she insisted it would be didn’t mean that she wanted to see Alex fail.

“I’ll just make a second batch,” Alex shrugged, confused as to why everyone seemed so upset on her behalf.

“There’s not that much time left,” Maggie whispered. Alex appreciated the attempt at being helpful without being dramatic enough to win the cameras’ attention.

“Don’t worry about me, Sawyer. Worry about turning something vegan edible.”

“Why? You interested in tasting a vegan too?” Maggie flirted, winking at Alex.

“You wish.”

“Mm, but I do.”

Alex furrowed her eyebrows together, trying to figure out if Maggie was serious or just playful. Ignoring it for the time being, Alex shuffled over to the fridge, where she’d stashed the rest of her batter. Everyone looked shocked, and Leslie was by Alex’s side in an instant.

“Why’d you think to make extra batter?”

“I teach children to make potions. You really think I don’t know that shit happens? I prepped a double batch. Worse thing that happened: I had extra.” Honestly, Alex was confused about why other contestants didn’t do the same. Sure, the show would lack its dramatic moments, but it would set everyone up to be in a much better position for taking risks with their bakes. And oh god, now she sounded like Kara, and Alex really wanted off this show before she got invested. Maybe she shouldn’t have brought out the extra batter after all…

Leslie watched as Alex poured a bit of Guinness into a measuring cup next to her bowl. “Ah, so this batch isn’t totally ready?”

“No…that’s for me.”

Leslie grinned. “I knew we’d get along. You, me, and rainbow—we’ll finish off that bottle of firewhiskey I saw you sneaking into your bag.”

Blushing a faint shade of pink at having been caught, Alex turned her attention back to her tray, filling up the small silver cupcake tins with batter while her oven reheated.

Across the room, others were already frosting their cupcakes, though Siobhan was shaking her head and rolling her eyes at the camera, explaining to the viewers at home how cupcakes should be allowed to cool fully before any attempt at frosting was made. The whining coming from one of the contestants behind her at his frosting sliding right off warm cake made her grin widely, offering nothing more than a simple, slightly condescending: “See?”

A surge of nervous energy seemed to fill the room when Leslie announced that there were only 30 minutes left. Even though most contestants had a timer going to keep track of the overall time, somehow Leslie’s announcement made the facts they already knew seem so much more official.

Trey, the quidditch player, piped hoops and quaffles and fluttering golden snitches across the tops of his vanilla frosting. Winn dusted his cupcakes with a coarse, baby blue sugar, while Kara stirred her caramel over a low heat before drizzling it over the tops of her chocolate salted caramel cupcakes.
M’gann dipped espresso beans into a pot of melted dark chocolate, grumbling about the lack of cooling spells as she popped them into the freezer before decorating her cupcakes. Maggie piped her frosting into neat swirls after filling her cakes with a dark chocolate ganache that she hoped would give the extra weight of the cupcakes a sense of purpose, rather than making it a flaw of her recipe. And Alex stared into her oven, tapping her foot and willing her timer to count down more quickly.

Maggie finished early and wondered whether she should have given more thought to her decorations. But they looked neat and professional, so she decided she could simply sit back and watch the others. Of course, there was really only one person she was invested in looking at, and her gaze soon migrated over to Alex’s station, where the woman was fanning her fresh-from-the-oven tray of cupcakes, trying to get them to cool down some before she iced them. Checking the timer, Alex grabbed her tray and popped it into the freezer, throwing her icing in the fridge and simply sitting down with her measuring cup of Guinness for five minutes, apparently ignoring the flurry of motion all around her. Maggie wondered if the calm was a façade, or if the woman really wasn’t concerned—or maybe just genuinely didn’t care about the competition and would happily be sent home. Knowing how competitive she’d been out on the quidditch pitch, though, Maggie doubted that she’d be happy to be sent home in front of a live audience.

Hearing the small ding of her timer, Alex hustled over to the freezer and pulled out her cupcakes, gently prodding at one. The cake was clearly still warm, but the outer layer had cooled more than the inside, and it would have to be enough. With only a minute or two left, Alex hastily spooned her chilled frosting onto the top of the cakes, ignoring the piping bag in front of her that she knew would take longer than she had. She was only half-surprised when a small dimpled brunette showed up by her side, a knife in hand as she helped to smooth down the frosting on her half of the tray, while Alex took care of her six. They finished right as Leslie called out time.

“Thanks,” Alex muttered under her breath as the judges came out and took their spots behind the counter at the front of the room.

“When the judges call your name, bring your bake to the front, then smile and act pleased by constructive criticism while they tell you how awful they are,” Leslie teased, grinning at the ripple of laughter from the audience.

“First up is Kara Danvers. Can you bring your bake to the front?” Paul called out, looking up as Kara walked across the front of the room with her large platter.

“They look just beautiful, Kara,” Mary told her, and Kara positively beamed. “Even without magic, you’ve managed to get a nice, neat drizzle with that caramel.”

“But we’ll need to see how they taste before we say anything with certainty,” Paul reminded them, his piercing blue eyes flashing over at Kara.

Stepping back a pace, Kara watched as Paul selected one—she swore he chose the one that looked the worst on purpose—and cut it in half. After a moment that seemed to stretch on for hours, he inclined his head slightly. “It’s got a good consistency. Doesn’t look too dry, which can be a real issue with chocolate cakes.”

Kara held her breath as the two judges bit into either half of the cupcake, waiting as they chewed. She was a nervous ball of energy by the time they spoke again. “Well that is just delicious,” Mary finally announced.

“You can really taste the salt coming through without it overwhelming the flavors,” Paul added. “Nice cake. Even better frosting. Well done.”
“Thank you!” Kara gushed, happily taking her plate back and rushing over to her bench, a smile plastered on her face.

Not following Leslie’s order, Paul called up M’gann next. She got a wink from Mary for the inclusion of Bailey’s in the frosting. Paul called the frosting “too sweet,” but Mary insisted it was the perfect balance for the bitterness of the espresso powder in the dark chocolate cake. M’gann seemed pleased enough when she walked back to her station.

Both Winn and Trey scored high on flavor but low on appearance for Paul, who deemed Winn’s colorful dusting of sugar and Trey’s quidditch illustrations “childish” and “unprofessional.” Mary, however, thought they were fun—a nice note of levity in an otherwise serious competition.

Paul adored Siobhan’s display, while Mary thought more time could have been spent on perfecting the flavors instead of the decorations, no matter how nice they looked. Jamil’s tangy lemon zest frosting was deemed a bit too sour, while Psi’s dark chocolate ganache was too bitter, though they both were redeemed slightly with cakes that were “perfectly moist” and “almost too good,” respectively. The healer, Jasmine, had made a solid bake for a yellow cake with a milk chocolate frosting that Paul thought seemed just a little too basic next to the more risky recipes others had tried.

When Alex was called up finally, Paul took one look at her cupcakes and looked back up at her. “Really?”

Holding his gaze, Alex simply folded her arms across her chest and widened her stance slightly. “What should matter is how they taste.”

“They better taste damn good.”

Alex swallowed back every bit of insecurity and refused to back down from her claims. After an agonizing minute or two, he looked back up at her. “Alright. That’s a good cupcake.” Alex’s mouth split into a cocky grin. “Next week I’ll expect to see something that looks professional because this”—he gestured down at her tray—“was most definitely not.”

“That is a tasty cupcake, though,” Mary added. “The Guinness really draws out that deep chocolate taste. And the firewhiskey is doing more than enough to help me forget the appearance.”

A relieved Alex shuffled back to her spot, downing the last of her Guinness as she sunk into her seat.

Maggie was up next and, after a few apprehensive looks upon telling the judges that the cupcakes were vegan, they both conceded that they tasted good. Mary called them a “little heavy,” but maintained that the flavors held up, even if she couldn’t possibly eat more than one. And Paul admitted that he was impressed, which Maggie chalked up to a total victory.

Michael, their resident Ministry of Magic employee who’d been the one to have a minor anxiety attack mid-show, trembled as he walked up with his cupcakes—a caramel stuffed vanilla cake with a vanilla bourbon frosting that left Mary grinning and Leslie cackling off-screen about the idea of a drunk Mary Berry tottering off the stage at the end of the show.

Paul lifted one up and frowned, gently prodding at the bottom of the cake. When he picked up a second cupcake, the bottom of the cake gave way as caramel spilled from it. “It’s as I suspected,” Paul sighed.

“Too much caramel,” Michael finished, already shaking his head at himself.

Mary nodded. “Gives the cake a soggy bottom.”
“And you know how much Mary detests a soggy bottom. Firm bottoms only!” Leslie called out. Maggie and Alex dissolved into a fit of giggles that left Cat glaring at them. She put up with a certain amount of silliness on the show—after all, it sold—but it wouldn’t do to have the contestants openly acknowledging it as such.

Michael seemed relieved, if still angry with himself, when the quality of his frosting and homemade caramel was deemed “very good,” even if the overall bake wasn’t up to their standards.

“All right, now off with you two!” Leslie declared, shooing Paul and Mary off the stage to go deliberate.

“Cut!” yelled one of the producers. “You can all take a 15-minute break, then we’ll be back for the results.”

Maggie sauntered over to Alex’s station the second the cameras zoomed back offstage. “Taste of something vegan?” Maggie asked, a much too innocent smile playing about her lips.

“Don’t know that I’m interested, Sawyer.”

“Really? I swear I saw you looking…and if it wasn’t my oven, what could have possibly caught your eye?”

Pursing her lips, Alex glared at Maggie. “I guess it was your cupcakes after all.”

“Doesn’t have to be,” Maggie whispered before spinning on her heel and grabbing two cupcakes from her station. “Try one,” she insisted. “It won’t kill you.”

With a dramatic sigh, Alex bit into one and chewed thoughtfully.

“Tell me, Alex,” Maggie said, her voice every bit as dramatic as Alex’s show of eating, “is my bottom firm enough for your liking?”

With a loud snort, Alex laughed, barely managing to get a hand up in front of her mouth before she sprayed Maggie with half-chewed crumbs. “Fuck off,” Alex mumbled as she managed to swallow her large bite.

“Thoughts? Doesn’t have to be restricted to my bottom. You could also let me know how the body was—rich enough? Or the frosting? Ample enough on top for your liking?”

“There’s definitely too much of something in there for my liking,” Alex huffed, rolling her eyes at Maggie’s hurt expression.

“What if I promise these, er, cupcakes are even more enjoyable away from a camera and a live studio audience?”

“Depends what you mean by enjoyable. Because it sounded like Leslie already claimed dibs on getting to come enjoy them after the show.”

“Five minutes!” the producer yelled, and Cat sent a team of assistants around to make sure everyone looked presentable, especially since they’d do close ups for reaction shots.

“Find me after the show?” Maggie asked, looking more sincere than Alex had yet seen her. “I promise no one has dibs on my cupcakes just yet.”

“I suppose I could do that.”
They were soon split apart by assistants and guided to their spots up at the front of the room. After another minute Paul and Mary appeared once more, followed closely by Leslie, who was trailed by Siobhan, whose hair looked distinctly less prim and proper than it had when they cut for the break. One of the assistants promptly dealt with the hair while Cat glared at Leslie, mouthing, “One more strike, Willis.”

Kara grabbed Alex’s hand as the judges began going over the highs and lows of the week. Alex nudged Kara softly when she was announced as a high, then wrapped her up in a tight bear hug when she was announced as that week’s star baker. “Knew you could do it,” Alex whispered, before pulling back, all stoic expressions and stern glares once more.

“This week was a hard decision. Not everyone’s bakes were perfect, but we saw creativity and talent in spades. Unfortunately, we do have to send someone home. This week, the baker who will be leaving us showed real heart and made a sponge cake that left us wanting more, but the simple recipe paired with a frosting flavor that fell flat just wasn’t enough for us.”

After a dramatic pause, Paul looked down the line. “Jamil, I’m sorry you won’t be joining us next week.”

Jamil nodded and swallowed harshly, blinking back emotion. The group surrounded him and gave him hugs and words of encouragement. Even Paul and Mary had nice things to say to him, wishing him the best and asking him to promise that he might try again in another year or two and that he wouldn’t give up muggle baking just because it could be hard.

Kara and Jamil were soon pulled over to their stations to film the final moments, leaving the rest of the contestants free to leave.

“Danvers!” Maggie called out, jogging over to her before she could leave.

“Yeah?”

“Tomorrow, after quidditch practice, let me take you out to lunch?”

“For what, Sawyer? I’m not in the mood to be some fling for an episode or two’s worth of drama.”

“Hey,” Maggie pouted, “I wouldn’t do that.”

“You were down to get all touchy-flirty with Leslie,” Alex pointed out, hating that she sounded almost jealous.

“Yeah, because I know what makes for good television, and I’m not about to piss off someone like Leslie, who, by the way, has clearly already chosen Siobhan for this season’s fling.”

“Okay, right, exactly—good television. It can be fine that you were flirting with me to look good on camera. That’s alright. But I’m not throwing myself out there for something so shallow.”

“If it were that shallow, would I know that you’re the reason that even non-Slytherins sometimes hang out in the dungeon classrooms just on the off chance that you’re around and willing to talk?”

Alex looked over at Maggie suspiciously. “That sounds more like you stalk me.”

“No! No, not that either,” Maggie grumbled, rubbing at the back of her neck. “Look, I was one of those scared little gay kids at Hogwarts who didn’t have a professor like you to go to, or at least, not one I knew about until years later when it didn’t really matter.” Looking more serious by the second, Maggie continued, “My coming out didn’t go so well with my muggle family, and I wasn’t sure how
well it would fly at Hogwarts, so I stayed quiet for my first few years. And yeah, you weren’t a professor or anything while I was in school—hell, you didn’t even start at Hogwarts for a few more years—but the kids I see down at the youth LGBTQ sports league these days get the benefit of having someone like you now. And that—that’s really admirable, Danvers.”

“I—yeah—it’s whatever.”

“It’s more than whatever! God, where’s the cocky asshole who literally talked back to Paul Hollywood?”

“That’s different. I…that’s something I made. Of course it was gonna be good.”

“Yeah, and what I’m talking about is something you do, and it seems like a good bet that those things are gonna be good too.”

“You’re quite the sweet-talker.”

“So how about that date tomorrow? I promise to charm the pants off of you.”

Alex fixed Maggie with a stern glare. “We at Hogwarts do not stand for such inappropriate use of magic.”

“Oh god, you’re such a dork. It’s amazing. C’mon, just say yes, and I promise a good time. I’ll even take you somewhere with non-vegan options.”

“You mean, like, oh, I don’t know, most restaurants?”

“Alex,” Kara huffed, striding forward from the back exit where she’d been lingering, waiting to see what happened. “Just say yes. You already admitted that you had a big crush on her, and as it turns out, she seems pretty sweet in person.”

Maggie smiled gleefully. “C’mon, Danvers, listen to your little sister—she seems very wise.”

“One date.”

“I just need one chance to show you how worth it I am, promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites
#SanversWeek Day 7: Teacher AU

Chapter Summary

Since I already wrote a completed (and very long) professor AU – Welcome to the Gayborhood, Danvers, which you can read here (http://archiveofourown.org/works/9390416/chapters/21258665), I swung over to the crack fic side of the spectrum and wrote a very irreverent grade school teacher AU. Though, as I wrote it, some fluffy feelings definitely slipped on in there too. And please note there's a rather NSFW portion in today's fic.

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for hanging out with me all Sanvers Week! I've loved all your comments and have had a ton of fun writing these AUs for you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The grating ring of the fire alarm blared through the halls, prompting squeals and cheers and excited whispering from the students desperate to go outside and miss half of their lessons.

“Quiet!” Alex ordered, smiling as a hush fell over the room. “Get in your lines in alphabetical order like we practiced.”

“Yes, Ms. Danvers,” they chorused, quickly moving into line like they did whenever they had to walk to specials or down to the cafeteria.

Alex grabbed her roll book and efficiently shepherded them out into the hallway, doubling back to shut and lock the classroom door before taking her place at the front of the line once more and thanking her line leaders, Adams and Appleby, for their leadership. As they marched down the hallway, Alex scoffed and rolled her eyes at the students from other classes giggling and getting separated from their classes without a care in the world. Of course, had this been a real fire, she would have been the first to make sure they got in line and out of the building. But since it was just their monthly drill, she carefully guided her class around the veritable disaster zones in the hallway and outside to their designated spot on the right side of the parking lot.

Even though she could tell they were all there, she pulled out her class list and began taking attendance, knowing they’d lose points for not following protocol otherwise. “Blake Adams!” Alex yelled, checking off his name as Blake raised his hand and called out, “Here!”

“Jake Appleby!”

Jake’s hand flew up as his cracking voice called out, “Present!”

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“Buddy system! You know the drill,” Maggie called from the front of the classroom. “There should
be 12 pairs. Once you have a buddy, get in a neat line.” She watched as her students began partnering up, grimacing when once more Sally W. was left alone. “This isn’t about finding your friends! This is about safety,” Maggie reminded them, barely hiding the tone of annoyance. Only this time there wasn’t another student awkwardly looking around as though they didn’t notice Sally, which meant one student was still out of the room. She checked the blackboard ledge, noting that the bathroom pass was still gone. Of course. Nothing could ever simply go right on Friday drill days, and she’d be doomed to a life of coming in second—or, as Alex liked to call it, last—to Ms. Danvers’ class.

Motioning for Sally to stay with her, Maggie guided the rest of her class out into the hallway and down one door to Mrs. Adler’s third grade. “Hey, Deb, can my kids follow you? Bianca’s still in the bathroom, and I need to wait for her.”

“Sure,” Deb agreed with a shrug.

“Okay, class,” Maggie called out, holding up her hand until her students fell silent. “Stay in your pairs and follow Mrs. Adler’s class. I’ll be out in just a minute. Until then, you are responsible for your buddy. If I come out and you don’t have a partner, you’ll lose recess privileges next week.”

They nodded along in understanding and fell into line behind the third graders, a few of Maggie’s students muttering disdainfully about how young they seemed.

“Alright, Sally,” Maggie said, smiling down at her, “ready to help me find Bianca?”

“Okay,” Sally whispered, her voice barely audible.

They walked down to the nearest bathroom, and Maggie yelled from the sink area: “Bianca, are you in here?”

There was no answer, but one of the stall doors was shut. Of course, Maggie wasn’t about to risk opening it, so she called out again: “Bianca, there’s a fire drill, and we need to go.”

“I can’t,” came a small voice in response.

Relieved simply to have found the girl, Maggie felt herself relax a bit. “You know the rules, we all need to be out there. Are you sick? We can take you over to the nurse’s office.”

“No. …Maybe.”

“That’s okay. We can get you down to the nurse’s office, I promise.”

“Is it just you?” Bianca asked, her voice soft.

“Sally and I are both here,” Maggie answered.

“I’ll only tell you.”

Sighing, Maggie stepped closer to the stalls. “What’s going on?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

“I got my…you know. And you can see it on my pants.”

“Oh,” Maggie exhaled softly. “Hey, that’s okay, you know? It’s totally normal and natural. But how about this? I have a sweater that you can tie around your waist, and then we can go find the nurse together, and she’ll have things for you.” After a moment’s hesitation, the door swung open, and
Bianca stepped out from the stall, her eyes wide and dried tear tracks streaking down her cheeks. “Here you go.” Maggie handed over her sweater and just hoped that no one would ask why she was only wearing a t-shirt when they went outside.

“Thanks,” Bianca whispered, looking slightly more confident with the black sweater knotted around her waist.

“Of course.”

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By the time Maggie made it outside and over to her class with Sally at her side, having dropped Bianca off with the nurse and accounted for her on the class list that she’d have to hand over during the drill, all of the other classes were already lined up along the playground and the parking lot. Some of the teachers of the younger grades were still struggling to get their students to stay in a line, but Winn had all of his first-graders sitting cross-legged in two rows playing some kind of whisper down the lane game to keep them occupied. Of course Alex’s students were in perfect rows looking more like soldiers than students, while Maggie’s kids were grouped loosely beside them, looking worse for the comparison.

“Alright, get in two lines! We’re doing attendance,” Maggie called out. At least her students listened, even if their first instinct hadn’t been military precision. She finished with the attendance sheet just moments before the principal began walking down the rows to collect them and do any minor spot checks.

After a couple of minutes, Principal J’onzz made it down to her row. “Fifth grade classes!” he called out. Alex and Maggie both stepped forward.

“All accounted for,” Alex announced.

“One student is with the nurse, but the rest are all here,” Maggie told him, noting the slight furrowing of his eyebrows as he took in her appearance.

“Have some trouble keeping your kids in line, Sawyer?” Alex teased.

“Oh shut up, at least mine are smiling,” Maggie grumbled.

“Mine will be smiling come field day when we kick your—”

“Ms. Danvers?” one of the shorter girls in the grade stood by her side.

“Yes, Marisha?” Alex’s voice was suddenly softer, less mocking. Although she had a reputation for being one of the hardest teachers in the school, Maggie noticed that Alex was never mean in the way Kathy, a short-lived seventh grade teacher at the middle school, had been. She set high expectations and was quite clear about what the repercussions would be if they weren’t met, but she was, Maggie could admit, rather fair in her assessments. It wasn’t Maggie’s style, but she could respect the efficiency with which Alex ran her classroom. She’d absolutely never admit it out loud, since pretty much the whole school had gotten invested in their rivalry over the past two years. But when they had their grade-level meetings to discuss curriculum changes and the books they would teach, they managed to put their petty differences aside in the interest of preparing their students for the transition to middle school.

Before heading back to her class, Alex turned to Maggie: “Challenge is still on. We’ll see you in gym class next week.”
“Not if we don’t see you at the spelling bee first,” Maggie shot back.

“Oh please, as if your class is gonna come in first? We all saw the incorrect ‘your’ you dropped in that email to the full faculty listserv.” Alex laughed loudly over the sound of Maggie’s spluttering excuses. “Bye, Ms. Sawyer!”

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Monday morning found Maggie groaning at the sight of the new yard duty list that had been pinned up to the corkboard in the teacher’s lounge.

“What’s wrong?” Winn asked, fighting with the coffee pot to try to inject some breath of life into the ancient, dying machine.

“I got stuck on yard duty. Again. For the week when it’s supposed to be cold and windy and rainy.”

Winn groaned, while Alex laughed. “Sucks to be you.”

“Yeah? Sucks to be you too,” Maggie shot back.

“And why’s that?”

“Because you’re on yard duty with me.” Maggie stuck out her tongue at Alex’s annoyed expression.

“No way, I just did it! Kara hasn’t been up in ages,” Alex protested, glaring at her sister across the room.

Kara shrugged, looking far too innocent as she popped another chocolate glazed munchkin into her mouth. “Don’t ask me,” she mumbled through a mouth full of food.

“Don’t you tell your little kiddos not to talk with their mouths full?” Alex arched an eyebrow at Kara, who just shrugged back at her.

“C’mon, we all know her girlfriend could hack into the system without breaking a sweat,” Maggie chimed in, biting back a smile when Alex spun around to face Kara.

“You would let her betray your own flesh and blood like that?” Alex gasped.

“I’m adopted!”

“Plot twist!” Maggie yelled, reaching for a donut to enjoy with the drama.

“Oh shut up,” Alex growled, turning back to Maggie. “I’m making you deal with the boys who still don’t understand that no tackle football means no tackle football. Full stop. End of sentence. No exceptions.”

“Maybe if you didn’t encourage your kids to be so competitive…” Maggie trailed off, fluttering her eyelashes at Alex.

“Oh don’t pin this on me!”

“If I deal with them, that means you have to sit with the kids who whine about how it’s cold or they don’t want to be out there.”

Winn groaned, “It’s the worst. I just want to yell back at them: ‘I know! Me too! But guess what? We’re all stuck out here, and complaining doesn’t make it go any faster.’” With the chill wind that
had made it unseasonably cold recently, he was happy to be done with his yard duty for the month. He’d willingly take this week’s main office duty if it meant sitting inside and just answering phones during his lunch break.

“Morning!” James announced as he strode through the door, a large gym bag slung over his shoulder.

“Oh my god, I forgot it was gym day. Morning is officially made.”

“Glad I can be of service,” James laughed. “Ya know, besides leading our high school’s football team to state championships for the past three years…”

“Yeah, yeah, this one actually helps me.” Alex dismissed the championships with a wave of her hand. Sure, it brought in more money to their school district, some of which, she was grateful to see, Superintendent Grant had ensured actually made its way into non-athletics-related things like art studios and musical instruments for students who couldn’t afford their own, but otherwise it wasn’t something that interested her too much.

“If you forgot gym class,” Maggie whispered, her mouth suddenly very close to Alex’s ear, “I guess you’ll probably be losing this round.”

“Not a chance, Sawyer.”

“We’ll see,” Maggie tossed her hair over her shoulder as she grabbed her bag and headed out of the teacher’s lounge and down to her classroom.

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At the end of the day, once the students were all lined up with the teachers who’d gotten stuck with afterschool duty, Maggie and Alex ran down the hallway to the teacher’s lounge to catch James before he left to go run off-season weight training over at the high school.

“Sorry,” Maggie muttered, after nearly slamming into one of the newer teachers, though she didn’t slow her pace.

“No running in the hallways!” Kara yelled, a teasing lilt to her voice.

“Fu—shush, Kara,” Alex grumbled, careful to catch herself when small students could still be wandering the hallways.

They rushed into the lounge side-by-side and found James throwing the last of his stuff into his bag.

“Who won?” Maggie panted.

“Yeah, which class scored more points?”

Alex’s class had won the dodgeball tournament, but Maggie’s students took first place in kickball. With field day coming up, they knew they didn’t have time to get the two classes together for an actual basketball game, so Alex had come up with the solution that they should have a shooting competition and compare numbers from the two gym periods at the end of the basketball unit. After a bit of back and forth on the merits of layups versus free throws, they’d picked the latter, deciding it was the better measure of both skill and steadiness under pressure—two important predictors of field day success.

“Alex’s class scored 301 points, and Maggie’s class got 293.”
“Suck it!” Alex taunted Maggie. “That’s 2 to 1 now.”

“No!” Maggie called out, raising her hand in the air as she pulled out her phone. “You have 28 kids, but I only have 24. We have to divide and see what the average points per player was if it’s going to be fair.”

“I only had 26 who could play today,” Alex countered. “Jesus broke his wrist, and Declan was out sick.”

“Fine,” Maggie admitted, quickly punching the numbers into her phone calculator. “You still lost! 12.2 to 11.6 baskets per student! Now who’s gloating?”

“Your kids got more time per student to try, though,” Alex reasoned. “So it makes sense that they would get an extra basket each.”

“You’re such a sore loser.”

While their bickering continued, James slipped out the door, knowing that otherwise he’d be roped into refereeing on skill levels and potential and most improved students and all the other measurements they used to compete against one another when they decided that seemingly objective measurements like points scored or goals blocked weren’t enough.

“Only one way to settle this…” Alex trailed off, her eyes flashing dangerously.

“Really?”

“Absolutely. Ten free throws each. Winner takes all.”

“You know you can’t go into the gym wearing those shoes,” Maggie pointed out, motioning at Alex’s heeled boots.

“Well then it’s a damn good thing I keep sneakers here, isn’t it? Can you say the same, or are you as unprepared as your kids will look when they go up against mine at the math bee?”

“Please, one of your students couldn’t even place New York on a map at the geography bee,” Maggie shot back.

“She’s not even from this country!”

“Didn’t stop you from saying the same when one of mine couldn’t spell accessory right at last year’s spelling bee.”

Alex huffed, looking up in time to see the handful of teachers that actually used the teachers’ lounge looking at them, their expressions ranging from idle curiosity to poorly masked amusement. Why anyone chose to hang out in a room full of furniture that looked like it was plucked from some 1970s living room and smelled about as old, she’d never understand. Of course, she’d been guilty of napping on the old, mustard yellow sofa once or twice during her free period on a Friday after a night out that had lasted much later than it should have on a school night, but that was by necessity, not choice.

Once they had both pulled on sneakers, they walked down to the gym, trash talking each other the entire way just quietly enough to ensure plausible deniability if a student overheard them.

“Ready to lose, Danvers?” Maggie grabbed a basketball off the cart that James had parked in the corner of the gym and dribbled it a few times, getting a feel for it.
“Please, look at how tiny you are. Basketball was clearly my sport, not yours.”

“Excuse you. Some of the best point guards have been tiny. And I’m not that short!”

“Sure you’re not…” With a quick jab of her hand, Alex reached out and swatted the ball away from Maggie, pivoting and dribbling away from her. When Maggie realized what had happened and caught back up to the other woman, Alex simply held the ball high above her head, cackling as Maggie jumped for it, her hands batting ineffectively against Alex’s wrists just shy of the ball. “Keep telling yourself you’re tall,” Alex laughed.

Crossing her arms and trying to act like she hadn’t been just as invested in the little game, Maggie let out a long-suffering sigh. “This all feels like stalling because you know you’ll lose.”

“Alright then, let’s see what you’ve got.” Alex walked over to the free throw line, centering herself behind it. “Want to alternate?”

“Seems only fair.” Maggie stepped over to the side as Alex bounced the ball a few times, spinning it in her hands before finally bringing it up and taking aim. It hit the rim and seemed poised to tip in, only to drop off to the side, where Maggie quickly claimed it.

Deciding to wait until she was up by at least a point to brag, Maggie lined herself up behind the painted line and took her shot, crowing gleefully when it hit the backboard and fell forward through the hoop. “Who’s short now?”

“Still you,” Alex grumbled, taking the ball and, with little fanfare, sinking her second shot.

Then Maggie sunk her second one in a row, flashing a toothy grin at Alex as she grabbed the ball and made her way back to the line. Alex’s swooshed through the hoop.

They went back and forth, finally ending up tied at 6-6, Maggie having missed three in a row after Alex took off her blazer, and Alex having missed a second shot when Maggie pulled up her shirt to wipe sweat from her face and then again because she got too distracted by her trash talk.

“Last shot, Danvers, think you have what it takes?” Maggie taunted from the side of the court.

Focusing all of her attention on the basketball in her hands and the hoop in front of her, Alex drowned out Maggie’s taunts. She tried to get back into the zone like she used to in high school, tried to remember what it was like when a whole game was riding on her shoulders, riding on her ability to make the basket no matter what else was going on in her life or on the court. With a flick of her wrist, she sent the ball spinning through the air, smiling triumphantly as it circled the hoop and fell through, dropping to the court with a resounding thunk.

“Your turn. Don’t choke.”

Gritting her teeth, Maggie jogged forward and grabbed the ball, making her way back to the line. “Don’t give her any more ammunition,” Maggie repeated to herself like a mantra as she bounced the ball. With the sheer determination of someone who refused to give Alex Danvers anything more to lord over her, she took her shot, sighing in relief when it bounced off the backboard and fell through the hoop.

“Tie breaker? Instant death?” Alex suggested, already running for the ball.

“Actually, I can think of something more fun…” Maggie purred, looping her hand around Alex’s waist and dragging her over to the supply closet. After a moment of fumbling for the light switch to keep from being stuck in total darkness, Maggie had Alex pressed up against the door of the closet,
her hands fisted in Alex’s shirt.

With a low groan, Alex tangled her hands in Maggie’s hair and threw a leg around her waist, dragging her even closer. “Fuck,” Alex cursed, her head falling back against the door as Maggie’s kisses dropped lower, trailing along her jaw then down her neck.

At the beginning of the year, she never would have imagined that they’d end up here—in this supply closet or in this situation. Their rivalry may have given way to something like friendship when they were outside of school, but it certainly wasn’t anything serious. It had all changed on the night of the student concert before winter break. Maggie had found Alex pacing the hallway outside the teacher’s lounge and, after quite a bit of cajoling, found out that Alex—badass, calm, cool, collected Alex—was dreading speaking on stage in front of all of the family members to introduce her class. “Stay right here,” Maggie had instructed her, whisking into her small cubby in the lounge and coming back with a bottle of whiskey. “For emergencies,” she’d offered by way of explanation, grinning when Alex took a swig.

After their classes finished their performances and were allowed to go sit with their families, Alex had gone to find Maggie in the back of the auditorium with the other teachers. “Thanks,” she’d murmured.

“Any time, Ms. Danvers,” Maggie had teased, nudging Alex with her shoulder. After a moment, she added, “You know, our classes are done for the night. I bet no one would miss us…”

“Oh god, yes, please.” They’d snuck behind the back row, their movements and the soft clicking of their shoes masked by the off-key warbling of the third-graders mangling “Silent Night.” Even though the teacher’s lounge was empty, they’d snuck the bottle out to Maggie’s car, which she’d been forced to park all the way down the block when she realized that parents had filled every single parking spot—including the ones clearly designated as “faculty parking.”

Giggling like teenagers, they sat together, sipping at the bottle of Jack Daniels every now and then, but spending more time simply talking. Alex wasn’t exactly sure how things had escalated from there. Someone told a joke. They’d both laughed much too loudly. A hand had ended up on a thigh. And suddenly it was like the whole car was filled with a kind of electricity that drew them together, sparks crackling in the wisps of air that separated their mouths until they finally crashed together. They’d ended up in the backseat. Alex reasoned that the two orgasms were worth the seatbelt buckle-shaped bruise she’d sported on her hip for what felt like weeks afterward.

From there it had just become a thing that they did sometimes—more frequently as of late, but certainly not enough to try to label it. It was good—that much was easy to say. Really good, even. The fact that they often brought their competitive natures into bed with them—though they’d only made it into beds a scant few times—only served to make it better, rougher, more passionate.

Alex was jolted back into the present by a bite on her hip bone, and she realized that Maggie had sunk to her knees—a sight that never failed to leave Alex wet and desperate for Maggie’s touch.

“How now?” Maggie whispered, tugging at the button on Alex’s pants.

“Fuck, yes.”

Once Maggie’s hands worked Alex’s pants and underwear down, forcing her to kick off a shoe to step out of one pant leg so her thighs could be properly spread, she went to work almost immediately with her mouth, knowing this wasn’t the time for long, lingering kisses and teasing foreplay. Of course, it rarely was with the way they did things, but every so often, late at night when it had been a while since their last encounter, Maggie let her thoughts wander as she dropped a hand between her
legs, getting off to the thought of taking Alex slowly, passionately, again and again in her bed.

“Fuck, Maggie,” Alex gasped, feeling Maggie’s tongue flicking between her folds and dragging up and around her clit. She braced herself on the doorframe to try to stay standing as one of Maggie’s hands trailed up her thigh, her touches feather-light but her intentions quite clear. “Yes, yes,” Alex repeated like a chant as Maggie teased around her entrance, her fingers slick with Alex’s arousal. When she finally slipped one inside, Alex groaned in relief, sinking down further as she fucked herself against Maggie’s hand when the woman took too long to really begin.

Chuckling softly at Alex’s impatience, Maggie redoubled her efforts, fucking Alex slightly harder as she took Alex’s clit between her lips and sucked, flicking her tongue across it in the way she knew Alex tended to love. The fingers tightening in her hair and the gasping breaths that filled the small room seemed to indicate she loved it just as much this time around, and Maggie kept up her rhythm until she felt Alex’s walls pulsing around her fingers, then the gradual loosening of Alex’s grip in her hair as she slumped back against the door, her breathing labored and her chest flushed a faint pink.

As Alex caught her breath, she looked around the small room, her mouth curling into a wicked smile at the sight of the sturdy shelving unit. “What would you think about grabbing hold of that third shelf and leaning over for me?”

Maggie felt a rush of arousal course through her at all the filthy thoughts that filled her mind—thoughts of Alex fucking her, filling her with something other than her fingers, leaving both hands free to grip at her and rake down her back, angry red scratch marks in their wake… Forcing herself up, Maggie made a show of leaning over and sticking her ass up in the air. “Like this?”

“God, yes,” Alex breathed out, pushing off the door to stand upright. “If it’s something you want.”

“Definitely.”

Before Alex could even get to Maggie’s zipper, they heard the sound of small feet and loud voices suddenly filling the gym and echoing around its high ceilings. “Fuck,” Alex cursed. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Stop!” Maggie hissed. “Just…stay calm. Put on your pants. That’s step number one.”

“Right.” Fumbling for a moment and distracting Maggie with a view of her bare ass on full display, Alex managed to get her leg back into her boyshorts and pants, pulling them up her legs and shoving her foot into the shoe Maggie had pulled off and thrown halfway across the room, frustrated by its role as an impediment.

Meanwhile, Maggie had begun pulling down large boxes much to Alex’s confusion. “What are you doing?” Alex whispered, the sounds of children’s voices much too close for her to feel comfortable.

“Making it look like we had any reason to be in here,” Maggie explained, pulling out lengths of tangled jump rope and throwing one bundle at Alex. “We’re simply helping James in exchange for his taking our kids…on a field trip!”

“You’re the one telling him that you signed him up to take over fifty 11-year-olds on a field trip,” Alex snorted.

“Now, what’s important is that we make it clear that we’re here. God, it’s like you never slept with someone when you shouldn’t have.” Leaving a stammering Alex behind, Maggie tied her hair up and flung the door open. “Hey, Mr. McCarthy!” she waved.

“Ms. Sawyer, what are you doing here so late? Shouldn’t you be at home?”
One of the third grade teachers, he seemed nice enough, but Maggie had never bothered to get to know him beyond a few vague pleasantries exchanged in the lounge. “Alex Danvers and I are helping James to organize the supply closet, since he’ll be taking our kids out…to the local high school to see one of their games!” She silently congratulated herself on coming up with such a good excuse. Only later would she realize that the high school football season had already ended—a somewhat significant number of months ago.

“That’s so nice of you. Well, if you need any help, I’ve got all the afterschool care kids here, and I’m sure a few of them would be more than happy to help.”

“No! No, uh, that’s fine,” Maggie insisted. Just because they were fully clothed and committed to spending the next half-hour untangling jump ropes and figuring out which scooters had wheels broken beyond repair didn’t mean that she wanted to try facing children in the closet where she’d just been knuckle-deep in another teacher.

“Alright, well, if you change your mind, you know where to find me.” He gestured over at the bleachers and pulled out a book.

“Right. Thanks.” Maggie hurried back to the closet, biting back laughter as she found Alex sitting with a pile of jump ropes in her lap and cursing like a sailor at the knots that seemed to have been tied by Midas himself. “How’s it going, champ?”

“I mean, I think kids probably don’t need to jump rope in gym class…we could probably just throw them back in the box and slide them up onto the highest shelf, and no one would ever be the wiser.”

Laughing, Maggie shook her head and settled herself on the ground next to Alex. “Alright, watch me.” She grabbed one tangle of them. “See, you’re trying to start right in the center. And that’s really good for some problems. Less so for knots…”

“I’m just saying, if cutting it in half worked in the myths…”

“Then the kids will be shit outta luck at recess.” Gesturing back at the rope, Maggie showed Alex how to start with one of the free ends of rope and carefully work it through, exposing the crisscrossed patterns of knots and tangles. “Then you, ya know, just slowly but surely work through them.”

“This is awful,” Alex muttered, even as she did as she was told.

They sank into a kind of easy rhythm, talking more than they had in a while about something other than classes and field day. Maggie talked about wanting better weather to return so that she could get back out on her motorcycle, which led to a long discussion about the merits of different styles of bikes and the best routes to take for a scenic weekend drive. Alex mentioned something about considering a new couch for her apartment and suddenly found herself with the number for some woman in Maggie’s building who was moving at the end of the month and looking to part with lots of her very gently used furniture.

When they made it through the jump ropes, Maggie declared them done; the scooters could wait for another day. “After all,” Maggie had shrugged, “we’re probably saving some poor kid’s fingers from the unique torture that is being run over by scooter wheels.”

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The next day, Maggie and Alex stood huddled together in the middle of the playground by the picnic tables, watching as groups of students played and keeping an eye out for any trouble that would
require their intervention. So far, all was quiet. The rain from the night before meant that the field was off limits, making the football issue a moot point, and so far no one was being left out of the games of four square and wallball that had sprung up in the parking lot. Groups of younger students from the third grade classes had dragged out chalk and were doodling a safe distance away from the games, while still others took turns on the swing set and the old monkey bars that had seen better days, even if they were still functional.

“So, uh, I still owe you something from yesterday,” Alex mentioned, hoping she was speaking vaguely enough that no one would understand a word without context.

“Yeah? I’m happy enough just to give…” Maggie trailed off.

“That is something I very much appreciate.” Alex shoved her hands further into her pockets, shifting her weight from foot to foot. “But I also like giving, and, uh, I wouldn’t mind picking up where we left off. Maybe in a place with fewer scooters and jump ropes, though.”

“Don’t like the thought of rope, Danvers?” Maggie teased, laughing when Alex flushed a deep shade of red. “But yeah, I’m certainly not gonna complain about something a little easier on my knees. Or maybe my back this time.”

“Cool, yeah.” Alex kicked at the woodchips with the toe of her boot. At school, they were normally competitive and sarcastic. In cars and beds and closets they were…something very different. Sometimes at bars and afterward they were softer—friends, almost. But this—this acknowledging other sides to who they were out in the open—was new, and Alex wasn’t quite sure how to bridge that gap.

“Ms. Sawyer,” one of the third graders called out, running over to them. “Morgan said that girls can’t do the monkey bars.”

“Well, you should tell Morgan that’s not true. Girls can do anything they want to do, and if he has a problem with that, he can come find me in lunch time detention.”

“Okay.” With a determined nod, she turned around and ran back to the monkey bars, already yelling at Morgan that no, he was not right, Ms. Sawyer said so.

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Come Friday, Maggie realized that even with the bad weather, she hadn’t minded yard duty at all that week. Sure, she’d had to referee a few playground squabbles and take one student with a bloody nose down to the nurse’s office, but all in all, she couldn’t say it bothered her too much. She and Alex had gotten to talk in a way they rarely did, and it was…good. Healthy, even. It wasn’t that they weren’t friends, but that probably wouldn’t have been the first word Maggie used to describe them. Colleagues: absolutely. Lovers: if she could stomach the word, sure. But friends: it was iffy. They were friendly, that much was clear, but actual friendship had seemed a step beyond them. Their forced time together each lunch hour, however, had given them the opportunity for casual conversation, talk of shared interests and weekend plans, of restaurant recommendations and new happy hour specials. And she found she enjoyed talking to Alex.

That weekend, Alex made good on her promise to give as good as she got, inviting Maggie out to one of the restaurants she’d mentioned wanting to try, then dragging Maggie back to her place—the proximity definitely factored into Alex’s calculations—and taking her right in the living room, barely giving Maggie a moment to comment on how nice the new couch looked before they were breaking it in.
And for once, they didn’t immediately pull back on coats and head out. Instead, Alex pulled Maggie down on top of her on the sofa, seeking out her lips and holding her close. It was leisurely and soft and intimate in a way that Maggie found her body craved. She loved how pliant Alex became beneath her, the hard edges of her body giving way to the slow roll of hips and gentle caresses. They made out for what felt like hours, until the late hour finally got to them and Maggie forced herself to find her clothes and drive back to her place.

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“You excited for our field trip tomorrow?” Maggie texted Alex the following week. The casual texting was new, but Maggie found she enjoyed it. At first she’d been thrown by Alex’s somewhat terse style, but she’d grown to realize it was just her way. Their conversations swung from trash-talking each other about the upcoming field day events and comparing notes on their coming weeks of lesson plans, to discussing new episodes of the shows they were watching and food they had made—or, more often, ordered. Every now and then, when it got past a certain hour or they’d made it past a certain number of drinks, their messages turned distinctly dirtier. The first time it happened, Maggie was ready to act like it had been a huge misunderstanding, like her flirty innuendo was not at all intentional and she would apologize if it had made Alex uncomfortable. Once Alex responded in kind, however, well…all bets were off the table then.

Half an hour later, Alex sent back: “Yeah. Just out buying snacks to keep the kids busy on the bus actually.”

“Ohh, get anything for the grown-ups?”

“I’ve definitely got something you could eat…” A moment later, Alex followed it up with: “Sorry. I let Kara and Lena give me wine without food. We’ll save a bag of animal crackers just for us.”

“I’ll let you go find food. But, for future reference, I really don’t ever mind… Though animal crackers are probably the better bet for the bus.”

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The next morning, Maggie threw on a pair of comfortable shoes and stuffed her bag with extra first aid supplies, bottles of water, and snacks. With leaving even earlier than usual, she hit almost no traffic and made it to the school in record time. Of course, Alex was already there; she didn’t like leaving things to chance, and if there were an opportunity for her to check over details before leaving, she’d always be the first one to take it.

“Bus look alright, Danvers?” Maggie yelled from across the parking lot.

“Just fine—not that you were here early enough to know.”

“Please, not a single student is here yet.”

“Still,” Alex huffed. “I saved us seats on the bus.”

“Oh wow, don’t I feel special,” Maggie teased. “I never had a boy save me a seat on the bus back in grade school. Looks like I’m finally getting my chance. Gonna carry my books next?”

“Fuck off. For that, you’re carrying the emergency kit the whole trip.”

Groaning, Maggie reached out and accepted her burden. “Fine. Now tell me, did you snag us seats at the back like the cool kids?”
“I think it’d be a lot cooler if we didn’t sandwich ourselves in between a bunch of 11-year-olds.”

“I like the way you think.”

“You like the way I do a lot of things.”

Maggie just shrugged; she wouldn’t disagree. Stepping up onto the large bus, Maggie threw her bag on the seat next to Alex’s, carefully propping up the kit on the ground in front of them. Every year at training, she said a little prayer that she’d never have to use it. She’d be more than happy to jump into action to save some kid dumb enough to drown in a pool or something, but some of the medical stuff made her a little squeamish—a fact about which Alex delighted in teasing her.

Soon enough, parents began arriving with students, dropping them off with called out reminders to behave or take medicine or not eat certain kinds of food. Alex and Maggie took turns running students in to go to the bathroom and checking the phone to see if anyone had called out sick. Eventually, they managed to get everyone who was coming in for the day loaded onto the bus, along with the handful of chaperones who sat clustered together. Maggie bit her tongue and refrained from making any snarky comments about how some of the moms were cliquier than the kids, banding together and only associating with the parents who had enough time and money to get involved with PTA activities that were, for some reason, always scheduled during the workday.

“We’re all set,” Alex told the bus driver, before stepping back and climbing over Maggie to take the window seat.

“Really?” Maggie whispered, fixing Alex with an incredulous look. “The window is that important?”

“Maybe touching you was that important,” Alex shot back, her voice so low it barely carried over to Maggie.

They spent the bus ride fielding questions from students and going over the list of groups to make sure that none of the chaperones had been given a really unruly bunch. They’d mixed the two classes together to ensure a bit of variety and help combat the cliques that were starting to form as their students got closer to teenage years. Maggie had been beyond touched when Alex pointed out the group of very sweet but somewhat shy students in her grade and suggested that Sally W. could be put in a group with them. Then they’d both giggled along as they put a few of their kids with their crushes, though there had been some debate over whether Marcia and Thomas had “broken up,” since they hadn’t been sitting together at lunch much these days. In the end, they sorted them into two separate groups, figuring a bit of whining was better than major drama and tears.

Once they got the 10-minute warning from the bus driver, Alex stood up and whistled loudly, drawing the attention of everyone on the bus. “Listen up! We’re going to announce your groups so that when we get to the museum, you’ll know exactly where to go and who to find.” She proceeded to read down the list, having each chaperone stand up when their group was called. “Was anyone’s name not called?” She looked around, waiting to see if anyone would raise a hand. “Good. And remember, be as respectful to your chaperones as you are to us. They have our phone numbers, and if you continue to be disrespectful, you’ll be sitting in the lobby with Ms. Sawyer or myself for the duration of the field trip.”

“Maybe that’d be more fun than boring museums!” one of the boys yelled out, cackling loudly with his friends.

Recognizing the voice—the same voice that constantly tried to test the limits of Maggie’s patience during lessons—Maggie stood up and spun around. “Connor, that’s strike one. Just because we’re
not in the classroom doesn’t mean the same rules don’t apply.”

“God, I was so glad when he didn’t end up on my class list,” Alex grumbled as she slumped back into her seat when they finished with announcements.

“The great Danvers afraid she couldn’t handle a preteen boy?” Maggie arched an eyebrow in challenge at Alex.

“Look, the kid managed to get on Kara’s bad side and stay there. Do you know how hard it is to do that?”

“Fair,” Maggie conceded. Noticing that they were pulling into the bus drop off outside the art museum, Maggie reached over and grabbed the emergency kit and her bag. “Ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.”

After they got everyone unloaded, checked the bus, and ran back for a student’s EpiPen that had been forgotten in a jacket pocket, they made their way to the tour group entrance of the museum, where they were split up into three groups and shuffled down the halls with mini folding stools to sit on during their lessons with the docents. They left the best-behaved group on their own, then split up to keep an eye on the other two groups after reminding the chaperones that they had phones with them and could be there in a moment’s notice for any emergencies.

The morning passed quickly enough. A few of the students began slumping forward during some of the longer explanations about different artistic schools and styles of painting, but there were enough kids who were interested in art to keep the docents smiling as they answered questions and applauded the efforts and good guesses provided by their groups. The students were, of course, most excited by the gift shop at the end, and they spent a long while sifting through the racks of postcards and bins of posters and magnets and mini license plates with names printed on them.

Nudging Alex from their spot by the exit, Maggie subtly gestured at one of the large reproductions of a Renaissance painting featuring a rather busty naked woman. “You should get that for your apartment. Really class up the décor.”

“Oh my god, you’ve been spending too much time with your little preteens,” Alex groaned.

“Hey, I didn’t laugh,” Maggie pointed out.

“Congratulations. You’re one half-step above them.”

Eventually they managed to herd the group out of the gift shop and back onto the bus. Figuring she’d deal with the announcements this time to give Alex a bit of a break, Maggie stood as the driver navigated out of the maze of a parking lot. “I hope you all had fun! As a reminder, we’re going to be eating lunch in the science museum’s cafeteria, so make sure you bring your bagged lunches with you. If you forgot a lunch, you should come talk to us before we get there. When your group has finished with lunch, you’ll be free to go off with your chaperone, but you will need to stay with your assigned groups. Understood?”

A chorus of “yes” and “yeah” and “mhm” met her.

“Good. And we’ll all meet by the exit at 4 o’clock, so if there’s something you want to see, make sure you tell your chaperone at the beginning.” One of the students raised her hand. Maggie thought her name might have been Lydia, but she was in Alex’s class, and Maggie wasn’t quite sure. “Yes? Is that a question?”
“Will we have time for the gift shop after we meet, or do we have to do that during our time?”

“We’ll stop into the gift shop on the way out,” Maggie sighed. “Please spend your time actually visiting the exhibits. You might find a question or two about them as bonus questions on your next science test…”

“And if you’re in my class,” Alex called out, “you might just find one on the test itself.”

“That’s cold, Danvers,” Maggie whispered after sitting back down.

“Eh, I probably won’t. But it’s good to keep ’em on their toes.”

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By the time the last of the groups had dispersed, Maggie was more than ready for a bit of peace and quiet. But when she looked up, she found Alex nearly bouncing in her seat. “What’s up?”

“Do you want to do the museum with me?”

And no matter how tired Maggie was, she found she couldn’t possibly say no to Alex. Which is how she ended up dragged all around the museum, learning more from Alex’s explanations than the signs posted around the museum, which were geared more toward an average visitor than graduate-level science students.

As they walked over to the mini-planetarium, Maggie asked, “If you know this much about science, why are you teaching fifth graders? You could be some college professor from what I can tell.”

“Probably could be,” Alex shrugged. “But, I don’t know…I feel like you need to get to them when they’re still young. Show them how much fun learning can be. Show them that STEM isn’t just for boys and that there are ways to be engaged in science that take forms other than pure book-learning.”

Maggie couldn’t help the broad smile that spread across her face. “That’s really cool, Alex.”

With a noncommittal noise, Alex ducked her head. “Yeah, well…” The sight of the entrance to the museum’s small planetarium caught her eye and gave her the perfect out to avoid responding to Maggie’s compliment.

They settled in toward the back, and Maggie listened to Alex’s whispered commentary about all of the different constellations and the myths behind them. Ignoring the waves of something that felt a lot like affection, like longing for something other than just sex, Maggie tried to focus on learning a few facts to tell her class during science the next day. But when Alex’s fingers suddenly nudged hers, their pinkies overlapping, Maggie stopped fighting the feelings, deciding to give herself this moment to feel like a kid again, holding hands with her crush on a field trip under the cover of the projected night sky.

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The next day, while Maggie was regaling her class with stories about how different constellations got their names, Connor raised his hand.

Gritting her teeth, Maggie forced herself to smile pleasantly as she called on him. “Yes, Connor?”

“I heard that you and Ms. Danvers were holding hands in the planetarium. Is that true?”

Biting back the wave of anxiety that hit her, Maggie tried to remember that the world was different
now, that kids in her California public school classroom wouldn’t necessarily have been raised on the same ideas as the ones in her Blue Springs Catholic school. “If you’re not asking questions about science, now is not the time,” Maggie reminded him, hoping her tone seemed more exasperated than anxious.

Jamia’s hand shot up next. “Are you two dating?”

Taylor called out, “You’d be a really cute couple!” Maggie fought to hide her smile at that.

“Is that why you’re always bickering? My parents said that if a boy teases you, he might like you,” Sally C. chimed in.

“Okay, this is not the time or the place. First of all, we are learning about science, not my personal life. Second of all, people can do things like hold hands as friends.” That wasn’t the case this time, but in general, it could theoretically be true. “And finally, no amount of unwanted teasing is okay. If someone is being rude or mean to you, you tell me, and we will deal with it.”

Eventually she managed to get them back on topic, texting Alex under her desk to warn her about the swirling rumors while her students took their weekly vocab quiz.

---

When Maggie didn’t show up for school on Monday of the following week, Alex was concerned. It was gym day, after all, which was basically a long-standing date between them—and not just for the sex they normally ended up having after the school day ended. She sent her a quick message before classes started, hoping it wouldn’t sound needy.

When lunch rolled around, Alex noticed that one of the regular substitute teachers—an older woman, Mrs. Brady, who was somehow sweet and old enough that students tended to feel guilty misbehaving, as though they were spiting their grandmothers if they did—was sitting at a faculty lunch table, and there was still no sign of Maggie.

She checked her phone and found a message waiting for her: “Out sick. My kids will have to kick your kids’ asses without my guidance.”

Chuckling, Alex sent back a gif from Dodgeball, followed by: “Hope you feel better soon.”

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When Maggie didn’t show up again on Tuesday, Alex worried that perhaps she’d caught something bad. A couple of students from Maggie’s grade were out sick—had been since Monday as well. She wondered if there was a way to find out what they had… The rumor mill was especially unreliable and prone to exaggeration. There’d been the time the whole faculty cried norovirus at what turned out to be an isolated incident of one kid eating too much and then running laps in gym, or the other time when rumors of pink eye had swirled around after a student managed to hit herself in the eye with a marker, leaving her eye bloodshot and painful enough to rub at during lessons. So when Alex heard the whispered stirrings about a strep throat pandemic and a lice outbreak, she didn’t pay much attention to them.

Of course, at the end of the day, she still found herself in the grocery store picking up soup and vegan ice cream and shower caps. On the drive over to Maggie’s place, she wondered if her coming over with supplies would be too much, too clingy when what they were was so clearly not a relationship. Sure, they’d held hands once. And they’d fallen asleep together that one time after sex. And they texted everyday. And sometimes went out to eat together. But that didn’t necessarily make
for a relationship…

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Pausing her show, Maggie listened intently. She swore she had heard a knock at the door, but she certainly wasn’t expecting anyone. There it was again.

Forcing herself up, Maggie walked over to the door and peered through the peephole. “Alex?” she asked, swinging open the door. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh, uh, I can leave. I just thought… I thought maybe you could use something to help you feel better.”

“I don’t want you to catch anything!”

“I don’t have to stay,” Alex insisted. “Though, uh, I have been told I pretty much have the immune system of a god.”

“You’re a loser.”

“A loser with soup and vegan ice cream.”

“You’re amazing. Why the liquid diet, though?”

“Don’t you have strep?” Alex asked, suddenly looking up as though just realizing that perhaps she should assess Maggie’s symptoms.

“Oh, er,” Maggie paused, picking at her nails as she looked anywhere but Alex’s face. “I actually got lice.”

“Oh my god, that rumor was true?” Alex gasped.

“Apparently Taylor caught it from her little sister because it’s spreading like wildfire through the kindergarten and pre-K classes. They really should be checking the older grades too, though,” Maggie huffed. “Anyhow, I’ve been treating myself since Saturday when I first noticed it, and according to my pediatrician friend who swung by this morning, it looks like I’m pretty much in the clear, but I haven’t wanted to give it to anyone—or get it again, if I’m being honest.”

“Damn, I’m sorry. I got it when I was student-teaching once, and it was the absolute worst. Actually, it was what led to the short hair,” Alex laughed. “Not that I’m saying you should cut yours!”

“No, I know. It was a bitch to comb through, I can admit it.” Realizing Alex was still in the hallway, Maggie shuffled back a step or two. “Sorry, yeah, I imagine you don’t want to catch it. I really appreciate the food, though.”

“Not so fast! You wash your couch cushions?”

“Um, yeah. This morning when I got my ‘pretty much clear’ diagnosis I washed everything in boiling water.”

“You using that awful treatment and combing everyday?”

“Sometimes twice a day,” Maggie admitted.

“Then give me one second….” Alex trailed off, rustling through her bag until she found the “extra coverage” shower caps she’d purchased. Tucking her hair up, Alex slipped one on, ignoring how
ridiculous she likely looked in the bright purple floral cap that she imagined was designed with an old woman in water aerobics classes as the intended consumer. “Now I’m ready.”

“You really don’t have to,” Maggie managed through a poorly stifled laugh.

“I want to—if you want me here, that is!”

“Well, it would be nice to have at TV buddy…”

“What’cha watching?”

“Scandal.” Looking slightly sheepish, Maggie gestured over to her living room where it was still paused on her screen. “It’s kinda terrible, but I’m already on season 3, and I can’t stop. The president is the worst, and I hate their relationship, but I need to know everything that happens!”

“You hit me with the main points, and I’m all here for it.”

They spent the next three hours sitting a respectable distance apart and watching the show. Alex was more invested in Maggie’s commentary than anything else, but she found herself hooked too, desperately wanting to know what was going to happen next, even though she hated almost all of them, save, perhaps, for Huck.

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By the following week, the lice outbreak had simmered down and almost all of the students were back in school—just in time for Friday’s field day.

“Ready to lose, Danvers?” Maggie taunted, looking more adorable than intimidating—in Alex’s estimation—in a pair of navy sweatpants and a Gray Team t-shirt.

“Bring it. Maroon is gonna win this year.” Alex rolled out her shoulders as she poured herself a coffee in the teacher’s lounge while they waited for the day to start. Since the whole morning was reserved for the games, and the afternoon devoted to the pizza party and awarding of the “spirit cup,” the atmosphere in the lounge was relaxed, with teachers from all different grades milling about aimlessly.

“No way will Maroon win, cause Gray Team has my class this year,” Kara cheered, smiling broadly at Alex from over at the table where she was happily smearing eye black across the cheekbones of everyone on her team and handing out silver ribbons to anyone who wanted them. “Want to get yourself decked out, Maggie?” Kara offered.

“No amount of distraction is going to work,” Alex whispered to Maggie when she walked back. “We’re still going to wipe the floor with you.”

“Keep telling yourself that.”

“It’s true,” Alex huffed.
“Really? Cause you’re already so distracted that you forgot to go do your morning check-in for main office duty.”

“Fuck,” Alex cursed, getting ready to sprint until she caught sight of the clock and realized she still had nearly ten full minutes. “You’re the worst.”

“But it means you already know you’re that distracted,” Maggie shot back in a sing-song voice, cackling as Alex stormed down to the office.

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Over morning announcements, Maggie sifted through the few folders that had been dropped off in her mailbox, sighing at the late homeworks that had been submitted with no apology or explanation. There were a few doctors’ notes beneath that for excused absences, followed by two copies of the latest Really Good Stuff catalog, and a small purple envelope that caught her attention. Carefully ripping the envelope open, Maggie found a simple note inside that read nothing more than: “Meet me for a date at the pizza party today? XOXO, your secret admirer.” She wondered if it was Alex’s poor attempt at throwing her off her game. Or maybe it was Winn and Kara, who had pulled a few pranks on her during her first month at the school as a much friendlier version of hazing that had often led her to finding plates of brownies and cookies at the “secret” locations. She crossed her fingers that it wasn’t a student whose hopes she would have to dash. In any case, further speculation could only be a distraction when this morning was about leading the Gray Team to victory; she’d deal with her mystery lunch date later.

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Across the hall, Alex called her students to order after morning announcements finished. “Alright, are you ready to play your hardest today?”

“Yeah!” they cheered back, a few of them drumming their hands on their desks.

“And are you ready to win today?”

“Yeah!” they chorused.

“Then let’s go out there and show them what we’ve got!”

Adams and Appleby lifted their Olympics-style fake torches as they marched down the hallways and out to the playground. The weather had, thankfully, cleared up, and the sun shone brightly in the sky. The fifth grade class was off to a simple start with an old-fashioned ring toss. Of course, it didn’t stop Alex and Maggie from cheering loudly and giving it their all when they were up for their turns—a tradition of teacher participation in certain games that had been implemented a couple of years before Alex started and that Alex and Maggie had both happily continued. In the end, Alex’s class won by a couple of points, though she knew the race was far from over.

When they rotated stations into the grassy area, Maggie’s class took the three-legged race, but Alex’s kids won the potato sack race, with Alex and Maggie themselves starting off both teams for the latter, hopping down the lawn and making total fools of themselves as they yelled (appropriate) jeers at one another.

The water balloon toss was up next, and members of the two classes lined up across from one another, with the few extra students from Alex’s class partnering up with the others. Making sure to follow the rules in front of the students, Alex resisted the urge to throw the balloon straight at Maggie and see if she couldn’t manage to keep it from breaking. As they made it longer and longer into their
game, the pairs of students gradually falling away as balloons broke and water splattered across the pavement, their classes began taking an interest in their game, watching as their teachers got further and further away from one another, lunging for wobbly tosses and gently cradling the balloon each time they caught it. Of course, it couldn’t last forever, and eventually Alex’s cradling didn’t have quite enough give to it, the balloon popping in her arms as water splashed across her, soaking her t-shirt and leaving her more than a little grumpy. The fact that her class had, apparently, managed to win, even though she did not, did cheer her slightly.

Alex and Maggie sat out for the dodgeball and basketball games, watching as their students went head-to-head, laughing boisterously and cheering for their teammates from the sidelines, while Alex and Maggie jumped up and down and cheered loudly for every point earned.

They joined in once more as informal kickball coaches when they went back outside, where volunteers were waiting with a station of water bottles and freezepops for a quick snack for everyone to enjoy while the teams had a chance to pick their lineup and divvy up the positions.

“Ms. Danvers,” Olivia said, raising her hand a bit.

“What’s up?”

“You have a delivery.”

“That so?” Alex took the clipboard from Olivia and thanked her for bringing it over, waiting until her team ran over to the outfield until she looked at what she’d gotten. The clipboard had an official scorecard for the kickball match attached to it, with a note paperclipped to the corner claiming that a “special date” would be waiting for her at the corner picnic table for the pizza party. Alex glanced over at Maggie, but she didn’t seem to be watching for any kind of reaction from Alex, too busy hyping her students up for the game and their turn to kick.

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The morning concluded with the annual tug-of-war game, and Alex and Maggie took their spots as the team anchors on either end, slipping into the large loop while their students alternated sides as they lined up along the long length of rope. Knowing the propensity teams had to cheat on this particular game, James took it upon himself to referee this station, calling out any infractions and making sure they all stayed in line.

“The fifth grade Maroon Team is in the lead by one point, but a victory by Ms. Sawyer’s class could tie this up,” James announced, grinning at the looks of fierce determination on everyone’s faces. Once he made sure both teams were behind the lines sprayed onto the grass, James stepped back to survey the middle. “On your mark! Get set! Pull!”

The two teams vied back and forth, but after a lengthy stalemate, Maggie’s students appeared to take the lead, pulling Alex’s team forward right up to their line. With a yell of encouragement from Alex, however, her team managed to right themselves once more, slowly but surely dragging Maggie’s team forward as their feet slipped and slid closer and closer to the line that would signal their defeat. With a final burst of effort, Alex’s team eked out a victory, cheering as the first of Maggie’s students staggered forward over the line, the rest of the team stumbling over behind him and bemoaning their defeat.

“Ms. Danvers’ class wins!” James declared, lifting up Alex’s arm as she cheered loudly for her students. Of course, like the good sports they were, they still all lined up to high five each other, and soon enough, they were mingling again to go find friends and get pizza.
“Wash your hands!” Maggie yelled, shaking her head as more than half of them sprinted off to the pizza station without a second thought. “This—this is how the flu spreads,” Maggie grumbled to Alex.

“Well, we should probably set a good example and go wash our hands, then,” Alex teased, gesturing at the dirt on Maggie’s palms from where she’d caught herself when everyone toppled forward at the end of the tug-of-war game.

Once they were all cleaned up, Maggie remembered the note she’d gotten. “Oh shit, I need to go let a student down easy!”

“That so?”

“I’ll explain later,” Maggie sighed, jogging across the parking lot to grab a pizza, only to be told that she had some already waiting for her at the picnic tables along the side of the school. Bracing herself, Maggie walked back along the playground and rounded the corner of the building only to find Alex sitting alone at one of the tables, smiling at her empty plate.

“You plan this, Danvers?”

“What?” Alex looked at the table with one full pizza in the middle and a plate on either side, water bottles sitting beside them. “Look at your plate, Mags. I think you’ll be able to tell soon enough.”

Taking the final few steps in two long strides, Maggie snatched her plate off the table. She read it aloud: “Dear Maggie, I hope you will be my date to the spring fling. Love, Alex.” Setting it back down, Maggie looked up at Alex, amusement clear in her eyes. “Oh wow, Alex, if you wanted to ask, you really didn’t need to go through all this trouble.”

“Wait, did they use Maggie and Alex on yours?”

“Yeah,” Maggie answered, holding up her plate. “What’d you get?”

Clearing her throat, Alex picked up her plate. “Dear Ms. Danvers, You’re really smart and cool, and we should go out sometime. Love, Ms. Sawyer.”

Chuckling softly, Maggie shook her head. “I think my kids must be a little smarter than yours, then.”

“No,” Alex protested. “My students just know better than to dare use my first name.” After a moment, she gestured at the pizza. “We should probably eat before we have to go to the award ceremony.”

“Right, right.” Maggie popped open the lid of the pizza box and pulled out two slices. She was almost sad to cover up the cute note.

They ate in silence for a few minutes before Maggie snorted at the sight of a few pairs of curious little eyes peering less-than-subtly around the brick wall of the building. “So, Alex—Ms. Danvers—you think you want to go to this dance with me?”

“Wait…did you plan this?”

Maggie snorted and shook her head, trying to get Alex to realize that they had an audience without making it clear to them that she knew. Thankfully a chorus of stifled giggling did the job neatly.

“Ah,” Alex sighed, grinning over at Maggie. “Well, I suppose even chaperones could use someone to dance with for the slow songs…”
“That your way of saying yes, Danvers?”

“Yeah…yeah, I think it is.”

Chapter End Notes

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Kara and Lena - Post-3x12 Identity Reveal

Chapter Summary

Prompt: hi hello thanks for all the fic you write i flipping love every word of it if you find the time/inspo could you write a fic where lena gets mad at kara for not tell her about being supergirl and it’s gets angsty AF but then happy ending :)

Chapter Notes

A/N: This is fairly canon compliant post-3x12, save for the James and Lena romance arc. Since I started writing it before ep. 13, I’m not dealing with the fact that Lena seems to have realized Sam’s double identity as Reign.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena wakes most mornings to dreams about everything that’s happened in the past couple of weeks, but one particular set of memories has haunted her sleeping hours more than any other. All too often she wakes to memories of strong arms wrapped around her and wind whipping through her hair the way it had when Supergirl caught her. She wakes to flashes of Kara’s face looking straight ahead, her eyes flickering down at Lena every so often, worry etched in her features so deep Lena fears it will never fade.

Over coffee, Lena tries to remind herself that Kara laughed at the suggestion, dismissed it as ludicrous. And she was poisoned—that much was easy enough to confirm. There’s no reason that the poison couldn’t have created illusions that seemed as true as any memory. Not that she has much reason to trust her memories, either; after all, she swore she had distinct memories of Lex’s being loving and caring and not at all the kind of person who would slaughter innocent people for a vendetta against a superhero. So she casts her dreams as just that—dreams—and discounts her own memories as nothing more than products of an overactive imagination. Kara is her best friend. Kara has told her time and time again that she trusts her and believes in her. There’s no reason Kara would keep a whole part of her life secret from Lena for this long.

As the weeks fly by in a rush of too much paperwork at both of her companies, and holding Sam’s hand after doctor’s appointments when she hears once more that no one knows what’s wrong with her, and coverage of Reign’s destruction with a new woman who calls herself Purity by her side, Lena doesn’t have too much time to dwell on the question of Kara and Supergirl’s identities. But she still finds herself making idle observations that leave her queasy with doubt, with growing certainty that Kara has been lying to her for over a year.

It starts simply. She prints out full-sized photos of Kara and Supergirl, both of them smiling and cropped down to only the face because the posture is nothing more than a distraction, Lena has realized. Lena has seen Kara with her hair down, has watched it cascade in soft waves over her shoulders before she pulls it back up into a messy bun at game night or movie night. She knows that the difference in hair in those photos is nothing more than superficial. It’s the same color, about the same length. The smile is a little different. Kara’s smile always seems to be halfway on its journey
into a laugh, her mouth open a little and the crinkles by her eyes obvious. Supergirl’s smiles seem more professional, like she knows there are cameras everywhere trained on her and knows what they expect of her, what they need from her. So Lena discounts those differences as well. The eyes—Kara’s might be behind those glasses, but Lena pulls out a ruler, going so far as to compare eye size and ratios. Then there’s that little scar, often hidden behind the swoop of Supergirl’s flowing hair but present—provably present. And oh, it seems like damning evidence.

She wonders what someone would think if they saw her with the two headshots and a notebook full of observations. Would she look like Lex? Is she as bad as Lex? She tells herself no, she can’t be; she isn’t doing this to harm Supergirl, after all. She’s doing this to…well, she isn’t quite sure. But Lena knows for certain that she has to know the truth.

The next round of observations involves spending more time with Kara—something she’s never been opposed to, though now she feels a little dirty, like she’s deceiving Kara, even as she finds more and more proof that the woman’s been doing the same to her. There are the broken lunch dates or the movie nights that end early with promises to reschedule and rambled excuses about forgotten meetings or emergency calls from family. All but one time, those disappearances coincided with Supergirl’s arrival on the scene of some would-be tragedy, and Lena feels a whirl of emotions churning somewhere deep inside of her. It isn’t anger per se—she’s happy that people aren’t dying because their resident hero was there to save the day—but it’s something close, something like betrayal and frustration mixed with an excruciating, overwhelming sadness that threatens to consume her. Kara’s always apologetic when she returns, but it’s never for the right reasons, and Lena suspects Kara sees through her murmured, “It’s fine,” each time.

With every bit of proof, Lena feels herself pulling away. She tries once or twice to get Kara to trust her. She tried bringing up the dreams again about Kara whisking her away like Supergirl. She tried asking Kara about where she went, why she wasn’t at her desk during the workday or in mandatory meetings. And each time Kara babbled off some semi-incoherent lie about a lead or an emergency—“gosh, no, not a life-threatening emergency, just, um, family stuff!”—that left Lena more and more certain that Kara was indeed Supergirl and didn’t trust Lena enough to tell her.

It all comes to a head when Reign swoops in through CatCo on a Saturday. Almost no one is in the office. She’s there, of course, and James is in his office with Winn whisper-yelling at him about something from the night before and “safety first” and not having “signed up for this.” Kara had gamely offered to come in with Lena when she mentioned needing to pick up some contracts. In retrospect, she wonders if Kara knew Reign was following Lena. Reign barely even gives a speech this time—something about CatCo’s refusal to publish the truth, their siding with criminals and the evil in society—before she moves to attack.

Lena watches the flash of hesitation on Kara’s expression that lasts barely a few seconds. As Reign sends a blast of heat vision directly at Lena, Lena barely has time to register the attack or Kara’s movements before Kara is standing in front of her, glasses thrown off somewhere, heat vision from her own eyes pushing back Reign’s. She’s still in her Kara Danvers clothes, and Lena can’t help but note that as she follows Winn and James around the office, trying to find an escape route, neither of them look even a little bit shocked at the realization that Kara is Supergirl. And oh, she could have dealt with the lying had Kara been doing it to everyone, but seeing that these two know, seeing that they’d been trusted, allowed in to see a level and a side of Kara that she had not…she doesn’t know if she’ll survive that kind of betrayal.

She watches Kara fight more fiercely than Supergirl ever has. Her expression has never looked less like Kara’s than when Reign comes for Lena once more, and Kara charges at the villain, knocking her to the side and crashing through rows and rows of desks before Reign even seems to realize that her path has been forcibly altered. Eventually James gets them into a stairwell, and a team of people
Lena sees in the fringes of CatCo’s Supergirl coverage swarm the building, guns blazing and barking orders. She sees Alex, and her heart sinks a little further. She’s wearing a suit that looks far too much like the one her mother wore the last time she saw her, and Lena wonders if they’ve repurposed it. She yells for someone to “get the civilians outta here” before charging into battle, no thought for her own human mortality. As Lena is shepherded down the back stairwell, she wonders if Alex would act the same were Supergirl not her sister. Then again, the woman had thrown herself in front of a loaded gun for Lena before even having met her, so perhaps she would.

Lena doesn’t see Kara leave the building, but she catches a flash of blonde hair from behind a sea of agents clad in all black and then the telltale glowing green of Alex’s suit.

A few days later, Kara texts her: “Can I come over?”

Lena tries to figure out where she wants to have this conversation. She thinks about going to Kara’s instead because she can leave if things get to be too much. But ultimately she relents, sending back, “Fine.”

A few minutes later, Kara is at her door, clutching two to-go cups from Noonan’s. She looks awkward and more than a little exhausted. She’d been out sick from CatCo both Monday and Tuesday—a fact that had left James and Winn on edge—but if the speed is any indication, she’s at least back up to normal.

“Hi.” Kara shuffles her feet and waits for Lena to step back before she dares to cross the threshold. “I got this for you.”

Lena accepts the cup with a small nod.

“I guess you probably remember Saturday, huh?”

“Would you have preferred I didn’t?” Lena asks coolly. A small part of her feels guilty for the pained expression that distorts Kara’s features, but her overwhelming impulse is still to demand answers.

“Lena,” Kara sighs, “it’s not like that.”

“Then tell me what it is like.” Lena sneers the last two words, feeling anger building at how lightly Kara seems to be treating it all. “Because from where I stand it looks like no matter how much you told me that you trusted me, no matter how many times I saved the world and abandoned my own family to do it, you wouldn’t tell me this massive thing about you.”

“That’s not fair,” Kara shoots back, her voice taking on an indignant pitch.

“Don’t have to apologize for lying to me every day for over a year?”

“Do you not remember when we met for the first interview?” Kara nearly laughs incredulously.
“You remember what you were pitching, yeah? A freaking alien detection device to sell to employers because they had the right to know whether their employees were ‘hiding something from them.’ Do you know how incredibly unsettling that was for me?”

“I—” Lena begins, but Kara’s not nearly done yet.

“You were standing there telling me that who I am is something that can and should be used against me if a person isn’t okay with aliens, no matter what rights the president has tried to give us.”

“I eventually pulled the device, didn’t I?”

“Your first instinct was still to make it!”

“It’s been over a year since then! In that time, when have I ever turned my back on you? Or would you rather focus on my family? Want to count up how many times I’ve been accused of being on their side? Or maybe we should talk about that time I went to prison.”

“I defended you then—as Kara and Supergirl.”

“But even after I almost died for you—again—you still wouldn’t tell me the truth.”

“Why is it so important to you that you know? Why do you think I owed that to you?”

Lena swallows the hurt, bites back the explanations that she feels utterly broken by the knowledge that Kara didn’t trust her enough to tell her; it’s safer to focus on anger and indignation—it always has been. “You told everyone else. Winn, James—they weren’t exactly surprised to see Kara Danvers going head-to-head with Reign. The only thing they seemed shocked about was that you did it in front of me.”

“I—they knew a long time ago, Lena. Before I ever met you. Hell, James knew before he even met me, and Winn found out on day one, well, two technically, because I had to tell someone, anyone!”

“So what? I’m just supposed to accept that I didn’t get the same privilege because I’m not your oldest friend? Tell me, Kara, does Maggie know?”

“That’s different.”

“How? I met you before she even met Alex.” Lena doesn’t point out that Kara also had her ups and downs with Maggie—points they had discussed in detail over ice cream while Lena felt herself falling just a little harder at how protective Kara could be over her sister.

“She figured it out on her own.”

“So did I! I asked you about it, and you convinced me I was poisoned with fake memories. And then I tried again and again to give you space for honesty, and every time you laughed and tried to make me seem crazy for even suggesting it.”

“I’m sorry,” Kara finally relents.

“For what?”

“For making you feel like you were crazy.”

“But not for not telling me.”

“I didn’t owe that to you!”
“Fine.” Lena gestures to the door, knowing if they keep going, she’ll end up doing something she regrets, like crying and confessing that she’d given her friendship, her heart, her most vulnerable moments to this woman who couldn’t trust her with her own secret.

Kara seems to be on the verge of saying something, but eventually she drops her head, her shoulders slumping slightly, and she walks out the door without a second look back.

For the next few months, Lena throws herself into work back at L-Corp, managing CatCo from a distance. She spends almost all of her waking moments working, and when she gets home, there’s always a sleeping pill or a glass of wine to help her relax just enough to crash for a few hours. She keeps up on Supergirl coverage, but she never attempt to ask about it, never wants to give the impression that she’s meddling or particularly curious.

For the first time in a while, Lena lets herself leave the office at a reasonable hour one Friday, making it home by 8. She finds Kara sitting outside her door, a bag of takeout on the ground beside her.

“We need to talk,” Kara says.

Lena wants to point out that Kara lost the right to tell her what she does and does not need to do, that there isn’t much of a “we” these days anyway. But she also finds her heart speeding up just a bit. She’s missed Kara, missed the easiness of their nights together, missed having someone she genuinely enjoyed being around, someone who didn’t just see her as a Luthor or their boss. So instead she unlocks the door and holds it open behind her.

“I brought dinner.” Kara begins pulling out different cartons and goes so far as to use her heat vision to warm them back up again.

“You could’ve saved me on some of those utility bills over the months,” Lena points out, unable to hold back the snark.

“Did the latest multi-billion dollar acquisition deplete your funds?” Kara teases, looking like she’s not entirely sure that it’s alright to do so.

“What do you want, Kara?” And the question might sound harsh, but Lena sits down at the table. She’s been angry—with both Kara and herself in turn—and sad and bitter over the past few months, but most of all, she’s been lonely.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry for not telling you sooner. There were a few times when I was so close to doing it. And, yeah, at first I didn’t tell you because I didn’t know how you’d react. Supergirl was the one who told you about your mother the first time, and you still had devices that seemed designed to hurt people like me, people not from this planet.” Lena nods; she doesn’t like it, but she understands more now, gets how things looked to someone who wasn’t in her head, couldn’t know all of her reasoning and her thought processes. “But then we got closer.”

“We did.”

“And I realized you were good—not just good in the way that most people are—”

“The way you believe most people are,” Lena interjects.

“Fine, sure. But you were a different level of good. And no matter how many times your family or the media came after you, you just kept proving yourself and saving the world—sometimes doing a better job of it than Supergirl—than me.”
“So then why didn’t you trust me?”

“Do you remember what you said to me on your couch one night?”

“Probably,” Lena admits

“You told me that Kara Danvers was your hero.” Lena nods; she remembers the night vividly. “Do you know how few people would say that?”

“Kara, you are a hero.”

Kara sighs and shakes her head. “There have been times when even I thought that maybe Kara wasn’t worth salvaging, that it was Supergirl who mattered. And when I had friends—close friends, best friends even—who were out there talking about how their regular personas weren’t enough, that they needed to be a hero to do good for this city, it was hard to believe that other people wouldn’t think the same. And yeah, I had people like Alex and Cat, well, Cat when she was still here, who told me that Kara Danvers mattered. But you called her a hero, Lena. You called her a hero even though you knew her when Supergirl already existed. Alex and Cat—they knew me before I was ever Supergirl. But you—you didn’t, and you still thought that about me.”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“You’re really not getting how special that makes you, are you?” Kara looked almost frustrated. “You treated Supergirl differently than you treated me—not like a villain or an alien you didn’t trust, but it…it was more distant, you know? And that’s the way people treat Supergirl. She literally isn’t one of them, and that’s probably for the best. But people also—well, some people, at least—they worship Supergirl. They’d love me for that persona, not for who I am behind the cape and boots and cool powers, because they’d never even want to get to know that person.”

“I already know that person, Kara. I already know her and like her and want to spend time with her.”

“I know! I just…I guess there was a little, selfish part of me that wanted to keep one person in my life who only knew me as Kara Danvers. I didn’t want things to change. I…well, I kind of needed this—not this, I guess, but you and me hanging out and eating food and watching silly movies without the weight of the world on my shoulders. I didn’t…I don’t want you to look at me every time a siren goes off because sometimes it’s not an emergency, but I don’t want to have to worry about looking bad or disappointing you.”

“You could never disappoint me. You’re still human—or, maybe that’s the wrong word, but you’re still another person. You need time off to be yourself and relax. And I would never want to take that from you.”

“Really?”

Lena hated how vulnerable Kara looked then, like there were too many people out there who had crushed her with the weight of their expectations or let her believe that Supergirl mattered more than Kara ever could. “I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

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Sanvers High School AU - Gay Days in Disneyland

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Hi, it's and Sanvers high school Anon. What a dilemma indeed, I love both high school and college AUs. Uh, I don't remember but is there a chapter with Sanvers going to prom? Or after graduation, some people go to Disneyland to celebrate so maybe we could have a fun Sanvers chapter there. That would probably be better since they graduated already and I don't want to go backwards in time. I'm excited to see what the Sanvers week prompts will be! I love your work! :)

Hey! So, I really don’t have a ton of time these days to get around to the massive backlog of prompts (though hopefully you caught the very long college AU during Sanvers Week!), but I figured a short sweet fic was good for something? Plus, I could use some really fluffy Sanvers content right about now… Anyhow, there was already a chapter with a high dance, so here’s some Sanvers at Disneyland (with the fair warning that I’ve only ever been to Disneyworld, and it’s been 15 years at least, so…yeah, grain of salt).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Alex,” Maggie whined when her hand was playfully slapped away from the music controls for the fifth time in as many miles on the road. “You said we’d take turns pick the music! I brought all of my best CDs for a reason.”

“Yeah, and you said you’d bring road trip snacks,” Alex shot back.

“I did!”

“Literally no one thinks baby carrots are road trip snacks. They’re like…the snack your mom packs and you act like, oh yeah sure, totally gonna eat them, Mom! But then they just get dried up and covered in that gross white film by the time you’ve even made it to the first stop to pick up real snacks.”

“They’re delicious. And they’d be even better if Kara hadn’t eaten all of the hummus I left at your place…”

“You should really know better than to leave any food behind when Kara’s around.”

“She didn’t eat my vegan ice cream,” Maggie pointed out, crossing her arms and grinning triumphantly at Alex, who glanced away from the road long enough to see Maggie’s gloating smirk.

“Yeah…I said food, Sawyer.”

“Oh whatever. I should still get some say in music choice.”

“When this disc ends, I suppose you can have a turn,” Alex finally relented, happily turning the volume up as “A Little Less Sixteen Candles, a Little More Touch Me” came on. By the time they’d gotten to some Panic! At The Disco, though, even Maggie had gotten into it, and they both laughed.
loudly at the stares they got while waiting at a light, windows rolled down, scream-singing, “I chime in with a haven’t you ever heard of closing a goddam door?” at the top of their lungs, accompanied with some pro-level air-drumming on the dashboard by Maggie and a bit of air-bass and even a few chords of the rare air-cello performance by Alex.

After another hour of driving followed by nearly an hour of mind-numbing traffic waiting to get into the Disneyland parking lot area and find a spot and catch one of the little trams over to the actual rides, they finally made it. As apprehensive as they had both been about wearing their bright red shirts to identify themselves as part of the Gay Days crowd, having heard about some of the protests in past years, they smiled gleefully when they saw the throngs of people all wearing red—some with rainbows adorning their cheeks or glitter sparkling in their hair—and Alex proudly reached out and squeezed Maggie’s hand when they first passed another lesbian couple.

“Dork,” Maggie whispered.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Really? You didn’t just grab my hand only to show that we were also some gay ladies out for a day at the park?” Maggie teased, though she didn’t let go of Alex’s hand.

“Nothing wrong with wanting to be… I don’t know, recognized as one of them.”

“No, I know, I get it. I’m just teasing you, since it’s about 90 degrees out, and I think if I tried to hold your hand anywhere else, you’d have told me to keep my sweaty hands to myself.”

“Way to make me sound like an ass,” Alex huffed.

“You are an ass,” Maggie laughed, shoving playfully at Alex. “My favorite ass, though,” she added, batting her eyelashes.

“Mhm, see if you get to kiss me in front of Cinderella’s castle.”

Maggie gasped in mock-indignation. “You wouldn’t!”

“Watch me! I’ll find a brand new Princess Charming.”

Chuckling, Maggie tugged Alex along, pulling the slightly battered park map out from her pocket as they looked for some of the rides they’d added to their list. At first Maggie had teased Alex about just how methodical she was being about it all, but once Alex pointed out how expensive the park passes were and how really, it would be a huge mistake not to maximize their time, Maggie got on board.

“Okay, first up is a picture in front of Cinderella’s castle,” Alex announced, pointing directly in front of them to the massive structure. They clasped each other’s hands a little tighter and tried to hide their smiles at the sight of so many other people in red shirts lining up to take silly, couple-y pictures. There were some fake—they assumed—proposal pictures, followed by two bears who both popped a foot up as they kissed, and another lesbian couple with one of the women sweeping up the other bridal style for a romantic moment.

By the time they made it to the front, Alex pulled out her flip phone and they squeezed in tight, only to have one of the older women in a bright red shirt that looked like she had gotten it custom printed for one of the early Gay Days reach out and insist that they get a proper photo. Maggie eagerly dug through her bag and pulled out the digital camera her aunt had given her for her 18th birthday present, insisting that she had better take so many pictures when she was away at college to keep her aunt properly apprised of her life when they no longer spent most of their days under the same roof.
“Smile and say, ‘Cheese!’” the woman called out, smiling as Alex and Maggie hugged each other close and grinned broadly at the camera, squinting slightly in the bright sun. “Two more just in case!” she yelled out, snapping a second one and then a third, in which Maggie took Alex by surprise, dipping her and just barely managing to stop smiling long enough to kiss her. “Well aren’t you two just adorable,” she teased, handing over the camera. “Is this your first time coming out for the event?”

They both nodded.

“I hope you enjoy it—I still remember my first year fondly…”

“It’s already pretty amazing,” Alex admitted, looking around and realizing just how nice it felt to be surrounded by other gay people.

“And thanks so much for taking our picture,” Maggie added.

“Of course. Now I’ll leave you to the rides!” With a wave, she was off to join her own group again, leaving Alex and Maggie with their long list of attractions to visit.

They started with the Mad Tea Party, Alex reasoning, “Since we didn’t have proper car snacks, it’s not like we’ll feel sick at all,” though Maggie made sure to spin their teacup as hard as she could, sending them whirling around and around fast enough that they both staggered getting off the ride, feeling even dizzier than they had been after a couple cups of the cheap Burnett’s James had acquired for their prom after-party.

“Alright, we have to do at least one classic ride,” Maggie insisted, gesturing around at Fantasyland. “And absolutely no ‘It’s a small world.’ Just…ugh, no. Not gonna have that song stuck in my head all day.”

“Ah look, you can admit that there are things worse than my music,” Alex teased. “But fine…um, what about the Storybook canal one? It’s cute, and you can get lots of pictures for your aunt and that scrapbook you’ve been making.”

“Sounds good. Did you know it’s one of the original rides from way back when the park was first opened in the 50s?”

“I did not.”

“Look at that! My besting you in random trivia for a change.”

After waiting through the line, which they were both pleased to see was much shorter than the one for “It’s a small world,” they were herded onto a boat with a group of other people and soon “set sail,” as it were. “It’s like we’re in Gulliver’s Travels,” Maggie whispered, gesturing at the miniature recreations all around them on the banks.

“What?”

“Like…you know, the Lilliputians?”

“Oh my god, you’re such a dork.”

“Pshh, takes one to know one, Danvers.”

“Let me guess, you did the optional reading because you still have that big crush on Ms. Murray, huh?”
“I do not!” Maggie shot back.

“Tell that to blush on your cheeks,” Alex cackled.

“I—it’s hot out.”

“Mhm…whatever you say.”

Over the course of their day, Alex kept them on a tight schedule, even budgeting out 15 minutes for “snacks and sitting down.” Maggie spent half of the Haunted Mansion in Alex’s arms insisting, “It’s different, Danvers! Axe murderers can be dealt with, but ghosts aren’t so easy to stop!” And as much as Alex teased her, she wouldn’t have changed it for the world.

They crashed their way down the Matterhorn Bobsleds and got soaked sitting at the front of the ride for Splash Mountain. It wasn’t until late in the afternoon when they were both already a bit exhausted that they agreed to stand in the hour-long line for Space Mountain. While they were in line, they played all sorts of silly games like I spy and 20 questions to pass the time until they were finally up. Following the attendant, they got strapped in tightly and Maggie reached out and took Alex’s hand, giving it a tight squeeze before they moved into the pitch-darkness of the ride itself—and then they were off without so much as a warning. (Maggie made fun of Alex’s squeal at the sudden start for hours after they got off the ride.)

Eventually, the sun began to set, and they knew they had little time before their day was officially over. “What do you say,” Alex suggested, gesturing at Mickey’s Fun Wheel. “I know it’s not as good as at night time when it’s properly dark, but it’ll still be a great view.”

“With you, it’ll be perfect.”

“God, you’re so cheesy.”

“Just trying to ensure I’ll get my kiss at the top of the ride,” Maggie teased, winking cheekily at Alex before dragging her over to the end of the line. And sure enough, she did get that kiss as they looked out at the rides and the crowds of people, the sunset basking the whole park in warm light.

“I know we’re heading off to college this year, and maybe we’ll be all over the country for summer jobs, but promise me we’ll come back one day?” Maggie asked, her voice soft.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m over on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar if you want to chat!
Alex basked in the glow of the setting sun, letting all her worries about the DEO and alien threats slowly fall away—at least for the evening. What mattered was that she had a cold beer in her hand and a perfectly legitimate excuse to yell as loud as she wanted for several hours.

“You sure you don’t want your hat?” Winn’s voice, muffled as it was by a large bite of hot dog, broke Alex out of her daze, and she chuckled at the sight of him, hot dog in one hand, her hat in the other, the tips of his hair peeking out the sides of his own bright blue baseball cap, a long silver horn protruding from the front of it.

“I’m sure.” As much of a National City Narwhals fan as she was, Alex could do without the hat, finding other, less embarrassing ways to show her team pride—like yelling at the refs more loudly than anyone around her when they made poor calls.

“Excellent!” Winn stuffed the spare hat—part of a giveaway to hype up the crowds for the big National City-Metropolis rivalry game—into his bag, the tip of the horn still peeking out over the edge. “I’ll make a Narwhals fan out of James yet.”

With a snort, Alex patted Winn on the shoulder. “Good luck, Schott. I swear that boy is more attached to the Metropolis Meteors than Superman—and he’s their freakin mascot!”

“Unofficial mascot,” Winn corrected.

“Ah yes, how could I forget?” Alex rolled her eyes and snagged a bite of popcorn from the tub sitting in Winn’s lap.

A few minutes later, the first few notes of the National Anthem began playing, and some local celebrity Alex had never seen or heard of pulled the microphone toward her, her image projected up on the jumbotron. Alex and Winn stood at attention, and Alex stifled a laugh at the sight of Winn’s cartoonish hat held in his hand over his heart, looking like one of the vampires Buffy had staked in the moments before they disintegrated into a cloud of dust.

Alex had already begun her running trash talk about the opposing team by the time the first pitch was thrown—a fastball straight down the center that one of Metropolis’ newer players managed to clip, sending it arcing high up into the air behind him for a foul ball.

“Swing and a miss,” the announcer called for the second pitch, and Alex let out a whoop, while Winn scribbled down the information on the scorecard that had come in the back of the program.

“You know those statistics will all be available later, right?”

“After the game. But if I can get a read on the trends, I can make enough money betting on the
“outcome to cover the cost of all my snacks.” Alex looked unimpressed until he added, “And all of your beers.”

“You offering to buy for me?”

“Maybe… You stop teasing me and help keep an eye out for bad calls so I can record accurate information, and you’ve got yourself a deal.”

“Got it.”

A smattering of applause went up around the stadium, drawing Alex’s attention back down to the game, and a few moments later she nudged Winn. “Strike number three on a curveball, so jot that down.”

After a three-hit, no-run first half of the first inning, National City was up to bat, and Alex inched forward in her seat enough to keep a better eye on the action. She made a mental note to thank Kara for scoring free season tickets right along the first baseline after writing a glowing piece about the new coaching staff for The Tribune’s sports section.

The first batter up struck out, but then the Narwhal’s second baseman managed to hit a groundball right down the third baseline and easily made it to first. Alex cheered along with the rest of the crowd, pausing only at the annoyed scoff coming from a woman one seat over.

Seeing the look in Alex’s eyes that could only ever spell trouble, Winn shoved the tub of popcorn in front of her. “Snack?”

“Did you hear her?” Alex hissed. “Who comes to a baseball game if they’re not even gonna cheer?”

“I know, I know.” Winn kept his voice even quieter than Alex’s. “Look, the seat between you two is empty. Maybe the person that really likes baseball is running late, and she’s stuck here alone.”

“Oh good.” Alex rolled her eyes. “So soon enough I’ll get her jock-bro boyfriend sitting next to me spreading his legs too wide and pausing every few hits to insist that she’s so much more important than the biggest game of the season.”

Biting back a laugh, Winn shoved the popcorn more insistently in Alex’s direction. “Eat.”

“Yeah, yeah. Flag down the guy with the beers, and I might even stay quiet for the whole second inning.”

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By the end of the third inning, Alex was sure the mystery scoffer was going to leave. She looked beyond miserable, and Alex swore she’d seen more of her Facebook feed than she had of the game playing out in front of her. But just as she was getting up, the phone that hadn’t left her hand began to ring.

“Hello?”

“Boyfriend?” Alex mouthed to Winn.

“You’re late.”

Alex smirked. “Definitely the boyfriend.”

“You promised today would be different.” … “Fine. You have one inning to make it here.” … “I
don’t care about traffic! It’s your own fault!” … “Whatever. I’ll see you here.”

She excused herself then, and Alex turned to Winn the moment she was out of earshot. “Care to make a friendly wager on it?”

“Depends on the terms. You know I only like safe bets.”

“That your excuse for counting cards, Schott?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Mhmm, sure you don’t. You just, what, freaked out when Kara suggested a group trip to Vegas because you hate the Blue Man Group?”

“Okay, first of all, they’re sort of creepy.” Alex rolled her eyes. “Anyway, what are the terms of this bet?” Winn fixed Alex with what she could only imagine was his closest approximation of an intimidating glare.

“Crying or yelling: which one comes first when the boyfriend finally makes it?”

“Oh, you’re assuming the boyfriend makes it before that deadline? You know how bad Friday night traffic can be here.”

“Ooh, fair point.”

“I bet you an overpriced ice cream cone she leaves early, and he races in just barely on time.”

“Very specific.”

Winn shrugged. “Not really. She’s already nearly left, like, six times, and she sounds like she’s just waiting for an excuse to break up with him or at least have a big fight.”

“I forgot how much experience you have with terrible girlfriends.” Winn’s thoughts wandered back to Siobhan and Lyra, and he repressed a shudder. “But, yeah, okay, I’ll take that bet. And you have to buy me something stronger than a beer later tonight if the dude shows before she leaves, and we get enough guilt-tripping to ruin the game for him.”

“Deal.”

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With two outs on the board for the Narwhals and mystery girlfriend pulling her coat on, Winn looked gleeful, even though Alex was still trying to hold out hope for a late-in-the-game victory. Alex was begrudgingly pulling her wallet out from her bag to get ice cream money when a small woman in tight jeans, an oversized Narwhals sweatshirt, and a much less ostentatious National City cap than Winn’s shuffled into their row, muttering an apology as she blocked their view for a few seconds.

“You’re fine,” Alex managed, trying to keep her gaze on the game and not on the very nice butt that had paused mere inches from her face.

“Hey, babe, I’m so sorry.”

Alex and Winn both spun around in unison, trying to look like their reactions had been about literally anything else when both women looked back at them.

“I brought you a hat so you can fit in!” The woman smiled broadly as she plucked the hat off her
head and handed it over to her date.

“‘You’re late, Maggie. Again.’”

“I made it during the fourth inning!”

“‘Barely. And you still missed the first three and a half.’”

“I’m sorry, I just—work, you know how it is.”

“Yeah, I do. Because it’s the same story every date night when you show up halfway through dinner or miss the first thirty minutes of a movie.”

“I know.” The woman—Maggie, Alex remembered—lowered her voice. “I promise, once this case is over, things will go back to normal again.”

“‘For how long?’”

Alex watched as Maggie’s foot bounced slightly. “I—I don’t know.”

“Then I don’t know how much longer I’m sticking around.”

“Jen,” Maggie pleaded. “Don’t do this.”

“Just watch the stupid game. You’re the one that wanted to come here in the first place.”

Maggie slumped back into her seat with a dejected sigh, and Alex trained her gaze firmly on the game, only then realizing that somehow Metropolis was back up to bat again.

During the following innings, Alex couldn’t help but feel badly for the woman sitting next to her. It was fairly obvious that she was excited about the game, but whenever she cheered and turned to explain the play to her date, she was rebuffed with a sigh of annoyance or a snide comment. Although Alex understood the frustration at being left alone—she still remembered the acute sting of rejection after her first would-have-been date with a woman she met on some dating app turned into a night alone at the bar—she also thought, and maybe it was familiarity with the particular demands of the job, that working a case was a legitimate reason for being late.

Alex ran to find a bathroom and another beer at the start of the sixth inning, and when she returned, she found the couple in the midst of a heated argument, having apparently taken her absence as an opportunity to hash things out. For a moment, she debated leaving them to it, but when Metropolis’ star hitter slammed a ball into the stands, bringing the score up to a tie game at 4-4, she couldn’t bear the thought of missing another minute, awkwardness be damned.

She tried to pay attention to the game, she really did, but there was only so much she could ignore when it was all being hissed a matter of inches from her ear. Even National City’s loaded bases could only hold part of her attention when she had a real life soap opera playing out one seat over. By the time the Narwhals blew it, ending the sixth inning with no runs despite getting three men on base, the fight beside Alex had grown angrier.

“God, you’re so stubborn! You’re not even trying to hear what I have to say.”

“I—”

“No! Listen to me. I am always stuck listening to your excuses about why you were late for dinner or why you forgot to call when you promised me you would, when you swore that you’d let me know
you got home safely or survived your latest all-night stakeout. But no. You’re obsessed with work—"

Maggie balked at that. “Because if I miss something, people could die, Jen.”

“You’re not the only detective on the force.”

“But I’m one of the only ones that—”

“Seriously? Are you not hearing yourself?” Alex felt herself leaning in slightly to hear better until Jen’s snort of derisive laughter rang out, leaving Alex feeling ill, guilt over her investment in the fight churning in her stomach. “What kind of person doesn’t think that their girlfriend might worry? What kind of person leaves me up all night after a dangerous mission because you ‘just crashed’? God, you must be…I don’t even know, borderline sociopathic or something.”

Alex was a few seconds away from pointing out that “borderline sociopathic” seemed a little below the belt for something like missing a couple of innings or being exhausted after what was probably a hard night of work when a booming voice rang out, announcing the seventh inning stretch.

Nearly bolting out of her seat, Alex jumped up, taking the forced exercise as an opportunity to step away and give the couple a moment of relative privacy. She pretended to have an excessive number of knots in her back, going through an elaborate series of stretches until she found the Dance Cam spinning in their direction, at which point she threw herself back into her seat. She might dance in a club after several shots or in the comfort of Kara’s apartment with a bottle of wine or, once or twice, for a girlfriend who she’d dated long enough to relax around, but the idea of having an entire stadium see her was decidedly unappealing.

“Not your thing, huh?” Maggie asked, and Alex couldn’t help but notice that when she wasn’t fighting with her girlfriend, she had pretty adorable dimples, even when her smile looked half-hearted at best. She didn’t look upset, per se, so much as she looked tired, like maybe this was a fight that happened often enough that ending it seemed preferable to dragging it out for another minute.

“Definitely not. No need for a surviving record of my inability to dance, thank you very much.”

“Aww no, I bet you’re better than you think.”

Alex simply shrugged in response, grabbing for the beer bottle she’d stowed under her seat for safekeeping.

“Kiss cam!” Winn yelled, gesturing at the screen where some blonde couple was making out much too aggressively for a silly little stunt. Next up was a mom who kissed both of her kids on the cheeks, then another couple—both on their phones—who took a few minutes and a few not-so-gentle prods from their neighbors to realize that they were on screen and finally lean in to kiss, returning to their phones only after the camera panned away from them.

Alex was still chuckling at the oblivious couple and stealing bites of Winn’s popcorn when Winn began stuttering next to her. “Uh, um, shit, Alex, Alex!”

“What?”

“That’s us.”

“What?” It took Alex a few seconds to look up and realize that a camera was, in fact, trained on them, projecting pixelated versions of their faces up onto that damn jumbotron for the whole stadium to see. “No!” Alex yelled at the disembodied camera. “It’s more—he’s like a brother.”
And Alex had only meant to indicate skipping to the next couple with her hand-waving gestures, not to the next couple sitting immediately beside her, but somehow the camera rotated just enough to focus on Maggie and Jen. Maggie blanched and reached a tentative hand out only to have it slapped away.

“I told you we were done.” With that, Jen stood, grabbed her bag and stuffed her phone in the pocket of the coat she had already thrown on the first time she made to leave.

Later on, Alex would never be able to say quite what compelled her to act—whether it was the fact that she’d had a couple of beers at that point, or the chorus of laughter and jeering from around them that Maggie definitely didn’t deserve after being dumped, or the way that Maggie seemed to make stadium lighting and an oversized sweatshirt look good—but act she did, leaning over, grabbing Maggie by jacket, and pulling her in for a kiss.

“You okay,” Alex mumbled against Maggie’s lips.

When she got a nod back in return, Alex made a show of deepening the kiss—for the cameras, of course, it had nothing to do with how beautiful the woman looked or how soft her lips were or the way she smelled a little bit like leather and tasted of coffee.

“Wow.” Maggie pulled back slowly when the cameras panned over to some new couple.

“I—sorry.”

“No! No, I, uh, I wasn’t expecting it—especially not after, well, all of that. But it was…nice.”

“Yeah, well, I…I wasn’t gonna let people who didn’t know the full story boo at you.”

Maggie let out a self-deprecating scoff. “Please. You heard all of it. You know I deserved it.”

Alex shook her head. “Nah. I heard someone who didn’t want to date a cop trying to convince one to give it up for a relationship.”

“Detective,” Maggie corrected.

“My apologies.”

“It’s fine. You, uh, you also a cop or something?”

“Or something,” Alex smiled mysteriously until relenting under Maggie’s steadfast attention. “FBI.”

“Oh god, I made out with a fed? On live television? The guys at the precinct are never gonna let me live this down.”

“Really? I think they’re just gonna be impressed about how well you found someone new after that nasty televised breakup.” Before Alex could cringe at the wording, Maggie let out a loud bark of laughter.

“It was a long time coming. She…yeah, she really didn’t want to be dating a cop, and by the end, I really didn’t want to be dating her.”

“Yeah…I’ve had a few almost girlfriends call it quits when they realized that the job meant a lot of cancelled dinner dates when something came up or lazy Sunday mornings interrupted with calls about developing situations downtown.”

“So then you get it.”
“Yeah.” After a beat, Alex added, “And, um, you’re definitely not—you’re none of those things she was calling you.”

Maggie shrugged, though her smile faltered. “Not the first time she’s said ’em. It used to bother me more, but now…eh, I don’t know.”

“You deserve someone who treats you better.”

Maggie dipped her head slightly but said nothing.

“Look, I might not know you that well, but you’re clearly passionate about your job and, uh”—Alex paused, taking a sip of her beer to steady herself—“you’re really cute. And, you know, you’re a pretty good kisser.”

“That so?” A teasing challenge glinted in Maggie’s eyes.

“I’m just saying, there are a lot of reasons why some girl would be lucky to have you as her girlfriend. Or a boy! I don’t, um, I don’t know your life.”

Maggie chuckled. “No boys. Very gay. Very, very gay.”

“Okay, cool. I mean, same. Yeah, uh, me too.” Alex could see Winn burrowing his face in his hands out of the corner of her eyes, and she wondered where the smooth woman who had managed to sweep Maggie into a kiss on live television had gone, and why she’d let this stuttering, useless lesbian take over. “I’m Alex, by the way.”

“Maggie. But, uh, seems like you already got that from the yelling.”

“Little hard to ignore,” Alex admitted with a sheepish smile.

“Right… Well, at least now you can enjoy the last”—Maggie glanced up at the scoreboard to see exactly how much they’d missed since the kiss cam—“two innings in peace.”

Alex settled back into her seat and tried to focus on the game again, finding it more difficult when her whole body reacted every time Maggie’s elbow or forearm grazed hers on the shared armrest. The fact that the game was still tied at 4-4 with few decent hits was not helping at all, and Alex felt her spirits sink when one of the Meteors’ outfielders managed to hit a solid double during the top of the ninth, bringing his teammate on third base home safe.

“Think they’ll tie it up?” Maggie asked during a timeout before National City went up to bat.

Alex groaned. “They better.”

“Got money riding on the game or something?”

“Nah, that’s him.” She pointed at Winn, who offered a two-fingered wave before getting back to his scorecard. “Just have a, uh, family friend who’s a big Metropolis fan. Two actually. And they like to gloat a bit more than is advisable.”

Maggie laughed—a real, genuine laugh—at that, and Alex thought she looked stunning and found herself wondering how she might get to see that carefree expression again.

They spent the bottom of the ninth on the edges of their seats, and when Fairley managed a homer with one player already on base, Alex found herself swept up in a hug and lost once more in the feeling of Maggie pressed against her as the stadium erupted in cheers—this time for the players
instead of them.

As Alex gathered her trash and pulled her leather jacket back on, the chill of the night after the sun had set finally getting to her as she sobered up, she felt a gentle squeeze around her arm and looked up.

“I, uh, I just wanted to say thanks. For, you know, making tonight suck less.”

Alex rubbed at the back of her neck. “I think we have Fairley to thank for that, actually.”

“You know what I mean.”

“I—well, yeah, you deserved a good night out at the game.”

“Right—right, yeah. Yeah, that’s what that was all about.” With a sharp nod, Maggie stuffed her hands into her pockets and shuffled past Alex and Winn. “Have a good night.”

“You too!” Alex yelled back, her words giving way into a yelp when Winn elbowed her. “What the hell?”

“What the hell to me? What the hell to you, Alex! That pretty lady likes you, and now she thinks you kissed her out of pity or something!”

“What? Pssh, no. No way would she think something like that.”

“Alex,” Winn groaned. “I don’t have time to explain this, but if you like her as much as your dopey grin suggests you do, you should go tell her.”

“She just got dumped.”

“And spent the rest of the game totally flirting with you.” Anticipating Alex’s objections, Winn cut her off with a shake of his head. “Trust me, I was third-wheeling this date. I’d know.”

After a moment, Alex felt a wave of panic seize her at the idea that this Maggie could go home thinking she didn’t deserve all the nice things Alex said, that she had only said them to be polite or something dumb like that. “What do I do?”

“Chase after her! Like the movies!”

“Are you—?”

“Go!”

“Fine!” Thrusting her empty beer bottle at Winn, Alex took off down the stands, dodging between fans and visitors alike and biting her tongue to keep from yelling, “FBI!” to get through the crowds faster. When she made it to the exit, though, she was met with a sea of people, too many of them in Narwhals gear to easily pick out the one she was looking for. Hoisting herself up onto a trashcan and ignoring the yells of the security guards demanding that she get down this very instant, Alex cupped her hands around her mouth, willing the few beers to make this even the slightest bit less humiliating than it felt. “Maggie!”

Half the crowd seemed to freeze at that, and Alex found herself with far too many eyes staring up at her. But at that point, she figured, she was already in deep enough that it would be more embarrassing to give up, so she cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled even louder. “Maggie!”
It was as she was getting ready to yell for the third time that she spotted Maggie, slipping her way between a large family. “You called?”

Alex could feel her cheeks warming and knew they’d be a little pinker than she’d like them to be, but the tone of amusement in Maggie’s voice seemed worth it. In one smooth motion, she jumped down from the trashcan, ignoring the glares of the beleaguered security guards. “I—I wanted to see if maybe I could, uh, give you my number. I mean, maybe tonight was just about a little post-breakup fun for you, but, um, if it wasn’t—if it wasn’t, I’d really like to take you out sometime.”

Alex could feel her heart thundering in her chest as Maggie tilted her head to the side, an amused grin playing on her lips. “You and me?”

Alex nodded, clasping her hands together and trying not to fidget under the attention of not only Maggie but some of the crowd around them.

But then Maggie was stepping forward and cupping a warm hand around her jaw and kissing her—nothing much, but enough to leave Alex feeling dazed when she finally pulled back.

“So, um, that a yes?”

“Yes,” Maggie laughed. “But maybe we go exchange numbers and last names in a place where our every move isn’t being live-tweeted.”

Alex blanched. “What?”

“Oh you haven’t seen?” Alex shook her head. “Since the kiss cam we’ve been trending on Twitter.”

“Oh my god,” Alex groaned, burying her face in her hands. “Do I even want to look at my phone?”

“At least you don’t have a very recent ex-girlfriend sending you live updates about how this is further proof of your sociopathic tendencies.” Before Alex could protest that Maggie was anything but, she felt a soothing hand on her own. “It’s fine, really. I’d probably be pretty pissed if I saw an ex getting some Hollywood happy ending moment after a breakup too.”

Alex peeked at her phone and found a deluge of texts from Kara waiting for her. “Well…instead of dealing with this disaster, what would you think about grabbing something to eat that isn’t quite so exorbitantly expensive as stadium food?”

“I think I’d like that, Alex.”

“Danvers, by the way.”

Maggie arched an eyebrow in an unspoken question.

“My last name—it’s Danvers.”

“Sawyer.”

Alex rolled it around on her tongue, deciding she liked the feel of it. “So what do you say, Sawyer? Care to join me at the diner down the block?”

“You’ve got a date, Danvers.”

Chapter End Notes
I'm on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @saphhicscholar if you ever wanna chat

Comments are life <3 gotta keep giving Sanvers that happy ending they deserved
Sanvers Bartender/Band Singer AU

Chapter Summary

One-shot based on a prompt posted on Twitter by @ultimatesanvers - AU where Alex is a singer in a band and Maggie is her biggest fan, and @dimplesfloriana - Alex is a famous-to-be singer and Maggie works on the bar where Alex always sings. Behind the counters, Maggie loves Alex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Maggie Sawyer is not an Alex Danvers groupie. She is simply…a fan. A fan who happens to see more concerts than the average fan. But it can’t really be helped—not really—not when she works in the bar in National City where Alex Danvers happens to have gotten her start and happens to frequent quite regularly even now that she can sell out full-sized venues throughout California and even in the major East Coast cities when she ventures that far from home.

She’s heard rumors that Alex is a bit of a homebody at heart. The tabloids suggest that it started after her dad died, but Maggie doesn’t like to speculate. She’d rather give Alex her own chance to explain—if she wanted to. Not that she would. Surely she only knows Maggie’s name because she’s the woman standing between Alex and her drink of choice for the night.

But still, Maggie sometimes wonders if the number of performances in the bar where she works has more to do with Alex’s desire to stay close to family than with any sense of loyalty to The Den. The idea of choosing to stay somewhere for family instead of getting as far away as possible isn’t something Maggie understands—at least not now, not after everything. But then again, she never had a sister who would have grabbed a front row seat and looked up at her like she was a hero and cheered louder than anyone in the whole bar every single time she came to National City. Maybe if she’d had someone like that she could have understood.

“Sawyer!” Luis’s booming voice pulls Maggie out of her thoughts.

“Yeah?”

“You’ve been polishing that bar for the past half hour.”

“Oh.” Maggie glances down at the rag she realizes is still in her hand. “Right.”

“This got something to do with your girl coming back into town tonight?”

“Shut up, man. She’s not my girl.”

“Not with that attitude, she’s not!”

“For all we know she could be dating someone. Or straight!”

Luis crosses his arms over his chest and levels Maggie with a stern glare. “Aren’t you the one with the whole theory about girls being like spaghetti—straight until w—” His words are muffled by Maggie’s hand pressed firmly against his mouth.
“Hush! The busboys are only 18.”

“Please, they work in a bar kitchen. A bar with a designated Bear Night when half our clients come in wearing nothing but leather. They’re not exactly innocent little flowers.”

Maggie can’t help the chuckle that escapes her lips, but she still shoves Luis’s well-defined arms in protest.

She remembers her first night in town when she’d wandered into the bar after seeing it advertised as “gay-friendly,” only to find she was the only woman in a sea of bears and cubs. Apparently Bear Night had started after the bar was already named—Maggie asked her first day working there—but when a member of the local bear community came looking for places to host their weekly meet-up, it seemed too fitting to pass up The Den. Maggie’s still happy she gave the bar a second shot a few nights later. The other bartenders and servers soon became her quirky family, and at this point, she can’t imagine working anywhere else.

“So…tonight gonna be the night you finally make your move?”

“I’m not gonna bother her when she’s working.”

“Well thank god she sticks around after the show for a few drinks, huh? Not working then.”

“But I am.”

“Please, the pay isn’t the reason most of us like working here.”

Her lips pursed, Maggie refuses to budge until Luis whispers, “Looks like she’s here early.”

“Wha—?” Maggie spins around only to hear Luis cackle from behind her. “You’re such an asshole.”

“C’mon, if that isn’t proof enough that you need to ask the girl out, I don’t know what is.”

“Whatever.”

“She’s here four whole nights in a row—that’s never happened. If you don’t ask her out by Sunday, I’m doing it for you.”

“You would not!”

“Don’t even test me. You know I don’t back down.”

Maggie groans, thinking back to the time Luis had come in with his arms, legs, and chest completely waxed after one of the younger gay servers suggested that, macho as he was, Luis could never deal with the pain of regular waxing. “You’re the worst.”

“I’m actually your best friend, so I won’t hear a word to the contrary.”

Grumbling to herself, Maggie spins back around to straighten out the bottles as though they aren’t already in perfect rows from the first hour she spent trying to distract herself from thoughts of Alex and her low, velvety voice and the way her eyes always seemed to catch Maggie’s even though she knows it must be some trick of the light (or her pathetic imagination conjuring up her fantasies and making her think one might come true).

Eventually Luis strolls back toward the kitchen, patting Maggie on the shoulder as he leaves.

“Remember: confidence of a straight white man.”
“Excuse me!” A customer wraps his knuckles against the bar, dragging Maggie’s attention back to him. “I ordered a Stella two minutes ago, and you still haven’t moved.”

“I’m going, I’m going,” Maggie mutters, forcing herself to stop staring at the makeshift stage where Alex is now hanging out with her sister, the drummer, and the guitarist.

By the time Maggie finishes dealing with the handful of customers all hoping to get their drinks before the pre-show rush, Alex has disappeared, and Maggie can’t quite bite back the pang of disappointment. Just as she pulls out a knife to cut up a few limes to have wedges ready to go for the rush she knows is coming, she hears her own name being spoken by the voice she’s come to know from too many nights spent listening to the same well-worn CD in her car. The knife clatters down against the cutting board, and Maggie can feel her cheeks flush with warmth.

“Oh, hi. Hey.” She makes the mistake of glancing up to find that Alex is no longer in the black blazer she’d been wearing when she first got in, having now stripped down to some sleeveless back shirt that puts her arms on full display. Don’t look at her arms. Don’t stare at her arms. “How are you?”

“Can’t complain.” Alex gives Maggie a lazy, lopsided grin, leaning down on the bar. “You know I always like playing at The Den.”

“Right—yeah, yeah, it’s a good space. And your sister is here, so that’s gotta be nice.”

Alex smiles fondly over at Kara and nods. “Yeah, it’s good to be home, especially these days. I’ve been traveling a bit more recently.”

Maggie is immensely proud of herself for not replying that she already knows this because she has Alex’s tour schedule pinned to her wall. Instead she makes a humming noise that she hopes Alex will interpret as some form of normal human interaction.

They stand there quietly for a few moments before Maggie thinks to ask, “Did you want a drink?”

“No. Just came to say hi to you.”

“Oh.” Maggie swears her brain is actively short-circuiting. “That, um, cool, yeah, hi to you too.” Maggie cringes. Conversations should really come with an edit undo option, she thinks. But Alex is smiling at her like maybe she said something good, so she doesn’t hate herself too much. “What are you—”

“Alex!” James’ deep voice echoes through the room as he waves her over.

“Sorry, my drummer calls.” And with a wink, Alex is off.

Maggie gives herself several minutes to regroup before she attempts to cut her limes. She might be floating on cloud nine from that wink, but she suspects cutting one of her fingers off with the knife would still hurt.

“Saw you talking to Alex,” Luis whispers, a teasing lilt to his voice as he passes behind Maggie at the bar.

“Just, you know, saying hi.”

“The night is young.”
“Yeah, yeah.”

Maggie is almost grateful for the massive pre-show rush that keeps her from dwelling on how stupid she probably sounded during their conversation. She doesn’t get it. Any other night, she’s fine, totally fine. Hell, even Luis can vouch for her, having watching her pick up new girls at the bar on what was, she can now admit, perhaps a too regular basis during her first year in town. But Alex—she throws her off, and Maggie hates being thrown off.

The line slowly tapers off as Alex strolls out onto her makeshift stage, blazer back on, greeting a few of the fans who come to most of the concerts in National City and chatting with them for several minutes as the sound guy makes sure everything is in working order. By the time she’s behind the mic and calling out a thank you to everyone who came out to see her, the crowd has quieted down, and they fall silent as she launches into one of her slower numbers to start the night off.

Then there’s that damn voice that’s so smooth and makes Maggie melt a little every time she hears it. Alex croons into the microphone about lost love, and Maggie knows it isn’t about her—hell, it was written and released well before Maggie had ever met the woman—but she can’t help the way her heart skips a beat when Alex’s gaze meets her own.

It’s somewhere around song number five—no, it’s exactly at song five; Maggie can’t even pretend she isn’t perfectly aware of every detail—that Alex pulls off her blazer again, apologizing for the informality imposed by the California summer heat. And oh, if Maggie thought it was hard trying to focus when Alex was standing in front of her in the tank top, she isn’t even remotely prepared for what the sight of Alex performing in the tank top does to her.

By the time Alex’s set ends, Maggie still hasn’t recovered, but it’s too late because the band members are all spilling out of the back room they let them use to store their instruments on the nights they perform. But it’s James and Winn up first, and them she can deal with just fine. With them she’s charming and smiling and hits the level of flirty she knows garners the best tips, and she crosses her fingers and prays that maybe one of them will tell Alex about how smooth the bartender is.

As she serves drinks, Maggie watches Kara bring the beer she picked up to Alex, who’s still busy chatting with some of the fans who have lingered behind. It’s one of the things she always does that impresses Maggie—not that there are many things about Alex that don’t impress her. She loves that a measure of success hasn’t turned Alex into some asshole who thinks there needs to be some wall or security guard between her and the people who come out to see her. And she’s always so good with them, willing to take silly pictures and sign autographs and joke around, which is precisely what she’s doing now, Maggie notes. When Alex’s laugh carries across the bar, Maggie can’t help but smile too.

Eventually Alex excuses herself and shuffles over to the bar, walking backward the whole time as she waves goodbye. Settling herself in on a barstool, Alex props her head up against one of her hands. “What’d you think?”

“Of what? The set?”

Alex nods and sips at her beer, looking expectantly up at Maggie.

“Oh, uh, it was great. Just like it always is.”

“Yeah…” Alex’s lips twitch and she crinkles her nose. “That’s what I was worried about.”

“That it was…good?”
“No, no. That it was the same as always.”

“That’s not what I meant! I just, you know, you’re always great. And you’re so good with the crowds. And then your voice is beautiful. And I—”

Alex’s cheeks flush ever so slightly as she waves her hand in front of her, cutting off Maggie’s rambling compliments. “You’re too sweet. I didn’t—not like that. It’s just…I’ve been thinking about things, working on some new stuff… I wonder if it would go over as well, you know? Is it worth putting something that’s already good in jeopardy?”

Maggie isn’t sure what to say, but Alex looks almost dejected, and she would do anything to put the smile back on her face, so she reaches out. Her fingers barely graze the back of Alex’s hand, but it feels like sparks of electricity crackle at the touch, and she pulls back before it can get weird. “Alex, I think…I think you’re talented enough that no matter what you do, it’s gonna be good. And if it makes you happy or makes you feel better about what you’re doing? That’ll probably show and make everything even better.”

Alex narrows her eyes slightly. “Do all bartenders give such good advice, or is it just a you thing?”

“Ah, I, uh, trick of the trade probably.”

“Mm…I doubt it’s only that.”

Before Maggie can quite process the tone that sounds almost flirty, if a bit wistful, Alex is swiveling around in her seat and getting up to go find her sister.

Luis has the decency to wait until Alex is out of earshot before he comes up behind Maggie and throws an arm around her waist. “Did you do it?”

“No.”

“Maggie!”

“No, no, it wasn’t the right time. She was…I don’t know, sad or something.”

“And you don’t think having a pretty lady ask her out would have helped with that?”

“We still don’t know if she’s gay.”

“She got her start in a gay bar.”

“A gay-friendly bar with open mic nights,” Maggie corrects him.

“Still.”

“I don’t know, there were pictures of her out with some dude.” She doesn’t mention that the dude was so not on her level.

“Could’ve been friends.”

“He had his hand on her lower back.”

“I’ve seen the pictures.” How could he not have? Maggie had obsessed over them for days. “She wasn’t smiling.”

“She also wasn’t hitting him.”
Luis shrugs. “She could be bi.”

“She could be straight.”

“You’ll never know until you ask,” he sing-songs back at her.

Maggie ends up spending far too much time after her shift sitting in front of her laptop reading through every article that pops up when she Googles: “Alex Danvers lesbian?” and “Alex Danvers bi?” and “Alex Danvers queer?” and every other variation she can think of, including the dreaded: “Alex Danvers boyfriend,” which brings her back to the same photos from a couple of years ago that Maggie already knew about. That was something, at least. No recent pictures of a boy to generate speculation.

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Friday night brings with it a torrential downpour, thunder and lightning, and flash flooding bad enough to keep even some of Alex’s most loyal fans at home for the night. Maggie doesn’t think she’s ever seen the bar quite so desolate, and even though she can’t control the weather, she feels guilty when Alex and her bandmates stroll out to a half-empty set of chairs. But Alex almost looks more upbeat than the night before, and after performing a few of her fan favorite songs, she pulls the mic out of the stand and begins strolling around, talking to the folks who had braved the weather to be there.

“How do you all feel if we change things up a bit tonight?”

The bunch that did make it out cheer loudly, and Maggie joins in with them, swallowing heavily when Alex spins on her heel and looks straight at her.

“The new song that kept me up all last night isn’t quite ready yet, but I’ve been playing around with covers of some of my favorite songs that I thought could be fun. What do you think?”

The cheering is a bit less enthusiastic, and it looks like Alex might concede, so Maggie wolf-whistles and pounds on the bar, earning a laugh from Alex that she swears makes Luis’s teasing remarks for the rest of the night worth it.

“First up I wanna let James show you something he’s been working on!” Alex claps loudly, so Maggie forces herself to give him some polite applause too. It isn’t that Maggie doesn’t like James—he seems nice enough when they chat, and he always tips well and says please and thank you when he orders—but he can’t hold her attention the way Alex does. No one can.

But then Alex is back up and singing along to things that are a little more punk, and Maggie cheers when she recognizes songs by The Clash and even The Ramones pop up in the set list, interspersed with Alex’s own songs to keep the crowd happy. But what leaves the fans reeling is Alex’s cover of “Work Song.” Maggie watches as the crowd freezes and then seems to burst into action when she gets to the lines: “’Cause my baby’s sweet as can be, / She give me toothaches just from kissin’ me,” without changing the pronouns.

Maggie’s not actually close enough to make out the specifics, but she knows exactly what all the frenzied whispers rippling through the audience are about. And she can’t even blame them because she’s doing the same damn thing, only she doesn’t pull out her phone to record it or text her friends; instead she pokes Luis as hard as she can in the side repeatedly until he murmurs, “I get it, I hear it too.”

Last night’s research—even the countless Twitter accounts swearing they knew Alex was gay and
had seen her out on dates with other women—hadn’t convinced her of a thing, but the way lyrics about a female lover seem to fall from Alex’s lips like they belong there…well, that’s a whole different thing.

When the formal set wraps up, the band doesn’t put away the sound equipment right away, and to Maggie’s delight, Alex sticks around, singing snippets of songs the fans call out. Maggie doesn’t miss the fact that almost every song they suggest has female pronouns that they wait and watch with baited breath to see if she’ll change—she doesn’t. As the night wears on and the drinks come out, Alex even pulls others up to join her for what starts looking more like karaoke than a concert encore.

It isn’t until Kara puts her phone on shuffle once almost everyone but the staff has left for the night that things get even more interesting, though, and Maggie laughs loudly as Alex cycles through genres of music Maggie never thought she’d hear her perform. There are fast 90s rap lyrics that Maggie is impressed to see don’t trip her up. There are soulful ballads for which Alex lets Kara take the lead. Winn jumps in as the male lead for some of Kara’s Disney songs, while Alex happily bails to join the background singers. Then there are old pop hits by 90s boy bands that get the whole group up on their makeshift stage, performing for a “crowd” of servers and bartenders counting tips and cleaning up, some of whom even join in at the chorus.

At a certain point Maggie hears her own name being called, and even though she can’t sing for shit, especially not compared to real musicians, she lets Luis shove her up there along with the rest of them, and she tries to pretend like maybe she’s only singing so poorly because she had more than the single whiskey she tossed back at the sight of Alex stripping down to a tank top once more.

And even though she knows she’s mostly sober, Maggie swears she feels a little drunk when Alex looks at her with a smile broader than she’s ever seen, and when Alex reaches out a warm hand to coax her all the way up onto the stage she can’t chase away the image of those cartoon characters whose hearts pound so hard they beats out of their chests. Then Alex is bouncing around the platform and using their still-joined hands as a fake mic, ignoring the real one that stands a few feet away, and Maggie knows she’ll remember this moment for the rest of her life.

They close out the night with the apt “Should I Stay or Should I Go?” and Maggie has to remind herself over and over again that the lyrics are the lyrics, that they mean nothing special, that the way Alex is looking at her is the result of endorphins and adrenaline and scotch and has nothing to do with her personally. But it’s hard because she’s human. She’s human, and she has a big fucking crush, and said crush is looking at her like maybe she wants to know if Maggie wants her to stay, but that’s impossible because she’s, well, Maggie, and next to Alex Danvers she barely registers.

But on her way out, Alex slows and waits as the rest of the band and her sister file out into the storm that’s petered off into a light drizzle. Turning back to Maggie, she flashes her a brilliant smile and squeezes her hand. “You were right. It does feel better this way.”

---

On Saturday night, Maggie drops a shot glass on her toes when Alex strolls through the door in the tightest jeans she’s ever seen her wear and a black beanie that makes her look so impossibly gay. But then she pulls off the beanie, and Maggie’s heart stops when she realizes that Alex’s hair wasn’t simply shoved under the hat. No, half her head is buzzed in an undercut that somehow manages to look gayer than the goddam beanie and the skinny jeans and the Converse already had.

Maggie doesn’t know if she’s even breathing anymore because Alex Danvers looks like a lesbian wet dream running her fingers through the wavy hair that falls to one side. And Maggie knows she’s staring, can feel her jaw hanging open, but even when Alex casts a glance in her direction she cannot manage to get her body to move or her mouth to shut. She can barely get her hand to lift up to ear-
level to return Alex’s wave, and she vaguely registers the sound of Luis’s loud guffaw from behind her.

A few minutes later, Alex emerges from the back room and strides purposefully up to the bar. “Hey.”

“I—you—Alex, hi, hello.”

“You okay?”


Alex fights back a smile and nods. “I did know that.”

“That—that’s good.”

“So you, uh, you saw the haircut then?”

And there it is—the flash of insecurity that Maggie’s only ever seen once before, the first night when Alex asked about the set and maybe making some changes. She wonders if the hair is part of those changes. “I love it.”

“Really?”

“So much so. I mean, I might be a little biased,” she chuckles, “but it’s pretty amazing.”

“Biased how?”

“Oh.” Maggie pauses, wondering how inappropriate it would be to respond, Because it’s a really fucking gay haircut, and I am really fucking gay myself, and anything that makes you look gayer makes you look even sexier to me. “I just…I’ve always been a fan of, uh, the aesthetic?” It’s a cop-out and they both know it.

“Right.”

“But really, it’s ho—great. Great haircut. Love it.” She makes a mental note to reward herself with a pint of vegan ice cream for not adding that she wonders what it would feel like to have her hands in it. She thinks maybe she deserves to make it a brownie sundae for not pointing out that she also thinks it would look really great all rumpled after a night spent in bed together.

Alex hesitates, and Maggie wonders if she said too much, but then Alex knocks her knuckles against the wood of the bar, turns around, and heads back to get ready for the set.

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That night during the set, Maggie tracks tweets about Alex Danvers and finds every account she saw from before claiming vindication with the photos of the new haircut. She even spots herself in the background of one photo looking a bit too adoringly up at Alex, and it isn’t too long before people are retweeting the photo zoomed in on her with captions like, “Same,” and, “Big mood.” She might not be that with it when it comes to Twitter-speak, but she’s fairly certain they nailed it in figuring out what she was thinking about.

With a full crowd in attendance, Alex doesn’t try any covers this time, though Maggie notes that she talks a bit more than she usually does. Some of it’s about the haircut—Maggie’s pleased when it gets pretty raucous applause and loud whistles—but then there are comments about other changes. She
talks about how she’s back where she spent the early days of her career, back before she knew if she would ever make it, and says something about why being here makes her think and pause and reflect on the kind of life she’s living. She talks about wanting to be authentic to herself, and Maggie knows the statements are probably purposefully cryptic, knows they could just as easily be about whatever new songs she’s planning to release. But she can’t help the flutter in her chest at the idea that Alex is choosing to do it here, choosing to do it where she knows she’s surrounded by a whole lot of people who have used that language for something rather different.

The concert goes well, though Alex doesn’t linger for as long as she usually does after it ends, and when the rest of the band comes out of the back room, she isn’t with them.

Maggie gives it ten full minutes before she pours a glass of their nicest scotch and heads to the back. With a steadying breath, she knocks on the door.

“Come in!”

Maggie pushes open the door and nearly trips over her own feet at the sight of Alex in nothing more than a bra, a shirt halfway over her head. “I, uh, I thought, um.”

“Shit, sorry!” Alex pulls the shirt the rest of the way over her head, and Maggie notices that she looks equally stunning with her cheeks flushed pink. “I thought it was Kara, or I would have, you know, finished changing first.”

“You’re good. I mean, obviously you’re fine.” Maggie scuffs her foot against the floor, thrusting the cup out in front of her. “I brought you a drink.”

“Oh. Thanks.” She sounds genuinely touched, and Maggie rubs at the back of her neck with her now free hand.

“Don’t worry about it. You went for it with the whole change—drinks on me for the night.”

“I didn’t really.”

Maggie tilts her head to the side.

“I did the haircut, yes, and I’d wanted to do that for a while. So it’s good. But it wasn’t everything I meant to say tonight.”

Maggie feels her heart hammering in her chest. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I, uh, do you want to sit?”

Even though Maggie knows she’s technically still on duty at the bar, she also knows Luis would kill her if she passed up the opportunity, so she settles in on the couch next to Alex. She’s glad she thought to bring a glass of whiskey for herself, if only because it gives her something to occupy her nervous attention as she waits for Alex to speak again.

After a beat, Alex blurts out: “I’m gay.”

“Oh. That—that’s awesome. Congrats!”

There’s a moment of silence before Alex laughs—a little snort that morphs into full-blown laughter. “Thanks. Do I get a trophy and all?”

“It’s like the Girl Scouts—but, you know, the Gay Scouts or something. We’ll get ya badges for
“each new item you check off.”

“Shut up,” Alex laughs.

“Nah, it’s true. Look you got your gay haircut, so there’s a scissor badge—not to be confused with the…er, nevermind. And now you’ve come out to someone, right?”

“Well,” Alex hedges, pausing to sip at her whiskey. “Come out to someone other than family and close personal friends.”

“Oh, right, I guess lifestyle of a celebrity—some privacy is wanted.”

“Wouldn’t call myself a celebrity, but sure, didn’t really want it splashed across the front of some gross tabloid when I was first figuring things out a couple of years back.”

“Right, right, understandable. Totally get that. People can be…assholes.”

“But it helps, you know, when other people are out. And I might not be famous, but some people know me.” Maggie nods, not bothering to point out that Alex may well be getting to a point that people would, in fact, call famous. “And maybe it’s selfish to try to keep that part of myself private when it could do so much good to be out and open about it.”

“It’s still your life, Alex. If you don’t want it splashed in headlines, then you don’t have to say anything—at least not now.”

“But I—I want to. It’s just weird, you know?”

“You could always go find yourself a girlfriend to hold hands with and kiss in public. Then the people that want to know will know, and the rest of the world will call you gal pals.”

Alex snorts loudly. “Tragically the only girlfriend I ever had broke up with me a while ago. Not so into the semi-closeted lifestyle.”

“Ah well…” Maggie swallows down her disappointment at the knowledge that Alex already had some woman out there she liked—probably still likes. “Maybe she’d be up for giving you another chance now that you might want to be open about it?”

Alex lets out a noncommittal noise and shrugs her shoulders. “I liked her, but I don’t think it was ever going to last. Not really a relationship I cared enough to fight for back then…clearly.”

“Mm, yeah.” Maggie swirls the contents of her glass around before taking a sip. “Well I’m sure you’d have no problem at all finding someone more than willing to date you.”

“You think?”

“Uh, yeah. Trust me. Literally spend two minutes looking through tweets about you, and you’ll see what I mean.”

A knock pulls their attention, and Maggie finds Kara waiting outside. “Hey, someone wanted to see if Alex was doing autographs tonight.”

“Oh, right. Yeah, I’ll be there in five, okay?”

Kara nods and gives Maggie a curious look before heading back to the bar.

“I should probably get back to work.”
“Shit. Sorry, I totally forgot that you had better things to do, and I just kept you here while I was going on and on and—”

“Alex,” Maggie cuts in. “Trust me, there was nothing more important than being here with you. I wanted to be here. And, well, I’m always here if you need someone to talk to.”

Alex dips her head. “Thanks.”

“Of course.”

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On Sunday night before everyone arrives, Luis pulls Maggie into the back room. “Tonight is your night. You ready?”

“I don’t—I don’t know that this is the right moment.”

“Okay, yeah, that’s cool.”

“Really?”

“Oh totally. I mean, I’m still gonna ask her for you, but it’s okay. I bet I’ll do great.”

“Luis,” Maggie whines, stretching his name out into three long syllables.

He mimics her. “Maggie.”

“Seriously tonight might not be the best night.”

“Tonight is her last night here.”

“She’ll be back again.”

“You never know… Maybe she’ll get so famous she forgets her humble roots in The Den. It’ll be left to the bears!”

Maggie laughs and shoves lightly at Luis. “Let’s see how tonight goes first. Yeah?”

“Whatever you say, Mags…”

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That night, Alex acts a bit shy around Maggie, and Maggie hopes she didn’t say anything wrong the day before. When she gets back onstage, even though she looks the same and smiles the same smile and interacts with people the same way she always does, the mood is different, and Alex radiates a kind of nervous energy that leaves Maggie feeling anxious.

The first few songs go on as they did that Thursday night, but then Alex starts talking once more about change—Maggie thinks she might be able to guess the title of album number three. There are the expected calls from the audience about the haircut, and Alex blushes and dips her head at the compliments, as though somehow she isn’t expecting them. But then her gaze flashes over to Maggie, and there’s something in it that’s different—knowing, almost—and Maggie is left feeling unsettled.

“I’ve got a new song that’s still pretty rough, but I thought maybe you might like to hear it?”
The crowd erupts with applause, and once more Maggie cheers along with them, catching Alex’s eye and winking. She rewards herself with a drink for how smooth that was.

There’s no background music now, though someone pulls up a stool and James hands over an acoustic guitar to her from backstage. Alex strums it lightly to settle herself. After a few moments, she begins singing, and for the first line or two Maggie can hear the faintest of wobbles to Alex’s voice as she finds her footing with the new words.

Maggie tries to listen, but she’s also caught up in how gorgeous Alex looks, stripped of the background music and the performance that comes with the songs she knows and the audience loves. There’s more about change and something about rediscovered feelings, and Maggie doesn’t miss the absence of pronouns. The descriptions sound…well, they don’t sound straight, and even if it’s not a formal coming out, it’s a step, and a surge of pride warms Maggie’s chest.

When Alex finishes, there are a few moments of silence that leave her looking panicked until she’s met with thunderous applause—Maggie’s own loud clapping included.

By the time Alex finishes her set, she has a whole line of people who want to talk to her, so Maggie has one of the servers go bring her a bottle of beer to help her get through it.

There are very few people left in the bar by the time the stragglers from the show leave, and Luis nudges Maggie in the direction of the back room where Alex had disappeared. “Now or never.”

“But no pressure, right?”

He grins as he pushes her the final few steps out from behind the bar.

Maggie fidgets outside Alex’s door before forcing herself to knock—two soft taps, really.

When the door swings open, it’s James who she’s staring at, but he waves her in. “I’m headed out. Thanks for the space and all the great service this weekend!”

“You don’t have to leave because of me!”

James laughs—it’s deep and easy-going, and Maggie starts to realize why so many of the band’s followers adore him too—and gestures at Kara. “I only get to see her when we’re in town, so I think I’m gonna make the most of it.”

“Oh! Right, cool, yeah. Have fun!”

“Night, Maggie!” Kara calls over her shoulder as she leads James toward the door.

“Night!” When Maggie turns back, she realizes she’s alone with Alex.

Alex tugs at her sleeve and nods her head a little. “Hey.”

“Hi.” Maggie clears her throat. “I, uh, I liked the new song.”

Alex’s eyes widen as she looks up at Maggie. “You did?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“I mean, I know it’s not totally—it’s not obvious or anything.”

“To the people who need it? I think it’s already pretty close, Alex.”
Alex shrugs. “I still don’t know that it’s clear enough.”

“You don’t use any pronouns,” Maggie points out.

Alex’s voice is softer when she speaks again. “But there are other things that might also need to be clearer.”

Maggie tilts her head to the side in confusion.

“I, uh, I did look on Twitter like you said.”

Maggie chuckles. “Oh, right, little much, huh? But the enthusiasm is cute.”

“Mm, yeah. They make nice memes.”

“Yeah? I can see that.”

Alex hums. “You see the one they’re calling the thirsty bartender?”

“What?”

A red blush creeps up Alex’s chest. “Nevermind.”

“Um, okay.”

“I guess I should probably head out.”

“Okay.” Maggie steps back and watches as Alex slings her bag over her back. She’s already halfway out the door when Maggie forces herself to call after her. “Alex, wait!” It’s more of a panicked shout than anything, and she wants to stuff the words back into her mouth, but Alex is looking at her now, and there’s no good way to pretend like she needed to yell so desperately because Alex had left behind a half-empty water bottle. “I…I, uh…doyouwannagooutwithme?”

It takes Alex a moment to parse through the words, but then she’s stepping back into the room and letting the door slip shut behind her. “You asking me out?”

“I, um, if that’s okay?”

“Well, my thirsty bartender, given that I spent tonight singing to you, I’d say it’s probably more than okay.”

“To me?” Maggie just about squeaks before remembering that there’s something so much more important happening, which is Alex Danvers saying yes to a date with her. “Wait, really? Is that a yes?”

“That is very much a yes.” Alex punctuates her words with small steps forward until she’s mere inches away from Maggie.

And Maggie hasn’t really been all that smooth this weekend, but she’s proud of herself when she closes the gap between them, her nose touching Alex’s. “This okay?”

“Just kiss me already.”

Then Maggie’s lips are on Alex’s, and Alex is kissing her back, and she decides it’s most definitely better than her fantasies as soft lips slide against her own. She loses herself in the feeling and lets herself whimper aloud when she finally does get to learn what it feels like to run her hands through
Alex’s new haircut—a move that earns her a low moan that sends a jolt of heat straight between her legs.

When Maggie tugs lightly on Alex’s lower lip with her teeth, she feels herself being pushed backward toward the lone couch in the room and lets herself collapse back into it with a less than graceful “oomph.” But it doesn’t even matter because Alex is swinging a leg over her thighs and straddling her lap, and Maggie isn’t sure how she hasn’t combusted yet, but she’s damn happy about it because she thinks she’d really like to remember this moment for the rest of forever.

She’s got Alex on her back with her shirt rucked up and over her bra when a knock on the door echoes through the room.

Alex pulls back, a look of panic flashing in her eyes. “Uh…who is it?” she yells, her voice sounding a bit more breathless and high-pitched than usual.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize you were still here. It’s me, Luis. You good if I come in to clean up?”

Alex tugs down her shirt, and Maggie runs a hand through her hair to try to tame it back down into a semblance of order as she strides over to the door. She pulls it open a few inches—just wide enough to glare at Luis, though she suspects the glare isn’t quite so intimidating when she’s this ecstatic.

“Can it wait?”

Maggie feels her face heat up at the loud whoop from outside the door. “So you did it? I don’t have to go ask her out for you?”

“She did just fine on her own.” Alex pulls the door the rest of the way open and smirks at Luis. “But if you want to tell me what this whole thing was about, please, be my guest.”

“It’s nothing,” Maggie says at the same time as Luis begins, “Well you see, Maggie here has had a big lesbian crush on you for years.”

“Luis!” Maggie hisses, while Alex laughs behind her.

“I’m pretty lucky it lasted as long as it did, then. Would hate to hear I’d missed my chance while I was busy working up the nerve to do anything about it.” And Maggie knows Luis has said something, but she’s too busy looking up into Alex’s eyes to notice or care.

“Lovebirds!” Luis’s voice is louder that time. “I said the back room is a little gross. And I know you don’t live that far away, Maggie.”

Maggie stammers something about how they don’t need to go back to her place, but Alex already has her bag slung over her shoulder. “You should probably go first. I think I’d get us lost.”

“Really? Uh, right!” Maggie nearly trips in her haste to get to the bar and grab her keys and phone before joining Alex once more. “You sure?”

“Think of it as part one of our date. That’s all it has to be. I just…” Alex trails off, looking suddenly bashful. “I want to spend more time with you.”

“That sounds perfect to me.”

Chapter End Notes
Comments are life! I love getting to hear your thoughts <3

I'm on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar if you ever want to chat AU ideas (though I've got a multi-chapter one coming soon....)
Sanvers Bed-Sharing Trope (because we all need more of that in our lives)

Chapter Summary

Add in a meet cute and a bit of enemies to lovers for good measure ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex forced herself to count to three before snapping at the woman in the audience. She sipped at the little plastic cup of water they had left out for her on the podium, setting it back down before looking out at the questioner. “You realize you came to a lecture that was specifically about using technology to police extraterrestrial crimes here on Earth, correct?”

The woman shot her a dimpled smile that looked anything but sincere. “Actually the title in the original program specified that your talk would cover inter-species crime and policing, and there are plenty of crimes committed against alien species by residents of this planet, sometimes using extraterrestrial technology, sometimes using good-old fashioned Earth weapons. I’m curious about why your talk only spoke of policing in one direction.”

Alex flicked a tongue out to wet her dry lips and swallowed the urge to add that she had seen the destruction wrought by those aliens, had seen what they did to fragile human bodies, and that she doubted that they needed quite so much protection as this woman implied. “Yes, there are instances in which crimes happen in the other direction, I’m sure.”

“There are,” the woman interjected, and Alex hoped her strangled noise of frustration wasn’t caught by the microphone. The smile playing on the woman’s lips suggested she hadn’t been quite so lucky. “In fact, although much of it goes unreported and unprosecuted, data suggests there are more bias-related incidents perpetrated by humans against aliens than any violent crimes the other way around.”

“And my data suggests that there are more deaths and serious injuries caused by alien attacks in densely populated human cities than the other way around.”

“Yes, some do have size and strength on their side,” the woman conceded, “and so if we ignore something like acts of war, I suppose they do seem more destructive than your average human.” Alex pursed her lips. “But what do you do for the aliens who are living here as refugees, who, let’s not forget, the president has spoken openly of granting amnesty to? What do you do for the ones who are victims, not perpetrators?”

“We already have a robust justice system in place to deal with human criminals,” Alex huffed.

“But how do we ensure off-worlders feel comfortable reporting, feel comfortable in the knowledge that someone will care enough to believe them and persecute their attackers?”

“Ma’am.” The moderator finally intervened, stepping forward and motioning for the small woman to sit back down. “There will be plenty of time to speak to our keynoters after the formal question and answer session is over.” Not that Alex was planning to stick around long enough to let this woman bother her. “We need to open the floor to additional questions now.”
The woman nodded. “Of course. Understood.” She caught Alex’s eye. “Thank you, by the way.”

Alex barely hid the roll of her eyes and forced her mouth into some approximation of a smile.

The rest of the questions were easier—the kinds of things she had prepared to answer—but she hated the fact that each time she answered one, a little voice niggled at the back of her mind, reminding her to consider her words, consider adding an, “or vice versa,” to include alien victims as well. She hated most of all that the voice sounded like that infuriating woman’s.

When the question period ended, the moderator strode over to shake Alex’s hand and thank her for coming all the way out to Geneva to give such an informative talk.

“Of course.” Alex dipped her head slightly. “I’ve made it out to the Women in STEM conference every year. And now that you’ve added a whole sub-division for forensic science and policing? I wouldn’t miss it—not even for a long flight.”

They chatted a few moment’s longer about her work at the “FBI,” and when Alex turned around she was annoyed to find the same woman waiting patiently in the front row of seats, a Moleskin notebook in one hand and a stack of papers in the other, her foot jiggling up and down.

“Dr. Danvers!”

“Yes…”

“As promised, I’m here for the post-Q&A chat.”

Alex bit back the urge to point out that she had not actually promised to indulge her in such a chat.

“Yes…yes, you are.”

“Detective Maggie Sawyer. National City Police Department, Science Division.”

“Another California cop.”

Maggie tilted her head slightly before agreeing. “I saw you were local, figured it might be good to see how the feds in the area are thinking about these issues.”

Alex hummed, wondering how long until she could shake the woman.

“How long have you been in National City?”

“Few years,” Alex grunted.

“Ah, okay. About the same for me! Spent a few years in Gotham first.”

“Lots of vigilantes.”

“Indeed.” Maggie’s lips twitched up into a smile at the thought of Kate and how she would grumble about being lumped in with the hordes of kids who ran around in makeshift costumes with no training.

“Look, Officer Sawyer.”

“Detective,” Maggie corrected. “But you can call me Maggie.”

“I get that you’re…enthusiastic about these issues, but I flew in this morning and really need to get something to eat.”
“Oh perfect, I haven’t had dinner yet either. What do you say? I found a pretty decent place last night that isn’t nearly so expensive as the tourist traps right around the hotel.”

“I still haven’t checked into my room.” Not that she had been planning on it—she only had her carry-on bag, her luggage having been lost in the shuffle of the layover in England because of course it had, Alex thought to herself.

“Don’t worry, I can wait!”

“Great.”

And indeed, Maggie stuck with her the whole walk from the conference side of the hotel over to the check-in desk, though she ducked back a few steps when Alex began giving her personal information to the concierge. When Alex turned back, room key in hand and receipt tucked into her bag, Maggie looked her up and down. “No bag?”

“Airline lost it.”

“Ah shit, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine. Or, no, it sucks. But I’ll live.”

“Well if you need anything, you know where to find me.”

Alex didn’t point out that she didn’t actually know where to find Maggie, nor did she care to find out.

“This way,” Maggie called over her shoulder, motioning to the door for Alex to follow her. They meandered down side streets getting further and further away from the crowded blocks right outside the hotel until they arrived in a little restaurant with some French-sounding name. Alex could admit, it looked rather different than the restaurants that had popped up on Google maps as being “local.” It looked more like some rustic family kitchen had multiplied itself until it filled a whole restaurant, and the walls were decorated with wood paneling and art work and bottles of wine.

Alex did a double-take when Maggie requested a table for them in perfect French. She knew enough to recognize phrases, though her years of German from college weren’t exactly serving her well there. “You speak French.”

“And Italian,” Maggie added with a wink. “You might be surprised to find how talented some of us local cops can be.”

“I…I didn’t say anything about…”

“I know, I know. I’m just messing with you, Danvers.”

“Right.”

“You good with red wine?”

Alex nodded and watched as Maggie ordered once more in French. She hated the way it almost charmed her.

Luckily as soon as the waiter was gone, Maggie was back at it again with questions about alien rights and little jabs at her talk that left Alex fuming. Even though the part of her that was Kara’s big sister was pleased to hear someone speaking without obvious anti-alien bias, she still hated that it was
coming at the expense of her keynote, of her work, of the things she did every single day for the city that went unrecognized even when they saved countless lives.

Maggie seemed to recognize exactly where to draw the line and pull back, getting Alex riled up but never so angry that she snapped or left—just enough to push back and argue and debate her on points until Alex ended up meeting Maggie somewhere in the middle without quite realizing when or how it had happened.

“What do you say to a nightcap?” Maggie asked as Alex signed the receipt to pay for her half of the meal.

“Uh…I’m a little tired.”

“Right, right. Forgot you only got in today.”

“Yeah.” And even if Maggie wasn’t quite so awful as she’d originally thought, Alex still wasn’t keen on spending every moment with her. Or any more moments with her, really. “You should go, though. No reason for me to stop you.”

“No, no! I dragged you far away from the hotel; I’ll make sure you get back safely.”

Alex was ready to protest that she didn’t need any help, but when she looked over, there was no trace of judgment on Maggie’s features, no suggestion that she thought Alex would be helpless without her. Instead she was simply smiling that damn bright, genuine smile that left her dimples on full display.

So Alex sighed and let Maggie lead the way once more, following her all the way through the front doors and into the elevator.

“Floor?” Maggie asked.

Alex glanced at her room key. “Six.”

“Ah, me too!”

“Of course you are.”

“They probably book the rooms in a big block.”

Alex murmured a noise of assent.

When the elevator dinged at the sixth floor, Maggie shuffled out, turning to face Alex before she left for her own room. “Thanks for joining me. It’s really nice meeting someone willing to talk and think critically about these issues—especially someone smart enough to keep up.”

“I—yeah, uh, yeah.”

“Well, goodnight, Danvers.”

“Night, Sawyer.”

Alex turned, only to find Maggie still at her side. Maggie chuckled. “Guess we’re in the same wing too.”

“Of course we are.”
They traipsed down the hallway and to the left, only to stop short at the same door.

“I’m 615,” Alex said.

“No… I am.”

Alex fished out her card once more, showing Maggie the little 6-1-5 scrawled on the envelope in black pen.

“Clearly they wrote the room number down incorrectly.”

Alex narrowed her eyes. “How do I know you’re in 615?”

“Because I slept there last night.” Maggie slipped her card down into the electronic lock until it beeped and turned green, pushing the door open with a flourish. “See. Suitcase: mine.”

“Fine,” Alex grumbled. “I’ll go back down to find out what happened.”

“Need help?”

“I can navigate customer service on my own, Sawyer.”

“Alright, alright. Thought I would offer, that’s all.”

With a huff, Alex spun on her heels and strode back down the hallway to the elevator, tapping her foot until it arrived to take her down to the lobby once more.

“How can I help you?” the concierge asked, pleasant smile on his face.

“I think there’s been a mix-up. Someone is already in room 615.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry! Here, let me pull up your reservation.”

Alex gave her name and handed back her room key and stepped to the side as he clicked away at the keyboard. She furrowed her eyebrows at the confused noise he made. A part of her almost wished she had dragged Maggie down with her when he picked up the phone and began speaking in rapid French.

“Um… ma’am?”

“Yes?” Alex hated the nervous way he wouldn’t quite hold her gaze.

“I’m afraid there’s been a bit of an oversight on our part.”

“Excuse me?”

“Well, um, I’m not exactly sure—it’s not—I don’t do booking and room reservations, not really—but both you and the current resident of room 615 booked the room that was reserved for ‘National City.’”

“Right… there are two of us. I think this year the local police department sent a representative too.”

“I see, I see. But, well, I’m not sure how, but we only reserved one room.”

“Oh-kay…”

“So I don’t have a room for you.”
“I can take a different room—if you need to drop me down to a queen-sized bed or something, it’s not a big deal.”

“Yes, um, ma’am, the thing is, this conference overlapped with the corporate retreat for Google, and they booked all of the remaining rooms.”

“I haven’t seen anyone from Google here.”

“Ah, no, their retreat isn’t here. They’ve booked up most of the local hotels to accommodate all their employees.”

Alex grumbled under her breath about Silicon Valley entitlement. “Surely there are rooms available.”

“I…would you like me to get my manager?”

Alex pinched the bridge of her nose between her thumb and forefinger and tried to stave off the headache she could feel pulsing behind her eyes. No luggage. No room. So far it was turning into anything but the “time away” Hank had insisted she needed.

And then Maggie was there by her side, and that was the absolute last thing she needed.

“Hey, I just wanted to make sure everything was okay.”

“It’s not,” Alex snapped. “They double-booked your room, and the whole fucking hotel is booked, as are, apparently, all the other hotels in this goddam city.”

“Hey, hey, hold on. Deep breaths. We’re not gonna let you sleep in the streets.” Maggie turned back to the concierge with a smile on her face and began speaking softly, while Alex let herself collapse into one of the sofas.

After several long minutes, Maggie approached her again. “C’mon, Danvers.”

“What?”

“We’ll get this sorted tomorrow. For now you look like you’re about to pass out in the lobby.”

“And?”

“You can have my bed.”

“That’s absurd.”

“They gave me some gigantic bed. I don’t need the whole thing, but you very much do need a place to stay.”

“This is still absurd.”

“Do you even have a toothbrush? Pajamas? Anything?”

Alex glared. “Maybe.”

“Really?”

“No.”

“Then let me be nice and give you a place to stay, alright? Consider it a down payment for, say, you
feds not trying to steal jurisdiction from me in the future.”

“You know I can’t agree to that, right?”

“It was worth a shot. Just get your ass up, Danvers. I’m strong, but I don’t know that I can carry you all the way up to the sixth floor.”

Alex could feel her cheeks flush with warmth and pulled herself up if only to give herself something to do other than responding.

When they made it to the room, Maggie gestured around them. There was little more than the promised massive bed, a television, a dresser, a writing desk, and a miniature fridge that Alex knew would be stocked full of overpriced candy and bottles of liquor that she could really use right about then.

“Welcome.”

“Thanks,” Alex mumbled.

“Um, they left toothbrushes and the little travel toothpastes in the bathroom. There are towels there too if you want to shower. Uh…I don’t know. Do you need to borrow pajamas?”

“Um, that would be nice.” She could sleep in her suit, but she’d rather not.

Maggie nodded and fished out a few items of clothing before handing them over to Alex. “I’ll just be, you know, out here.”

“Right.”

While Alex showered, Maggie flipped through the television channels, stopping when she found a movie channel playing The Titanic with French subtitles.

During the commercials, Maggie decided to tidy the room a little and pulled her suitcase over to the side to finish unpacking. On her walk back from the dresser, Alex stepped out of the bathroom, her mouth twitching as she folded her arms over her chest. Maggie’s gaze dipped just far enough south to see the way that the tank top, which fit her perfectly, rode up on Alex’s longer torso, leaving a strip of toned abs visible.

“I, uh, thanks for letting me borrow clothes.”

“Of course,” Maggie rushed out, slamming her toes into the bed frame in her haste to move somewhere, do anything, other than stare at Alex’s stomach. “Fuck me. No, I mean, fuck, that hurts.”

“Are you okay?”

“Fine!” Maggie forced herself to breathe normally. “Just stubbed my toe, that’s all.”

“Oh, okay.” Alex nodded, still leaning up against the wall by the bathroom. “Watching something?”

“Oh, the movie channel.” She gestured up at screen, watching as a somewhat blurred-out but still very obviously naked Kate Winslet came into view. “It’s Titanic!” Maggie yelled. “It’s a classic!” She still rushed to hit the power button, watching as the screen flickered to black.

Alex snorted. “I’m familiar with the movie.”
“Right, yeah. Do you, um, did you want me to put it back on?”

“Maybe we wait a few minutes if that’s going to be your reaction to any additional nudity.”

Maggie sighed aloud. “Sorry, just, didn’t want to, I don’t know, make you think I was watching, like, pay per view or something.”

Alex laughed loudly that time. “I don’t think they blur out nipples on pay per view.”

“Shut up,” Maggie grumbled, sinking down onto the edge of the bed.

“Sorry. I appreciate the concern.”

“Whatever.”

Alex ambled over to the bed, perching beside Maggie. “Ready for bed, roomie?”

Maggie narrowed her eyes. “You’re in a better mood.”

“Shower helped. So did getting out of the heels.” She paused before adding, “And watching you humiliate yourself didn’t hurt.”

“Ugh, you feds really are all the worst.”

“If I was the worst would I let you pick your side first?” Maggie turned and pointed to her right side, and Alex nodded. “Lucky you, our sleeping preferences are compatible.”

Maggie rolled her eyes while Alex made her way up to the pillows before slipping under the comforter and sheets. Once Alex was settled Maggie went to change and brush her teeth.

Alex tried not to stare when Maggie came back in a ratty old Gotham PD t-shirt and a pair of boxer shorts that left her toned legs on full display. Luckily for Alex Maggie flicked off the lights before getting into bed herself, so she missed the way Alex gulped at her proximity. Just because the woman was somewhat infuriating didn’t mean that she couldn’t recognize that she was objectively attractive.

After several minutes of both of them lying stock still on their backs, Maggie cleared her throat.

“You asleep?”

“Not yet.”

“Me neither.”

Stifling a laugh, Alex turned her head to face Maggie. “The talking kind of gave that away.”

“Do you want me to turn the movie back on?”

“Sure.” After a moment, Alex spoke up again, figuring it would be nice to share something vaguely personal when they were sharing a bed. “My sister and I used to fall asleep watching movies all the time.”

“Ah, that must be nice.”

“Only child?” Alex asked, hearing the wistfulness in Maggie’s tone.

“Yeah.”
“Mm.”

“My roommate in college and I used to fall asleep with movies on sometimes, though.”

“That sounds nice. I, uh, wasn’t overly social in undergrad.”

“Color me shocked, Danvers.”

“Fuck you.”

Maggie chuckled as she managed to get the television back on.

They watched quietly for a while until Alex huffed. “Jack totally could’ve fit.”

“For sure.”

“I guess we wouldn’t have a movie if he did, though, huh?”

“I don’t know, I’d have paid to watch him and Kate have a nice, happy life.”

“Crush on Leo?”

“Only baby Leo,” Maggie clarified before backtracking. “No, wait, that sounds bad! Just because, like, young Leo looks like a cute soft baby butch.”

Alex burst out laughing. “What?”

“Do you really not see it? He was half the reason I thought I was straight for another year or two. If I liked him, surely I liked boys, ya know.”

“Oh, you’re, uh, gay?”

Maggie could feel herself tensing in anticipation of a fight. “Yeah. That a problem?”

“What? No! I’m, you know, me too. I just didn’t—I wasn’t sure, that’s all.”

“Oh.” Maggie found her heart rate didn’t slow in the slightest at that news. “Cool. Cool, yeah.”

“Right.”

They fell silent once more.

“I kind of see it.”

“What?” Maggie turned her head to look at Alex and immediately cursed herself for doing it. She looked beautiful, illuminated by the moonlight streaming in through the curtains she’d forgotten to close.

“I get the crush on baby Leo.”

“Oh! Yeah,” Maggie laughed.

Alex fell asleep during the movie, and Maggie slept fitfully all night, tossing and turning and dreaming of annoyingly cocky feds in power suits until the sun rose.

---
They spent the next day attending different panels, and Maggie didn’t see Alex again until the afternoon break when she found her arguing with the front desk once more.

“What’s up?” Maggie asked.

“They have a room, but it won’t open until tomorrow.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Maggie shrugged. “You can stay with me one more night.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to impose. I’m sure there’s a room at one of the hostels down the way…”

Maggie fixed Alex with a stern glare. “You’re not a college kid touring Europe. You can stay with me.”

“Maggie, I…”

“Alex, it’s fine. Plus, what were you gonna sleep in at a hostel? Your suit?”

Alex rubbed at the back of her neck. “Probably.”

“Yeah, I’m not leaving you to the 20-year-old wolves in a hostel bunkbed.”

“Oh thank god.”

Maggie laughed. “I still can’t believe you were gonna do that. I haven’t stayed in a hostel since the summer after college I spent traveling all over.”

“That how you learned French?”

“Nah, though I did get to practice it with a very cute Parisian I met in a hostel in Italy.”

“I see how it is. Trying to deprive me of the romance that blossoms in hostels.”

“I truly am the worst.”

Alex laughed for a moment, but then her expression turned serious. “At least let me buy you dinner?”

“I—uh, you don’t have to.”

“I want to.”

“Um, okay, yeah, that’d be…that’d be nice.”

Alex nodded. “I’m gonna call the airline and see if they have any updates on my luggage, but do you want to meet by the room after the last set of panels ends?”

“Sounds perfect.”

---

They ended up at a different restaurant that night, and Alex had to admit, when they weren’t talking about her lecture, Maggie was actually pretty great. She made Alex laugh, and conversation flowed easily, and for a moment, Alex could almost have believed they were on a date—not that she’d had a date go so well in quite some time.
When they finished eating, Alex found she wasn’t quite ready for their night to be over. “Can I take you up on that nightcap offer?”

“Oh…” Maggie looked down and tugged at the band of her watch. “Um, could we maybe do a raincheck?”

“Right, yeah, no, totally. We don’t have to do it or anything. I just thought I’d offer.”

“No! No, we definitely should. It’s just I present tomorrow, and I know it’s embarrassing, but I like to read my paper aloud a few times the night before so I don’t, you know, stumble over any of my words or anything.”

“Shit, I didn’t realize! I wouldn’t have dragged you out had I known.”

“No, no, it was good! I only need a half an hour or so, but maybe we could do drinks tomorrow to celebrate instead?”

“That sounds great. And if you want help or whatever practicing, I’m there…”

“This your way of paying me back for all the questions after your lecture?”

Alex sent a wicked smirk in Maggie’s direction. “Nah, I’ll save that brand of torture for the panel itself.”

---

Maggie slept soundly that night, while Alex was startled awake at 3 in the morning by the feeling of a surprisingly strong arm looping itself around her waist and dragging her across the bed into another warm body. She forced herself to freeze and not kick her “attacker” when she remembered that Maggie was in her bed—or, no, she was in Maggie’s bed. Before she could try to turn around to see what was going on, she heard a soft snore from behind her and felt Maggie’s nose nuzzling into the short hair by her neck.

She tried to hold herself at as much of a distance as she could manage until finally giving up and relaxing under the pressure of Maggie’s arm. She fell asleep, nestled in Maggie’s arms.

When the alarm went off, it took them a moment to realize how close they’d gotten overnight, and Maggie toppled out of bed in her hurry to apologize and back away. “I just—shower!”

“Right, right,” Alex mumbled at Maggie’s retreating form, trying to ignore how nice it had felt to be that close to Maggie or how her whole body seemed to hum with desire.

---

Maggie ended up feeling much more confident walking into her panel the next afternoon than she ever had, having spent well over an hour the night before being grilled by Alex on every small assumption built into her paper on the use of the growing alien species database in forensic science. Alex had helped her root out any areas that could be dismissed as speculation or used to write off conclusions that Alex deemed, “carefully considered,” which seemed like high praise based on her exacting standards.

Still, Maggie braced herself during the Q&A, waiting to see whatever retribution she’d face for the first day. She gritted her teeth as someone stood up and critiqued her case study about burn pattern analysis with an argument based in science from a decade ago. She responded politely, though, thanking the woman for her point and suggesting she look into some of the recent innovations.
It was then that Alex’s hand shot up, and Maggie readied herself. Only when Alex spoke, she gave the heated response Maggie had longed to give, defending Maggie’s paper and pointing out that Maggie’s approach was actually on the cutting edge of new technologies, figuring out how best to utilize crowdsourced data to provide the police with better information. At the end, Alex tacked on some easy question that let Maggie extrapolate into the “speculative” section Alex had forced her to cut the night before.

When the crowds dissipated, Maggie found Alex waiting outside, two cups of the free conference coffee in her hand. “Good job.”

“You let me off easy.”

“Eh, I figured you dealt with enough hardball questions from me last night.”

“You know I could’ve taken it, right?”

“I have no doubt, Sawyer. If I’d have thought you made mistakes, I would’ve pointed them out.” Alex winked before turning around and striding purposefully through the hallway.

“Where are you going?”

“I don’t know about you, but I think the last panel of the day could probably be optional.”

“Is the great Alex Danvers suggesting we play hooky?”

“Oh…did you think you were invited?”

Maggie froze, stammering as she tried to back her way out of that embarrassing corner. “No! I mean, not really?”

“Calm down, I’m only teasing.”

“Oh.” Maggie huffed. “You suck.”

“Mm, whatever you say. You’re the one that clearly wants to spend more time with me.”

“You wish.”

“Really? You mean you didn’t big spoon me all night?”

“I, uh, I’m really sorry, I didn’t—it wasn’t meant to be—I wasn’t trying to creep on you or anything.”

“You’re fine,” Alex reassured her. “You were pretty clearly asleep.” After a moment, she shrugged her shoulders and sped up her pace. “Not like I was about to say no to you.”

Maggie froze for a moment before chasing after Alex, who seemed intent on acting like she hadn’t said anything worth considering at greater length.

Over dinner, Alex still didn’t bring it up a second time, though she let her fingers graze Maggie’s more than once across the table while reaching for the wine or simply resting her hand down on the tabletop.

In turn, Maggie grew bolder, flirting openly with Alex, who blushed and ducked her head at every compliment. At the end of the night, Maggie tangled her fingers with Alex’s. “Still want to do that nightcap?”
Alex’s gaze was trained firmly on their joined hands as she nodded. “Uh, yeah.”

“Trust me?”

Alex narrowed her eyes. “Maybe…”

They ended up at a gay bar just a few blocks from where Maggie had taken her to dinner the first night.

“This is an…eclectic clientele.”

“Little bit. But they’re good people, and they’ve got great drinks that don’t cost a fortune.”

“Been here before?”

“Might not be my first trip…”

Despite Alex’s protests, Maggie bought their first round—two scotches—and batted away Alex’s attempts to cover her own drink.

“Why?”

“You…you’ve made this trip fun.”

“You seemed to be getting to know the city just fine on your own before I even got here.”

“Still.” Maggie shrugged. “Being a woman in STEM isn’t always enough in common to actually find someone to talk to, let alone hang out with at these events. No matter how annoyed you were that first night, you never looked down on me.”

“No…suppose I merely glared at you.”

Maggie grinned up at her. “Exactly. And then, I don’t know, even as a lowly local cop—”

“Detective,” Alex interjected.

“Detective,” Maggie conceded. “You challenged me on my paper, but you didn’t make me feel stupid for not having some advanced science degree or a job in fancy lab.”

“You’re smarter than most of the people in there who have both.”

“And you, Alex Danvers, are a bit of a sweet talker.”

“You’d be the first one to think so.”

That earned a laugh from Maggie. “Just to me?”

“Just to people who deserve it.”

“Look at you. So smooth.”

“Can I continue being smooth and offer to buy the second round?”

“I won’t say no to that…”

There wasn’t much of a dance floor, but they ended up swaying together during a few songs they didn’t recognize, and Alex decided she preferred being this close to Maggie when they were both
awake.

As if thinking the same thing, Maggie raised a hand, tracing her thumb along Alex’s cheekbone. “You’re really beautiful, Alex.” When Alex spluttered, Maggie pulled her closer. “I’m serious. That first night, all haloed in the moonlight…you were gorgeous. But seeing you here, even closer…”

“Shut up.”

“It’s true. Besides, you know, being brilliant and kind of a badass and all.”

“Not like you’re bad to look at with the hair and the dimples and the big brown eyes and all.”

Maggie grinned. “You calling me cute, Danvers?”

“I was thinking beautiful, but we can go with cute. You are pretty tiny, after all.”

With a huff, Maggie raised up on her tiptoes, pushing down on Alex’s shoulders. “Now we’re pretty much even.”

“Keep telling yourself that, Sawyer. Whatever you need to sleep at night…”

“I can think of something even more fun than sleeping tonight…”

Alex dragged her lower lip between her teeth and arched her eyebrows in challenge. “That so?”

Maggie answered with a kiss, and Alex felt herself melt into the embrace, losing herself in the feel of Maggie’s lips and tongue and teeth, finally jostling people as they backed into the wall. With Alex’s arms bracketing her, Maggie dropped her lips lower, trailing teasing nips and soothing kisses along her jaw and neck until Alex’s hands dropped lower, dragging Maggie forward by the belt loops.

“Come back to the hotel with me?”

“You tired?” Maggie teased. “I’m sure if you’re ready for bed the concierge has your own room all set up by now.”

“You know, somehow I think I’d rather come back with you.”

“Save a few dollars and all that?”

“Shut up and take me to bed, Sawyer.”

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar
Sanvers and Winn at Pride

Chapter Summary

This is a combination of prompts from @EmilieVitnux for Sanvers at pride and Alex’s first gay pride and from @cuddlyryder for trans Winn with sanvers as big siblings. Hope you enjoy your fluff!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“I still don’t get why you come here over the summer.” Alex poked at her rubbery slice of pizza and watched as Maggie nibbled at the vegan chicken fingers that Alex could admit at least minimized the risk of food poisoning, even if they most definitely did not taste the same, even when her eyes were closed.

“It’s free, Danvers. Isn’t that reason enough?”

“Maybe as a freshman I would’ve agreed, but…” Alex took another bite of her pizza and wrinkled her nose. “I’m not so sure these days.”

“Ah yes, you wizened old grad student.”

“Hush.”

“I’m just saying, you weren’t complaining about what I bought with my savings last night…”

“Maggie!” Alex yelped, her voice much higher pitched than she would have liked. “We are in public!”

Maggie snorted into her lunch. “Not like I went and yelled that I bought a big purple c—” She spluttered as Alex’s hand found its way to her mouth, muffling anything further.

Alex finally removed her hand when she heard a voice calling out across the cafeteria: “Hi, Maggie!”

“Hey, Winn!” Maggie waved him over and patted the seat next to her. “Care to join us?”

“Oh, I don’t—it’s fine.”

Maggie caught the way Winn was decidedly not looking at Alex. “Worried about getting caught sitting with your OChem TA? Or are ya just worried about the TA herself?” Alex rolled her eyes as Maggie stuck her tongue out at her.

“I mean you two are—I wouldn’t want to interrupt.” It was one thing to sit with his summer RA, who pretty much everyone in the dorm loved. It was a very different thing to sit with the intimidating OChem TA, who was only 21 and already in grad school and sometimes even corrected the professor. He didn’t need to consider the fact that she sort of scared the hell out of him, even if he had caught her looking distinctly less severe than she did in the lab while cuddling with Maggie out on the quad.
“Nah, c’mon, I haven’t seen you all week.”

“Been studying for the test we had this morning.” Winn offered by way of an explanation.

“And knowing you, I’m sure you aced it. Now I promise Alex will be on her best behavior—no quizzing or biting or anything.” Alex smirked at Maggie until she shrugged. “At least not much.”

When Maggie continued to pat the seat next to her, Winn sank down, plucking a potato chip from the bag and popping it into his mouth.

“Kara says hi, by the way,” Alex added, earning a smile from her girlfriend for her efforts.

Winn seemed to perk up at the mention of some tie to Alex that wasn’t the most notoriously difficult class at the university. “How’s her internship going?”

“Oh, you know, fetching lattes and answering phones—the very glamorous life of a CatCo intern. But she says she’s started getting to do a few hours per week with the editorial team, and for some reason she still worships the ground Cat Grant walks on.”

“It’s the ass,” Maggie mouthed at Winn, earning an under-the-table kick to her shins from Alex.

“Anyway,” Alex sighed. “Got any fun plans for the weekend?”

“Oh, um, the lab report and trying to get ahead on reading and—”

“Winn.” Maggie nuted at his tray. “You know she can’t dock you points for having a life.”

“Actually…”

“Alex.” Maggie fixed Alex with a stern glare. “I know for a fact that you don’t spend every weekend working, and you’re in a joint doctorate program. Give him some damn slack.” Alex looked ready to argue, but Maggie continued. “Otherwise you won’t get a fun weekend like the last one for a very, very long time.” Catching sight of Winn’s best attempts at biting his tongue, Maggie whispered, “It’s okay. You can laugh.”

He didn’t, though he did manage to crack a smile even with Alex glaring at him. Just remember that you’re best friends with her sister. She can’t kill you.

After a kick to the foot from Maggie, Alex cleared her throat. “So what are your real weekend plans, Schott?”

“Well the lab report bit was real. I don’t know, there’s, uh, some stuff happening downtown I might try to go to maybe. Probably not, though.”

Alex and Maggie shared a quick look, then Alex stood, grabbing her tray. “Oh shoot, you know what? I’ve gotta run to the lab to check on a few things before my next class. Meet you for dinner tonight, Mags?”

“Always.”

Maggie dragged Alex forward and pecked her lips before waving her off. Once she was gone, Maggie swiveled around in her seat to face Winn. She couldn’t quite help the fond smile, and she knew it was absurd to feel such a surge of protectiveness over someone she’d only known for a year who wasn’t all that much younger than her, but she couldn’t help it. “You thinking about going to Pride this weekend?”
He shrugged, his eyes trained on the food in front of him. “Maybe.”

It reminded Maggie so much of the first day of freshman orientation at the LGBTQ Center when he’d shown up, reminding her too much of herself at that age. There was a nervousness to his downcast gaze, yes, but a sense of defiance, too, in the way he still squared his shoulders and forced his jaw up, like maybe he’d fought to be there as he was much like she had. She’d seen his back straighten slightly the first time she used the he/him/his pronouns he’d written at the bottom of his name tag to introduce him around to some of the older students who volunteered in the Center with her. And over the year, she’d watched him come into his own. By the end of the spring semester, he’d even won a spot on the coming year’s board with a platform for greater inclusivity and better university support for trans and GNC students.

“You should! I mean, it’s not perfect, but it’s nice to be around people who are, well, kinda like family. And yeah, some are gonna be like the racist uncle you ignore at Thanksgiving. But for the most part, they’re all there looking for a place to relax and let their guards down and have a good time without looking over their shoulders all night.”

“No, I know. I just…well, Kara said she would go with me this summer, but then she got the internship all the way down in National City and couldn’t come up anymore.”

“And you didn’t want to ask James?”

Winn could feel the short hairs on the back of his neck prickling with embarrassment. “I don’t…I’m not sure that, you know.”

Maggie chuckled. “Yeah, I get that. Wasn’t like Danvers was out and proud the first time I suggested she might be.”

“What?” Winn’s jaw dropped open, pulling a loud laugh from Maggie.

“Oh yeah, these days she might be all cool with her rainbow pins stuck onto her bag, but freshman Alex turned into a spluttering baby gay mess the first time I said something.” Maggie winked. “Don’t tell her I told ya that.”

“Of course not! I’d like to live, thank you very much.”

With a loud laugh, Maggie shook her head. “She’s more bark than bite. And, you know, if you wanted to come with us to Pride, I bet I could convince her to cool it with the bark too.”

“Oh no, I’m sure you two have plenty of people there you want to see, and you wouldn’t want to be stuck with me around all day or anything.”

“Winn.” He looked up at Maggie, and she could see him pulling at the bottom button of his plaid shirt. “I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t mean it.”

“But maybe you just felt guilty…”

“Look, it’s gonna be Alex’s first time there too. I’m sure she wouldn’t mind having someone else new to the party so she doesn’t feel like the only inexperienced one.”

“Wait. How?”

“Eh, first year we were together, it rained, so we ended up hanging out in my dorm room and watching movies. Next year she had to go back to Midvale for Kara’s graduation. And now here we are. Three years together without a single Pride parade as a couple.”
“But aren’t you two gonna want to, ya know, hang out with all your lesbian friends?”

“We can do that whenever we want. Pride is—or, no”—Maggie dipped her head in acknowledgment—“Pride should be about getting to come together as a supportive family without worrying too much about all the little internal divisions.” A smile curved up her mouth. “Plus, there’s nothing quite like getting coated in glitter and having half-naked people on floats throw free samples of lube and sunscreen and condoms at you to really bring people together.”

Winn choked on the sip of water he’d taken, spluttering as it burned at the back of his throat.

“Maggie!”

“Just preparing ya, kid.”

“Your warnings should come with warnings.”

“I like to think that’s Alex’s function in our relationship.” Winn snorted. “Anyway, I need to get back to work, but let me know if you decide you want to come. Promise we’ll make sure you have a good time, okay?”

“Alright. And Maggie?”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks for…ya know, everything.”

“Anytime, Winn.”

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“Would you hold still?” Alex grumbled as Maggie’s eyelid twitched every time she came near her with the eyeliner. “You said you wanted dramatic eyes, but as it stands, you’re just gonna get wiggly lines.”

“This would be a lot easier if I could watch you.”

“Well then I couldn’t get to your eyelids, now could I?”

Maggie let out a dramatic sigh. “Why am I trusting you with this again?”

“Because I went through an extended goth phase and know how to do dramatic eyeliner better than anyone.”

Maggie managed to get through a first pass on both eyes, but she was saved from the “finishing touches” by a knock at the door. “Coming!”

She swung open the door to reveal Winn on the other side in one of the shirts the LGBTQ Center had given out for their 20-year anniversary that fall. “You made it!” She pulled him into a hug, leaving him coated with some of the glitter she’d already sprinkled on herself.

“Yeah. You sure it’s okay if I come with you guys?”

“Absolutely! The more the merrier! And maybe now Alex will stop attacking me with the eyeliner.”

“You asked for it,” Alex grumbled before standing up to greet Winn with a one-armed hug. “What about you? Want some dramatic eyeliner? Maybe a rainbow fake tattoo?”
He laughed but shook his head. “It’s really hot out…don’t think I need a rainbow melting down my cheek.”

“Fair enough.”

The next few minutes were spent going through a checklist, and Winn felt almost like he was being parented as he was loaded up with granola bars (“What if you get hungry?”) and water (“What sort of people would we be if we let you get dehydrated?”) and sunscreen (“No skin cancer on my watch!”). “Don’t worry,” Maggie winked, “I load Alex up with 100 spf too. Can’t have you two getting burnt our first hour out.”

“You’ve got me wearing a snapback. I think my face will be just fine, Sawyer.”

“Oh, no, no, no. Wrong direction.” Maggie reached up and spun the hat around so the brim was in the back. “Now you look hot and I won’t get poked in the face trying to kiss you.”

Once they were convinced they had everything they could possibly need for the next couple of hours, they traipsed off campus and grabbed the shuttle bus that would bring them as close as they could get to the edge of the parade route. Winn sat quietly on the bus, but as soon as they got off and found themselves surrounded by hordes of people in glitter and rainbows, all the different flags draped over their shoulders and pins celebrating their different identities decorating bags and hats, he seemed to perk up.

“Is it always like this?” Alex whispered, looking around her at the large crowds of people who felt a little more like family than most.

“The vibe changes with time, but pretty much, yeah.”

“Wow.”

Maggie watched and snapped photos as Alex and Winn marveled at the floats lining up and the people climbing on top in various states of undress. There were a few of the corporate-type floats, but since they weren’t in a big city, this parade had kept more of its homegrown feel.

“I wish I’d gotten something a little flashier,” Winn admitted when they could finally hear again after Dykes on Bikes had gone roaring down the parade route, leaving Alex looking utterly starstruck and Maggie suggesting that maybe one day they could be in that part of the parade.

“Well…I thought maybe we’d need some reinforcements as the day went on.” And then Maggie was pulling out little containers and stickers and pins from her bag and handing them over to Winn. “Okay, we’ve got glitter.” When he nodded, Maggie excitedly shook some into her hand and sprinkled it over him, laughing as most of it clung to his gelled hair. “And then I brought some stickers and a few mini-flags. But it’s totally cool—it’s whatever you’re comfortable with.”

Winn looked at the wide array, drumming his fingers against his arm before reaching out for one of the bi pride flag stickers. After a moment’s hesitation, he leaned forward and grabbed the handheld trans flag with a decisive nod.

“Good choice.”

“Thanks.”

After pushing one of the rainbow flags into Alex’s hand, Maggie slung her arm around Winn. “How goes it? Thoughts? Impressions?”
“It’s…it’s good. I’m really glad I came.”

Maggie beamed at him until he squirmed under the attention.

They cheered for a while longer, and Winn got a free bro tank thrown at him from someone on a float who yelled, “I love the flag!” At a certain point, Maggie decided they were all sweaty enough that a little more wouldn’t matter and clambered up onto Alex’s back, holding both hands high in the air to cheer for the local lesbian group as well as the animal rescue that sent a truck by with squirming puppies who took turns getting out of the air conditioned cabin to trot along, overly large paws stumbling and tails wagging.

By the time the parade wrapped up, the streets were rapidly transitioning into the block party mood that would go on late into the evening. Maggie quickly stepped in to intercept the guy trying to sell an over-eager, underage Winn a beer. “Today was fun, but I’m still your RA.”

“You drank before you were 21.”

“Not off campus out in the hot sun.”

“I listened and didn’t wear the binder at least. Can’t I get one beer for being good?”

Maggie’s mouth curved up into a teasing smile. “What if I play wingwoman instead?”

“What do you mean? I…do I look okay?”

“Ya look great. Very handsome in that freshly glittered kind of way,” Maggie promised, dusting some sparkles off his shoulder.

“Shut up.”

“Seriously, you in the mood to talk to a friend?”

Winn nodded eagerly.

“James!” Maggie yelled loudly enough to draw the attention of everyone around them. “Over here!”

“God be more of an embarrassing soccer mom,” Alex teased, poking Maggie in the side.

“Hush, I’m your embarrassing soccer mom girlfriend.”

“You two are my favorite couple,” Winn cooed before remembering why he had been so nervous mere seconds ago.

“Maggie!” James’s booming voice travelled easily through the crowds.

“James, have you met my girlfriend Alex?”

“Yeah, Kara’s older sister, right?”

“Mhmm.”

“And then do you know my friend Winn? He’s super great! Really cool!”

“Maggie,” Winn hissed.

“Yeah, of course we know each other!” James shot Winn that easy-going smile that always made his
heart pound just a little faster. “How’s it going, man?”

“Good—great, yeah, super…uh, super good.”

Before Winn could hate himself for the stammering, James was laughing and moving a little closer. “I was gonna walk back to campus, maybe grab some late lunch along the way. Want to come with me?”

In the middle of nodding, Winn hesitated and turned back to Maggie. “Is that okay? Or did you want to—?”

“No, you should definitely go ahead!” Maggie looked far too enthusiastic, so Alex stepped in to keep her from saying anything more embarrassing.

“We’ve got a couple of people we want to try to find before we leave, so you should go ahead. Now we won’t feel guilty for making you wait.”

“Thank you,” Winn mouthed at Alex before turning back to James. “Ready?”

“Let’s go.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar
Sanvers Bartender/Band Singer AU Part 2

Chapter Summary

A few people had asked for a follow up to this AU, including a couple of requests for reactions when Maggie is recognized as the thirsty bartender from the National City bar. It's a little shorter and a lot smuttier, but hopefully you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Ya know,” Luis begins, nudging Maggie’s hip to get into the cash register with the new rolls of coins, “I really thought that you’d be less distracted with your girl out of town, but once more you’re still polishing the same damn spot on the counter.”

“Sorry,” Maggie mumbles, forcing herself to edge down the bar and wipe up the actual spill she’d meant to get.

“Problems in paradise?”

“More like…paradise is all the way in Opal City, and I’m still here.”

“Ah.” Luis turns and leans back against the bar. “I take it she’s not ready to become your full-time sugar mama yet?”

“Luis!”

“Didn’t want to follow her across the country and cheer her on during all her shows then get down and dirty backstage after every—”

“Shut up!” Maggie feigns throwing the dirty rag at him, chuckling when he flinches.

“Sorry, sorry. Didn’t realize the getting down and dirty was reserved for our backroom only.”

“We didn’t—it wasn’t like that.”

“Oh really? Tell that to the hickeys that didn’t fade for a week.”

Maggie ignores the heat she can feel creeping up her chest at the mere memories. “We’re taking things…slow-ish.”

“Ah, so that’s the reason behind the vacant stares and the moodiness?”

“I am not moody.” Maggie resists the urge to stamp her foot on the ground, settling on a scowl instead.

“Right, right. My mistake.” He whistles innocently as he stuffs his hands in his pockets and dips his head in her direction. “And that’s totally not your ‘I haven’t gotten laid in a long time’ glare.”

“It’s not like that.” Maggie lets out a huff as she crosses her arms over her chest. “She’s still sort of new to this.”
“I thought you said she had a girlfriend before?”

The rag gets abandoned as Maggie slouches up against the bar. “It’s…she did. But it was different. It’s like, ya know when we get the kids that shuffle in here acting like they didn’t know it’s basically a gay bar?”

Luis imitates the wide-eyes look of affected shock. “Wait? Is this not the hetero-hoops bar? I’ve made a terrible mistake, but oh look! Chicken fingers! I suppose I could bear to stay for a few minutes…”

“Right,” Maggie laughs. “And, I don’t know…Alex clearly liked her, but I don’t think they were particularly crazy about each other. And it was all so hush-hush.” She shrugs her shoulders. “This time it’s different. We’re not exactly seeking out the press, but we’ve talked about it—about being a little more open, I mean.”

Luis nods, glad to hear that Maggie won’t be hidden in the shadows or dragged out without her knowledge or consent.

“I just want her to have a better go of it this time. She deserves a good relationship, you know?”

“Who’d have thought working in a bar would turn you into such a romantic?”

Maggie scowls as she knocks her shoulder against his arm. “I wasn’t that bad.”

With an incredulous bark of laughter, Luis turns to face her head-on. “Do you not remember your first weeks? Every afternoon you’d come strutting in your leather jackets and tight jeans, your motorcycle helmet tucked under your arm, and every night you’d leave with a different girl and even more numbers scrawled on the receipts you had to turn into the closing manager after we closed shop.”

Maggie rubs at the back of her neck. “Alright, alright. Maybe I was a little, uh…less committed to the idea of relationships then.”

“Understatement,” Luis mutters under his breath.

“I was young. And new to the city!” Maggie’s brow furrows as she tightens her arms around herself.

“Yes, yes. You know, this was supposed to be a compliment.”

“Oh.”

“You’re good to her—probably for her too. But it’s also nice seeing you all happy, even if it’s made you a shit bartender.”

“Sorry, I’ll focus tonight. Promise.”

“I trust you.” As he heads to the back, Luis calls over his shoulder, “Besides, you’re still better than Justin.”

All alone at the bar, Maggie drops her head into her hands, cracking up at the memory. Justin had been one of the worst hires The Den ever had, and no one had been able to figure out how he got the job until he’d shown up for a shift one night reeking of weed. Yet somehow, it made him into a model employee. He was amiable and diligent, happy enough to drift from the bar to the taps and back again without a care in the world. Of course, there was no ethical way to encourage an employee to get high before every shift, so they’d let him go soon afterward, even if the legend
remained years later.

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Maggie grins into her phone on Saturday morning at the pixelated Alex smiling back at her, wishing she could have the real one with her. “You looked so good last night.”

“Aww, you’re too sweet,” Alex’s voice crackles through the speakers.

“I’m serious. I watched all the videos. It was a great set.”

“I’m just excited to be coming back to California in a few days, even if it isn’t National City.”

“It will be nice to be back in the same time zone.”

“Yeah…I wish I was able to see you again before I had to go up to Seattle.”

“I know. But we’ve got a whole week together when you’re done there, don’t we?”

“We do.” Alex’s smile is so bright, Maggie swears she can feel her heart melting.

“I can’t wait.”

“I’m counting down the days.”

They chat for as long as they can, though the conversations never feel long enough, like there’s always so much more Maggie wants to ask, to say. A knock at Alex’s door cuts their talk short. “Call you tomorrow?” Alex asks, pursing her lips in annoyance at the continued knocking.

“Of course. Wouldn’t miss it.”

After two blown kisses they finally manage to hang up.

Figuring it’s not that embarrassing to have little to no self-control when it comes to a new relationship, Maggie’s fingers fly across her computer’s keyboard as she pulls up coverage of last night’s concert again. She watches shaky videos and tries to focus in on Alex’s voice among the din of cheering fans. She skims tweets and smiles at the well-deserved praise. She hesitates over a photo of Alex haloed in pink and blue light, strands of her hair falling into her face and looking so perfect that Maggie might have thought it was intentional if she hadn’t seen the video leading to that shot. A part of her wonders if it’s creepy to save it, but she can’t quite stop herself from downloading the image to her phone and pulling it up every so often to marvel over the gorgeous woman she gets to date.

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The next night, Maggie begs Kris to cover her Friday shift in exchange for taking their Wednesday and Thursday shifts. It’s the promise of the better Friday night tips that finally convinces them, and Maggie spends the rest of the rather quiet Sunday mentally planning her drive up the coast to surprise Alex at her show. She wonders if it would be too presumptuous to assume that she could spend the night with Alex—not that anything would have to happen, though she isn’t opposed to it either.

The week seems to drag on, time moving slower the closer she gets to Friday. Even Wednesday’s Bear Night and the familiar friendly crowd do little to cheer Maggie when she knows that every minute she’s in National City is a minute she isn’t with Alex.

Luis teases her all of Thursday night, blowing kisses by her ears and calling her Romeo enough that
one of the customers asks if she’d rather he call her by that name.

Eventually Friday arrives, and Maggie packs her bags and leaves with plenty of time to account for stops along the way. The thrill of seeing Alex is enough to keep Maggie smiling even through the few patches of wind and drizzling rain she hits along the way, though she’s glad she left herself buffer time to fix her hair before the show starts.

After grabbing a coffee to wake her up before the show, she ambles back down to the music hall, arriving early enough that she’s beaten Alex and the band. Of course, throngs of loyal fans are already there, chatting amongst each other and taking pictures together. Maggie swears she recognizes a few of the people from shows at The Den and wonders if they go to all the California shows.

With the front few rows already taken, Maggie slips into the fourth row while she still can. As the minutes tick by, the spaces around her fill up, and she shuffles down the row to be closer to the bar and entrance, hoping to slip out and see Alex as soon as the set ends without having to wait in line for everyone to start moving.

It’s while Maggie is distracted by a game on her phone that she hears the sounds of James’ laugh and Alex’s voice echoing in the entryway before they’re shepherded down the hallway to the greenroom. The room buzzes with excitement when a booming voice comes over the speakers asking everyone to silence their cellphones and get ready for the show. After a quick check of her phone—Maggie can’t imagine the humiliation of hearing her own ringtone sound and having that be the way Alex found out she was there—all of Maggie’s attention is focused on stage.

She whoops and hollers with the rest of them as Alex emerges and cheers at the end of each of the upbeat fan favorite songs that she open with.

It’s while Alex is interacting with some of the fans seated toward the front that she first spots Maggie, her eyes sliding over her before suddenly skipping back. She stammers into the microphone for a few seconds before remembering where she is and why talking coherently matters. Once she’s gotten the hang of speaking again, Maggie grins and winks at Alex, earning a second stuttering pause as Alex smiles dopily out into the crowd, forcing herself to look at others before anyone can put Maggie on the spot.

“I just, wow! Such a full room tonight, huh?” Alex calls out to disguise the gaps in her talking, and soon enough she’s able to sink back into the zone, even as she glances back at Maggie a few more times than is strictly necessary.

Maggie doesn’t want to take credit, but the second half of the show seems full of more energy, more happiness than the first, and Maggie’s cheeks ache from the sheer length of time she’s spent beaming up at Alex. But it’s not like she could stop—especially not when Alex calls out something about being sure to celebrate the end of Pride month and talking about the importance of “our community.” Maggie doesn’t miss the flurry of movement as phones are whipped out and tweets and texts sent; she resolves to check on them later. By the time Alex traipses offstage with the band in tow, the room echoes, still full of raucous applause.

When Alex emerges again with James and Winn in tow, her eyes rove across the crowds until she finds Maggie hanging out in the line of fans waiting to talk to her, a teasing smirk playing about her lips. Ignoring protocol, Alex nearly skips down the line, pulling Maggie into a tight hug as soon as she gets to her. “You came!”

“Too close for me to miss you,” Maggie whispers back, cognizant of the crowds pressing around
them.

“I’ve gotta…” Alex gestures around at the fans still lined up.

“Yeah, of course, I understand.”

“But don’t go anywhere!”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

With a squeeze to Maggie’s hand, Alex is off, and Maggie ambles over to the bar where James and Winn are chatting with a few patrons. Caught up in conversation, she doesn’t see the flurry of tweets started by someone who recognized her from National City. She misses a tweet that goes viral of the zoomed-in photo of her from The Den and a photo of her hugging Alex here captioned: “OMG shoot your shot ladies cause look where it got #thirstybartender!”

Maggie does not, however, miss the fact that Alex is done with the fans earlier than she’s ever been, but when Alex drags her backstage, she can’t find it within herself to ask if Alex is sure or if she should be spending more time with everyone out there—not when she’s looking at Maggie like that. The moment they’re behind the closed door to the greenroom, Alex’s lips are on hers—hot and wet and enthusiastic enough to be a little messy.

“You came all the way up here for me,” Alex finally manages between kisses.

“Yeah.” Maggie swallows heavily at the sheer force of the emotions gleaming in Alex’s eyes.

“Yeah, of course.”

“You’re too sweet.” Alex ducks forward and kisses the corners of Maggie’s mouth, chasing away the bashful look. “Do you have to go right back?”

“Um, I actually”—Maggie rubs at the back of her neck as she lets out a nervous laugh—“well, I, uh, I took off tonight and tomorrow, so if you want—”

“Perfect! I’ve got a room that’s much too big for one person.”

“Are you—”

“Maggie Sawyer, don’t even ask if I’m sure. I wouldn’t ask if I weren’t, and I’ve wanted nothing more than to be with you since I left.”

Maggie crashes her lips into Alex’s once more, feeling more than hearing the rumble of a low laugh. “I’ve missed you too.”

“I…how do you feel about calling it an early night?” Alex’s eyes seem to dance in the low light, and the way she pulls her lower lip between her teeth and lets her gaze roam up and down Maggie’s body makes her intentions quite clear.

“You sure that’s okay?”

Alex is already tugging on Maggie’s hand and guiding her out the door into the back hallway. “They can deal with one early night so I can spend time with my girlfriend.” She freezes at that. “Shit. Sorry, I mean my—”

“Alex?”

“Yeah?” Her voice is soft and wavers slightly.
“I’d really love to be your girlfriend.”

The smile Maggie gets in return is almost blinding, and she finds herself pulled even more insistently down the hallway as Alex uses her free hand to shoot a text to the rest of the band letting them know that she’s cutting out early.

Maggie is impossibly happy to find that Alex’s hotel is only three blocks from the venue, and before she can quite register anything, she’s in the elevator with Alex, then traipsing down the hallway to Alex’s hotel room, barely listening to Alex’s mumbled excuses about a “bit of a mess” and “in a hurry.”

But Maggie doesn’t even see the mess—not when Alex surges forward the moment the door shuts behind them, her hands cupping at Maggie’s jaw and her lips parting to deepen the kiss. Maggie swears the endorphins and adrenaline from the show must be contagious, swept up as she is in the energy of the night.

She drops her lips down the Alex’s neck, flicking her tongue out and tasting the faint hint of sweat that had cooled and dried on her skin. The soft moans that fill the room drive Maggie on, and she carefully guides Alex back to the bed, groaning as Alex’s hands find their way under her shirt, nudging it up and over her head.

“Only fair,” Maggie murmurs as she pulls back long enough to drag Alex’s own shirt off, tossing it to the side, not quite caring where it lands.

Their bras join their shirts soon enough, and Maggie tails searing kisses down Alex’s throat and across her chest, whispering about just how hot Alex is as she gently kneads at her breasts and takes her nipples between her teeth. By the time she’s through, Alex’s hips are bucking up into her, and Maggie can feel the shift of wet fabric between her own legs.

“Do you want…” Maggie trails off, leaving it to Alex to decide where their night goes.

“Yes, yes. I want you.”

“Thank god.”

The low rumble of Alex’s laugh tells Maggie she wasn’t quite as quiet as she’d hoped, but she can’t seem to mind—not when Alex’s fingers are deftly undoing her pants and pushing them down over her hips as far as she can manage from her spot on the bed. Maggie kicks them the rest of the way off before turning her attention to Alex’s own tight jeans, popping the button and pulling down the zipper at a tantalizingly slow pace, watching as Alex tracks her every move, her lips parted and her pupils blown wide with want.

“All of it?” Maggie asks, her fingers curling under the waistband of Alex’s underwear, shimmying them down Alex’s long legs right along with her jeans as soon as she gets a nod in response.

“C’mere,” Alex rasps, but Maggie shakes her head, dragging Alex forward a few inches until her ass is settled on the edge of the bed.

Alex lets out a whimper as Maggie sinks to her knees, trailing teasing kisses up Alex’s inner thighs. Alex feels her back arch and her hips press forward each time Maggie’s lips skim over where she needs her most. It’s on what feels like the twentieth pass that Alex finally begs. “Please. Please, Maggie.”

And then Maggie is ducking forward and parting Alex’s lips with a slow drag of her tongue that
leaves Alex shuddering.

Maggie learns quickly, figuring out that dipping her tongue inside of Alex earns her a low moan, while trailing the tip of her tongue along the outside edges will draw contented little sighs from Alex, and wrapping her lips around her clit leaves Alex’s hands fist ing in the sheets as her hips buck up into Maggie’s mouth.

Maggie loses track of any sense of time, swept up as she is in the way Alex tastes and the sounds she’s making and the way she feels, strong, smooth legs wrapped around her. But at some point as she moves to drop her lips back down from Alex’s clit, she feels a hand in her hair, fingers holding her in place.

“Don’t stop!”

Maggie moans softly under the pressure of Alex’s fingers and her thighs tightening around her. A litany of breathy “fuck”s and “there”s fill the air until Alex’s legs are tensing and trembling, her back arching off the bed, before she comes crashing down with a gasping exhale that leaves Maggie keening.

Still too out of it to raise her head off the bed, Alex gropes blindly between her legs until Maggie gets the point and joins her up on the bed, whimpering as Alex kisses the taste of herself off of Maggie’s lips, flicking her tongue into Maggie’s mouth as her hands wander.

After several long minutes, Alex feels in control of her legs enough to nudge Maggie until she rolls onto her back. She licks her lips as she looks down at her girlfriend splayed out on the bed, her abs tensing and flexing as Alex’s fingers glide down her side. “Can I repay the favor?”

And with Alex’s hair flopping into her eyes slightly and her mouth curled up into a grin that suggests a night full of possibilities, Maggie only manages to whimper, not trusting herself to speak. Because all she can think is that this all feels like a very specific fantasy that she may have entertained for far too long, only this is real, and when she reaches out Alex doesn’t disappear, and it’s all so, so much better.

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The next night, Alex drags Maggie backstage with the band, then sets her up in the very front row where she can see her and sing to her all evening. After a lengthy conversation managed between lingering kisses and an even longer shower together, they’d decided to be somewhat open, figuring it would take long enough for people to catch on and both of them preferring a low-key approach to going public with it.

Of course, Maggie still hasn’t checked online to find that there are over a thousand tweets with #thirstybartender in them from last night alone.

As wrapped up as she is in the concert and in looking at Alex, she also misses the number of people taking pictures of her watching Alex and Alex singing to her. She certainly doesn’t take her eyes off Alex long enough to notice Twitter explode with the reactions to the handful of poorly covered hickeys still littering her neck and collarbone, having only thought to hide the ones on Alex’s neck.

Once the show wraps up and Alex finishes signing autographs and taking photos, she drags Maggie and the rest of the band to a dive bar across the street for a celebratory drink. A glass of whiskey deep with adrenaline still coursing through her from the high of a good show, Alex slings an arm around Maggie’s shoulders and drops her lips to Maggie’s ear, whispering about all the things she wants to do to her when they get back to the room for their last night together until after Seattle.
Maggie is proud of herself for not whimpering aloud.

With hands roaming across thighs beneath the table, they make it through a whole round of drinks and appetizers before excusing themselves for the night.

The next morning, Alex wakes up to a litany of texts from Kara with links to tweets from the past two nights and all the photos being held up as “proof” that a one Alex Danvers is most definitely not straight.

Maggie yawns and drops her head to Alex’s chest, blinking the sleep from her eyes as she adjusts to the light of Alex’s phone. “Oh.” She swallows past the lump in her throat at the massive number of notifications blinking at the bottom of Alex’s screen. “You, uh, how do you feel?”

After a moment, Alex breathes out slowly and kisses Maggie’s forehead. “I feel like I’m not hiding anymore.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” A smirk curls up the corner of her mouth as she turns onto her side to face Maggie. “What do you say to going out to breakfast and giving them all the confirmation they could ever want?”

Maggie bites her lower lip as she smiles back up at Alex. “I think that sounds perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar, and I always love hearing your comments!!
Sanvers Delivery Driver Meet Cute feat. nb!Sawyer and Gertrude

Chapter Summary

Had been meaning to write something with nb!Sawyer for a few people recently, then a friend was having a rough day, so now it's 4.5k of pure fluff featuring Sawyer, the Danvers sisters, Krypto, and Gertrude, very loosely inspired by this delightful video - https://www.instagram.com/p/Bc8rIe-F81e/?utm_source=ig_embed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The radio crackled in and out of static through the wooded neighborhoods, finally humming back into clear music once the delivery truck trundled back out onto Route 91. Sawyer glanced down at the package log, pleased to find they were ahead of schedule thanks to somewhat lighter than usual traffic now that kids were out of school for winter break. Of course, winter break also meant more deliveries than ever—big boxes stuffed full of presents that shifted in the back of their truck, every so often beeping to life with some detached musical note that made Sawyer’s skin crawl as their mind filled with thoughts of serial killers and creepy horror movies.

They hummed along to some song on the radio, shaking their head when they realized it was playing on the “oldies” station. Since when did a song from the late 80s classify as “old”? They still felt pretty young. Well, okay, maybe sometimes the long days of driving or pulling a double shift with a freelance delivery gig at night got to them more than it had in their twenties back when they’d first started driving to pay for the last two years of college. But they weren’t old. And they’d happily fight anyone who wanted to disagree.

Glancing down at the delivery sheet, Sawyer found their next round of stops were in one of those gated neighborhoods filled with rich white people and their yippy little dogs that they had to smile at and pretend to like even when they snapped at Sawyer’s ankles while they waited for the parents—always dog parents then—to sign for their package.

They drummed their fingers against the wheel as they waited for the security guard to buzz them into the neighborhood, and they shared a look of commiseration as the truck bounced in and over the speed humps that dotted the roads.

The first stop was to a house with two boys in the front yard playing lacrosse, flinging the ball faster and faster between them as it whizzed by in a blur of grayish white motion. Sawyer cleared their throat as they waited for the kids to stop so that they could make it to the front door.

“What?” one of them yelled.

“I need to get through.”

The same one as before laughed, throwing the ball with more force than was necessary to his passing partner. “Just duck down.”

“Blake!” The other boy—older, if his height and deeper voice were any indication—yelled across the way, cradling the ball and looking sheepishly up at Sawyer. “Sorry. Our, uh, parents aren’t
home, but I can sign for it if you need.”

Sawyer glanced down, finding that the package didn’t actually require a signature. They got one anyway—always better safe than sorry in these neighborhoods. “Thanks,” they murmured before hopping back into the truck and driving down a few more houses past green manicured lawns that showed few signs of the drought that had turned much of California brown that past summer.

The next stop was easier. No one home. They tucked the package between the screen door and the white hardwood door with its Christmas wreath—the dark holly with its red ribbons a sharp contrast to the summery day, unseasonably warm even for southern California.

No one was home at the next stop either, though a signature had been required, so Sawyer pulled off one of the little “attempted delivery” notes that they knew caused headaches and tacked it to the front door.

The house after that was a familiar one. An older couple who were constantly ordering presents for their two grandkids—the first in the family, so really, could they be faulted for wanting to spoil them a little? The grandmother normally wanted to chat, which would have been fine, except the vague pleasantries turned into rambling stories that put Sawyer behind schedule and left them scrambling to catch up.

That time was no exception, and Sawyer was left listening as Mrs. McKenna told them all about the newest batch of toys that had been ordered in time for Christmas. There was a new doll that was somehow more realistic for the granddaughter. Sawyer couldn’t guess why a realistic baby was all that important when there were real babies all over the damn neighborhood that the kid could probably go see at any time. Then there was some video game that Mrs. McKenna worried might be too violent but ultimately decided Declan deserved for bringing his history grade up from a C to a B. Some photo scanner thing rounded out the lot because she and her husband were committed to using the winter to sort through all the old family photo albums and digitize them. “Our kids told us, you know, it’s getting harder and harder to do things the old fashioned way! So we’re modernizing. Though, well, I think it’s a bit of a shame if we can’t all come together as a family to look through the pictures.”

A solid ten minutes passed before Sawyer was able to excuse themself and head back to the truck.

The next stop had two yippy little Yorkshires that couldn’t even be placated with the baggie of treats Sawyer kept in the glove compartment as they were on a strict gluten free diet. Sawyer was fairly certain they once saw the woman feeding the dogs bits of actual steak that they guessed were probably organic and grass fed and more expensive than half the food they fed themself. They didn’t like to dwell.

After a few more stops in the neighborhood, Sawyer was finally able to escape back to the open road, swooping down hills and back into the gridlock of downtown traffic for a few large business deliveries that had them working up a sweat as they carted box after box in on the rusted red dolly with its one squeaking wheel that drove them a little batty. They made a mental note to pick up some WD-40. Even though work was supposed to cover it, that would require extra paperwork finding someone who actually knew where the depot’s bottles were kept, which would require staying at work later than was necessary, which really wasn’t their favorite thing to do. Sure, some of the other drivers were fine, and Sawyer was more than happy to grab a beer with their favorites. But hanging around the depot meant asking to be noticed and sent out with “one last delivery” from the route of some newbie who hadn’t managed to make it all the way to the end of their lists or an older driver who had skipped someone inadvertently and come back with the confusing couple of boxes still in the back. Half the time Sawyer swore it was intentional. They were boxes to the “bad”
neighborhoods or to walk up apartments or to those out of the way houses tucked into the wooded hills outside of town.

Sawyer didn’t mind the out of the way neighborhoods at all, though, enjoying time alone out on the road with the radio a little louder than they could play it in the neighborhoods. The driving was easier too—fewer red lights as the city blocks gave way once more to curving roads and rolling hills. As they made their way back to one of them for their last delivery of the day, their eyes danced along the rows of holiday decorations. Some of the houses were decked out with extravagant lights and glowing Santas and one particularly memorable, 10-foot tall inflatable Homer Simpson dressed in a Santa hat and a big red suit that swayed in the gentle breeze.

Checking the sheet again, Sawyer counted down the numbers until they found the house they needed, pulling the truck up close to the curb before hopping into the back to grab the two boxes.

Before they could make it even a few steps up the driveway, a blonde woman came bounding out the front door, smiling broadly and waving at Sawyer. She looked vaguely familiar, but Sawyer couldn’t place her.

Mere seconds later, another woman came barreling out behind her. She was striking, her features angular and the cut of her dark, reddish hair sharp, accentuating the strong curve of her jaw. Sawyer shook their head. No need to go fantasizing about some woman they’d never seen again. But they couldn’t help but watch as the second one went running after the first, nearly tackling her as she jumped on her back and shoved a pair of thick-rimmed black glasses on her face. “No peeking, Kara! I told you that your Hanukkah presents were coming.”

“I’m not peeking,” the blonde woman—Kara—whined, a petulant note to her voice. “I’m just being helpful.”

“Oh please.”

“I’m a very helpful person, Alex.”

Alex rolled her eyes and pushed off of Kara’s back to go grab the packages from Sawyer. “Sorry bout that,” she murmured, gesturing with her thumb over her shoulder at Kara, who stood with her arms folded over her chest and a pout on her lips that Sawyer suspected made most people cave in seconds. “Ever since we were kids it’s been like this. Apparently someone doesn’t like surprises.”

Sawyer chuckled as they handed over the packages. “I used to order decoy presents for one of my ex-girlfriends.” Alex’s eyebrows raised at that, and Sawyer couldn’t help but note when Alex’s fingers lingered, brushing against their own on the boxes.

“Did it work?”

They shrugged. “Not really. She mainly just got confused about why I was ordering random shit for her birthday and still found all the normal presents.”

“This year—this year will be different.” Alex raised her voice as she added, “Mark my words, Kara! You’re getting a surprise.”

Sawyer lowered their voice. “You think so?”

Alex raised one shoulder as she shuffled the boxes to rest on the narrow slope of her hip. “I’m pacing out my orders so that they’re arriving one on each of the nights of Hanukkah. At least if she peeks now she’s only ruining one day at a time.”
“Good tactic.”

“Yeah…” Alex trailed off, her gaze darting down Sawyer’s uniform and then back up, pausing slightly at their lips—though perhaps it was just their imagination running wild, Sawyer thought. “Maybe I’ll even get to see you again?”

The side of Sawyer’s mouth curled up into a cocky grin. “We’ll see what I get handed to me in the morning, but I can’t say I’d mind it.”

“If only there were a way to request you as my driver… After all”—Alex’s mouth twitched—“you’re one of the few drivers that’s ever made it out here without bitching about the distance.”

“Sorry. Some of the guys are, uh, not so great about their curbside manner.”

Alex waved it off. “Don’t worry about it. I don’t actually order much unless it’s for that one.”

“Hey!” Kara yelled from a few feet away.

“How about you go inside, Kara?”

“But I’m—”

“Kara!”

“Fine. It’s time to feed Krypto anyway.”

“Mind getting Getrude’s bowl down too?” Alex asked, and Sawyer shuffled their feet, wondering if they should go. But then Alex’s attention was back on them. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine.”

“No, I—I’m keeping you.” The confidence and playfulness of before seemed to dissipate the moment Kara was gone. “Sorry, I don’t know why… I guess, I’m just… Kara was telling me to put myself out there, and you’re, um, anyway. But you’re at work.”

“Don’t worry about it. You were actually my last stop of the day.”

“Oh.”

“I mean, I’ve gotta take the truck back to the depot.”

“That’s not your day-to-day car?” Alex teased.

“Ya know, it’s so tempting, but I think I prefer the way my Triumph rides.”

Alex’s eyebrows raised up, and Sawyer swore they caught a flash of something. “You ride?”

“Yeah. You?”

Alex gestured up the driveway to the open garage door. “My baby’s tucked away for the night, but yeah.”

“Very cool. Must be nice riding out on these quieter streets.”

“Definitely. I, um, I’m Alex by the way. Though I guess you sort of already knew that cause of the package label.”
“Sawyer.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise.”

“I, um, maybe I’ll see you around?”

“I—”

Sawyer’s words were cut short by a flurry of motion from the front door as two large dogs came flying outside and straight toward them.

“Gertrude!” Alex yelled at the same time as Kara whistled loudly, calling, “Krypto!”

The golden retriever came skidding to a stop, though a big mutt with a mix of tan and black fur barreled straight ahead, jumping up and landing with two front paws on Sawyer’s chest, a long pink tongue darting out and licking at their ears.

“Fuck, I’m sorry.” Her cheeks now stained a bright red, Alex pulled the dog down. “Gertrude, what did I tell you about jumping? Hmm? Just because your Aunt Kara spoils you and lets you do whatever you want…”

Sawyer let out a snort of laughter. “You’re good, really. At least she’s a sweetheart. Better than some of the other dogs on the route.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah…some real horror stories out there. They can be mean.”

“Oh god. Well then, I’m glad Gertrude could be little more than, uh, enthusiastic in welcoming you to the house.”

“She a puppy?”

“Sort of. I adopted her this year, but they think she was maybe already a year or so when I got her? High energy, for sure, but she’s learning.”

“If she could just watch her big cousin, maybe she’d learn something,” Kara added, sticking her tongue out at Alex when Alex rolled her eyes.

“Krypto basically showed up fully trained. You don’t get to claim credit.”

“Not listening,” Kara taunted, jamming her fingers in her ears and humming loudly.

“ Doesn’t matter!” Alex yelled back. “I know you can still hear me.”

Sawyer cleared their throat, drawing the attention of the two women back up. “I should, uh, probably head back with the truck, but could they get treats?”

At the sound of that word, both dogs’ attention was on Sawyer, and even Gertrude sank down into a lazy sit, rolling down slightly on one of her hips.

“Come on,” Alex huffed, nudging at Gertrude’s hip. “Proper sit if you’re gonna get a treat. Up you go.”
Sawyer knew dogs didn’t actually complain or roll their eyes, but they swore Gertrude’s expression communicated everything as she forced herself up again, looking up at Sawyer with plaintive eyes.

“Give me half a second, they’re in my truck.” A moment later, Sawyer jumped back down with two of the biscuits from their bag. “They don’t have any weird allergies? I mean, they’re organic, but I know that’s not enough for some dogs.”

“Much like Kara, they’ll eat anything.”

Kara rolled her eyes, though she didn’t correct the statement.

Sawyer tossed a biscuit to each of the dogs and grinned as they gobbled them up, tails wagging.

“Well it was very nice meeting you all.”

“You too!” Kara yelled back, and Alex waved.

“Hopefully we’ll see you back here one day.”

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Alex wasn’t on Sawyer’s delivery sheet the next day, and they couldn’t help the pang of disappointment at the missing name. Their route was fine—a pretty easy day, by the look of things—but there had been something about Alex that left their heart thumping just a little faster. And for a moment, Sawyer had sworn there was flirting happening. Maybe it had been imagined. Who knows? But the dogs were a good enough reason to want to go back anyway.

A three-car accident during evening rush hour meant Sawyer was late getting back to the depot—too late for even the extra deliveries, which meant there was no chance of seeing Alex again, even if her driver had gotten lost or “forgotten” that stop with its extra several miles of distance.

M’gann was waiting for them down in the locker room, though, a grin on her face.

“What’s up?”

“Anything interesting happen to you on your route yesterday that you want to tell me about?”

Sawyer cocked their head to the side. “Um…oh, fuck, did those lacrosse boys lie to me about their parents’ not being home?”

“What? No, Sawyer, the girl. The pretty one with the freckles and the brown eyes and the short hair who just about crashed through the screen door to greet me. Or, well, not me. But the delivery truck.”

“Oh!” Sawyer could feel their cheeks warming. “Um, you, uh, met Alex then?”

“Mm, I did. And a very enthusiastic sister and puppy too.”

“Did you have treats for the dogs? Gertrude really likes them.”

M’gann rolled her eyes. “Damn, you’ve got it bad already.”

“Shut up. Do not.”

“At least it’s both of you.” Sawyer perked up at that. “I mean, Alex may have said that it was Gertrude who was sad that you weren’t there, but I think we all know what that means.”
“Well I, uh, Gertrude was probably missing her snacks.”

“Yeah, well, lucky for you, the perky sister came running back out after your friend went inside and asked if there was a way the ‘cute driver’ could come back for the rest of the week as her extra Hanukkah present to Alex.”

Sawyer’s hands faltered, their keys nearly clattering to the ground at the confirmation that the spark hadn’t been entirely in their imagination.

“And since I’m an excellent friend, I went ahead and slipped a note to Brian to make sure that he gets that house on your routes.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really.” M’gann chuckled. “Better make it worth my while, Sawyer. I’ve got two big, muddy paw prints on the front of my uniform ‘cause of you.”

“You’re the best.” They pulled M’gann into a one-armed hug.

“I, um, I also let Kara know about your pronouns. I hope—is that okay? I just didn’t want it to be a conversation you had to have on the job if you didn’t want to.”

“Thank you,” Sawyer whispered, pulling M’gann just a little closer.

“Course, kid.”

“Oh shut up, I started barely a few years after you did.”

“And yet, you’ll always be a kid to me.”

Sawyer rolled their eyes and finally pried open their locker, hiding what they were fairly certain was a big, dopey grin behind the dented metal door.

---

Sure enough, the next day, the Danvers sisters were on Sawyer’s route, and if they rearranged thing slightly to make sure that it was their last stop of the day, well, they knew the roads better than most people and knew how to make things efficient. That was all it was. Definitely not a way to ensure the most possible time with Alex.

It gave them something to look forward to all day, though, and made even the blocks of gridlocked traffic seem tolerable.

That time, Alex walked out more slowly. Her gait measured, deliberate, as if she were forcing herself to count out her steps.

“Hey, Alex!” Sawyer yelled, hopping down with a box clutched in their arms.

“Hey! Uh, hi, Sawyer.” Alex stuffed her hands in her pockets. “How was your day yesterday?”

“Oh, you know…less fun without you and Gertrude in it.” Knowing that Alex had asked about them made it easier to flirt, and the rush of blood that colored Alex’s cheeks pink made it even better.

“I, uh, yeah,” Alex laughed, rubbing at the back of her neck. “Got your newest present.”

“Thanks.”
“So…were you able to surprise Kara?”

Alex shrugged. “Two for three now on surprises. Definitely better than before.”

“I’d call that a success. Definitely better than our new drivers’ records.”

“Well then I’m very lucky to have you.”

It was Sawyer’s turn to look bashful at the added layers to Alex’s words. “Um, yeah, you know, it’s whatever. Just doing my job.”

“Right.” The disappointment in Alex’s tone was obvious. “So I guess you probably need to get going.”

“No! No, I, uh, rearranged my route a little.”

Alex’s mouth curled up into a smile. “That so?”

They shrugged. “Well you did say that Gertrude missed me. Had to make sure I left time to give her a snack.”

“Mm, should’ve known all the cute ones come back for Gertrude. I’ll go get her.” Alex laughed easily as she spun on her heels to let the dogs outside.

“You calling me cute?” Sawyer yelled after her.

Alex paused for a moment before turning with a decisive nod of her head. It seemed almost militaristic for flirting, but Sawyer couldn’t deny that it was also incredibly attractive. “I could call you hot, but cute seemed more professional.”

“If I were to take off the uniform…” they trailed off before clamping a hand over their mouth. “Shit, no, sorry, I meant—not in like a weird porno way! Just like, you know, maybe if I saw you off the job sometime. That—that came out wrong.”

Alex snorted loudly and shook her head. “Don’t worry about it. Considering not once have you answered the door with, ‘I’ve got a large package for you,’ I sort of figured we weren’t reenacting terrible pick-up lines.”

“Um, right.” The embarrassment still burned hot, but two balls of fur and muscle and energy were enough to sweep it under the rug. Sawyer dropped to the ground that time, covering their face and avoiding most of the dog slobber that way.

Both dogs got their treats before Sawyer’s work phone rang with a call from the dispatcher.

After a moment, they turned back to Alex. “Sorry, I gotta run—apparently someone moved and is demanding we go get their package back. And it’s not really our—whatever, it’s fine.”

“I’ll, uh, see you tomorrow?”

“Yeah, tomorrow,” Sawyer promised before hopping into the van and heading downtown once more.

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Only the next day, Alex and Kara were nowhere to be found. Sawyer traipsed up to the front porch and found a note taped to the door.
“Sawyer,

Had to run back to work—bit of an emergency. Hopefully I’ll see you tomorrow!

-Alex”

Sawyer smiled and pocketed it to save, even as they rolled their eyes at themself for being overly sentimental about the whole thing. As they propped the present in between the door and the screen, they noticed Gertrude, her paws up on the windowsill in the living room, nose pressed right up to the window, fogging it up with her hot breath before licking away the condensation as she mouthed at the glass. It was then that they noticed the few patches of messy glass—all right at about nose height for Gertrude. Gross as it might be, they couldn’t help but find it endearing too.

Sawyer made a point of running back to the car and leaving two dog biscuits on top of the package for when Alex and Kara returned.

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The next day—the last before Sawyer’s day off—Sawyer once more saved Alex’s stop for last, resolving to ask her out before leaving.

As they rummaged in the back for the boxes—two today—they heard a skittering of nails against metal, and by the time they got out of the truck, they found Gertrude sitting up next to the driver’s seat, her tail wagging and hitting the back of the seat with a resounding thump each time.

“Gertrude!” Alex yelled from the front lawn, patting her thighs. “Come here, girl!”

Gertrude sat and panted and wagged her tail.

“Sorry, we just got back from a run, and she’s normally good about hanging out in the yard while I stretch.”

It was then that Sawyer noticed the tight spandex shorts and the tank top and the shoulder muscles and the slightly sweaty skin that glistened in the sunlight and oh god, they were so fucking gay.

“Sawyer?” Alex called out.

“Sorry!” They cringed as their voice cracked. “I, um, here’s your package.”

“Thanks.” Alex grabbed it and jogged it up to the front steps. “And thanks for the treats for them yesterday.”

“Oh, of course.”

“Sorry I missed you.”

Sawyer flicked their wrist through the air. “Don’t worry about it.”

Alex focused her attention back on Gertrude then. “Come on, get down here!”

Gertrude remained sitting there, still wagging, still panting, still not listening.

“I swear, she’s normally so much better.”

Sawyer laughed. “I trust ya. But she’s still good.” Their voice switched into a whole new register as their face lit up with a smile at Gertrude’s antics. “Yes, you’re so good! Aren’t you?”
Gertrude’s tail sped up.

“You waiting for a treat? You know I can’t drive away with you in here, right?”

Alex cleared her throat, bouncing up on the balls of her feet, her arms clasped behind her back. “Well, uh, maybe she’s listening really well then.”

Sawyer tilted their head to the side.

“I, uh, told myself I wouldn’t let you leave without, um, without asking you if you might like to grab coffee with me.”

“Yeah?” A smile slowly spread across Sawyer’s face.

“Yeah.”

“I’d love to.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really. If it wasn’t obvious, I like you, Alex. I mean…obviously I like Gertrude more, but…”

“Obviously we all like Gertrude more,” Alex chuckled. “But, uh, if you’ve got a phone, I can give you my number?”

“Yeah!” Sawyer fished through their pockets before finally locating their personal phone.

A moment later, Alex handed it back, and Sawyer spent a few long moments typing before Alex’s phone buzzed. “Now you’ve got mine too.”

Alex peered down at her phone, finding a message that read: “I told myself I wouldn’t leave without asking you out either. Guess we can both thank Gertrude.”

A grin spread across Alex’s features, and she took one more step forward, bringing them inches away from each other. “I know you have to get back to work, but”—Alex tilted her head up, motioning to Gertrude—“I guess maybe you’re stuck with me for a few more minutes.”

“Mm, what a shame.” Sawyer’s hands found Alex’s.

“Really…such a shame.” Alex ducked her head forward, her forehead touching Sawyer’s.

A moment later, soft lips found hers, and Alex just about melted into Sawyer’s embrace.

It lasted barely three seconds before eighty pounds of fur and energy were bouncing up next to them, big paws hitting at their arms until they broke apart with a laugh.

“Ya know,” Alex sighed, “good as she was for bringing us together, I think maybe I’ll leave her at home for our date.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar!
I always love your comments, and I'm sorry I'm behind on replying, but they do make me smile and I will be back to get to them even though it totally jacks up my anxiety when I see how long some of them have been left unanswered.
Sanvers Meet Cute in the Woods

Chapter Summary

Happy birthday, @sralinchen! Figured you could use some pre-canon Sanvers meet cute fluff with a side of exploring adventures to brighten your day!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello?” Maggie’s voice was swallowed up by the forest, and after a few moments of silence, she shook her head. Too many true crime shows late at night making her paranoid—that was all. Besides, she’d heard those noises for a few days in a row at that point; if it was a murderer, surely they would have come for her already. Still, she flexed her arms and pushed out her chest, trying to make herself appear a little more intimidating. No need for her would be murderer to think they’d have an easy go of it.

As she traipsed through the woods, Maggie pulled out her old camera, pausing to take pictures of anything interesting she found. It had all started with the photography course she’d taken to fill a requirement in college. Not that she’d done particularly well in it. Apparently taking photos of the things she liked most did not guarantee that her professor would think they met the terms of the assignment. She did, however, enjoy getting a private lesson or two with one of the older students in her class—a cute butch she’d seen volunteering at the LGBTQ Center a few times who happened to be “a natural” at capturing the “gritty reality of life,” or at least that was what the professor had told Maggie when he suggested she try accompanying Meg one afternoon to learn a few things. Outside of their first afternoon together, Maggie hadn’t learned much about photography, opting instead to learn about what it felt like to be held in those muscular arms and kissed more softly than she’d imagined would be possible up against the side of a junky abandoned car stripped of half its parts that would become part of Meg’s final project. But, barely eked out B’s aside, Maggie had come to enjoy taking photographs and the excuse the class gave her to spend time off campus and away from the bustle of student life.

Even though she was a few years out of school at that point, she still liked wandering around and exploring whenever she got a chance. And the cop badge did wonders for the few times she’d had security show up asking why she was poking around what she had assumed was an abandoned warehouse. The woods, though—they were easier. No one really cared why she was in the woods, assuming she was just another wannabe nature photographer on the days she had her camera or some exercise fanatic on the days she showed up with little more than her phone and keys.

Over the past couple of weeks spent out there, she’d grown more confident, learning where certain paths ended or where overgrown brambles made certain areas unpassable. Finding the stream she had heard was in there no longer required listening for the sound of running water; instead she knew exactly where to turn for what was become a well-worn path to it, and she ended up down there most days, if only to spend a few minutes watching the shimmers of small fish darting in and out of the stream.

With all the confidence of a woman who knew exactly where she was going, Maggie shook off any lingering sense of unease at the noises she thought she had heard and set forth for the stream,
promptly snagging her boot under a branch she knew hadn’t been there the day before and falling forward, scraping up her palms as she caught herself before she could face plant into the twigs and potentially crush her camera. When she pulled herself back up, a twinge of pain radiated out from her ankle. “Motherfu—”

“Are you okay?”

“Who’s there?” Maggie yelled, making her voice as low as she could as she hopped around on one foot.

A woman who looked to be about her age, maybe a little younger, poked her head out from behind a large tree. “Um, hey. I just… I heard you yell and thought you might be hurt.”

Maggie sized her up. She was taller than Maggie, but only by a couple of inches. She looked more willowy than muscley, and her clothes didn’t exactly scream “experienced hiker” or “homicidal woods dweller.” She sort of looked like she’d just finished a run. Or a yoga class. “I tripped,” Maggie grunted.

“Is anything broken? Sprained?”

“Um, I don’t know. I’m sure it’s fine.” Of course, Maggie couldn’t help but wince when she turned and put weight on her injured ankle.

The woman jogged over. “Here, let me help you. There’s a down tree just over there where we can have you sit so I can look at it.”

“It’s fine.”

“You’re gonna aggravate it even more if you walk on what turns out to be a broken ankle.”

After a moment, Maggie relented. She didn’t really want to spend weeks on desk duty with nothing but paperwork to fill her time all because she insisted on trudging back up the hill on a busted ankle. And she was fairly certain she could take the girl in a fight if it came to it. She might not be able to outrun her, but she figured she could probably hit hard enough to knock her down and get a good head start.

“I’m Alex.”

“Maggie.” Somehow the name helped her relax a little, even if she knew there was a chance it was a fake name.

“What hurts?”

“Uh, I cut up my hands, but I’ll wash them once I get back. But it’s mainly my right ankle.”

Alex nodded and moved to Maggie’s side, reaching out an arm and bending low enough that Maggie could sling an arm over her shoulders. “Try to keep weight off that foot, okay?”

“Okay.”

Together they hobbled over to the tree Alex had mentioned, and Alex set Maggie down, flipping over her palms and brushing away the larger pieces of dirt and rock that had gotten lodged there. Alex’s hands were warm and soft, and Maggie couldn’t help but notice that she was rather pretty. Up close, she could see a smattering of freckles across her cheekbones and flecks of gold in her eyes. She watched as Alex reached into a bag she hadn’t noticed before, pulling out a bottle of water and
pouring it over Maggie’s palms to rinse away the worst of the dirt. “You’ll still want to get these properly sanitized when you get back.” Maggie nodded. “Now let’s look at your ankle. I’m going to be as gentle as I can, but you need to let me know if I do something that really hurts, okay?”

“Yeah.”

Alex carefully lifted Maggie’s foot, maneuvering it around until Maggie let out a hiss of pain. “So not there then…” After a few minutes, Alex nodded. “I don’t think it’s broken.”

“That’s good.” Maggie felt herself relax until a thought struck her. “Wait, why should I trust you?”

“Oh, uh, I’m in med school. So, ya know, not a full doctor yet, but I’m not just guessing or something.”

“Oh. Lucky you were here then, huh?” Maggie didn’t normally have such good luck. With her luck, it really should have been that homicidal woods dweller that found her.

Alex shrugged. “It could have happened pretty much any day this week, and I’d have been here.”

“Wait. Are you the one who’s been making noises?”

The corner of Alex’s mouth quirked up into what Maggie thought was an unfairly attractive smile. “Guilty.”

“Why didn’t you say anything when I yelled out and asked if anyone was there?”

“I don’t know. You sounded gruff. Could’ve been a murderer.”

“A murder who announces herself?”

“You never know.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes and stared at Alex.

“Besides”—Alex ducked her head down, busying herself with something in her bag—“I was out here to avoid talking to people. Why would I go yelling back at one?”

“Mm, that I get.”

“I think you get the fear of murderers too.” Alex’s mouth twitched at Maggie’s spluttering. “Your voice definitely isn’t as deep now as it was when you were yelling.”

Maggie could feel her cheeks warming slightly. “Well, you know, you could have been a killer too.”

“I could still be a killer.”

“That is true,” Maggie conceded. “I should have you know, then, that I’m a cop. And you know that whole thing about blue blood runs thicker than water or something.”

“All blood runs thicker than water.”

“Okay, whatever, there’s definitely some saying. We protect our own or some shit.”

“You’re clearly very invested in that mentality.”

“Whatever. Just don’t kill me, alright?”
“You’re the one with all the cop training. I think I should be the one reminding you not to kill me. Cause, you know, I’ve got classmates or something who would notice I was missing.”

Maggie’s brow furrowed at the way Alex wouldn’t quite hold her eyes. “You okay?”

“What? I’m fine.”

But Alex’s voice was tight, and her hands shook a little. “You sure? I mean, I know I’m not on duty, but if you needed to, like, talk to someone…I can help find you a qualified person.”

“No, it’s not—not like that. I just, if I’m being honest, I don’t think any of my classmates would actually notice if I disappeared. Not for a while, at least.” Alex didn’t look at Maggie as she spoke, rummaging in her bag instead and pulling out a well-worn gray t-shirt. “I’m gonna wrap your ankle to keep it steady, okay? I think you just twisted it or rolled it, but it’ll be good to keep it in place. When you get home you’re going to take some advil, wrap it up properly with an ace bandage or a sleeve, and elevate it, okay? Try to keep weight off of it.”

“I’m sure they’d notice.”

Alex shrugged, her hands keeping busy as she unlaced Maggie’s boot and tore the shirt down the middle to make a better wrap.

“You care enough to stop and help some stranger. Pretty sure that makes you the kind of good person people notice.”

With a dark laugh, Alex shook her head. “It’s nice that you think so.”

Maggie fell silent then, her mind working as she regarded the woman kneeling in the dirt in front of her, ruining her own shirt to help a stranger, all the while insisting that she wasn’t a good person.

“Alright, your boot’s going to be a bit snug now, but I’m still gonna tie it tight enough to keep you from slipping all around in it.”

“Got it.”

Once Alex had laced up Maggie’s shoes again, she stood, throwing her bag over her shoulders and holding out an arm for Maggie. “Come on, I’ll walk you back.”

Over the course of their walk back to the car, Maggie nudged Alex. “How’d you end up finding the woods?”

“Honest answer?”

“I think I want to know the dishonest answer first. They’re normally more fun.” Telling too, though she didn’t add that.

“Mm yes”—Alex cleared her throat, affecting a serious air—“well I was perusing through my copy of Walden and decided it was high time that I throw off the chains of society to go live in the woods.”

Maggie snorted. “Did you know his mom still did his laundry?”

“Aww, give him a break. Living in the woods can be rather tiring,” Alex chuckled. “Sometimes we all need some help.”

Maggie gestured at her wrapped up foot as she limped forward. “Clearly.” After a few minutes of
silence, Maggie asked, “So what’s the honest answer?”

“Uh, I was out for a run after a night of drinking and thought I was gonna be sick. Didn’t really want people to see me out on the road so I took off for the woods.” Maggie wrinkled her nose in disgust. “Calm down, I ended up being fine. Didn’t mess up your precious woods. Just sat there for half an hour until I felt ready to drag my hungover ass back home.”

“And then you came back because…?”

“I don’t know. It was…peaceful. Reminded me of being a kid again.”

“Yeah?”

Alex nodded, a wistful smile tugging up the corner of her mouth. “Did you ever read *Bridge to Terabithia* when you were little?”

“Yeah, and I fucking bawled my eyes out.”

“Right,” Alex chuckled. “It does tend to have that effect on people.”

“You don’t say.”

“Well, um, the first half or so of the book—back when they go discover Terabithia and make it their own—I loved that. I wanted to have one of my own, you know? And Leslie was one of my favorite characters.”

Maggie hummed, nodding in understanding and glancing over at Alex, seeing her in a new light. Alex blushed under the weight of Maggie’s attention. “Classic.”

“Hmm?”

“Oh, you know, we cling to all the tomboy characters we can get—the ones who haven’t been forced to ‘grow up’ and get girly and find a husband yet.”

Alex swallowed heavily.

“Really, it makes sense that she’d be the first in a long line to go dying in some unexpected freak accident.”

“What?”

“Nothing, I—I’m just bitter, that’s all.” With a shake of her head, Maggie laughed. Realizing they were already coming up on the entrance to the main trail, she gestured in the direction of her car.

“Anyway, um, one of my friends from the neighborhood, she and I would go out and explore the woods by our house in Midvale. We liked to pretend we’d found Terabithia and go climbing trees and jumping across this tiny little creek that was way too small to actually need a bridge, but in our imagination, it was just as big as their river.”

“That sounds like fun.”

“It was.” Alex blinked, her mouth twisting as she looked up. “I don’t know, it was one of the last times things seemed…simple. Easy. It just, it made sense, you know?” Maggie nodded. “And the few times Vicki and I went back in middle school, things that had gotten so complicated and weird and messy felt easy again. Like we could be us and hold hands and laugh without caring if we snorted and boys heard or whatever. But then, you know, by high school it wasn’t cool to go play in
the woods anymore—not unless you were sneaking in with some lukewarm beer and a boyfriend your parents didn’t know about.”

“Get that,” Maggie whispered.

“And it’s not the same here—not at all. But it kind of…it’s nice. It’s quiet. No one here wants to know how my research is going or whether I wasted another night at a bar or if I’ve called my mother recently or whether my little sister is going to have any sort of good example to look up to, Alexandra.” Alex shook her head, swiping at her eyes. “Sorry. I don’t mean to unload on you like that.”

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want to hear your answer.”

Alex narrowed her eyes. “You from the Midwest or something?”

Maggie tilted her head to the side. “What?”

“The only people I’ve ever met who’ll ask you how you’re doing and actually want to hear the answer are originally from the Midwest. Apparently it’s a thing down South too, but I’ve never made it down there—just the coasts, really.”

“Mm, so you’re a California native?” Maggie nudged Alex then, gesturing at the street coming up. “Left here.” They headed down the road towards where Maggie had left the beat up sedan that had carried all of her worldly possessions from Nebraska to Gotham to National City.

“I could have been from the East coast.”

“Not a chance.” Maggie laughed at Alex’s furrowed brow. “First of all, you’re wearing too much color.” She gestured at Alex’s purple shirt. “And second of all, even if you apologized for doing it, you still answered my question instead of telling me to go fuck myself.”

Alex laughed loudly then. “I’m sure they’d resent that stereotype.”

“Really? I feel like New Yorkers kinda take pride in the attitude. Like, yeah, I pay two grand for a closet without air conditioning an hour away from my office and it smells like rotting garbage all of July and August and I watched Elmo beat the shit out of Cookie Monster over a photo last night, but dammit, we’ve got great pizza and we don’t care whether or not you like it here.”

Alex wiped tears of laughter away from her eyes, her whole body shaking at Maggie’s rather terrible impersonation of a New York accent. “Maybe…but now I’m kinda worried about my little sister’s internship there next summer.”

“Oh yeah?”

“She’s, uh, very bubbly. Super nice. Charms everyone she meets.”

“Well who knows? Maybe it’ll be like Elf and she’ll charm all their cold, dead hearts.”

“If anyone could do it, it’d be Kara.”

“You’ll have to fill me in on how it goes.” Maggie gestured at the car. “That’s me.”

“You gonna be okay to drive with that foot?”

“What? Um, yeah, I’m sure it’ll be fine.”
“And do you have something to sterilize the cuts on your hand? And an ice pack for your ankle?”

Maggie tried to think of what was stuffed in the recesses of her medicine cabinet. “I’m sure.”

“And make sure you eat something with your advil.”

Maggie’s mouth quirked up into a smile. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you don’t trust me to take care of myself.”

“No, I, um, I just want to make sure, you know, you’re alright.” She shrugged, a pink flush climbing up her chest. “For someone to share the woods with, you’re not so bad. Don’t need to find out you and Leslie met the same fate all because you were too stubborn to let someone help.”

“That your way of offering?”

“What? I mean, I just, I…I could. If you wanted help.”

Maggie bit back a smile at the spluttering answer. “How about this, I’ll order pizza so you can see that I’m getting food. The best shop in town is right next to the pharmacy, so I can buy myself a wrap for my ankle and some rubbing alcohol or whatever. And, as payment for your troubles, we could split the pizza, maybe have dinner together?”

“I don’t want to intrude.”

“Oh c’mon, don’t you want to know about how I found those woods? There’s less drinking and nausea, but I promise it’s a good story.” She lowered her voice, glancing around. “It even involves a streaker.”

Alex snorted. “Well with a lead like that…”

“You couldn’t say no. So c’mon, hop in the car.”

“I’m really having to trust that you’re not a murderer here.”

With a chuckle, Maggie unlocked the car, pulling out her badge and flipping it open for Alex. “Alright, showed you my proof of real existence. Maggie Sawyer, NCPD. Now show me yours.”

Alex rolled her eyes, but she fished through her bag anyway, pulling out a tattered wallet and holding up her student ID. “Alex Danvers, National City University.”

“Well then, Alex Danvers, let’s go get pizza, hmm?”

Chapter End Notes

I’m on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar if you ever want to chat
Chapter Summary

For Jesi_Ki_Kage who had asked for the bartender/band singer AU from Alex’s POV – hope you enjoy and happy birthday!!

For those who haven't read the original, it's Chapter 169 here:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/10724550/chapters/34007246 (I didn't do Alex's POV for part 2 because for that one they're much more on the same page and there would be less of an opportunity for original content)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex paces nervously back and forth in front of her sister’s bathroom mirror, styling and restyling her hair and making sure her eyeliner is perfectly applied and checking her teeth to see if any food has appeared since the last time she checked two minutes ago.

“Alex, come on! I know I live close, but I’m not that close!” Kara bellows from down the hallway.

“Okay, okay. I’m almost ready.”

Alex is being stupid; she knows this. She has no idea if Maggie even works at The Den anymore or if she’ll be working that night or if she even still likes Alex’s music. Because that’s why she talks to Alex. Not because of anything else. Because why would she even think that Alex might want that kind of attention? Alex has been pretty closed off around the press for a reason. And Maggie has no way of knowing that Alex has been starting to think about relaxing that stance.

“Alex!”

“I’m coming!” With a sigh, Alex flips off the lights and pulls on her blazer.

“What took you so long? I’m supposed to be the high-maintenance one out of the two of us.”

“I know, I know,” Alex groans. “I just…it’s whatever.”

“Trying to look good for the bartender with the raging crush on you?”

“First of all, she has a name. Maggie. And second of all, she might not.” Alex hopes she does.

“Please, she totally does.” Kara nudges Alex out the door, pulling it tight shut and locking it behind them. “Just because you get distracted up there performing doesn’t mean the rest of us can’t see the way she practically drools over you.”

Alex doesn’t mention that she might be up on stage, but she’s definitely paying attention on the nights when Maggie is in the crowd—or, more often, behind the bar. She swears once or twice Maggie has noticed her looking, but it’s easier to own it, to act like it’s all part of her on-stage persona instead of some pathetic attempt at trying to gauge whether Maggie is noticing her.
On their way to The Den, they stop and pick up James, and Kara meets him at the front door, kissing him long enough for Alex to lean out the window and yell: “What happened to us being late?”

“You’re the worst,” Kara grumbles when she gets back into the car.

“Please, could I even still claim my big sister card if I didn’t embarrass you in front of your boyfriend?” Alex looks over her shoulder, waving at James. “Hi, by the way. You excited about tonight?”

“Yeah, it’s always a good crowd there.”

“You just like it cause all the boys go crazy over your arms.”

Kara shrugs. “He’s got nice arms.”

“Besides”—James grins at Alex, leaning forward and resting his elbows on his knees—“I know for a fact that you don’t mind a certain someone’s attention being on your arms at The Den.”

“Kara!” Alex whacks Kara’s arm.

“What?” Kara flutters her eyelashes, the picture of innocence.

“You told him?”

“Literally everyone can see that Maggie has a big crush on you; it’s pretty much visible from outer space.” James nods in agreement.

“You, um, you really think so?”

“Definitely,” James agrees.

“And besides, for all she knows, you’re totally unobtainable.” Alex considers it. Given that the last time she was photographed on a “date” had been some publicity stunt her manager at the time had arranged with Max Lord, douchebag extraordinaire, Maggie really has no reason to think Alex is an option. “So go pull the celebrity card. Channel your inner rock star and go get your flirt on and see if she reciprocates. If she doesn’t, no harm, no foul. If she does, well…”

Alex nods slowly. “Maybe.” If it doesn’t carry the weight of anything real, Alex thinks she might be able to do that.

By the time they’ve parked and met Winn, Alex feels more confident. She can flirt. She’s definitely had plenty of fans hit on her, and it’s easy enough to be just detached enough to seem almost interested but not actually be an option. It’s just more of…that. But with one person. Who she’s very much interested in.

“She’s here,” Kara whispers as soon as they make it inside, and Alex glances up, finding Maggie’s attention occupied by a little cluster of customers.

Alex steels herself. It’s fine. She can do it. Not yet. But she can. Later.

While Alex gets everything set up and chats with Winn, James, and Kara, she swears she can feel Maggie staring, but the two or three times she glances back over her shoulder, Maggie is busy with a customer or polishing the counter or washing dishes. Alex shakes her head. Wishful thinking.

While Alex is distracted, Kara leans on her shoulder, taking advantage of her few extra inches of height. “You should go see her. Just say hi.”
And Alex swore to herself she wouldn’t chicken out, so she doesn’t. Well, okay, she stops backstage first to check her teeth and hair again. And maybe she leaves her blazer behind. Because maybe she’s been working out a little more and sees the way some of her female fans gape at her arms when she shows up in something a little more revealing. And maybe she’d like to know if Maggie feels similarly. But also, it’s hot outside. And that’s a totally legitimate reason to strip down into a sleeveless shirt.

When she gets back out to the bar, Maggie has a stack of limes and a cutting board in front of her, and Alex thinks she looks adorable, her tongue poking out of the side of her mouth as she concentrates. “Hey, Maggie.”

Maggie lurches forward, the knife slipping out of her hands. She clears her throat several times before managing to say hi back. Maggie’s eyes bug out a bit like a cartoon character’s when she catches sight of Alex’s arms, and Alex feels her confidence surge. So when Maggie asks how she is, Alex drops her elbow to the bar, leaning forward enough to give Maggie a nice view if she wants to look. “Can’t complain.” She flashes Maggie what she hopes is a flirty smile. “You know I always like playing here.”

Maggie stutters a little in replying, and Alex thinks it’s fucking adorable. She feels a little drunk on the power of being able to draw out that kind of response. They chat for a bit about Kara and National City and Alex’s recent travels before Maggie asks Alex if she wants a drink. Taking a deep breath and resolving to commit to the flirting thing wholeheartedly, Alex shakes her head. “No. Just came to say hi to you.” And also to see if you seem to like me. And I think you do. And it’s sort of making this flirting thing easier. She thinks Kara would be immensely proud of her.

Maggie starts to ask Alex something, but then James is yelling for her. She surprises even herself by winking at Maggie and not tripping over her feet at all when she leaves.

“Oh my god, you were totally flirting with her!” Kara squeals the second Alex is in the back room.

Alex blushes and ducks her head. “Yeah…I think I was. And”—she pauses, considering it—“I think she was flirting back.”

“Duh. Anyone with eyes could have told you that, dummy.”

And for once, Alex doesn’t tell Kara to shut up or roll her eyes and insist that it isn’t true. Instead, she lets herself sit with the possibility that it could be true, with the possibility that Maggie likes her, with the possibility that Alex might be ready to publicly admit that she likes women—she really likes one woman, especially—and that maybe that kind of an admission would make something happen. She shakes her head. Now isn’t the time; she has a show to prepare for.

After going through all of her pre-show rituals—and she studied science; she knows they’re useless, and they don’t actually have a tangible effect, but she can’t go onstage without doing them anyway—Alex lines up with Winn and James, listening as someone yells out the reminders about being polite and turning off cellphones and tipping the bartenders. Then they’re being announced, and Alex loses herself in the steady thrum of adrenaline running through her that makes things like parading out in front of rooms of sometimes hundreds of people seem much less scary than it might otherwise be.

Alex starts off with a slower number that she’d written in one hazy whiskey-soaked weekend after Vicki ended things. It’s a little melodramatic in the way most things inspired by alcohol and unsteady emotions are. Because she didn’t really lose love, per se, but she lost one of the only people she didn’t have to hide with. And it felt an awful lot like watching her chance at happiness—at a happiness that wasn’t grounded only in success in her career—walk away. Vicki’s parting words
stayed with Alex for a long time. “You’re welcome to live in the closet, but don’t expect anyone to do it with you.”

Alex finds herself glancing up at Maggie a lot during the song. She wonders if she’d be okay if things weren’t totally public right away. Not that Alex is the scared 22 year old she once was, bullied into meeting a very specific image by her original manager, but she’s also not *that* public of a person. She likes a little bit of privacy, likes being close to home and being able to see her family without it turning into some weird publicity outing.

As the concert goes on, Alex feels herself warming under the weight of Maggie’s attention and the heat wave currently rolling through California. She maybe smirks a little bit at the sight of Maggie’s jaw dropping when she loses the blazer again. But then she’s a bit too preoccupied with some of the more upbeat numbers to focus all of her attention on Maggie.

By the end of the night, Alex feels okay. A little drained. A voice in the back of her mind keeps nagging at her, reminding her that even though she long ago fired Hank and replaced him with J’onn, she’s not really changed all that much. Sure, she cut off a lot of the long wavy hair that Hank had insisted was necessary for her image. And she stopped doing things like going on staged dates with assholes. And she’s begun to shed some of the self-loathing Hank instilled in her by repeating over and over again that she wouldn’t go anywhere as a lesbian singer, that she’d alienate half of her fans before she ever got her foot in the door. But she’s still quiet about things. She’s still closeted and not dating and a little miserable about it all. She’s still failing to be any kind of public inspiration for the kids like her, the ones who want to grow up and be singers or musicians but have so few role models to find. And it’s especially hard at a place like The Den, where most of the people aren’t straight and most of them are out and, she has to assume, a good number of them would probably appreciate more out public figures.

She takes a few extra minutes in the back to pull herself together before she goes out to meet all the fans, and she’s grateful when Kara brings her a drink. By the time she’s finished talking to everyone who had lined up and waited for a turn, Alex is in a weird mood. She finds herself seeking out Maggie, unsure of what she needs but fairly certain Maggie will help. Simply being close to her feels like it will help.

She slumps down at the bar and props her head on her hand, letting out a sigh. “What’d you think?”

Maggie startles a little, as if trying to figure out if Alex is even talking to her. “Of what? The set?”

Alex bobs her head up and down. She sips at her beer while she waits for Maggie’s answer. “Oh, uh, it was great. Just like it always is.”

“Yeah…” Alex’s heart falls. Of course it was the same as always. Because her change of heart doesn’t mean shit if she doesn’t do anything about it. “That’s what I was worried about.”

“Yes…” The little furrow in Maggie’s brow and the way she tilts her head to the side are adorable. “No, no. That it was the same as always.”

Maggie shakes her head vehemently, thumping her rag down on the counter. “That’s not what I meant! I just, you know, you’re always great. And you’re so good with the crowds. And then your voice is beautiful. And I—”

Alex suspects she’s blushing, and she cuts off Maggie’s very sweet but wholly unnecessary
compliments with a wave of her hand. “You’re too sweet. I didn’t—not like that. It’s just…I’ve been thinking about things, working on some new stuff…” She doesn’t mention that it’s a whole series of songs about change and acceptance and, oh yeah, her big lesbian crush. “I wonder if it would go over as well, you know? Is it worth putting something that’s already good in jeopardy?” Hank would have said no. She suspects J’onn would say yes. She chews on the inside of her cheek as she contemplates what it might mean to be out or public or any of those things she had learned so long ago could only be bad for her career.

The feeling of Maggie’s fingers on the back of her hand drags her out of her spiraling thoughts, and Alex nearly gasps at the contact. They’re gone before she can do anything stupid like flip her hand over and hold Maggie’s there. She tries really hard to listen as Maggie talks to her about things being better if she feels better about them because she can tell it’s damn good advice, but Maggie’s voices is smooth as honey, and the memory of her touch still lingers. She blinks slowly when she realizes Maggie has stopped talking. “Do all bartenders give such good advice, or is it just a you thing?”

Maggie’s cheeks flush, and she waves away the compliment. “Ah, I, uh, trick of the trade probably.”

“Mm…I doubt it’s only that.” Not wanting to dwell on how true those words are, Alex spins around, tapping her bottle on the bar once as a kind of goodbye before ambling off to find Kara. She peers around for James’s tall figure, knowing wherever she finds him, she’ll find her sister.

That night, Alex sits up for hours, working on one of the songs she’d started to draft a few weeks ago. She works until her eyes burn from lack of sleep and hopes that the sheer exhaustion will mean her first night of uninterrupted sleep in weeks.

It does not.

She dreams of Maggie and tabloids and Hank’s disembodied voice yelling at her, and she’s almost more tired when she wakes up than she was when she went to bed. The gray skies do little to help her mood, and she can tell Kara is worried about her when she drops by during her lunch break to bring Alex takeout and see if she wants to borrow her car for the afternoon. Kara never lets Alex borrow her car. So Alex forces herself to smile and wave off Kara’s concern, insisting that she needs to shower and practice a few songs anyway.

Once she’s showered, she calls J’onn, draping herself over the couch and contorting herself into increasingly odd positions until J’onn answers on the fifth ring.

“Alex?”

“Hey, J’onn.”

“Are you alright? I didn’t expect to hear from you while you were with Kara.”

Alex smiles at the concern in his voice. She’d never have gotten anything close to that from Hank. “Kara’s at work, that’s all.”

“Ah, right. Still a Friday, isn’t it?”

“Mhm.”

They sit in silence for a few long seconds until J’onn clears his throat. “Is there something you wanted to talk about?”

“You know that new song I sent you?”
“You sent a few.”

“Er, right. Yeah. That group of songs?”

“I do.”

Alex wishes they were in person; she has a hard enough reading J’onn’s tone when she can see him, but everything is a hundred times more difficult over the phone. And she knows he doesn’t like her to make decisions based on what she thinks he thinks is right, but this time, she’d really, really like to know.

“What about them?”

“What, um, what do you think?”

“They’re strong. A little closer to some of the first few songs you wrote in terms of the acoustics, but clearly coming from a more mature voice.”

“Okay…but, like…you know. The content.” Alex hates the way her voice wavers.

“In what sense?”

“J’onn,” Alex whines. “You know what I’m asking.”

“I do. But I want you to voice your concerns. Make them specific for me.”

“What if…what if it’s as bad as Hank said it would be?”

“Well, first of all, it’s been several years since Hank’s assessment. You’re not at the same stage in your career, and the world is a different place.” Alex nods, letting the truth of those words sink in. “And what about all the other things Hank said you had to do? Was your career hurt by your haircut? Did it suffer when you stopped going out on dates with Mr. Lord?”

“No.”

“Then why are you still so convinced that this one part of it might hold true?”

“I don’t know,” Alex whispers.

“I can’t tell you what to do, Alex.”

“You could,” Alex points out. “Hank did.”

“Yes, and you fired Hank.”

“Not for that.”

J’onn’s deep laugh rumbles through the line. “Even still. I wouldn’t want to tell you what to do. Know that no matter what decision you make, I’ll be here to support you.”

“So if I tried to, I don’t know, maybe perform one of them tonight…?”

“I’d be proud of you, no matter how it went.”

Alex nods, feeling her resolve harden. “Thanks.”

“Anytime, Alex.”
By the time they leave for the show that night, Alex feels good. Excited about the show in a way she hasn’t been in a long time. Of course, her heart is pounding in her chest, and her palms are sweaty, and she feels a little queasy, but it’s better than the monotony of doing the same thing every day and knowing she was too scared to take the one risk that might make her happy.

Even the torrential downpour can’t dampen her mood. The small crowd that wanders in actually makes what she wants to do seem a little easier. Baby steps.

She’s too on edge in the best of ways to settle down and talk to Maggie before the show, pacing back and forth around the green room until she’s announced to the tiny crowd.

They start with a few of the fan favorites, and they’re upbeat enough that the small cluster of people starts to get into it, even without the momentum of a real crowd to stir up enthusiasm. Alex takes time to chat with most of them during the course of the performance, grinning broadly at the ones with the rainbow pins and the buttons decorating their bags and the hopeful glimmer in their eyes. They remind her of exactly why she’s doing it. Why it matters that she does it.

“How do you all feel if we change things up a bit tonight?” Alex calls out, earning a chorus of cheers in return, including a particularly loud whoop from the bar that has Alex spinning around to look at Maggie. Her heart thunders in her chest.

She clears her throat. She had been planning on a fuller house, figured she could play a few bars of the new song and call it a day, but with this few people, barely giving them anything and acting like it’s a special treat feels wrong. Instead, she’s honest. “The new song that kept me up all last night isn’t quite ready yet, but I’ve been playing around with covers of some of my favorite songs that I thought could be fun. What do you think?”

They still clap, but it seems to lack the heart of before. Alex wonders if it was a bad idea, but then Maggie is wolf-whistling and drumming her hands on the bar and smiling so broadly that Alex can’t help but laugh into the microphone.

She gives James the stage first, watching as some of the guys in the crowd lean forward in their seats, phones and cameras clutched in front of them. Alex sings back up for him before taking her place front and center again. Normally she’d only have another song or two left, but with such a small crowd and such shitty weather, she figures they could use something extra to make up for it, so she gives Winn and James a slightly longer list, starting out with some of the punk numbers that had cemented in her a love of music while she was growing up, mixing them in with her own songs that the crowd knows and loves and sings along with. Finally she gets up to “Work Song,” bracing herself as she gets to the lines that really shouldn’t mean anything—they’re the lyrics, plain and simple—but do. Because those are the kinds of words she would be singing if she were honest with herself. She thinks the fans must notice because they clap extra loud. She wonders if Maggie does too.

Once they wrap up the set, they don’t follow their normal routine. It’s still pouring outside, and none of them are in the mood to leave yet. Instead, Alex calls out and asks for song recommendations from the crowd. It doesn’t miss her attention that most of them have to do with a female lover, but the idea that they might have noticed doesn’t terrify her the way it once would have. It makes her nervous, sure, but it’s good too—the kind of anxiety that makes her do things that she’d been putting off for too long.

As the last of the crowd disperses, Kara brings up her phone, slipping it into the speakers and hitting shuffle on her music library. Alex delights in Maggie’s laugh each time she can draw it from her, though she also passes off the microphone to Kara and James and Winn in turn, watching as they all take their turn and laugh. It’s the kind of easygoing fun that reminds her of their early days playing
open mic nights and celebrating with cheap pizza and even cheaper beer in the basement of the grimy house Winn and James were renting solely for the fact that it had a pretty soundproof garage.

At some point, Kara yells for Maggie, earning a startled squeak from Alex as she realizes that Maggie is actually coming up there with the help of some cajoling from Winn and James and some of the other bartenders and servers. Maggie sings from the ground for a while, but then Alex decides that’s much too far away, reaching out a hand and drawing her up on stage. She’s filled with a kind of giddy excitement that leaves her feeling reckless, like she could do anything, like she could maybe sweep Maggie into her arms and kiss her senseless. She doesn’t do that, though. She sings to Maggie and holds her hand and jumps around stage like a teenager, laughing and shout-singing the whole time.

By the time they’re closing out the night, Alex is half-tempted to drag Maggie backstage with her and find out if maybe that crush is more than an “oh she’s cute” kind of thing. She sort of thinks maybe it is. Then again, maybe it’s just wishful thinking. So she forces herself to leave when the rest of the band does, though she can’t stop herself from turning back to Maggie and squeezing her hand. “You were right. It does feel better this way.”

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On Saturday, Alex drags Kara down to Marc, the only hairdresser she trusts to touch her hair for anything more than a trim. She likes him. He doesn’t try to fill the time with small talk or act like a therapist. They fill each other in on the basics, then settle into a comfortable silence. Sometimes he hums. Sometimes Alex joins in with a harmony. But there’s none of the forced: “So…how was your niece’s prom?” “Oh, that was last year.” “Right.”

Alex has been going to Marc since she was 19, and he was the only person she would consider when she decided to cut off nearly a foot of her long hair, even though it meant waiting another two months to get the haircut. And this—this will most definitely be another big change, and she’s done waiting. She’s here, in National City, and dammit, she wants to start working toward being the more authentic version of herself—the person she’s been pushing down for too long now. So she goes in with a few photos on her phone and, with an approving smile from Marc, settles into the chair.

She leaves an hour later feeling a little jittery but pleased. It was something she’d wanted to do for a while at that point, and even though, as far as changes go, it's a bigger one, she's happy to have done it. She still buys a hat just in case.

That night, she lets Kara pick parts of her outfit: “No, trust me, these jeans make your butt look the best.” “I don’t know, black seems to be your color, so go with that jacket.” “Yeah, whatever, put on the Converse. See if I care.”

Alex isn’t sure about it until she walks in and sees Maggie drop a glass, wincing when it presumably lands on her foot behind the bar. The reaction gets better and better when Alex pulls off the beanie to reveal her new haircut and Maggie’s jaw actually drops. Alex thought that only happened in movies. Figuring she can have a few moments to soak up the James Dean vibes, Alex runs her hands through her hair before quirking a half-smile in Maggie’s direction and waving before she lets Kara drag her off to the back room to drop off their stuff.

James has questions about the set, but she’s distracted, too wrapped up in thoughts of what she wants to do that night. Eventually James gives up the futile quest, and Alex darts out the door, striding up to the bar and greeting Maggie, who stutters something out in response, barely holding eye contact the whole time. She pushes a glass of water toward Alex without really looking at her.

“You okay?” Alex assumed it was a crush, but now she’s worried she did something wrong.

Alex fights back a smile and nods. “I did know that.” She also appreciates the confirmation that Maggie is as gay as she assumed she was.

“That—that’s good.”

“So you, uh, you saw the haircut then?” Alex’s gaze darts up, trying to figure out if Maggie is being nice or genuine.

But Maggie’s smile is broad and clear as day as she assures Alex that she loves it, rambling on and on. And Alex thinks maybe Maggie knows she’s gay, but she stops herself short before she can say anything clearer than innuendo. Alex isn’t sure if she’s disappointed by that. But then Maggie nearly calls her hot—at least Alex thinks that’s what she was about to say—and she isn’t really sure what to do with someone who maybe thinks she’s hot and maybe has a crush on her and maybe knows she’s gay but isn’t being the most straightforward about any of it. So she knocks her glass on the bar and walks backstage, chastising herself the whole way for not doing a better job of communicating why she got the damn haircut or confirming that, yes, it means exactly what Maggie seems to think it means.

Backstage, Alex finally goes over the set list with an impatient Winn and James, waving off their questions about the extra time she’s blocked out for audience interaction. She has something she wants to say, and, dammit, she’s going to force herself to say it. Because if they don’t have a song to sing, she’s gotta be doing something. Right? She hopes it works that way.

And when she’s up on stage she feels ready to do it, so ready to do it. She talks about her haircut and changes and thinking about the way she’s living her life now, so many years out from those first few open mic nights where she tip-toed up, her hands shaking and her voice wavering. She takes a deep breath and tells them that she’s trying to be more authentic, trying to be more honest with herself and with her fans. And she’s right there, on the cusp of what she’d planned on saying, what she’d wanted to say, but it feels like her throat is too tight and the room is too small and the crowd is too big, and suddenly she’s spouting out platitudes like she works for Hallmark and shuffling back from any sort of big announcement.

She spends the rest of the night filled with regret, and even though the crowd seems happy enough, she isn’t. She’s pissed at herself for chickening out. Pissed at Hank for making her this goddam nervous about something she had been so ready to be open about from the start. Pissed at the tabloids for turning it into something that has to be a thing.

She doesn’t linger when they wrap things up, and when Kara asks if she wants to come out and get a drink with her and James, Alex shakes her head, waving off Kara’s concern with some excuse about needing a few minutes to herself. Kara doesn’t quite seem like she believes Alex, but she leaves anyway.

After a minute or two, Alex realizes she’s sweaty and gross—doubly so from the stress of nearly coming out. Digging through her bag, Alex finds an old white v-neck and starts wriggling out of her shirt, only to hear Kara knocking again at the door. “Come in!” she yells, her voice muffled through the shirt.

The squeak is definitely not Kara, and Alex peers out from under the hem as she rips the sweaty shirt over her head, stuttering out an apology and rambling excuses to Maggie as she forces the new shirt on, nearly getting caught in the arm holes in her hurry.
The drink Maggie hands over is even more welcome than it would usually be, and she mutters her thanks as she takes a sip, savoring the first taste of what she can tell is likely a rather expensive bottle of whiskey.

Maggie waves off her thanks. “Don’t worry about it. You went for it with the whole change—drinks on me for the night.”

Shaking her head, Alex takes another sip. She should probably switch to something cheaper if it’s going to be one of those nights. “I didn’t really.” Maggie just tilts her head to the side in that way she does that makes Alex want to tell her everything. Really, she’s a perfect bartender. “I did the haircut, yes, and I’d wanted to do that for a while. So it’s good. But it wasn’t everything I meant to say tonight.” She wonders if Maggie will let her leave it at that. Part of her hope she doesn’t.

Of course she doesn’t. She motions for Alex to continue instead.

Biting back her nerves, Alex gestures at the couch. She waits until Maggie is sitting and sipping at her own whiskey before she speaks up. Well, really it’s more like word vomit. “I’m gay.”

Her heart thunders in her chest at Maggie’s “oh.” It’s followed by a congratulations that is… unexpected. It takes her a moment to respond, but then she’s laughing—laughing harder than she has with someone who isn’t Kara in a long time. She feels tears pricking at the edges of her eyes. “Do I get a trophy and all?” she teases.

Maggie responds in kind, chuckling as she talks about the Gay Scout badges and all the new things Alex can earn some points for. “And now you’ve come out to someone, right?”

“Well,” Alex hedges, pausing to sip at her whiskey. This is the moment—the time to make it clear that she is gay. Was gay. Was out, even. At least sort of. “It’s a first as far as coming out to someone other than family and close personal friends.”

Maggie looks almost crestfallen, and Alex backpedals, making it clear that she hasn’t said anything because of the press and tabloids and all that bullshit. Maggie seems to understand, nodding along with Alex. But Alex doesn’t really want to be let off the hook that easily. She’s still mad at herself, sort of wants someone like Maggie to challenge her on it. She finds herself listing out all the arguments she’d made in her head for why it would be a good idea to come out: wanting to be a role model for others, wishing she’d had a role model herself, feeling selfish for trying to keep things private that could help others.

Maggie’s eyes shine with understanding as she leans in. “It’s still your life, Alex. If you don’t want it splashed in headlines, then you don’t have to say anything—at least not now.”

“But I—I want to.” And it’s true. She’d been so committed until she just…didn’t. “It’s just weird, you know?”

“You could always go find yourself a girlfriend to hold hands with and kiss in public.” Alex thinks she’s looking at the person she’d like to do those things with. “Then the people that want to know will know, and the rest of the world will call you gal pals.”

Alex snorts. Now is her chance to come clean a little more. “Tragically the only girlfriend I ever had broke up with me a while ago. Not so into the semi-closeted lifestyle.” Understatement of the goddam century. It didn’t help that they’d both been new to things when they first got together, only while Vicki came out to friends and family, Alex, under Hank’s guidance, had pushed herself further and further back into the closet. There were the long fights when Vicki would want to take Alex to a work event and Alex would bow out. There were the dinners out when Alex would shelve Vicki’s
hand away the moment someone so much as looked at them. Each time she could see the sting of hurt and disappointment until it morphed into something more like resentment. And then it was only a matter of time.

“Maybe she’d be up for giving you another chance now that you might want to be open about it?”

Alex narrows her eyes and tries to figure out Maggie’s reaction. Is it an earnest suggestion? Is it masked disappointment? Regardless, Alex doesn’t want Vicki back. Vicki had been…not quite love, even if there were strong feelings there. But there’s too much history, too many months of growing anger and bitter fighting. She’s long since gotten over her, and last she heard, Vicki was engaged to another woman anyway. She’d posted about it on Facebook. Alex couldn’t help but feel a pang of longing for that level of openness. Of course, all of that seems like too much to tell Maggie, so she shrugs it off, dismissing it as an old fling that never would have lasted anyway.

“I’m sure you’d have no problem at all finding someone more than willing to date you.”

Maggie steadfastly avoids eye contact despite Alex’s best efforts. Part of her wants to shake Maggie and demand to know if she’s one of those people that would be willing. The other part of her thinks maybe she doesn’t want to know—not if Maggie is so quick to push her in another direction. Instead, her voice quiet, she asks, “You think?”

Maggie laughs at the question. “Uh, yeah. Trust me. Literally spend two minutes looking through tweets about you, and you’ll see what I mean.”

Alex wants to ask what that even means, but then Kara is at the door because apparently someone is asking for autographs, and Alex doesn’t really want to disappoint a fan, even if she would much rather sit here with Maggie until they get to the bottom of what this all means and whether or not Maggie likes her.

But Maggie is standing, muttering something about heading back to work, and Alex feels like an ass for keeping her there. Maggie cuts off her rambling apologies, her hand brushing across Alex’s wrist and making her breath catch in her throat. “Alex.” Alex thinks Maggie should be the only one who ever gets to say her name ever again because it sounds so perfect falling from her lips. “Trust me, there was nothing more important than being here with you. I wanted to be here. And, well, I’m always here if you need someone to talk to.”

Fuck. Her crush wasn’t supposed to get worse before she could figure out if Maggie liked her, but here it is, getting worse anyway.

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When she gets home, Alex is too wired to sleep, but Kara had gone back to James’s place, so they can’t even have a long chat over too much ice cream that Hank would have insisted was bad for her figure and her voice. Asshole.

Alex ends up on her computer instead, opening the Twitter account someone else manages for her. She doesn’t think she’s ever actually seen it. The photo is okay. She wonders who she would contact about getting an updated one in its place. She tries searching her name and gets far too many results, finally noticing the recent tab and finding hundreds of tweets from that night. She didn’t know people cared that much. It’s sort of flattering.

She scrolls through, finding pictures of herself—some better than others. A fair number of people have tweeted about her speech. Many of them seem to have picked up on the fact that she’s gay, though there are plenty of accounts replying and telling them that it’s wishful thinking or, in a few
instances, saying far worse things that she wishes she could delete. At the very least, they’ll be proven wrong soon enough.

Her eyebrows furrow at the sight of a hashtag she’s seen repeated a few times: #thirstybartender. She clicks on the blue text, finding herself on a page of nothing but tweets about whatever this thirsty bartender business is.

“Oh my god.” Alex wishes Kara were around. Or Winn. Or James. Or anyone really. Because she needs someone to process this with her—to process the fact that there is a viral photo of Maggie, her Maggie, circulating around the internet. Apparently it was taken while she was on stage. Maggie’s mouth is open and her eyes wide and, if Alex was bolder, she might even say she looks turned on. Luckily, she doesn’t have to be that bold because hundreds of her fans have already done it for her. Some have photoshopped in drool. Others have simply labeled it things like: “SAME.” Apparently lesbians like her. That’s good.

She goes to bed feeling a little bit better about what she’d considered a failure of a coming out speech.

Right as she’s falling asleep, the thought strikes her: Maggie was the one who told her to go to Twitter. Maggie is pretty much trending in her Twitter. She wonders if Maggie knows. She wonders if Maggie did it on purpose. Was this her way of showing Alex that she liked her, or was, at the very least, attracted to her?

It takes Alex another hour to fall asleep then, and she sleeps until noon on Sunday, rising only when Kara comes bounding in—far too energetic for pre-coffee Alex.

They spend the day hanging out, and Alex helps Kara bake some cookies, stealing bites of the dough as they go. When they settle into the couch, Alex pokes Kara with the remote. “I, uh, I think I’m gonna try out that new song tonight.”

“Yeah?”

Alex nods.

“That’s awesome!”

“But do you think…is it too rough?” Besides J’onn, Kara is the only person Alex trusts to listen to her songs before they’re finished, and even J’onn hasn’t heard the most recent version yet.

“I think it’s a work in progress, but it’s a good one.”

Alex taps her foot for a few minutes before turning on the television. Even if it’s happening tonight, she isn’t quite ready to talk about it.

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After her set, all Alex wants to do is trudge to the back room and collapse into the sofa and not get up until she absolutely has to. Maybe tomorrow. But fans are already lining up, and even though Alex is crashing from a high of nerves and adrenaline and everything that comes along with not only performing and trying out a new song but also kind of sort of coming out, she doesn’t want to disappoint them.

The beer Maggie sends her way is beyond welcome.

Nearly a full hour later, the line finally dies down and Alex is able to traipse backstage and collapse
into the couch exactly the way she had wanted to do earlier. Only not five seconds later, she has a lapful of Kara, squealing and hugging her and rambling on about how very proud she is. Alex gets more subdued praise for the new song from James and Winn, and she promises that she’ll get them some of the new things she’s been working on once they’re in slightly better shape.

Winn ducks out early that night, and Alex is half-convincing it’s to go meet up with the starry-eyed fan who had been first in line to see him—lined up before Alex could even get offstage.

Kara stays to give Alex another long hug, promising that she’s taken off work on Monday and is ready to spend the whole day with Alex. While they’re saying their goodbyes, there are two soft knocks at the door and James swings it open.

Kara squirms excitedly and pokes at Alex’s arm until she bats away her hand. Because she notices. How could she not? Maggie always seems to stand out more than anyone else in a room, and right now, she’s one of the only people Alex wants to see.

The moment Kara and James leave, shutting the door behind them, a rush of anxiety hits Alex. Suddenly she’s nervous. So nervous. She tugs at her sleeve and scuffs her shoes across the dingy floor and barely manages to say hi. She’s shocked when Maggie tells her that she liked the new song. It wasn’t…of all the options, it wasn’t the most obviously gay one, but it was the closest to polished. And, if she’s being honest, it was the song she was most ready to go public with. But still. It feels like cheating to get praise for something that isn’t an overt coming out.

Maggie shakes her head. “To the people who need it? I think it’s already pretty close, Alex.”

Alex remains unconvinced, pushing Maggie to push her right back. Because she wants Maggie to challenge her; she wants Maggie to demand the answers that Alex wants to give but needs a bit of prompting to actually say aloud. She keeps circling around the point, trying to get them into a space where it makes sense to blurt out something like: “I like you.”

Instead she looks down and tells Maggie that she poked around on Twitter, makes some joke about memes that seems to sail over Maggie’s head. Even a mention of the thirsty bartender gets her a confused look in return. Oh. Apparently that recommendation hadn’t been meant to make any kind of point. Alex hates the way her heart falls at the realization and shakes her head, not ready to sit and explain a meme that isn’t even accurate.

Not wanting to stay and deal with her disappointment in person, Alex slings her bag over her back. “I should probably head out.” She’s halfway to the door before Maggie calls her name, looking half-panicked. Alex tilts her head to the side and waits, one hand already on the doorknob.

Maggie nearly yells at Alex: “I…I, uh…doyouwannagooutwithme?”

Alex blinks. She tries to parse through the jumble of words, separating them out until it clicks into place. Hope swells in her chest, inflating it nearly to the point of bursting, but she needs to be sure. “You asking me out?”

If Alex had to pick a word to describe Maggie’s expression, it would be bashful—something she never thought she’d use to describe Maggie. She can see the bob of Maggie’s throat as she swallows. “I, um, if that’s okay?”

Filled with a confidence born knowing that Maggie likes her, wants to ask her out, Alex channels all that rock star energy Kara keeps trying to get her to claim. “Well, my thirsty bartender, given that I spent tonight singing to you, I’d say it’s probably more than okay.”
Right then and there Alex decides that Maggie’s squeaky, “To me?” is the cutest thing she’s ever heard. How Maggie seems surprised that Alex is agreeing to the date is beyond her, but she’s happy enough to confirm, drawing closer and closer to the one place she wants to be.

Her heart works in overdrive when Maggie leans in, her nose brushing against Alex’s. Her breath comes in shallow gasps, and the world feels like it’s moving at an infuriatingly slow pace, especially when Maggie pauses to confirm that, yes, Alex really wants this.

“Just kiss me already.”

Maggie obliges then, and Alex sinks into the kiss, feeling as all the nerves and anxiety and stress of the night slip away under the press of Maggie’s lips. The feeling of Maggie’s hands running through her hair might be her new favorite thing, and she can’t even be embarrassed about the low moan it draws from her—not when it gets her a whimper in response.

As Maggie’s kisses grow more heated, Alex pushes her back to the couch until she falls into it. Alex follows close behind, straddling Maggie’s lap and pulling her into another kiss. And she knows that maybe it’s a little soon, but she’s also been waiting a really fucking long time for this moment, and waiting any longer seems like torture.

Maggie seems to agree, because she doesn’t make any moves to stop, only pausing to check in a few times as they fall back into the couch and Maggie moves her way down Alex’s body, pushing her shirt up and trailing heated kisses up and over Alex’s abs that have her squirming and panting until a knock at the door breaks them apart.

The instinct to panic hits Alex and hits her strong. She might not want to be closeted anymore, but she’s not sure that being found by some fan with her shirt up over her bra and a woman kneeling between her legs is really the way she wanted that revelation to happen. “Uh…who is it?” she yells, her voice sounding a bit more breathless and high-pitched than usual.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize you were still here. It’s me, Luis.” Alex lets out a sigh of relief. Not that she really wants the big beefy bartender who seems to be good friends with Maggie to see them making out, but it’s not as though he’s some reporter. “You good if I come in to clean up?”

Alex tugs down her shirt down and takes a calming breath, watching out of the corner of her eye as Maggie runs her fingers through her hair. It doesn’t help in the slightest. But Maggie strides over to the door anyway, pulling it open a few inches and hissing, “Can it wait?”

Alex can hear the loud cheer from the other side of the door. “So you did it? I don’t have to go ask her out for you?”

Maggie looks like she’s trying to kill Luis with her eyes, but Alex kind of likes Luis—he seems like a good enough guy—so she decides to intervene, stepping forward and smirking up at him as she drawls, “She did just fine on her own. But if you want to tell me what this whole thing was about, please, be my guest.”

Maggie’s usually tan cheeks look rather pink, and the tips of her ears are nearly red. “It’s nothing,” she blurts out, but Luis is already talking over her, rambling on about Maggie’s apparently massive crush on Alex. And Alex can’t help but laugh because it’s so comforting to know that it wasn’t one-sided, to know that Maggie has apparently been thinking about her as long as she’s been thinking about Maggie.

But Maggie looks humiliated, so Alex reaches out for her hand and talks about how lucky she was that Maggie waited for her to be ready. Luis continues chattering on, but Alex only has eyes for
Maggie. She wonders if Luis would leave if they moved back to the couch.

“Lovebirds!” It’s loud enough to pull Alex out of her reverie. “I said the back room is a little gross. And I know you don’t live that far away, Maggie.”

The idea and all of its implications send Alex’s heart galloping, and a rush of molten heat seems to burn somewhere deep inside her. Ignoring Maggie’s stammering and the daggers she’s glaring at Luis, Alex picks her bag back up from the floor where she’d dropped it when Maggie asked her out and rests a hand on Maggie’s shoulder. “You should probably go first. I think I’d get us lost.”

The way Maggie’s voice cracks and her feet seem to tangle themselves together makes Alex’s heart melt, and when Maggie pauses to double check, Alex swears she’s falling harder by the second. “Think of it as part one of our date. That’s all it has to be. I just…” Alex trails off, emotions swirling around that she isn’t quite sure how to name. “I want to spend more time with you.”

“That sounds perfect to me.”

And Alex has to agree.

Chapter End Notes

I’m on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar
Sanvers Smut feat. Alex’s New Suit

Chapter Summary

The canon divergent smut we deserve feat. Director Danvers in that new suit with that new haircut and her fiancée who finds both rather irresistible

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Maggie switched back and forth between CatCo and the local National City news station, waiting for any coverage of Supergirl’s latest fight to appear and hoping she might catch a glimpse of Alex. Knowing her fiancée, she’d be right in the heart of the it, throwing herself into the fray with an almost reckless amount of courage that Maggie could admit terrified her just as much as it turned her on.

When Alex got the call early that morning, she’d insisted that the DEO could handle this one without NCPD and told Maggie to enjoy her day off. And Maggie supposed maybe it was nice not to have to go running off for every little thing, and perhaps there was something to be said for being able to stay in her sweatpants and actually have a lazy Sunday morning, but she couldn’t keep her thoughts from drifting to Alex. The lack of coverage bothered her. Sure, there were a few times when a small skirmish might go undetected if it was far enough outside the city, but those instances were few and far between, and CatCo normally had its news chopper flying high above the fight within a few minutes of Supergirl’s arrival.

Flipping back to the local news, Maggie listened to the five-day forecast for the second time, rolling her eyes at the same rainy day puns that hadn’t been funny the first go around. She switched to CatCo again. Something about President Marsdin’s trip to Europe for an international summit on alien rights. Normally Maggie would turn the volume up for it, but that morning worries about Alex kept her too distracted, even for coverage she wanted to hear.

The sound of a key scraping in the lock drew her attention, and within a few seconds, Alex was striding through the doorway, tossing her keys onto the table and kicking off her boots with a loud sigh.

“That was fast.”

Alex groaned, running her hands through her hair and pushing it back away from her face. “Tell me about it. False alarm.”

“Oh.” Maggie nodded to herself. “So that’s the reason no one was covering it.”

“Ohm. Nothing to cover.”

“Well I for one,” Maggie said as she ambled over to Alex, “am very glad you’re home.”

Leaning in, Alex pressed a soft kiss to Maggie’s lips, lingering just long enough to feel the small crackle of electricity that seemed to burst to life whenever she let herself fall into Maggie’s orbit. “I wish I never had to leave.”
Maggie hummed in understanding, stepping back and letting her eyes rake up and down Alex’s outfit. “But then you wouldn’t have put on your sexy new suit.”

“Shut up,” Alex laughed, shoving lightly at Maggie.

“I mean it.”

“You realize if I were at home, I would have been naked.”

“Well, yeah,” Maggie hedged. “And that has its perks.” Alex rolled her eyes. “But there’s something about the outfit…”

“That so?” Alex pulled her lower lip between her teeth, stepping closer to Maggie, her warm breath ghosting across Maggie’s lips.

“I don’t know what it is,” Maggie murmured, her fingers skimming up Alex’s arms. “Maybe it’s the whole Director Danvers persona you’ve got going.” She bit back a grin at the way Alex’s spine seemed to straighten, her shoulders rolling back, her head held a little higher. “Maybe it’s how much this damn thing covers…delayed gratification and all that.”

Ducking her head down, Alex pressed a teasing kiss to the corner of Maggie’s mouth. “You could unzip me, let me show you how much gratification we can still get after this morning’s delay.”

“Oh so your fancy magnet gloves only help with getting it zipped up, then?”

Alex pursed her lips and glared at Maggie, though she couldn’t keep her smile back for too long—not when Maggie was batting her eyelashes and giving her that big dimpled grin. “Excuse me for thinking maybe you’d want your hands on me sooner. I’ll do it myself.”

“No!” Maggie’s cheeks flushed with warmth at the yelp. “I, er, I can help.”

The cocky smirk that pulled up the corners of Alex’s mouth was all the incentive Maggie needed. With slow, deliberate movements, Maggie let her fingertips trail across the slight jut of Alex’s hipbone and around her side as Maggie curled herself around Alex before coming to a stop behind her, Alex’s ass flush against her hips. Lifting her hands up, Maggie inched the zipper down, little by little, revealing the smooth skin of Alex’s neck then her upper back. She stopped when she got to the criss-crossed black spandex of Alex’s sports bra, lifting herself up onto her tiptoes to press open-mouthed kisses along the side of Alex’s neck and up to her ear.

“You know…I waited an awfully long time for you this morning. Maybe I should make you wait.”

Maggie felt the chill that ran through Alex at her words and grinned. Alex let out a shuddering exhale. “I, uh, yeah. Yeah, whatever you want.”

“Whatsoever I want?” Maggie’s tongue darted out as she licked up between Alex’s shoulder blades, one of her hands coming up to tangle in Alex’s hair, her fingertips ghosting across the nearly buzzed sides—something that never failed to make Alex shiver.

“Fuck, Maggie.” Alex’s hands groped behind her, finding purchase on Maggie’s hips as she dragged her in closer.

Maggie inched the zipper down a little more as her lips returned to Alex’s neck, alternating between teasing nips and bruising kisses and the smooth stroke of her tongue flicking up. Her free hand journeyed from Alex’s hip down between her legs, rubbing hard enough for her to feel it through the
thick fabric but not giving her nearly enough to get her where she wanted to be.

“Please.” Alex’s voice came out as a soft whine, and her hips began a steady roll that left Maggie groaning.

“Please what?”

“I want this off.”

“It’s coming off.”

Maggie chuckled at the way Alex’s shoulder sagged slightly. She knew if she poked her head around to see, Alex would be pursing her lips at the insistence upon misconstruing her words.

“I want this off faster.”

“I wanted you home faster.”

“Well then...” Alex spun in Maggie’s embrace, catching her by surprise. Two strong arms were around Maggie in an instant, a toned thigh wedging its way between her legs and pushing up against her. Maggie let out a little whimper at the damp press of her boxer shorts against her. “Maybe I make it up to you first.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah?” Alex was already sinking to her knees by the time Maggie managed to nod, her mouth a little too dry to think about getting words out. And besides, her thoughts had gotten stuck on the sight of Alex in the now disheveled suit, her hair rumpled, her eyes dark with want. Coherence with words would be too much to ask.

Maggie’s boxers fell to the floor with little ceremony, and Alex wasted no time in kissing and sucking her way up Maggie’s inner thighs before finally settling in between Maggie’s legs, her tongue parting Maggie’s folds and licking a broad stroke up, then back down as she found her way into a rhythm.

With a loud groan, Maggie wound her fingers into Alex’s hair, holding her close. Her knees wobbled as Alex sucked her clit between her lips, and when Alex’s hands began a slow ascent up her thighs, Maggie could feel her legs trembling. So she pushed Alex back, shaking her head to preempt any questions as she dropped down to the floor, pulling Alex on top of her.

“Did you want to go to the bedroom?” Alex asked, concern flashing in her eyes.

“Don’t want to wait.”

And Maggie could see Alex fighting the impulse to point out that Maggie had been the one to talk about how sexy delayed gratification was, but the roll of Maggie’s hips into her thigh was enough to banish all thoughts of waiting.

“I want you inside me.”

A low noise escaped Alex’s throat before she could stop it, and Maggie felt a rush of heat race through her veins at the look of pure lust flashing in Alex’s eyes.

Maggie sighed as Alex’s fingers slipped between her folds, trailing wetness up and around her clit before coming back down and dipping inside her—first one, then two fingers slowly thrusting into
her. As Maggie rolled her hips, Alex took the hint and picked up the pace, twisting and curling her fingers in ways that left Maggie crying out.

As everything began to build, Maggie reached a hand up and dragged Alex down, claiming her lips in a searing kiss and letting herself feel every inch of the woman whose safety she had worried about all morning, letting herself feel how alive she was, how warm and real and there she was. Maggie’s mouth dropped open as Alex curled her fingers just so, her grip on Alex’s uniform tightening as she held her close. Foreheads pressed together, breath mingling, Maggie let herself be swept away as heat and pleasure and arousal coiled deep inside of her, wrapping tighter and tighter until, with a stutter of her hips and a strangled moan, the tension broke.

Maggie was only vaguely aware of Alex slipping out of her, but she felt herself melt into the soft press of Alex’s lips against her own and sigh at the feeling of Alex’s hand cupping at her jaw. But then Alex’s leg was pressing between her own, and Maggie knew she had just come but she couldn’t help the low groan or the way her hips canted up, seeking out the source of their pleasure.

“Already?” Alex’s eyes sparkled with amusement and a hint of pride that, Maggie could admit, was well-deserved. Of course, it didn’t stop her from flipping them over before Alex could quite realize what was happening, intent on wiping that cocky smirk off Alex’s lips. But then Alex was flexing her leg and pushing it up to give Maggie more leverage, and Maggie’s hips seemed to roll into her of their own volition, an almost obscene moan filling the air as she tossed her head back.

“Fuck, you’re so hot.”

Dropping both hands to the ground, Maggie braced herself above Alex, her hips moving faster and faster.

“C’mere,” Alex murmured, tugging on the thin cotton of whatever old t-shirt Maggie had plucked out of her drawer that morning. She pulled Maggie down into a heated kiss, her teeth dragging along Maggie’s lower lip and her nails digging into Maggie’s ass, encouraging her as she moved faster and faster against the taut muscles of Alex’s thigh.

Alex felt as Maggie’s body began to tense, her back arching and her movements growing jerkier. “Come for me,” Alex half-begged, half-ordered, and she let herself sink back to the floor to watch in wonder as Maggie’s mouth dropped open slightly, her whole body tensing until her orgasm crashed over her, leaving her shuddering as she collapsed into Alex’s chest.

“God, I’ll never get tired of that.”

Voice muffled, Maggie managed to get out a barely comprehensible, “Good,” before dropping back down to Alex’s chest.

After a few minutes, once her breathing and her heart rate had slowed down, Maggie rolled herself off of Alex, curling around her side.

“Hey, Maggie,” Alex whispered, her fingers carding through Maggie’s hair.

“Yeah?”

“Know what you get to do today?”

Maggie’s eyes fluttered open at the rasp of Alex’s voice and the promises it seemed to hold. “What’s that?”

“I’ll give you a hint: it has to do with my suit.”
Maggie raised herself up on her elbows, her energy suddenly returning. “Oh yeah?”

“Mhmm,” Alex purred, but then suddenly her tone was brisk and businesslike as she gestured at her thigh to where Maggie could see her own arousal slowly drying and leaving rather noticeable white streaks across the dark fabric. “You’re gonna wash this so I don’t get hell from everyone at the DEO.”

Maggie snorted loudly. “I think they might be impressed, Danvers. You really can do it all in that suit — catch the aliens, chase the bad guys, get the girl.”

“I’d rather let that last point stay in the realm of their imaginations than give them all physical proof of it.”

“Fine, fine.” Maggie sighed dramatically, flinging herself across Alex’s chest. “But if we’re already gonna have to wash this suit…” She fluttered her eyelashes at Alex as she pulled herself up and sat back on her heels. Her fingers danced up Alex’s torso, slipping under the suit and shimmying it down over her shoulders until Alex took the hint, shifting up and letting it fall to her waist.

Guiding Alex back down to the ground, Maggie trailed teasing kisses across Alex’s collarbones, and her nails scratched along Alex’s abs. She grinned at the sight of the muscles tensing and flexing as she got closer and closer to where Alex needed her. “Can we have a little more fun in it first?” Maggie rasped, her fingers slipping beneath the line of the suit, the snug fit keeping her fingers pressed tight against Alex.

Alex’s breath caught in her throat as Maggie’s fingers found her, wet and waiting. “Maggie.”

“Is that a yes, Director?”

Struggling to keep her breathing even, Alex nodded, her lower lip pulled between her teeth.

“I want to hear you.”

“Please,” Alex managed, the word morphing into a low moan as Maggie pushed her hand lower.

She came before Maggie made it inside her, and even though washing the suit with Winn’s “special care” instructions took far longer than Alex had ever wanted to spend washing a single garment, she couldn’t find it within herself to say it hadn’t been worth every second.

Chapter End Notes

I’m on Tumblr @sapphicscholarwrites and Twitter @sapphicscholar

For those of you who liked Noise Complaint, do note that I’ve been publishing a companion piece to it, In the Next Room, which is Maggie’s POV on the whole thing but features a lot of new material.
Sanvers Soulmate AU Redux

Chapter Summary

Soulmate AU where you can hear everything your soulmate thinks (credit for the premise goes to EmilieVitnux on Tumblr when I was flailing around for ideas a year ago for the Sanvers Week soulmate AU day...and then decided to write a The Good Place AU instead…)

Alternating POV between Alex and Maggie over the years, ending with all smut

Chapter Notes

A/N: I inadvertently promised some smut without mentioning that it was for a non-SG fandom last night (but if any of y’all watch CAOS and ship Madam Satan/Zelda or feel like reading 7k of smut, feel free to go check it out at https://archiveofourown.org/works/17225660 – I’d love to hear your thoughts!). I’m not sure I love how this turned out, but it’s a prompt that was on my list for a while, and there are parts that I do like, so here ya go! It’s a lot less fluffy than most soulmate AUs (which have never really been my thing); instead it’s on the dark side in the beginning and very dirty by the end per my Twitter promises

TW for a brief mention of suicidal thoughts

Maggie tried to convince herself that it was okay that she hadn’t heard her soulmate’s thoughts yet. In fact, it was better than okay. Because they said that the further away you were, the longer it took for certain connections to be forged. And god Maggie wanted nothing more than a guaranteed way out of Blue Springs, Nebraska. Besides, what was some other middle school kid going to think that she hadn’t already considered? Unless her soulmate was some kind of super genius who was off inventing hoverboards… That could be kind of cool. But until then, she was happy enough playing soccer and rolling her eyes at the girls who giggled about getting little flashes into some dumb 12-year-old boy’s head and hearing about how he was craving burgers or wondering if he could teach his dog to skateboard.

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Even after her classmates started hearing fleeting moments of thoughts that didn’t belong to them, Alex wasn’t sure she believed in soulmates. Sure, scientifically, they were a thing. There were neural pathways that could be seen and traced as they evolved over the years, the connections firing and lighting up every so often during an individual’s lifetime, then suddenly bursting to life once the people involved actually met (if they met). But still, Alex didn’t get why having someone creeping around your thoughts made you soulmates. In fact, it sort of seemed like a terrible situation. Maybe Alex wanted her future husband to see the best side of her instead of the weird, random thoughts that flitted through her mind. Or maybe she didn’t really want a husband and didn’t need some boy running around convinced that she’d have to marry him just because she once heard him thinking
about wanting hotdogs for lunch.

But then Alex heard her soulmate. Or no, she supposed, she didn’t hear her actual soulmate. For some reason that no one quite understood, the voice wasn’t your soulmate’s; it was your own. The only theory that made even a little bit of sense to her was the idea that it was to keep people from getting really freaked out the first time it happened. If thoughts that weren’t your own filtered through in your own voice, maybe they would be less disconcerting. Alex thought it probably just complicated diagnoses of split personality disorder, but no one really liked it when she talked about something as romantic as soulmates that way, so she kept those thoughts to herself.

Still, despite all of her concerns, when thoughts from her soulmate first came pouring through their connection—not many, just a moment of a panicky Shit, shit shit, followed by disjointed ramblings about some rudimentary plan about buses to take and where to transfer and how to find someone named Mariana—Alex at no point doubted whose thoughts they were. Somehow, she simply knew, like some kind of knowledge she felt way down deep in her bones. And no one had really talked about that part of it. They’d mentioned being surprised or even a little scared by the newness, but Alex found it to be comforting, familiar in a way she’d never expected. What shocked her most of all about the incident wasn’t that it had happened, no; it was how much she cared about the other person, whoever he was. She cared that he was panicking about something, that he was out alone at night (or, she supposed, maybe he lived really far away, and it wasn’t night there at all). She still didn’t necessarily know that she wanted to spend the rest of her life with the guy, but something inside of her seemed to shift. Something inside of her called out, desperately trying to send thoughts back—thoughts like, It’s going to be okay, and I’m in Midvale, California, if you’re nearby and need a friend. She wasn’t sure if he could hear them, and the idea that he might think no one cared made her think of Kara and her time floating out in the Phantom Zone for years and years on end without a friend in sight. She hoped her soulmate found his family again. Or, if they were gone forever like Kara’s were, she hoped he found a new family that would love him as much as her parents loved Kara. And, fine, okay, maybe she had started to love Kara too, even if she’d absolutely ruined her social life.

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It took until Maggie’s senior year of high school for her to hear a single discernable thought that she could pinpoint as belonging to her soulmate. She was sitting at the bus stop, waiting for the number 37 to arrive to take her to work when she was hit with a wave of spiraling thoughts—things about being worthless, about being the one to blame, about ruining everything they touched, about the world being better off without them. The thoughts were gone as fast as they had crashed over her, leaving Maggie reeling, her stomach churning and her sense of equilibrium thoroughly disturbed. She’d heard stories about soulmates being able to force open the connection long enough to send life-saving messages back, even before they’d met. No one knew exactly how it worked, but there were theories about extreme situations and heightened emotions, so Maggie let all of her fear for this person—this woman, she hoped—flood her senses while thinking as hard as she could: You matter. Someone out here thinks your life is worth living. Just…just give it one more day, one more night. I know what it feels like to wonder if disappearing would be better, but you just keep putting one foot in front of the other because you matter.

Maggie spent six long months waiting to find out if her soulmate was alive. It was around her graduation that a single thought slipped through: Kara, please, just make it to me on time. Part of her wanted to know what was going on, who Kara was, where her soulmate was. But mainly she was just relieved about her soulmate’s continued existence.

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It was during Alex’s years as an undergrad at Stanford that the connection seemed to force itself open a little more. For the first time, Alex started hearing random snippets from her soulmate’s life. Some of them were utterly mundane—*Did I turn off the oven?*—while others seemed important but perhaps the kind of things her soulmate might not want her to know about—*If I can get by on leftovers from the restaurant for a few more days, I can probably pay the electricity bill without the check bouncing*—and others still made Alex wonder about the kind of guy her soulmate was—*I wonder if she’d notice if I just slipped out…* Still, it was kind of nice to get some reminder about a person out there who the universe thought she was destined to be with, especially when all of her own relationships seemed doomed to implode. Maybe the problem wasn’t her so much as it was them. Or, whispered a more sinister voice in the back of her head that had a habit of creeping up on her late at night, she’d ruin it by putting her work first or not wanting to do anything more than kiss him or any of the other myriad reasons her exes had given her when they explained that things just weren’t working out between them.

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During Maggie’s time in the police academy, she thought about her soulmate rather frequently. One of the classes the new recruits attended was about learning to be somewhat circumspect about their thoughts to help protect their future husbands and wives from seeing the more grisly moments encountered in the course of doing their jobs. But it was more than just the kinds of conversations they had in the classroom that left her reflecting nightly on the kind of woman she’d hopefully meet one day and get to feel that instant bond with. Instead, it was the connection between her and her soulmate, which had been steadily opening further and further over the past year. Because with that sense of connection came more and more glimpses into the woman’s life, and those glimpses painted a portrait of a woman whose life was falling apart. As Maggie was drifting off to sleep most nights, she’d hear disjointed thoughts about parties and finding someone to buy her drinks. Once or twice, she’d woken up in the middle of the night to scared thoughts about finding a way home or not knowing where she was. Another time she’d been pouring herself a bowl of cereal as a midnight snack when she heard a pitiful: *I hope this is better with my soulmate.* Around her lunch break, Maggie was often hit with self-loathing and her soulmate’s internal promises not to spend another morning with her head in a trashcan and her whole body aching. And it was right around the time Maggie was starting as a rookie cop at Gotham PD that she heard her soulmate panicking—something about academic probation. She supposed her soulmate must be a few years younger than her, then, if she was still in college. Hopefully with age would come a bit of wisdom and maturity. Not that Maggie would ever turn the woman away from her for struggling; they’d find a way to work through it together, she just knew it. After all, what use was it having one person who the world promised would be in your corner if they abandoned you at the first sign of trouble?

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Like a good scientist, Alex had recognized and categorized the sorts of thoughts she heard from her soulmate over the years, but other than the time she’d tried to send him a message in middle school, she’d never given much consideration to the kinds of thoughts she was sending back to him—at least not until Hank Henshaw came into her life and recruited her to the DEO. And then she was going through intensive lessons on controlling her thoughts and protecting her mind from both alien threats and inadvertent revelations to a future soulmate. Apparently even soulmates were no exception to the NDAs every DEO agent signed as part of their onboarding to an agency that didn’t technically exist.

Hank seemed impressed with the speed of Alex’s progress in blocking her thoughts. Alex attributed her success to how many years she’d spent convincing Kara and her mother that she was absolutely fine while her life was falling apart. (That thought made her wonder just how much her soulmate had heard of that period and whether he’d even want to deal with her.) Yet no matter how successful
Alex was at closing off the connection between her and her soulmate, she continued to struggle at projecting carefully constructed thoughts back though, which Hank assured her was an equally vital part of the process. After all, her soulmate might think she had died if she forcibly sealed off the connection. A little part of Alex thought that might not be the worst possibility. If her soulmate thought she was dead, he’d be able to move on with his life, keep dating the woman she heard too much about through his thoughts or go find someone else in one of those groups for people without soulmates and people who’d lost their soulmates and people who’d given up on ever finding their soulmates. He’d never have to struggle through a relationship with someone who spent 14-hour days at a secret underground government facility or who only got that job after semesters of watching her life spiral out of control, culminating in her night in a drunk tank for trying to drive home absolutely plastered. But Hank shook his head, and Alex swore that even though he wasn’t her soulmate and she had gotten exceptionally good at covering her thoughts, he could see right through her. So Alex committed herself to learning the art of projecting better thoughts—true ones, Hank had insisted, which made Alex roll her eyes. It wasn’t like she had much going on outside of work. So her soulmate got to hear a lot about the various kinds of takeout she ordered for dinner and the weekly phone calls she had with her family. Real fucking exciting connection they had going. She sent him thoughts about sesame chicken. He sent her thoughts about banging some woman named Emily. Sounded about right.

Over the years, Maggie wondered what had happened to the soulmate whose thoughts had once been, if dark for a stretch of time, at least vibrant, every so often bursting forth with all the excitement of a new discovery, some passionate moment in the classroom or lab. They’d been replaced with mundane, trivial details that came less and less frequently. Maybe she’d moved further away from Maggie. Or gone through some tragedy that had left her closed off to others. Maggie hoped she was alright.

It was during one of Alex’s first overnight missions out with the DEO that her connection with her soulmate exploded in a flurry of emotions and nearly screamed thoughts. Earlier that evening, there had been angry ramblings—If she thinks she can just order me around because her parents would rather I ‘look a certain way’… and Fine. Five fucking years, and she’s gonna end it by just walking out the door. He was upset enough that Alex expected the less-than-coherent drunken thoughts that she could only assume she’d once barraged her soulmate with during the early years of grad school. She hadn’t expected him to be such a pig, though: a muttered, Fuck, she’s hot, followed by, Good. She’s gay. Whatever. Maybe he’d have grown up by the time they met. Or maybe it would be a nice excuse to end it before it ever began. She was grateful to be too busy stalking through the sewer system looking for a rogue alien to pay attention to the occasional thought being sent her way while her soulmate went and bedded another woman. She’d had more than enough of those thoughts over the years, and they definitely didn’t make her feel any less shitty about her failed attempts at enjoying sex. Not that she’d tried anytime recently…

It was when Alex finally got back to her apartment and crashed on top of her comforter, ready to sleep for hours, that a barrage of panicked thoughts hit her. From what she was able to piece together from her one-sided, half-asleep perspective on things, it sounded like Emily hadn’t really thought she was dumping the dude, though she certainly did then. Angry thoughts quickly gave way to self-loathing ones, and Alex didn’t have the strength to try to tell the guy he was a decent person again. Instead, she let sleep overtake her and dreamed of angry women and bitter breakups.
Overall, Maggie had no regrets about her move to National City. It was better than Gotham, and the police department was far less corrupt. She got paid more and even had the chance to work in the newly founded Science Division. She thought she might even be closer to her soulmate, since the connection had sharpened during her first month or two there before quieting down once more. The few weeks had been filled with panicked thoughts that Maggie swore were cut off before they could really begin. She wondered if, perhaps, the neural pathways connecting her and her soulmate were damaged. Maybe that was why she only caught snippets. Or maybe her soulmate was a cop, too, and had received the same training about trying to keep away certain thoughts. If that was the case, Maggie thought, her soulmate was damn good at it because Maggie couldn’t help but feel as if she was only ever getting the bare minimum.

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After Kara came out to the world as Supergirl, Alex clamped down on her thoughts more than ever. She feared she may have let her soulmate glimpse how absolutely distraught she was during the early weeks, but she liked to think she'd gotten a handle on it quickly enough to keep anyone from drawing those sorts of connections to her and the Girl of Steel who the world knew all too soon had come from Krypton, just like Superman. Her soulmate definitely knew about aliens, though, and from the sound of it, he liked dating them too. Between her job and her sister, Alex wasn’t quite sure what to make of that knowledge. Instead, she settled on ignoring it.

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At the sight of a tall woman strutting across the tarmac, the setting sun bathing her in warm light, Maggie felt that familiar tug of arousal mixed with something far headier. As it turned out, the woman—an Alex Danvers—was a cocky fed and an asshole to boot, but Maggie couldn’t shake the sense that there was something important happening when they met, like she should keep talking to this woman who clearly wanted nothing to do with her. Apparently that feeling wasn’t mutual, and Maggie soon found herself standing alone at a crime scene stripped of evidence by an organization she was almost positive was not the Secret Service. It was fine, though. She’d get to the bottom of things on her own—the same way she always did.

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It was during drinks with an annoying NCPD detective in a grungy dive bar surrounded by aliens whose intentions were definitely not all good that Alex was overwhelmed with thoughts from her soulmate. The early ones were somewhat piggish, but they seemed slightly more mature than before. Fuck, she’s hot. Oh my god, stop staring. Stop staring. Play it cool. The next round hit her while she was trying to figure out how to react to Maggie Sawyer casually mentioning that she dated both aliens and human women and liked them in that order. Fuck me, another homophobe. You’d think I’d learn at some point.

“Do you have a problem with that?” Maggie challenged, her arms folding over her chest and the warmth of before quickly dissolving.

Alex blinked slowly, trying to draw herself back from her soulmate’s confusing thoughts to the conversation at hand. She didn’t get why he’d care about homophobes unless he was gay, but why would the universe set her up with a gay man? And fuck, she’d been quiet for a really long time, and Maggie was getting up, and Alex was panicking. “No! Sorry, I’m just, no. Uh, distracting soulmate thought—that’s all.”

“Oh.” Maggie seemed to relax slightly at that, lowering herself back down to her seat. “My soulmate’s pretty quiet.”
“Mine never used to be this bad.”

Maggie tilted her head to the side. “Ever think you might’ve met your soulmate, Danvers?”

“What?” Alex’s voice cracked on the word.

“If you can suddenly hear a lot more…I mean, that’s pretty much the number one sign of having met them.”

Alex closed her eyes, trying to think back to all the men she’d met or come into contact with over the past few days. She glanced around at the aliens, thought back to the crowds at President Marsdin’s speech, remembered the man who’d bumped into her in line at Noonan’s. Fuck. She should have been paying better attention to these sorts of things.

“I take it you don’t have any leads, Agent?” A teasing smile played about Maggie’s lips, making Alex grumble.

“Whatever. It’s—it doesn’t matter.”

“Oh?”

Alex shrugged, picking at the label of her beer bottle. “It wouldn’t have worked out anyway. They just—they never do.” Alex jerked up. “Sorry, I shouldn’t be…I didn’t mean to dump that on you.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it. I know we didn’t get off on the best foot, but”—Maggie dipped her head to the side—“I’m here if you need a friend.”

Alex nodded and muttered a quiet, “Thank you,” even though she had no intention of ever asking Maggie Sawyer for a moment’s help once the case ended.

Over the next few days, Alex listened carefully to her soulmate’s thoughts, feeling increasingly grateful that they often quieted when she most needed it, like when she was watching the crowd at the President’s attempt at signing her executive order into law or when she was rescuing Maggie from Scorcher in some old abandoned warehouse. It was damn lucky timing is what it was, given how active that neural pathway had become at other times. And the thoughts were just…unexpected. Alex didn’t get them.

Over the next few weeks, her soulmate thought a whole lot about another woman being gay—Add another one to the lesbian column—and even more about internalized homophobia—Oh shit, she’s jealous and doesn’t even know it. Thank you, heteronormativity (which Alex googled when she got home that night after Maggie turned her down for drinks in favor of a date with some blonde)—and something about needing to call an old softball teammate, none of which made sense with the picture Alex had constructed of her soulmate. So even though she’d resolved never to speak to Maggie about those things, she figured she’d already broken half of her promise by going and becoming friends with the woman whose company she found she craved for no discernable reason, so she texted her: “Drinks?”

A few minutes later, Alex’s phone chimed with a reply: “Dollywood at 7?”

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Maggie drummed her fingers against the hightop where she was sitting alone until Alex arrived, muttering apologies about work emergencies making her a few minutes late. Maggie waved it off. “Trust me, I’ve gotten called out for being obsessed by work in enough breakup speeches to be pretty sympathetic to what our line of work demands of us.”
“Right.”

Maggie furrowed her brow, trying to figure out why Alex looked so upset, her usual nervous tics amplified a hundredfold. “What’s up, Danvers? Something happen at work?”

“Oh, I, uh, I just…you mentioned that maybe you could help me with the soulmate thing.”

“Oh! I mean, I can’t work magic,” Maggie laughed, “but I’m totally down to help you investigate.”

“Er, yeah, it’s less…or, it’s more…” Alex took in a deep breath and blurted her question out on the exhale: “I think maybe my soulmate’s a lesbian?”

That was so far from what Maggie had been expecting. Well, no, she absolutely figured Alex Danvers didn’t have a heterosexual soulmate, since she was so clearly gay and in denial. But she didn’t really think the woman would figure it out so quickly. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I mean he—or, I guess she”—Maggie kept comments about the possibility of they or something else to herself for the moment; at least Alex wasn’t still insisting the person was a straight man—“keeps thinking about stuff. Like, gay stuff.”

Maggie bit her tongue to keep from asking what exactly “gay stuff” entailed. “How do you feel about that?”

“I guess, I just don’t—well, it doesn’t make much sense.”

“What doesn’t?”

“That the universe would set me up with a lesbian.”

“Oh?”

“I mean, I’m not gay, Maggie. I told you that before.”

Maggie didn’t point out that she’d also told Alex that she heard that sentence from a lot of straight girls who turned out to be really fucking gay before. “Will you be happy if it turns out your soulmate is some man you met a couple of weeks ago, and all the weird thoughts have been nothing but a fluke?”

Alex froze, her beer halfway to her lips, and there it was. “I—I mean—it’s just—”

“Hey, it’s okay,” Maggie soothed, pressing her hand against Alex’s and ignoring what felt like an electric current surging between them. “You don’t have to have all the answers right now.”

“I just…”

“Sometimes things click into place all at once. Sometimes it takes a long time. Either way is fine.”

“But I…I don’t…”

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The fact that her soulmate’s thoughts were penetrating through the mental defenses she’d had J’onn teach her to fortify over the past few days was not helping Alex to sort through the jumbled mess of feelings swirling in her head. She didn’t quite realize she had started rambling at Maggie until she was already halfway through her speech—something about a perfect life and perfect grades and being the perfect sister but never the perfect girlfriend. “I, um, some things…they never felt right.”
Maggie nodded, giving Alex a knowing smile that made Alex want to duck under the table to avoid being understood quite so readily.

“I just, I never really liked being…intimate,” Alex whispered, picking at the grain of the wood on the table with her nail. “And I always thought…I thought that I was the problem.” She glanced up then, rolling her eyes back to look up at the ceiling and blink back the tears Maggie had the decency to pretend she didn’t see. “I never really thought it might be, you know, the other thing.”

“It can be hard when you’ve been made to think a certain way about things your whole life.”

Maggie reached out and rested her hand on top of Alex’s. And suddenly Alex was acutely aware of her body, of the way it seemed to come to life in that moment after nearly three decades of stasis, the way her nerves fired up, her blood humming with something new and hot and heady that made her want to be reckless.

“I should go,” Alex blurting out, nearly jumping to her feet and just barely managing to reach around in time to keep the barstool from crashing to the floor.

“Alex! Alex, wait!”

But Alex ignored Maggie’s voice, ignored the low tug in her abdomen that made her want to turn around and race back to the woman and maybe take her in her arms and—no. No. Absolutely not.

The whole drive home, Alex let her own thoughts overwhelm her soulmate’s, trying and probably failing to keep up her own mental barriers as thought after panicked thought threatened to slip through the cracks.

Alex drank herself to sleep that night to finally quiet all the voices.

The next day, she hid herself away in the DEO and ignored Maggie’s texts with as much fervor as she ignored her soulmate’s concerned questions—Did I scare her away?—that Alex assumed must be the result of her own panicked thoughts filtering through.

Over the next several days, Alex forced herself to reckon with the truth of the matter. She let herself sit with the knowledge that her soulmate was a lesbian. That she…she was…she wasn’t meant to end up with a man. She couldn’t quite get all the way over to the other possibility just yet.

Eventually she called Maggie again and invited her out to apologize—apologies that Maggie waved off, insisting that almost everyone went through it and that she was happy enough to be Alex’s friend throughout the process. Alex didn’t mention that her feelings about Maggie seemed increasingly non-platonic because Maggie seemed too interested in the soulmate that Alex had apparently met and lost track of over the week to be feeling anything other than friendship herself.

“I don’t know,” Alex had shrugged when Maggie pushed her on details about her soulmate and why Alex didn’t seem overly concerned about her. “I think she’ll get over it.”

“Get over it?” Maggie scoffed. “Everyone I know who’s met their soulmate has been ecstatic. They all really want to go find them once that connection opens up.”

Alex ducked her head down, pulling her lower lip between her teeth. “I, uh, my soulmate may not know that we’ve met yet…”

“C’mon, Danvers,” Maggie teased, bumping her shoulder with her own. “I know you’re pretty much a genius, but do you really think your soulmate is that dense?”
Rubbing at the back of her neck, Alex shook her head. “It’s just with my job…my real job, we all had to go through extra training.”

“Oh?”

“On how to keep thoughts away from our soulmate, project the right kind of image and thoughts to keep them from learning about the organization, about the kinds of things we see and do every day. And my boss always told me I was good at blocking that connection, so what if…what if I’m too good at it? What if that connection opened, but the other person has no idea?”

Maggie sat in silence for a few moments before glancing down at her phone that most definitely had not rung and insisting that she needed to leave and deal with that. Alex tried to pretend like it didn’t hurt to watch her walk away.

Over the next few days, though, Maggie didn’t disappear. In fact, she seemed more determined to spend time with Alex than ever before, encouraging her not to give up hope on her soulmate and to try to open that connection a little more. And it made Alex feel a little pathetic, like Maggie was probably just being nice to the poor woman who didn’t realize she was a lesbian for almost 30 years and whose soulmate would never know they had met and would therefore never even think to look for her. But, selfishly, Alex enjoyed the time they spent together too much to say no to Maggie, even though she wasn’t quite so concerned about her missing soulmate as Maggie seemed to be. In fact, she found herself trying harder and harder to steer the conversation away from talk of soulmates so that she could learn and hear more about Maggie. Because she loved the way Maggie used her hands when she got wrapped up in telling a good story. She loved the way Maggie laughed loudly when Alex told a joke that wasn’t all that funny, never worried about people looking at them or judging them, as if the whole world had narrowed to just the two of them. She loved the way Maggie smiled at her for no reason at all sometimes, sending warmth spreading out from somewhere deep inside of her. And Alex knew it was dangerous to let herself fall for Maggie, to fall for the woman rooting for her and her soulmate to get together, but she couldn’t help the way she felt drawn to Maggie no matter how hard she tried to stay away.

It was after a particularly long night with a few too many drinks and far too much casual touching that Alex found herself home alone, staring up at the ceiling, her blood pounding in her ears, heat coiling low in her abdomen, and the insistent pulse of desire coursing through her veins. She couldn’t help but wonder if certain things would be different with women, if she might enjoy those acts she’d written off as utterly unappealing. With a scientist’s curiosity, Alex let her hand dip beneath the waistband of her boyshorts, gasping when she found herself sticky with arousal. With a shake of her head, Alex pulled her hand back out, drying her fingers off on her shorts and making a mental note to wash them in the morning.

Attempting to drive all thoughts of Maggie from her mind, Alex tried to focus in on her soulmate, tentatively lowering some of her mental defenses to see if she could get a better picture, but giving up on the project when nothing clear was forthcoming. Instead, she rolled over onto her side and tried to sleep again.

After another hour of restless tossing and turning, Alex decided it couldn’t hurt to test out one of those things that might be better if she thought about herself and another woman. She’d think about her soulmate, though—that was all. It might not be totally ethical, but the universe had already tangled their futures together in some secret, fated way that was wholly outside of Alex’s control, and besides, there was a whole genre of erotica dedicated to soulmates basically getting off to each other long before they met. It was fine. Almost normal. So long as she didn’t think about Maggie, didn’t let her mind drift to those dimples or that long hair or those soft hands or those tight jeans and the way they hugged her ass—no. Alex shoved all those thoughts away, focusing instead on the idea
of her soulmate. The idea of her lesbian soulmate. Who she might one day soon meet again. Who she might meet and ask on a date, then another date, and maybe even have sex with—and have sex that she might enjoy for a change.

Letting her eyes flutter shut, Alex conjured up an image of a nameless, faceless woman. It didn’t do much for her, but that earlier arousal hadn’t quite left her body, so she figured she could make it work. She tried to think about how things might go. She replaced the club bathrooms and dirty bachelor pads of her past with her own apartment—clean sheets draped over her large bed, the fading rays of sunlight filtering in through her window, soft, warm hands guiding her up the few stairs to her room. She imagined the woman kissing her, the press of lips—careful, gentle, treating Alex like she was precious, worth treasuring. She imagined those hands wrapping around her waist, carding through her hair, curling around the back of her neck and playing with the short hairs there.

A shiver ran through her body, and suddenly the kissing was more heated, the gentle touches giving way to a more insistent press of parted lips, a hot tongue trailing along the seam of her mouth before making its way inside. Fingers crept up the hem of her shirt, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake.

Alex’s own fingers found their way back under her boyshorts, her whole body shuddering at even the light touch. She bit her lower lip to keep from crying out as she dipped into wet heat before trailing her fingers, now slick with her own arousal, back up and around her clit—taking her time, not rushing through it in the way she used to when she just needed to fall asleep.

In her thoughts, Alex grew impatient, urged the woman—her soulmate, she reminded herself—over to her bed. Then clothes were disappearing with an ease she’d never achieved in real life but that fantasy made seem so simple. Alex dragged her eyes up over toned thighs and abs, the gentle swell of another woman’s chest, the slope of her shoulders, the smooth lines of her neck, the loose waves of dark hair falling across her shoulders, the deep brown eyes. Alex shook her head, returning her attention lower once more. She watched the way the woman’s muscles tensed when Alex’s hands dragged across her stomach, the way her hips bucked up into Alex’s touch when she let her fingers stray lower. And even though she’d never given that much thought to it, Alex knew exactly what she wanted to do, knew that she wanted to taste this woman, to feel her come undone beneath her mouth, her hands, whatever she could offer to her.

Alex’s hands scrabbled at her sheets as she pressed a second finger deep inside of herself, curling it forward and gasping out in pleasure. She could feel her own arousal spilling out, clinging to her fingers and dripping down onto her sheets, and god, it had never been like this before. She’d never felt so good, never felt so much.

As her fingers pumped in and out of her, the heel of her palm grinding down against her clit, Alex screwed her eyes shut, picturing Mag—her soulmate writhing beneath her ministrations, tugging on her hair and calling out her name in a raspy voice that, fuck, sounded too familiar, but it didn’t matter because the woman was coming, and Alex was coming, and everything was soon enveloped in white hot waves of pleasure that made it hard to focus on trivial, insignificant things like the fact that Alex was fairly certain her soulmate would never compare to the woman dedicated to helping her find that nameless, faceless idea of a woman.

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After cancelling on Alex twice, Maggie decided she needed to see the woman, needed to find out for sure if the suspicion that had been resolving itself into something like certainty over the past few weeks was really true.

Alex was already at the bar when she arrived, waving eagerly before blushing a light shade of pink
and shoving her hand in her pocket. Maggie didn’t miss the, Goddammit, play it cool, that echoed through her thoughts at the same moment.

“Hey, Danvers.”

“Hey! Er, uh, yeah, what’s up? Work been keeping you busy?”

Maggie shrugged. “You know how it gets sometimes. Long cases and not enough sleep.” She didn’t feel like mentioning that she’d spent a rather long night listening to her soulmate getting off to the idea of going down on a woman and that she was fairly certain she’d heard her own name and that she hadn’t known how to sit in front of a gorgeous, brilliant woman and not blurt out the dozens of questions racing through her mind the next day, foremost among them being: Are you my soulmate, and did you perchance fuck yourself to the thought of me last night?

“Oh, um, right. Is there anything I can help with?”

Maggie hated the slightly crestfallen expression, realizing that Alex was probably terrified that Maggie was pulling away, especially since she seemed not to have even suspected that they were soulmates—a fact that stirred up too many of Maggie’s old insecurities about the possibility of being broken, of never finding her soulmate, of never finding someone who wanted her, who loved her the way she loved them. “No, no. It’s—it’s pretty much wrapped up now.”

“That’s good.” Alex picked at her nails, her short hair falling into her eyes as she looked down.

“Yeah.” Maggie took a deep breath, steeling her nerves. “How’s the soulmate search going?”

“Look, can we not talk about it?” Maggie watched Alex’s throat bob as she swallowed heavily. “I get that you’re excited for me, but maybe…maybe that’s not what I want.”

“Okay, but Alex—”

“No. I just, okay, I need to say this, and if you want to leave after, that’s fine, but just let me finish first?”

Maggie nodded, settling herself on the edge of her seat.

“I…I’d never really given much thought to my soulmate until recently. And until I met you, I’d—well, I’d given even less thought to myself. To what I might want. But recently I’ve been thinking. About what I want, I mean.” Alex looked up at Maggie with those big doe eyes that made her heart pound against her ribcage. “And I realized that I don’t want my soulmate. My soulmate—she’s some idea, some person out there that may or may not be right for me based on rules we don’t understand. But you…you’re standing in front of me and treating me like I always wanted to be treated and making me realize that when I think about what I want—what I really want, not what I thought I should want—well, that person I want? She’s you, Maggie.”

Maggie took in a deep, shuddering inhale. “Alex, I—”

Alex shot up from her chair, nodding too quickly. “Right, yeah, no, I get it. It’s cool.”

“No, Alex, can you just wait?” Maggie yelled aloud and in her thoughts, hoping both would make it through to Alex.

Alex spun around, and looked at Maggie with wide eyes. “What did you just say?”

“Is that the question you want to ask? Or did you really want to ask me what I just thought?”
“I…”

Nodding, Maggie stood up and took Alex’s hands in her own, a playful smile tugging up the corners of her mouth. “Do you think you might reconsider giving that soulmate of yours a second chance? Maybe turn tonight into a first date with her?”

“How long have you…?”

“Not long. Some of the thoughts you mentioned started to sound familiar, but I thought that was just wishful thinking because, if you couldn’t tell from what you heard, I’m falling pretty hard for you, Danvers.” Alex ducked her head down, a blush coloring her cheeks. “Besides, it wasn’t like I’d heard much from my soulmate, so I assumed I hadn’t met them.”

Alex let out a quiet, “Oh.” “So that’s why you ran out on me when I told you that I’d learned to close off that connection?”

Maggie nodded, her mouth twisting up into a wry smile. “Yeah, I, uh, I needed a bit of time to think things through.”

“And so all those times you kept encouraging me to try to open up that connection with my soulmate and to think about her, about what I’d heard on my end…it was all you?”

“I wanted to be certain. I needed to wait until some of the thoughts I got back from you seemed to confirm it.”

Alex rubbed at the back of her neck. “And here I wasn’t even trying to open up that connection.”

“Oh.” Maggie swallowed, her whole body warming at the memory. “It, uh, I don’t think it was particularly intentional…”

Alex tilted her head to the side, her brow furrowing. “What do you mean?”

“Um, you know, more like stray thoughts, perhaps a dream or two, some late night, half-asleep musings.”

Alex was nodding along until suddenly she froze, her whole body tensing as if primed to bolt. “Is…” She took a deep breath. “Is that why you cancelled on me the other day? After…”

“Would you believe me if I said I had no idea what you were talking about?”

“Oh my god. Oh my god, it’s my literal worst nightmare.”

“No! Hey, no, Alex, it was…it was hot.”

“Shut up.”

“I’m serious.”

“It’s humiliating.”

“Alex, I didn’t cancel because I thought it was weird. I cancelled because I didn’t know how I was supposed to sit in my seat and act like everything was normal when all I wanted to do was push you up against a wall and kiss you like you deserve to be kissed every single day for the rest of your life.”

“What?”
“I like you, Alex. And not just a little bit.”

Alex paused. “So, um, you want to kiss me?”

“So very much.” Maggie let herself think about some of the tamer things she also wanted to do with Alex, watching as a pink flush crept up her neck and across her cheeks.

“Oh.”

“So what do you say I go buy us both a round of drinks, and we sit down and have our first real date?”

“That depends.”

Maggie froze, wondering what catch the universe needed to throw at her. “On what?”

“On whether or not you think we have to wait for the end of the date for our first kiss. Because if you think we should wait, I think maybe we should call it over right now.”

It took Maggie a moment to realize that Alex had taken a half step towards her. “That’s some convoluted logic for a pickup line, Danvers.”

She shrugged. “I like my women as smart as you are, Sawyer.” And then Alex was leaning forward and pressing her lips to Maggie’s, one hand curling around Maggie’s upper arm and the other cupping her jaw so tenderly that Maggie wanted to scoop Alex up in her arms and whisk her away to spend their whole night exploring one another’s mouths and lips and bodies.

“I think maybe we should wait until after this first date,” Alex whispered with a wink.

“Shit, right, of course. I didn’t mean—there’s no pressure. I want to take our time.”

“I mean, I didn’t say we had to move at a glacial pace or anything…”

Of course, Alex’s reassurances didn’t keep Maggie from attempting to take her time over the next few dates, stopping them in the midst of heated makeouts and pulling her own hands back out after they’d wandered under shirts and beneath waistbands. Her resolve was not at all helped by the late night thoughts that echoed in her mind as Alex let her guard down, let all the things she wanted to do with Maggie, all the things she was doing to herself while thinking about the things she wanted to do with Maggie, spill across that once-blocked connection between them. And god, Maggie knew she wasn’t helping things each time she gave in to her own desire, sending back a veritable flood of filthy imaginings to Alex as her own hand worked insistently between her legs, sending her over the edge again and again with Alex’s name on the tip of her tongue.

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By date number five, Alex was done with waiting, done with spending nights calling out Maggie’s name without the woman being there to answer her, done with hearing a steady stream of all the things Maggie was fantasizing about doing to her, doing with her. So when Maggie walked her home after dinner, Alex took Maggie’s hand in her own in the doorway. “Come up with me?” The words were subtle enough, even though she knew her thoughts were not.

Maggie let out a small whimper as Alex tugged her closer by her belt loops. “Are you—are you sure?”

“Haven’t you been able to tell how sure I am these past couple of weeks?” Alex whispered, her
breath hot against the shell of Maggie’s ear.

“Fuck.” And then Maggie was tumbling over the threshold to the building right behind Alex, desperately trying to keep her hands to herself in the elevator even though her thoughts were racing full steam ahead to all the things she might touch once they’d gotten rid of the layers of clothing between them.

That night they didn’t stop at the couch or the entryway, moving straight to Alex’s bedroom instead.

_Fuck, look at the size of that bed. You could do so many things in this bed…_

Alex smirked. “Why don’t you come show me some of them?”

Maggie’s cheeks warmed, and she ducked her head slightly. “Sorry. Forgot about you hearing everything.”

“Don’t apologize. It’s kind of the point.” Alex knew eventually couples were able to filter things so they could go about their daily lives without dealing with a constant bombardment of someone else’s thoughts, but during those early months, the idea was that the connection was meant to be kept as open as possible as partners learned as much as they could about one another. And for now…well, for now Alex was desperate to hear more about what Maggie wanted. In fact, she’d come to count on it. Because, sure, she’d had sex before, but she’d never had sex with a woman, especially not a woman she cared for deeply. And in the days of fantasizing about what would happen when they finally made it out of their thoughts and into bed together, Alex had only been able to assuage her anxiety about doing something wrong by reminding herself that she would have Maggie’s thoughts there to guide her.

“You okay?” Maggie drew small circles across the back of Alex’s hand with her thumb. “Your thoughts seem to be going a million miles an hour.”

“Right.” Alex rubbed at the back of her neck with her free hand. “I didn’t—I want this. I want you. I’m just a little…”

“Nervous?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s okay. Hey, I’m nervous too.”

“Maggie,” Alex huffed. “You’ve done this before.”

“Not with you, I haven’t.” She stepped a little closer, brushing Alex’s hair back behind her ear. “But I cannot wait to learn together.”

Alex swallowed heavily, letting herself be swept up in Maggie’s arms as they fell to the mattress. Maggie kissed her, steady, gently, but with clear intent, and Alex felt her worries slipping away under Maggie’s guiding touches. A warm hand on her back slowly pushed her shirt up and over her head. Maggie’s joined it on the floor shortly, followed by two bras. And it wasn’t quite as graceful as her fantasy had been, but Alex couldn’t help but feel like things were better this way. Desperate as she was to find out what it would be like to be underneath Maggie, to be inside Maggie, things weren’t frantic or rushed, some race to the finish line like they’d been in the past.

With every new inch of skin revealed, Alex found herself marveling at how gorgeous Maggie looked, how soft and smooth and perfect every inch of her was. She felt her own cheeks color every time Maggie’s thoughts filtered through, things she never thought she’d hear like: _Beautiful, just_
fucking beautiful.

Soon enough, Alex found her own body fully bared to Maggie’s gaze, to her soft caresses and reverent kisses.

“Please,” Alex whimpered, tugging at the navy briefs still hugging Maggie’s hips.

With a smile, Maggie pulled herself up enough that Alex could shimmy them over her hips and down her legs, then dropping back down to tangle her legs with Alex, letting every inch of their bodies press together. Her hips rolled into Alex’s as her lips descended down her neck, pulling low keening noises from Alex that she didn’t even know she was capable of making.

Deciding she wanted a turn, Alex pushed softly against Maggie’s shoulder, rolling her onto her back and slotting a thigh between her legs, whimpering at the feeling of wet heat pressed against her. Trying to imitate what Maggie had done to make her feel so good, Alex sucked light pink spots into Maggie’s skin, canting her hips forward and grinding against Maggie, relishing in every moan and whimper to fall from Maggie’s lips.

Don’t come yet. Don’t come yet. Don’t come yet.

Alex’s brow furrowed as she pulled back. “What?”

Maggie blanched. “Uh, what do you mean what?”

“You, uh, you were thinking… I mean, are you…are you close?”

Maggie nodded, her hips jumping as Alex shifted ever so slightly.

“But I haven’t even—”

“Your thigh,” Maggie panted.

“Shit, I’m sorry.”

“No!” Maggie covered her face with her hand. “Sorry, just, don’t apologize. It’s good. Really good. I was just trying to, you know, make things last a little longer.”

“You know, I have it on the internet’s good authority that women are able to come more than once,” Alex whispered in a tone of mock-seriousness. “Now, I’ve never personally experienced such a phenomenon, but I’ve hear stories of it happening.”

“Shut up,” Maggie whined, surprising Alex as she rolled her onto her back once more. “I didn’t want to look overeager.”

“You heard me, you know”—Alex waved a hand in the air, her cheeks coloring slightly—“before we’d even kissed. I don’t think you’re ever going to be the more overeager one.”

“I guess.” Maggie trailed a lone finger down the middle of Alex’s chest. “I just want to make this perfect for you. I—well, you’ve been thinking about it a lot. And I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“Hey, no, Maggie.” Alex waited until Maggie was looking at her. “You could never disappoint me. Ever. And besides,” Alex shrugged, “you coming would literally be the least disappointing outcome tonight.”

“Well in that case,” Maggie drawled, flopping back onto the other side of the bed with a laugh, “be my guest.”
Alex was flooded with a rush of anxiety, imagining all the many ways she could fuck things up, but then Maggie’s steady hand was wrapping around her wrist and Maggie’s soft voice was promising her that she was perfect, no matter what happened. And then Alex let herself explore, listening for Maggie’s thoughts. And okay, they were way less precise than Alex had hoped. There was no, *Half an inch to the left,* or, *Counter-clockwise motions!* but Alex decided that the mix of “Yes” and “Fuck” and “Please” both gasped out and chanted like a kind of internal mantra were just as good. And when she finally found herself between Maggie’s legs, one finger deep inside of her, her mouth hovering just above her, all it took was a breathy, “Alex,” to have Alex dropping down to finally taste the woman she’d been dreaming about for far too long. Weeks later, she’d find out that her own thoughts about how good Maggie tasted, how good she felt clenched around Alex’s fingers, how good she looked splayed out across the bed, were half of the reason Maggie came as fast as she did. And, *fuck,* in that moment Alex knew she’d never seen anything quite so beautiful, so spectacular in all her life as Maggie Sawyer arching up into her, mouth open in a wide O, fingers tangled in the sheets.

Of course, Maggie Sawyer kneeling between her legs turned out to be a really, really close second.

“Glad you’re enjoying the view, Danvers,” Maggie rasped, smirking up at Alex before dropping her head back down, teeth and lips laving a teasing trail of kisses and bites up and down Alex’s inner thighs until her hips were canting up into nothing, a wet patch slowly growing and darkening the sheets beneath her. And just as Alex debated the merits of reaching down and giving herself a bit of the relief she’d been craving, Maggie licked, long and slow, up the length of her before swirling her tongue around Alex’s clit and making her see stars. And from there on out, Alex was fairly certain that every thought she sent in Maggie’s direction could be reduced to, *Fuck, yes, yes, yes yes,* until Maggie hooked two fingers inside of her and finally pushed her over the edge.

“Oh my god,” Alex managed once she’d finally caught her breath again. “That was…holy fuck.”

Nosing at the juncture between Alex’s shoulder and neck, Maggie murmured her assent.

“I don’t…oh my god.”

“Did I break you?” Maggie teased, pressing soft kisses to Alex’s shoulder.

“Maybe!”

Propping herself up on her elbows, Maggie looked up at Alex. “And here I thought we were just getting started.”

Alex wasn’t quite sure she could go another round, not when her whole body was still tingling, her legs shaking like jello and her mind absolutely incapable of coherent thought, but then Maggie was flooding her mind with a whole host of all the things she still wanted to do, and Alex decided that there was absolutely nothing more important than testing them all. For science.
Chapter Summary

#SanversWeek is here! Day 1 is about time travel, and let's just say...it got angsty (with a happy/hopeful Sanvers ending, though, don't worry)

Chapter Notes

Heads up for some talk of Maggie's family and homophobia

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I just”—Maggie hiccuped, her words punctuated by those short, staccato interruptions—“I wish it’d been different, you know?”

Alex wanted to be able to nod and assure her fiancée that, yes, she knew, she understood completely, but she found herself unable to lie to Maggie—not when she was like this, not after a day of wedding planning shot to hell by too many reminders of who wouldn’t be there, who wouldn’t walk Maggie down the aisle, toast her marriage, somewhat clumsily spin her around the dance floor.

“Like…” Maggie trailed off, taking a slightly too large gulp of scotch and choking it down. “You know, cause I was young when Eliza.” She mimed blowing up with her hands.

“Right…”

“But things changed. And maybe…maybe if it’d been later, maybe they’d’ve gotten it.” Maggie’s words slurred together ever so slightly—the only proof of the number of times she’d refilled her glass. “Cause people...they change too, right? Right, Alex?”

Swallowing heavily, Alex forced herself to smile as she met Maggie’s teary brown gaze, so full of cautious hope. “Yeah, they do.”

“And maybe, maybe I coulda waited. And been older. With money. On my own terms.” Maggie nodded, three jerky bursts of movement.

“You deserved that.” Alex’s voice was soft, her hand even softer as she drew it up Maggie’s arm and around her shoulders, pulling her in close as she began to cry in earnest. And then all she could do was try to hold the strongest woman she knew together as her small frame shook, tears rolling down her cheeks, and sobs choking her voice as she talked about everything she missed, the ways it could have turned out differently—better.

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Alex hadn’t planned it. Sure, she’d thought about Maggie’s teary conversation several times in the months since, but it wasn’t as if she’d made concrete plans around it. But suddenly she was aboard the Waverider with Sara while Kara helped clean up after helping to stop an invasion. And maybe
Alex had tossed back a few at the “We didn’t die!” celebration—then again, they all had—and had only gotten there by reminding Sara that she sorta owed her for the whole helping to save Earth-1 last year.

Sara didn’t think much of it when Alex asked to jump back in time to February 14, 2000, though unasked questions hung heavily in the air when Alex cleared her throat and quietly requested that they go to Blue Springs, Nebraska, not National City. Sara finally looked ready to step in when they arrived and Alex’s hands curled unconsciously into fists, a look of grim resignation coloring her features. But Alex was ready with reassurances—“Three minutes, max. I just want to—to see something, that’s all.”

Sara hadn’t quite counted on how very much a determined Alex Danvers could do in three minutes, so she’d waved her off with a promise not to do anything she wouldn’t do.

Three minutes were all it took for Alex to dart into the local high school, jimmy open a poorly constructed locker, and destroy a small red card.

Alex was back in 2018 before Kara had registered her absence.

Back at the DEO within the hour.

Back to her apartment the moment the report had been filed.

She bounded through the door, looking around for any proof that things were different, any proof that Maggie had a better relationship with her family in this new iteration of things. Her eyes narrowed at the missing photographs from the living room walls. Not only were there no new pictures featuring Maggie’s parents, but gone were the goofy polaroids James had taken of them on New Year’s Eve. Gone were the ticket stubs from the Barenaked Ladies concert that had been tucked into the side of a frame. Gone were the vegan cookbooks and Maggie’s surprisingly large selection of lesbian fiction and the stack of old sci-fi books Alex had pulled out of storage for her book exchange with Maggie. In fact, as Alex looked around, she found the apartment looked almost desolate. There were no signs of life, let alone happy cohabitation.

Then it hit her. Of course. They were in the process of moving. Back in the original timeline, they’d only talked about it, some vague future, post-wedding plans when the market seemed better and their lives more stable, but this Maggie probably hadn’t had as many worries about commitment. Maybe they’d gotten together right away. Alex ignored the tiny pang of remorse at losing the “kiss the girls we want to kiss” story that had come to define their relationship in so many ways, but then again, it would all be worth it for Maggie to have had a happier past.

Thumbing through the mail and the stacks of paper on her desk, Alex rummaged around for any signs of the new address, giving up after a few minutes of searching in vain.

She hesitated before calling Maggie—after all, it would be a little odd to have to ask where they lived now—but she figured it would be worth it to get to see how much happier this Maggie was.

A furrow creased her brow as she noticed that Maggie’s number was no longer in her phone. She convinced herself it was fine, though. Probably some glitch from jumping through time. It wasn’t like she didn’t have Maggie’s number memorized.

The phone rang and rang and rang.

“H’llo?”

Alex pulled the phone away from her face, looking down at the familiar string of digits that didn’t
mesh at all with the gruff voice on the other end.

“Um, I think… I must have the wrong number.”

“Okay.”

“Wait! I mean, um, Maggie isn’t there, is she?”

“Don’t know a Maggie.”

“Right. Thanks.”

The line cut off without another word.

Alex drummed her fingers against the tabletop, trying to fight the niggle of doubt that was slowly morphing into full-blown dread. Catching sight of her laptop, Alex nearly upended one of the barstools in her hurry to get to it. Facebook. Email. Wedding planning documents. Anything that could give her some hint of where Maggie had gotten to in this timeline. Surely she couldn’t be far. It wasn’t… of course, she understood the ripple effect, but this was such a small thing. It wasn’t like she’d gone and told a 14-year-old Maggie not to come out or beaten the shit out of Maggie’s dad or anything like that. No, she’d simply removed a card. Eliza wouldn’t know it existed, wouldn’t have any proof to out Maggie and get her kicked out and sent away as if she wasn’t worth anything. Just like Maggie had said that night—in this timeline, she’d have been able to come out on her own, by choice not force. She’d be older, maybe a little less optimistic about her family. She’d have contingency plans, Alex just knew it. Maybe things would have started to change by the time she told her parents. Stirrings of the mainstream gay rights movement. Some court cases. Will and Grace on television. Anything that would have given them some point of reference for what it meant when their daughter told them she was a lesbian.

But the wedding documents were gone. Old emails had vanished. Not one of the Maggie Sawyers on Facebook was Alex’s Maggie Sawyer. It was like she didn’t exist anymore.

Then it hit Alex—a small spark of hope warring against the waves of despair. Maggie Rodas. Maybe Margarita Rodas. Alex’s fingers flew over the keys, plugging in every variation and clicking every profile she could find. Yet again and again, they still weren’t Maggie.

Fighting back a surge of panic, Alex called Kara, pacing across her apartment as the phone rang.

“Hey, Alex! What’s up?”

“Hey, um, this might be a weird question, but do you… you know Maggie, right?”

“Uh… is that the new DEO recruit? The redhead?”

Alex hung up before Kara could ask any more questions. A thin film of sweat condensed around her hairline, making the spring California day unreasonably cool. She could feel panic clawing at her chest, the low pull of the realization that she had ruined everything. She’d felt it before—plenty of times, even—but she could only remember one instance that had ever been quite like this: listening from the top of the stairs when agents—DEO agents, she now knew—took her father away all because she’d been too stupid, too immature, to tell Kara no, no they absolutely could not go flying out where anyone could see them. At least she could blame her age for that one. The human brain wasn’t fully developed, and she might have been doing science and math above grade level, but that didn’t really help with the impulse control and foresight thing. Now… now she was in her thirties, too old to blame anyone but herself.
Thinking, though, it wasn’t doing her any good at that moment. She just…she just needed information. She needed to know what had changed. Her movements were mechanical, a mere mimicry of the lively person she’d been a day ago. Her feet shuffled along the carpet to the closet as she plucked down a motorcycle helmet and pulled out a jacket to ward off the chill that seemed to be emanating from somewhere deep inside of her. Her hands barely shook as she reached for her keys and phone, locking the door behind her and following the familiar path to the elevator. She wondered if she’d been kidnapped in this timeline, if she’d nearly died. Who had saved her without Maggie? Had Kara done it on her own? Would she have expected the precautions taken by someone who knew her secret?

The trip to the DEO passed by in a hazy rush of buildings that were still the same. They stood there, the same bricks piled on top of the same goddam bricks taunting her. They should have been different. Everything should have been different. Everything should be aching and pulsing with this same emptiness that had hollowed her out, taken away everything good and warm and promising in her life, leaving nothing in its wake except regret.

“Danv—”

“Not now,” Alex barked at whatever agent needed her attention. She wasn’t even supposed to be there. They could deal with it on their own.

Winn. She needed to find Winn. For all his overeager faults, he could at least be trusted to be helpful.

He nearly fell out of his chair at the sound of his name being called from mere inches behind him. “Alex?” His voice squeaked.

“My lab. Now.”

“Um, right, yes, of course.” He scrambled to attention, half-jogging to keep up with her clip.

Alex kept silent until they made it behind the closed door. “I need your help finding someone.”

“Oh!” Some of the tension eased out of Winn’s shoulders at that. “Yeah, of course. Name?”

“Oh…Margarita. Maggie.”

“And a last name?”

Alex swallowed past the lump in her throat. “I’m not sure anymore.”

“Oh…uh, yeah, okay. Do you have thoughts? I mean, I know I’m good with tech and all, but even I probably can’t find someone with nothing more than a first name, you know? Because there’s—”

“Shut up.”

“Right. Right-o. Yep. Shutting up now.”

“Margarita Rodas. Born in Blue Springs, Nebraska. Lived there at least through 2000 and was enrolled in the big public high school in town.”

“Now that—that is plenty to go off of.”

“Oh thank god.” The words slipped out on an exhale before Alex could even think about them.

“She…is she, uh, a suspect?”
“What?” The bubble of laughter burst out of Alex’s chest, but she managed to blink back the tears that threatened to follow.

Too startled to press for answers, Winn turned to the computer, scanning his fingerprints to log in before pulling up a handful of databases that, Alex could admit, were mainly used to dredge up information about criminals and suspects.

Each time Alex paced behind the chair, she could see Winn twitch, but she couldn’t be bothered to care in that moment.

She’d lost track of time—it could have been five minutes; it could have been five hours—by the time Winn called out, “Got her!”

Alex’s feet stuttered to a stop as she glanced over at the screen, her heart thudding heavily in her chest at the sight of Maggie. Only…it wasn’t quite her Maggie. It was, well, it was her, sure. But things were different too. Hair…was it a little shorter? An extra piercing high along the cuff of her ear. Something…different in her smile. A million little ways in which this Maggie wasn’t the Maggie she’d left with a kiss less than two days ago.

“I—I don’t—who is she?”

“Oh, uh, I guess I thought you’d tell me that,” Winn said with a nervous chuckle.

“Winn.” Her whole body fought her over that gasped-out syllable.

“Right, um, meet Margarita Hanson.”

“What?” Maggie didn’t have relatives named Hanson. Oh god. Oh god. Foster care. She’d still gotten kicked out. Alex thought she might be sick. Was already halfway to the trashcan before Winn’s voice piped up again.

“Let’s see, the name change was in 2014.”

“Oh.” The waves of nausea receded slightly.

“Yep, filed right along with a change of address and proof of marriage.”

The words crashed into Alex like a blow more powerful than anything super-powered aliens had ever thrown her way. She was on her knees before she was cognizant of having moved, a rush of sound thrumming through her ears, making it impossible to hear anything else Winn was saying.

“Alex! Alex!” Winn looked stricken. Alex managed to register that much. “Let me call the med bay, just—just don’t move, okay?”

“Don’t,” Alex croaked.

“What?”

“No.”

“Don’t…don’t leave?”

Alex managed a shuddering inhale. “Don’t call them.”

“Um, I get that you’re technically my superior, but, Alex? Alex, you really don’t look okay.”
“I’m fine. Just…a surprise.”

“Okay.” Winn sounded anything but convinced.

“Tell me more.”

“About?”

“Maggie.” Alex’s voice cracked on the word, tears prickling at her eyes, dredging up a well of emotions thick enough to choke her.

“Right, um, want me to find out who the lucky guy is?”

Alex shook her head. “Won’t be.”

Winn’s brows furrowed. “Won’t be lucky?”

Alex shook her head again, slower that time. “Won’t be a guy.”

“Oh.”

“She’ll be the luckiest woman in the world,” Alex whispered.

Winn shuffled back to the computer, and Alex sank down, not caring about how gross the floor likely was when all she could think about was this story of a life she no longer had the privilege of knowing.

“Oh, you were right. Married a Jacqueline Hanson in 2014—got a little write up in The New York Times and all. Guess one of them knows someone,” he chuckled. “Hmm…what else? She’s a social worker, so I’m guessing maybe Jacqueline’s the one with the connections. Got her graduate degree on the East Coast, but now they live in Opal City. Um…one drunk and disorderly from 2005—college, it looks like—but otherwise a clean record.”

“Stop.”

“Um…okay.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes.

“Do you think she’s happy?”

“Margarita?”

“Maggie.”


“Yeah,” Alex breathed out. “That could’ve been me.” She was only half aware that she was sharing, but she also knew she needed to tell someone. Knew it couldn’t be Kara. She couldn’t take the pitying looks, the way she’d want to process and sift through everything. It couldn’t be J’onn. She’d spend the whole time thinking about the punishment she’d receive for fucking with the past. So…Winn.

“What? You wanted to be a social worker?”

“I was supposed to be her wife,” Alex whispered, the tears now falling freely.
Winn let out a noise that could have been a laugh, one hand coming up to rub at the back of his neck. “I…you know, you’d probably have to be gay for that to work well.”

“What?”

“I just…well, maybe you could have done a…what were they called? Boston marriages?”

“They were definitely gay.” Then it hit Alex. Without Maggie…without Maggie this Alex still didn’t know. “Like me. I’m a lesbian, Winn.”

Winn’s eyes shot open, though he managed to recover nicely. “That—hey, good for you, Alex. I’m…thanks for telling me. And if you, you know, if you ever need someone, I—I’m here.”

Alex waved off the offer. “I’m good. Known for a while.”

“Oh. I guess, yeah, I mean you’ve always been private. I just assumed with Max and all.”

Alex wrinkled her nose at the reminder. “Yeah, no.”

“What about all those dates with Jackson a few months ago?”

“Hmm?”

“Was that all some undercover operation? Oh my god. Is this all some big ploy?”

“What?”

“Jackson…after Kara, you know”—Winn mimed lifting something heavy above his head, and Alex assumed it could only be Fort Rozz—“she set you up with Jackson a few weeks later.”

Alex tried to remember things. She remembered Kara telling her she needed to let herself be happy, find love, that sort of thing. But…but this timeline didn’t have a Maggie to help her do that. So…Jackson.

“Can you keep a secret?”

“Better than most people.”

“That’s not true, but at least you’re earnest.”

“Hey!”

“I changed the timeline.”

“What?” Gone was the playful irritation, replaced with a look almost as shocked as he’d given her when she started crying.

“You know Sara and them from Earth-1?”

“Yeah.”

“We helped save their world. Then they came here to help with an invasion that followed us back. We were all celebrating. I wanted to help fix something for—for Maggie.” The pain at her name lanced through Alex. “So I went back to 2000 and kept her from getting outed to the whole school and getting kicked out by her family so that maybe she’d have a better relationship with them.
because she’d said—she said she wanted to have been able to do it on her own terms. And god, Winn, she deserved it.” She wiped away an errant tear. “More than anyone, she—she deserves to be happy. And I guess… I guess she is. Now. Without me.”

“When you said…about you…and her?”

A beat.

“We were engaged.”

“Oh. Wow.”

“Yeah.”

“And now…and you didn’t expect…oh, Alex.”

There it was. The pity. That emotion that would break her if she let it.

She was up and running before Winn had registered her movement. Gone before he could even finish pulling the door to the lab closed behind him.

Alex spent the night with a bottle of whiskey reading every single thing she could find about Jacqueline and Margarita Hanson. The Hansons. The happy couple who got photographed at galas and benefits and put in society pages and written up in national newspapers.

She woke the next day with an imprint of the keyboard along the side of her face, a string of garbled keystrokes in the url bar, and a hangover that had her lurching towards the bathroom, the room still spinning around her.

She called out sick from the DEO for two days in a row.

On the third day, she woke to a knock at the door and found J’onn standing there with a large cup of coffee, just the way she liked it. He said nothing about the fact that she reeked of whiskey and sweat. Said nothing about the remnants of a broken mug on the ground, swept into a pile in the corner of the kitchen but never disposed of. Said nothing about the puffy eyes and tear tracks dried along her cheeks.

Instead, he put the coffee cup down on the counter, held open his arms, and let her find a home curled into his side.

Alex couldn’t even hate herself for the sobs. She was too used to them by now, too used to the way they wrenched themselves out from somewhere deep inside of her, some well of emotion she kept swearing must be dried up by then, only to find it pouring out into her life again.

J’onn waited until the sobs had subsided into ragged inhales and shaky exhales, waited for Alex to disentangle herself and collapse into the sofa, pulling a well-worn blanket around her.

“Do you want to tell me what happened?”

Alex paused.

“What if I tell you that I’m here as J’onn J’onzz, not as the Director of the DEO?”

The look in his eyes suggested he’d already gleaned some of the story, perhaps from Alex’s own screaming thoughts. Or Winn’s. So, with a deep breath, she began. And she talked and talked and talked until her voice was hoarse and her pajama top wet with even more tears. “How—how do I fix
“Oh, Alex.” J’onn held out an arm to her. “I wish it were that easy. I wish I could tell you, but I can’t. Going back into the past... that’s dangerous, Alex.”

“I could—I could go back again, just, you know find myself and—”

J’onn shook his head. “It’s not that easy, Alex. Everything is so contingent, so easily changed. The smallest things ripple out into changes we can never anticipate.”

And even though Alex knew that, even though she’d been telling herself that for days, hearing J’onn say it made it more real than it had been, snuffing out any faint hope that had dared to linger until then.

“But you still have a life. You have friends and family who love you. You have a whole world of possibilities open in front of you. Dwelling on what once was will never fix anything.”

“I—I can’t—can’t just—”

“No, you can’t just anything. It’ll take time, and you’ll need to let yourself have that time. Which is why I’m insisting that you take two full weeks off from the DEO.”

“J’onn!”

“You need them.”

“I do not. I need to work.”

“Alex,” J’onn sighed. “Right now, they are days of paid leave from the extensive overtime you have accrued over the years. If you give me no other choice, they will be two weeks of forced leave for handling technology from another Earth while on the clock without explicit permission from me, your Director.”

“Right.”

J’onn’s features softened again. “Take some time to heal. Maybe travel. Sleep in. Talk to those closest to you.”

Alex didn’t point out that she’d lost one of the few people closest to her in the whole world. Instead, she nodded and saw J’onn out the door a few minutes later.

She spent the first week moping around the apartment.

The second week she set off without any real direction on her motorcycle, driving for hours and hours until her thighs were numb and her hands ached and her jacket had been soaked during one of the showers she drove through. She was halfway to Opal City before she quite knew where she was headed.

After a full day of searching, she saw Maggie from a distance, then hightailed it back to the hotel where she’d booked a room and spent a small fortune drinking her way through the mini bar fridge.

The next day she drove back to National City.

The following day she called Kara and her mother and told them she was a lesbian, that she had known for a while but that she needed to say it out loud, to be able to live life the way she wanted to live it. Her mother was more startled this time around, not quite expecting it in the way she had been
when Maggie was around, but she still didn’t seem all that surprised by the news, telling Alex she was proud and probing less than subtly to try to find out if there was a girlfriend on the horizon. Kara had spluttered a bit—perhaps because Alex had answered the phone with a, “Hey, I love you and thought you should know I’m a lesbian,” without so much as a, “How’s it going?” to preface the announcement—but she’d managed to recover nicely, asking if Alex would mind if they did sister night to talk about it. And so they did. Kara, like Eliza, assumed Alex had met someone, and Alex had to fight back tears as she insisted, no, there was no one—no one at all.

And so, for months on end, Alex moped secretly and put in longer hours than ever at the DEO and tried to ignore the temptation to do a quick search online for Maggie…again.

Slowly but surely, Alex felt herself, well, not healing, that wasn’t it. But moving forward. Her hard work at the DEO got her a nice salary bump and a few new duties that seemed to be in the service of grooming her to take over whenever J’onn stepped down. Every so often she let Kara set her up on a blind date, and the women were always nice, and sometimes she even had a good time, but she could never shake the suspicion that it wasn’t the life she was meant to be leading, wasn’t the woman she was meant to be with. Of course, that led to the realization that Maggie was, in fact, living a perfectly good, perfectly happy life with someone that wasn’t her. That the life Alex thought she should have was one she only got on the timeline she’d forever destroyed. Those nights normally ended with one too many pours of whiskey and a nasty headache that she found came earlier and earlier the older she got. So each time, she’d make a slightly better effort to click with the dates Kara arranged. As time went on, a few of them managed to turn into short relationships. Work normally got in the way, though, so Alex at least had excuses for why they never lasted that didn’t boil down to: “I’m in love with someone who has no idea I exist.” For some reason that one never went over well.

After a year, Alex ventured to the alien bar in the midst of a case she suspected M’gann could help with. Only when she knocked and asked to speak with her despite not having the most recent password, she found herself pushed up against a wall, a large alien looming over her.

“What are you doing here?”

“—” Of course. No Maggie to make introductions. No one to smooth things over. “I need to see M’gann. I promise, she’ll be able to vouch for me after a minute.”

The alien didn’t let go of her, but motioned for someone else to go to the bar.

A minute later, M’gann emerged, eyeing Alex suspiciously. “Who are you?”

“I’m Alex Danvers. It’s…it’s a really long story, but I knew you once. And you can…er, I know you can verify that.” She hoped M’gann understood what she was trying to communicate. Then again, she could read Alex’s thoughts, so she probably didn’t need to throw in the exaggerated expression.

“I’ll talk to her,” M’gann said after a tense few seconds.

“You want me to come with?”

M’gann shook her head. “No, Krill. We’re good, thanks.”

With that, M’gann dragged Alex to the back, sitting her down in some office Alex realized she’d never seen before.

“Care to explain what I just saw?”

“I fucked up the timeline.” Total honesty seemed like a good enough path to follow.
“And how did you do this?”

“Friends from another Earth have a ship that can travel through time. I took a ride on it trying to help someone who matters—mattered—a lot to me. And to you, actually. It…maybe it worked? I don’t know. But because she didn’t show up, I don’t know you anymore. Or, I guess, I still know you, but you don’t know me.”

“And you’re here for…a drink?”

Alex chuckled. “Could use one, but no.”

“Then what?”

“Because I didn’t know you or Maggie in this timeline, so when a woman, Veronica Sinclair—Roulette, either one—came to town, we didn’t dismantle things in the same way.” Alex watched M’gann’s jaw clench. “In the old timeline, you were…well, you were involved.”

“And you want to throw it in my face?”

“No! I want to stop Roulette for good. But to do that, I need a little help from the inside.”

“You can’t use—”

“M’gann, I know the truth. I know who you are and how you left. I know how much good you do here on Earth. I know how very, very happy you once made my friend. Hell, I know that you have it in you to go back to Mars, a near death sentence, just to try to fight for a better future for your home planet. If you don’t believe me…” Alex trailed off, tilting her head to the side.

“I have seen enough to trust you.”

Alex nodded. “I can’t promise that J’onn is going to be perfectly friendly, but I swear, you don’t need to fear him. If nothing else, he believes in justice.”

“We have different ideas of justice, but I will still go with you. Still help you.”

And it wasn’t the same as having Maggie back—not at all—but Alex felt parts of her life shifting into a new order that started to make sense again. Not the same sense, no, but a sense of its own. Purpose. Direction.

A direction that ended up putting her on track for director—a title granted to her five years later, almost to the day. Technically she was co-director with J’onn, but with him gone for a two-year sabbatical, it didn’t quite feel like it. Instead it felt like she’d gone from being married to her job to being a full on parent of her job, spending nearly all of her time there and worrying constantly. But it was good, at least she told herself so. She was able to have a real impact on the direction the DEO took, the kinds of cases they prioritized. The meetings with Washington were less than ideal, but she learned the art of negotiating with people she loathed and found herself grateful that she hadn’t gotten the job when she was any younger. They already looked at her like she was a child at 37; she didn’t want to know how much worse it could have been.

By the time J’onn got back from Mars, Alex felt as if she’d aged a decade and took J’onn up on his offer for an extended leave.

After days of sleeping in and doing laundry and binge-watching television shows she’d missed for whole seasons, she spent two full weeks in Midvale, finally having some of the conversations with her mother she’d been putting off for years—conversations about her teenage years, about the
pressure she felt through college and grad school, about never feeling like she was enough, even if things had gotten better over the years. She was nearly as exhausted at the end of those two weeks as she had been at the end of J’onn’s two-year absence, but she also felt like another part of herself had been pieced back together, like she was getting closer to being whole once more, even if it wasn’t the whole person she’d been before.

From there, she managed to pry Kara away from work and National City long enough to take a much-needed vacation—just the two of them, as much ice cream as they could carry, and miles and miles of sunny beaches. It was there that, nearly a decade later, Alex finally told Kara the full story of what had happened, feeling as more and more of those gaps in who she was began sealing themselves up as Kara held her together and let her cry for the life almost no one knew she’d lost.

All of which was to say that Alex’s life was going well. Once she could split responsibilities with J’onn, she found herself with free hours to try dating again, and for the first time, it didn’t feel like she was comparing everyone she met to a woman who no longer existed. She managed a full nine months with Carla, and she was happy. Not ecstatic, but content. It was a comfortable life. A nice life. It turned out Carla wanted something more than comfortable and nice, but they parted amicably enough, and Alex couldn’t begrudge her anything (though she still let Kara take her out and pay for all of her drinks for a weekend because it would have been stupid to say no to that offer).

But nothing ever stays settled that easily.

Alex spent the entirety of her 40th birthday at command central, directing an operation that left her nerves frayed and her stomach roiling. At the end of it, there were bodies to be collected and families to be notified and paperwork to be filed and, in the center of it all, four small alien children with no one left.

“J’onn,” Alex hissed as the children were led past her and into the kitchen and lounge area that she could only hope was sort of childproofed. “They can’t go into foster care. They can’t. One of them—he’s floating for fuck’s sake!”

“I’m aware.”

“Then why did you say—”

“I didn’t say we should use our normal channels.”

“Oh.” Alex felt herself deflate slightly. She’d gotten used to being on top of things, not being the rookie agent who made assumptions and had to be gently corrected.

“I’ve heard talk of someone, Maggie Sanchez, who’s supposed to be good about placing alien children in safe homes until they can find families who will be properly vetted and equipped to handle a child with unique abilities.”

“Maggie?” Alex hated the surge of hope that flamed to life inside her. It wasn’t even Maggie’s last name—none of the three Alex could have expected.

“If it’s her real name. It’s not quite legal. Not quite illegal, either, but certainly enough to get her put under surveillance.”

“Which would bring the kids under surveillance and thrown into the regular foster care system.”

“Exactly.” J’onn crossed his arms. “I have a contact who could get us in touch. Do you want to deal with her and the kids or the families?”
“I’ve got the kids.”

Three long phone calls later and Alex finally had the phone number for Maggie Sanchez in her hands. She tried to remember that hope only worked for people like Kara; it was a terrible thing for people like her. She pretended like she didn’t have to start over twice after shaky fingers twitched and hit the wrong number. But then she got it right. And then the phone was ringing. And then the line was connecting. And then a voice she’d heard in her dreams too many nights to count was coming through the speaker.

“Hello?”

“Maggie,” Alex gasped.

“Who’s asking?”

“Right, um, I got your contact information through a friend of Darla’s.” She left out all the intermediate friends between J’onn and Darla. “I have four kids who need your help.”

“Where are you?”

“National City.”

“Oh. That’s convenient.”

“You, um, in town for work?”

“More like here for, uh, life, I suppose.”

“Really?” Alex debated the merits of stabbing herself with her pen when silence met her question. She shouldn’t know things about this woman. “Sorry, I just, um, I assumed I might have crossed paths with you earlier.”

“It’s…new.”

“Ah, well, um, welcome to the city.”

“Right. So those kids?”

“Yeah, they’re safe now, but they don’t have families—at least none on Earth.”

“This have anything to do with the big raid down by the docks?”

“It might,” Alex hedged. Maggie let out a hum of understanding. “Suppose you have official channels that should be handling this.”

Alex kept her mouth shut.

“Well at least it’s two of us, then. I have a foster home that can take them for the week while we work on getting them placed with foster families more equipped to deal with their particular demands.”

“That fast?”

“We’ve had an eye on the situation down by the docks for a while. Figured we’d need to keep some
space clear for when things happened.”

“Oh. Uh, I suppose that’s good.”

“Don’t worry. You don’t have a mole or anything like that. Purely word of mouth. Rumor on the streets. That’s all.”

“Okay.” Alex felt tension she didn’t realize she’d been carrying slowly fade. “Thanks.”

“Can we talk? I want to know what sort of things we’ll be dealing with—any extra abilities, needs they might have, particulars of what they went through today.”

“Sure.” It would be good to get out of the office, Alex reasoned, as she told herself again and again that she wasn’t being selfish in going herself instead of sending someone who had actually been there.

“I’ll send you the address.”

An hour later, Alex found herself standing in front of a nondescript house with four young aliens in tow trying not to have a panic attack.

“Are you gonna knock?” Zee asked, his gaze darting between Alex and the door.

And Alex wasn’t one to take shit from a nine-year-old, so she rapped her fist three times against the door, listening to the sound of shuffling from inside, followed by the slide of a chain lock, the twist of a deadbolt, then the knob turning.

“Name?”

Alex was proud of herself for remembering it when she was looking at the love of her life for the first time in nearly a decade. “Alex. Alex Danvers.” She flashed her badge at Maggie, not bothering to change it to FBI or Secret Service or anything but the truth.

“Come in.” Maggie pulled the door back, and Alex shepherded the children inside, following closely behind them.

She stood to the side as Maggie sank to her knees and introduced herself to each of them in turn, asking for their names and not trying to sugarcoat things or use that weird baby voice some of the agents had suddenly reverted to. “I’m gonna introduce you to a really nice couple whose house you’re gonna stay at for the next few days, okay? We thought it’d be good for you to stay together, at least at first.”

Zee’s hand tightened around his little sister’s, a few wisps of smoke rising from them.

“And we can make sure you stay together long term too, okay? I’m just letting you know what’s gonna happen tonight.”

“Okay.”

Alex watched closely as a couple—slightly older than she’d expected, though perhaps it made sense that they wouldn’t have inexperienced people taking in a group this large—came out and introduced themselves. Watched as they chatted with the kids. Watched as they offered them snacks and water and walked them through what was going to happen.

Even though Alex would never have expected less from Maggie, she was still impressed by how
smoothly everything ran.

Once the kids were gone and their new address and foster parent’s information sent to J’onn, Maggie motioned for Alex to join her at the kitchen table.

“Maggie.” Maggie extended a hand. “Since we didn’t formally meet.”

“Oh, yeah. Alex.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“You too.” It all felt so scripted, like the kinds of conversations she learned how to have during the first week of Spanish class in high school and Basic Russian in college. “Thank you for your help.”

“Thank you for not dumping them in the regular system. It’s—it does what it needs to do, sometimes well, sometimes poorly, but it’s not equipped for kids that float.”

“Or kids who can start fires with their hands?”

“Not so much.” Maggie managed a wry smile that made Alex’s heart race.

From there, they moved on to the particulars of the case, talking about things the kids had gone through, areas where they might need help. It was well after 10 by the time they finished talking, and Alex was exhausted—mentally, physically, emotionally.

“Hope you didn’t have plans.”

“Uh, a birthday dinner, but I think I had started missing that before I even showed up here.”

“Oh no, I’m sorry. A friend?”

Alex rubbed at the back of her neck. “Me. The big 4-0, as a card from my little sister so helpfully reminded me this morning.”

“Ah shit. We should, well, no, I guess you don’t even know me, but happy birthday, Alex.”

Alex would later blame the exhaustion for the tears that escaped before she had time to clamp down on the pangs of nostalgia threatening to overwhelm her.

“I’m sorry. I—I can imagine it was probably gonna be a nice party.”

“No, no.” Alex waved away her concern. “Sorry, I’m just—it’s been a long week. Sleep deprivation. Today was…we lost some agents. Good people.”

“Look, maybe this is inappropriate, but do you want a drink? Just a happy birthday from someone else who’s also had a really shitty week?”

“That would be really nice. Thanks.”

A minute later, two glasses of scotch joined a plate of crackers (“Sorry, I haven’t gotten to go shopping”) on the table. Maggie lifted her glass. “To 40. Happy birthday, Alex.”

“To 40. And a better week than this one.” Alex sipped at the scotch, ignoring memories of the last time she and Maggie had shared a drink together, to the way it had led right back into their bed, a trail of clothes strewn behind them.
“I’ll drink to that,” Maggie murmured.

“What made your week so shitty?” Maggie’s hand froze halfway to her drink. “Sorry, you don’t—that was personal.”

“No, I—it’s fine. I should get used to talking about it. Signed divorce papers, that’s all.”

The scotch burned the back of Alex’s throat as she coughed a few drops back up. “I’m sorry,” she managed.

“It’s been a long time coming now. We tried to make it work, but our lives…they stopped fitting together. Who knows? Maybe they never did.” She shook her head, forcing a smile that Alex would never have been able to tell was fake if she hadn’t learned Maggie’s real smiles from months of long talks in bed, over drinks, in diners and restaurants and coffee shops.

“Even if it wasn’t working, it doesn’t make it any less painful.”

“You sound like you’re talking from experience. You divorced too?”

Alex’s hands moved to her left ring finger on instinct, searching for something that hadn’t been there for years. “Not quite. But close.”

“Well here’s to getting through it.”

“And hey”—Alex shrugged—“isn’t there something about women getting better with age?”

Maggie paused, a half-smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. “I ping your gaydar that hard, Danvers?”

“I, uh, fuck. I’m sorry.”

But Maggie laughed, shaking her head at Alex’s apology. “Don’t be. It’s nice to know I can still be read even without, well, your haircut.”

Alex ran her fingers along the short-cropped hair on the sides of her head. “I gotta say, the decreased drying time has been a real incentive to keep it.”

“Yeah, and you look good with it.”

Alex felt her cheeks warming slightly. “I mean, so do you, with you know. It’s, yeah, the length suits you.”

“Thanks.”

From there, they waded back into safer topics, talking about work and good restaurants in the area, which threatened to become a dangerous topic again when Alex offered to show Maggie around National City, but they managed to end the night on a good note, no lingering awkwardness in the air as they parted, just promises to keep in touch about the kids and the case and maybe that tapas place on the south side of town after things quieted down again.

Alex had worried that she and Maggie might not click as well in the new timeline, but after a few weeks of working together, she found her worries were wholly unfounded. Somehow things with Maggie were always easier than they were with anyone else. Things made sense with her, like they were both fluent in the same dialect that no one else understood.

Three months had passed by the time the four children were settled in new homes—Zee and his
sister together with a heat-resistant alien; their floating alien with an interspecies couple including, blessedly, one partner who could fly; and Maya, who had no powers under a yellow sun but did have rather shimmery lilac-colored skin, with a gay couple who volunteered regularly with one of the alien rights activist groups.

When all the paperwork was filed, Alex was filled with a sense of melancholy tinged with dread. The idea of losing Maggie again after having reasons to talk to her for so long was unbearable, so Alex pulled her phone out and sent a message before she could think better of it: “Drinks this Friday at Wren’s? My treat.”

A few minutes later, Alex’s phone buzzed with a response. “Six? Don’t know if I’ll be able to stay up much later.”

“Deal.”

Alex spent the whole week planning and obsessing about drinks while telling Kara over and over again that it wasn’t a date; she just needed to look perfect and sound good and do everything right.

By the time Friday evening rolled around, Alex could barely breathe without second-guessing herself, but then Maggie walked through the door, and it was like seeing her for the first time all over again.

“Hey!”

“Hi,” Alex managed. “You look really good.”

“Oh, uh, thanks.” But Maggie didn’t look particularly pleased by the compliment, and she didn’t take off her coat when she sat down across from Alex. “Wait, I need to say something before we—just before drinks or whatever.”

“Okay?” Alex laced and unlaced her fingers together while she waited.

“Look, you’re really great. And you’re gorgeous and very smart and would totally be my type. But I’m not—I’m not looking to date right now. And maybe tonight was just two friends getting drinks, and I’m making a total ass out of myself, but my divorce isn’t even finalized for another three months because this fucking state makes you wait, even though some of us took years to debate the merits of said divorce over and over and over again and would now really like it to just be done with, but—”

“Hey, Maggie? I get it.”

“Oh. Okay. Great.”

“I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like you. I mean, you’re you. You’re smart and driven and compassionate. You made sure those kids got the homes they deserved. And also, you know”—Alex made a vague gesture up and down with her hand—“all of that.”

Maggie’s mouth quirked up into an easy grin. “You’re saying I’m pretty?”

“Absolutely beautiful.”

“But, um, this isn’t a date.”

“No. I don’t date married women.”

“In the process of getting a divorce,” Maggie grumbled. “You’d think with all that money, she’d
have been able to speed—no, sorry, we’re not talking about my ex.”

“In that case, I don’t date women who are, because of California law, technically still married.”

“That your way of giving yourself an in three months from now?”

Alex shrugged. “Maybe it’s my way of telling you that three months from now I wouldn’t say no to you.” Mentally she high-fived herself for how smooth that sounded. Apparently a decade had done her some good in that department.

“But right now, we’re two friends having drinks.”

“Well, two friends who are in need of drinks to have, but yeah.”

And so for three months they danced around the spark growing between them, pretended they couldn’t hear the sharp intakes of breath when they grazed against one another. They stopped correcting the waiters who called them a cute couple. They began blocking out time most nights to do something together. They shared details of their lives that they didn’t normally talk about with other people. On the night her divorce was finalized, Maggie told Alex about marrying Jacqueline, how they’d gotten engaged mere days after the Supreme Court ruling, swept up in the excitement without quite thinking about what came next. Maggie had only barely learned what it meant to date someone whose family name meant something, who had money that came with obligations and a history longer than one she could even trace for the Rodas family on her Ancestry.com report. And then they were in the public eye, emblems of this new swell of possibilities for same-sex couples. But Maggie had wanted to do things with her career that didn’t work with the Hanson name, and Jacqueline had wanted Maggie at her side at events that left Maggie with a bitter taste in the back of her mouth, and little by little, they found their lives drifting apart. Maggie had tried to explain it, her words rounded and elongated with an extra glass of wine. “It was hard, you know? Cause we didn’t hate each other. We loved each other. It was everything that came with it. Like…put us in a bubble, and we work. Put us in the world, and things…like, she couldn’t’ve done this. Never. This shitty bar? Nah. Talking about the gritty details of work? Advocating for aliens? Sometimes working around that legal line? Fuck no. Maybe Jacqui, the girl I made out with at a wedding reception could’ve. But Jacqueline Hanson, heir to the Hanson fortune? Not a chance.”

There was no seismic shift once Maggie was formally single. A little part of Alex had wondered—maybe hoped—that they would get swept up in the moment, but the night ended up being more introspective than anything.

In fact, they got drinks and dinner another four times before anything happened. They’d spent a long night out at some vegan place Maggie had desperately wanted to try and that Alex had wanted to go to because it made Maggie smile. It was close enough to Maggie’s house that Alex insisted on walking her home, their hands bumping every so often.

As they rounded the corner to Maggie’s block, Alex cleared her throat. “I had a really good time tonight.”

“The seitan bacon didn’t ruin everything?”

Alex laughed. “Will I ever have it again? No. But trust me, my nights with you are rarely ruined. Well, except maybe that one time—”

“At the falafel place?” Maggie finished.

“I still don’t get it!”
“Ma’ams! Ma’ams!” Maggie called out before getting too swept up in laughter at the memory to continue.

“Oh god, yeah, let’s never go back again.”

“Hipsters, man.”

“And the falafel was dry.”

“But only one sauce, ma’ams!” Maggie cackled.

Alex nudged Maggie with her shoulder as they strolled up the driveway to Maggie’s door. “See, even the shitty nights make good memories with you.”

“You make things feel easy again.” Maggie’s voice was a soft whisper, but Alex swore every word echoed in the air around them.

“You make me happy, Maggie. I had convinced myself that nice and comfortable were good enough. I was…content. But then you came along and…” Alex let out a huff of laughter as she shook her head. “And now I can’t imagine going back to that.”

The silence lasted for a few moments before Maggie cleared her throat, looking up at Alex. “How do you feel about dating recently divorced women?”

Alex leaned forward, taking one of Maggie’s hands in her own. “So long as you’re the recently divorced woman, I can’t think of anything I’d rather do.”

And then she was kissing Maggie, and it wasn’t like their first kisses at all, but it was good. So good. Soft and slow. Like an extension of all the coffees and whiskeys and meals they’d spent getting to know one another. One of Maggie’s hands slipped around Alex’s waist, drawing her in closer even as she pulled her mouth away.

“Come over for dinner on Sunday?”

“Is it a date?”

Maggie grinned. “Absolutely.”

Over the next few weeks, their nearly daily dinners and drinks and brunches shifted into dates—the conversations just as meaningful and personal, but the compliments no longer couched in the language of friendly distance. They held hands then and kissed at the ends of their meals—sometimes at the start too, and, every so often, when they were in the comfort of their own homes, in the middle, interrupting bites and stories with a soft press of lips.

They watched movies that Maggie in the other timeline would never have watched and some that she had adored just as much back then. They tried new recipes and took an ill-fated pottery class that left them with two lumpy vases for flowers that they both admitted to killing just as frequently as they managed to sustain them. There were plays to go see and even an opera that served mostly as an excuse for getting dressed up and sitting a little too close and letting their hands wander a little too far for propriety’s sake.

When they finally made it to bed together, Alex let herself experience everything as something new, dropping her assumptions and letting her body learn the contours of this woman beside her, the dips and valleys of a body that had never known a life spent chasing down suspects, the smooth skin unmarred by scars from stray bullets and knives that cut too close for comfort.
Day in and day out, Alex felt her life tangling more and more insistently with Maggie’s, the shape of this new thing they were building wholly unknown. Somewhere around month number two, Alex realized she’d stopped thinking about Maggie Sanchez and Maggie Sawyer as the same person, stopped trying to compare the two people and the two relationships, stopped trying to catalog the ways she might still be getting the life she thought she should have and, instead, enjoying every precious second of the life that she did have.

On their six-month anniversary, a few weeks after Alex’s 41st birthday, they exchanged “I love you”s for the first time, while slightly exhausted from a full week of work and covered in flour from an attempt at making homemade linguini. Abandoning the pasta, Alex took Maggie’s hand and led her to the bedroom, settling between her thighs and pouring every ounce of emotion and love she had into making Maggie feel cared for and worshipped—just like she deserved.

A week later found Alex and Maggie curled up on Maggie’s sofa, debating what to watch that evening. “I’m just saying,” Alex reasoned, “it’s a travesty that you haven’t seen The Shining.”

“Travesty? Or really smart decision? Best decision I’ve ever made, even?”

“C’mon, I’ll hold your hand if you get scared.” Alex fluttered her eyelashes at Maggie and dragged her fingertips along Maggie’s palm.

“You also held my hand when we watched Love, Actually with your sister.”

“That amount of heterosexuality is frightening, Sawyer,” Alex joked, laughing until she realized that Maggie hadn’t joined her.

Instead, Maggie’s face was suddenly drawn, closing off with every millisecond Alex spent not explaining herself. “What did you call me?”

“Wha—oh.”

“Get out.” Maggie was up and off the couch, storming to the door.

“No, Maggie. Please wait!”

“Get. Out.” Maggie’s voice was low, a dangerous rumbling undercurrent to it that froze Alex down deep into her bones.

“Maggie, it’s not whatever you think it is!”

“Really? So you didn’t just call me a name I haven’t heard since I was 18? You didn’t just dredge up something that you, Alex Danvers, should have absolutely no idea about?”

“It’s not—”

“Who are you?”

“I’m from another timeline,” Alex blurted out, needing to do something—anything—to make that hurt look disappear from Maggie’s eyes.

“Excuse me?” She still looked hurt, but it warred with confusion then, her hand reaching behind her until she found the kitchen table, leaning heavily against it.

“You—I—I knew you. Loved you. Or, not quite you. I loved Maggie Sawyer, but—but the timeline changed. I changed it. And then I came back, but you weren’t Maggie Sawyer. You were Margarita
Hanson. And I was in love with someone you weren’t anymore. Maybe someone you never were.”

“And now you’re what? Trying to turn me into something to fit your weird fucked up fantasy?”

“No! No, Maggie, I swear. I just…at first, maybe, sure, that’s what I would’ve wanted. I—I went to the past trying—I wanted to make things right for you. Better for you. And when I came back, you were just…gone.” Alex took a deep breath. “I learned a lot about you. But eventually I realized you weren’t the person I’d left behind in my timeline. You were someone—someone new. And, yeah, there are things about you that are the same. You’re just as passionate and devoted to the pursuit of justice for everyone. You’re still such a good person it makes my heart ache. You’re still beautiful and so fucking smart.” Maggie’s throat bobbed as she swallowed. “But…but you’re different too. You want to change the world in different ways. You went to a different school for college and went to grad school here. You—hell, Mags, you were married here! To some rich lady who can offer you things I could never dream of offering you.” Words kept bubbling up in the face of Maggie’s glare, the tense set of her shoulders. “I’m different! In the other world, I—you’re the person who finally told me I was gay.”

Maggie snorted, gesturing at Alex’s hair, the boots, the button-up.

“I’m serious. I just…back then I didn’t get why things—sex, relationships, love—why they didn’t work, but you—you looked past the sarcasm and anger, and you saw me, Maggie. You saw places inside of me I’d worked so hard to cover up. And everyone else fell for the cover, but you knew me. You helped me to find out who I was for myself.”

“Oh, but I didn’t.”

“Well, you did, sort of. My memory of you.”

“But she’s not me! I’m not her! I can’t—I’m not going to be with another person who’s only dating an idea of the person I could be.”

“I’m not! Sorry, I’m just saying, I’m not that person anymore either. I’m not the 29-year-old baby gay who you turned down because things were too sparkly and new to be real. I’m not at the same level of my job. I’m in a totally different place with my family. I’m in my forties, Maggie! Fuck, I’m on a damn watch list for potential knee replacement surgery. But it’s not just me, and it’s not just you. We are different. Our relationship is so different from what it was in the old timeline.”

Alex swore she’d seen a softening in Maggie’s demeanor, but there was that old hardness reasserting itself. “What did you change, Alex?”

“What?”

“In the timeline.”

“Oh.”

“Tell me, or I am going to assume—”

“Other timeline you asked me to! Or, you didn’t know it was a real possibility, maybe, but you—you said that you wished you could go back in time and”—Alex’s voice waved on the words, her heart thudding in her chest—“and not give Eliza that card.” Maggie’s hand clenched around the edge of the table, her knuckles whitening. “You said you wished you’d been able to come out on your own terms. Later in life. When times had started changing. When you understood yourself better and had the words to explain and didn’t need them so much any more.”
What fucking right did you think—"

"I swear, I thought I was doing what you wanted. I didn’t—I made a point of not talking to anyone or interfering in any direct ways."

"What did you do?"

"I shredded the card you left for Eliza."

Maggie swallowed heavily. "I was humiliated, Alex. Absolutely humiliated when she just ignored me, acted like she had no idea what I was talking about."

"At least you weren’t disowned!"

"Says who?" Maggie yelled back, her voice louder than Alex had ever heard it.

Alex swore someone had switched her blood out with ice water. "What?"

"If you already knew so much about me, didn’t you ever wonder why I use a fake last name?"

"I just…I assumed with your job you needed to."

Maggie shrugged, not looking up at Alex. "That’s part of it, sure."

"How…I was so sure…what happened, Maggie?"

Maggie’s nail dragged along the grain of the wooden tabletop. "I was 17. A senior in high school."

"Oh." It still wasn’t good, but it seemed marginally better, and a small wave of relief washed over Alex.

"How…how did it happen? Before?"

"Eliza. She, uh, showed the card to her parents. They called your parents, who, um, had a suitcase waiting for you when you got home from school. Your dad drove you to the bus station and left you there without a winter coat or anything. Your aunt took you in until you left for college."

Maggie sank down into a chair, a violent tremble wracking her frame. "I guess you bought me some time after all."

"I thought…I hoped I’d gotten you more than that."

Maggie shrugged, that closed off look Alex knew only too well coming over her. "Got caught in one of those old chatrooms talking to some other gay kids. Or maybe they were creepy old men, who knows? But I felt like I found my people for a few months."

"Oh, Maggie. I’m so sorry that got taken away from you."

"It’s whatever. I got shipped off to live with my aunt for the last few months of high school. I guess, I don’t know. We never got close enough for me to want to take her last name."

"And then you were married."

"And then I was married," Maggie confirmed, letting out a huff of humorless laughter.

"I’m really sorry for dredging up bad memories."
“Alex, that’s not why you should be apologizing. That’s not even close to why I’m mad.”

“Oh?”

“I’m mad that you didn’t tell me the truth. You kept things from me for over a year. Do you get that?”

A pang of guilt lanced through Alex. “Would you really have believed me if I started things out by introducing myself as Alex Danvers, the woman who went back in time to 2000 and stole a valentine out of your best friend’s locker to try to keep you from getting kicked out by your homophobic family and, in the process, fucked up the entire timeline and came back to find that her fiancée was married to someone else?”

“I was your what?”

“Um.”

“Alex.”

“My fiancée.” Alex swallowed heavily, wrapping her arms around herself as if she could hold in all the emotions rattling around inside of her.

“What?”

“Look, I know that you probably think I’m here for some idea of what you used to be, but I promise, I’m not. I meant what I said earlier. I’m different. You’re different. What we have is different. I’ve spent a fucking decade mourning the death of a relationship I know is never coming back. But this”—Alex motioned between them—“what we have? It’s new and amazing, and I wouldn’t trade it for anything, even for those years we missed out on.”

“Tell me about them?”

“Are you sure?”

“No. But I need to know.”

So, with a deep breath, Alex began, starting way back at the airport with the president. She talked about fighting over jurisdiction and laughed at how shocked Maggie was at the idea that there was a timeline in which she’d become a cop (“A detective, actually,” Alex had corrected). She talked about the alien bar and promised Maggie she would take her there, since it would probably be good for her line of work anyway. She told Maggie about how jealous she’d been without realizing it, cringed as she recounted how panicked she’d been at the idea that she might be gay.

“Sorry for pushing you on it,” Maggie apologized.

“Don’t be. I—I needed it. Trust me.”

“Still.”

Alex just shrugged, pushing forward in the narrative. She sped through the memories of being rejected by Maggie and drinking herself into a stupor. She pushed through the speech in the parking garage about not wanting to be Maggie’s friend, though she lingered over Maggie’s insistence that she didn’t want to imagine her life without Alex in it. (“It gave me hope when I didn’t think I should have any.”) Then there was Thanksgiving, and the attack at the alien bar, and cyborg Superman shooting Maggie, and Maggie showing up with pizza and beers and a speech that still left Alex
feeling all gooey inside.

“That sounds like it came out of a movie.”

Alex shrugged. “We could probably sell it as a script and make a few bucks.”

“We’d probably have to make it a straight couple to get investors.”

“Ew.”

“Agreed.”

“Anyway…” And then Alex drifted into stories of their first few weeks together, blushing through mentions of the first night they spent at Alex’s place. She glossed over the fights, though Maggie pried enough details out of her to learn things, like the fact that Alex’s sister was Supergirl there too and that Maggie had cheated on some girl she didn’t even know in this timeline but had apparently dated for five whole years in the other one. She found out she hated Valentine’s Day enough to pass up a lap dance from Alex, but that she could apparently call in enough favors to plan a full-scale prom for two in a single day. She even learned that some of her tastes in wedding planning hadn’t changed all that much from one timeline to the next.

“What happened after?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean…you came back, yeah?”

“Oh. I guess, I don’t know. A lot of drinking. Crying. Anger. Bargaining. Whatever the fuck all those steps are. And eventually I got over it. There was no use dwelling on what would never be.”

“But I’m here now.”

“But you’re Maggie Sanchez, not Maggie Sawyer. You’re a social worker who spent years in Opal City with her then-wife. You’ve got a different past and a different set of attachments to the world. You met me on my 40th birthday and never thought, even for an instant, that I didn’t know I was gay. You didn’t have to convince me that not all aliens are bad. We spent months becoming friends, and the whole time I could be open and honest with myself about falling for this…this version of you that I didn’t quite know. Really, all I knew was that from the moment I met you, from the moment I saw you kneeling down and taking care of those kids, I knew you were worth getting to know on your own right.”

“You promise?”

“Yeah, I promise.”

“You know I’m not over it yet, right?”

“You wouldn’t be any version of you if you were.”

Maggie grinned at that. “I’m serious, though. This…I guess I understand why you didn’t tell me at first. I, well, I probably wouldn’t have believed you. And if I did, I wouldn’t have let you get close to me. But it’s been a while now, Alex. That trust…it’s gonna take time to rebuild.”

“Maggie?” Maggie looked up at her. “I waited a decade just to meet you. I would happily spend the rest of my life fighting to prove myself worthy of you, Maggie Sanchez.”
Chapter End Notes

I won't be here for every day of Sanvers Week, but I'll see you all at least once or twice more before it's through!
#SanversWeek Day 2 - Superhero/Vigilante/Villain AU Day

Chapter Notes

A/N: I have a bunch of HCs floating around about a superhero!Maggie AU, but they also tap into some darker emotions since my HC involves her getting the powers after being kicked out (and having no aunt to turn to this time around), and after yesterday’s more emotional fic, I figured a little something lighter and smuttier was preferable

A/N 2: I’ve not seen X-Men and wrote this before consulting my fiancée, who informed me that Rogue is a well-known character there…oops. No connection intended.

“Agent Danvers, we’ve got a sighting of Rogue at the corner of 7th and Valley, do you copy?”

“Copy that,” Alex barked, already on her motorcycle and halfway down the block in pursuit.

“Suspect is armed. Do not engage without backup.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“Backup is still twenty minutes out. I repeat, do not engage alone.”

Alex couldn’t quite help the thrill that ran through her at the idea. “I’ve engaged before.”

“Agent, that’s an order.”

“You’re breaking up, sorry—can’t hear you. Arriving now.”

With a click of a button, the line went dead before any annoying objections could filter through. Now it was just Rogue and her, just like old times. Only this time, she wouldn’t be bested. Not again. Her cheeks flamed red at the memory, but it wasn’t the time to indulge in reflections.

She cut the engine early, quietly toeing her way closer to the block of buildings she just knew would house Rogue. No, not the abandoned warehouse where anyone and everyone would think to look for her. Not the government building Alex suspected had just been burglarized without their knowledge. Certainly not in any of the stereotypical white and black vans in the area. Letting her eyes roam across the storefronts, Alex landed on a busy coffee shop—not some local café, but a big chain type that would be full of harried employees out on their afternoon coffee breaks who could barely spare a glance for the barista taking their order, let alone a random woman who’d turned disappearing into an art form.

As she slipped through the doors, Alex was met with a barrage of sounds—the whirring of a coffee bean grinder, the thrum of conversation, the yelled out orders, the quiet equivalent of jazz-to-go playing in the background. Yet within ten seconds, one sound was clearer than anything else. “Order for Agent…uh, Agent Danger?”

Alex took a deep breath in through her nose as she walked up to the counter and grabbed the order—a red eye with one sugar, just the way she took it. “Thanks,” she murmured, her gaze already darting around, looking for whatever telltale sign had been left behind.
Seeing nothing out of order, Alex sipped at her coffee, catching sight of the small order number printed on a receipt plastered to the side of her cup. “38.” She tried counting people in clockwise order, then counterclockwise. Did the same with the tables. Tried it with 11, then with 24. Then she remembered the map incident from all those years ago, that annoyingly smug voice pointing out that grid systems and coordinates always read the same way. So…three tables to the right of the entrance, then up eight more. Sure enough, a newspaper had been left behind with a completed crossword puzzle and a half-finished word jumble. But Rogue didn’t halfass things unless it was on purpose. Which meant… Alex eyed the clues, checked the words, tested Rogue’s personal favorite ciphers—first on the whole puzzle, then on the incorrect letters only—until she finally got something reasonable: “Back.”

On principle, Alex did not let her enthusiasm show. Her walk was brisk; it was not a jog or a run or a sprint. The sweat gathering at the nape of her neck was due to the caffeine and the suit, nothing more.

As the backdoor with its “Employees Only” sign clicked shut behind her, leaving Alex with a view of a few old cars and two stuffed dumpsters, something prickled at her senses.

“Twelve seconds behind schedule. Losing your touch, Agent Danger?”

Alex spun on her heel at the sound of that raspy voice she’d be able to pick up anywhere.

“Rogue.” It was safer that way. Distance.

Hot breath ghosted against the shell of her ear. “Catch me.”

Alex pulled away a fistful of fabric, watching as her target, now sans leather jacket, took a running leap, parkouring across the small ledge, over to the dumpster, then up onto the fire escape of a nearby building. Alex took off, flinging herself up and over the twisted wires of the fence around the back lot, coffee long forgotten. As she jumped to reach the ladder, hauling herself up to the first level of the fire escape, Rogue disappeared in a flash of brown hair and too white teeth and those goddam dimples.

Seven levels of the fire escape later, Alex felt a warm hand reach out from a window and curl around her bicep. Without a second thought, she ducked under the low opening and let herself be tugged the rest of the way inside. A quick glance around showed a darkened office under construction. All the furniture covered in clear plastic tarps. The smell of sawdust and one-, maybe two-day-old paint hanging in the air.

“It’s been too long, Agent,” came the low voice that haunted Alex’s dreams.

“I can think of ways you’d be able to see me daily.” It was the same vain attempt she made every time. Come back. Work for the Bureau again. Trust that things were getting better, that she didn’t have to, well, go rogue to help aliens in the community.

“And lose my nickname? Not a chance, Danger.”

“Not all of us are that attached to these nicknames,” Alex grumbled.

“Do you not like the danger anymore…Alex?”

A shudder ran through Alex’s frame, leaving goosebumps prickling at her skin.

“I can think of things I’d like better, Maggie.” The hand that was raking up and down her arm stillws momentarily at the name. “Give me whatever’s in that bag of yours, and I bet we could work out a
deal.” Alex knew the deal would, at best, still involve things like subdermal trackers and regular investigations of Maggie’s apartment and all sorts of things that would make it unappealing as an offer, but she couldn’t quite resist the pull of everything it could give them back. Partners. Again. Having each other’s backs. Working to make things better than they had been. Spending long nights…

“You know my conditions, and I doubt you’re prepared to meet them.”

“I—”

Maggie held up a hand in a gesture meant to placate that only served to annoy. “Fine, maybe you would. But I know the Bureau isn’t about to cave.”

“It’s not like the information you’re getting to them is even admissible in court!”

With a shrug of her shoulders, Maggie took a half-step backwards, leaving Alex feeling cold. “Maybe not. But at least now they know where to look.”

Alex wanted to protest, to push back, but she couldn’t argue against the sheer number of overturned convictions they’d seen from old cases—cases that dated back to before she and Maggie and their incoming class had even dreamed of entering the academy, back when agents tallied up convictions by pinning cold cases on aliens who didn’t know their rights, had no legal standing to protest their imprisonment.

The cold mask slipped back over Maggie’s features, closing her off, reminding Alex all too much of the bunkmate she’d first met at Quantico, the one who wouldn’t let anyone close enough to know her, close enough to hurt her. “Is that all you have to offer me today?”

Alex surged forward, desperate to push back those layers of hurt, to find the Maggie she’d come to know and love so fucking deeply. For a long few seconds, it was like kissing a brick wall—all hard angles and solid refusals to move—but then Maggie was kissing her back—a sharp nip of teeth meant to remind Alex of why they didn’t have these conversations, followed by the luscious hint of her tongue, lips parting for Alex, fingertips ghosting across the back of her neck.

“How long?” Maggie asked, her voice already tinged with notes of desperation that made Alex’s knees buckle.

“Uh…” Alex tried to think. Twenty when she was on the bike. Minus five for searching. Four for the chase. Two for the talking. But the other agents wouldn’t necessarily find them right away… “Nine at most.” She wouldn’t get nine. They wouldn’t last nine.

Maggie’s mouth found Alex’s neck, her teeth scraping across her pulse point without lingering long enough to leave a mark. Deft fingers probably still tingling from the thrill of picking locks down the block slipped open the button of Alex’s pants, tugged down the zipper. As Maggie’s hand slipped beneath the waistband of cotton underwear practical enough to have been FBI-issued, Alex drove them closer to the wall, shoving beneath the layers of tight spandex until she found Maggie, hot and wet and waiting.

A keening fuck echoed in the empty room.

Alex wasn’t sure which one of them said it, but she felt the truth of it down deep in her bones. As Maggie’s lips found hers once more, Alex focused her movements, rubbing tight, fast circles until she could feel Maggie panting against her, her breath coming in short bursts, any sound swallowed between the two of them.
“Let go,” Alex whispered, her free arm wrapping protectively around Maggie’s back, holding her steady. “I’ve got you.” It shouldn’t have been true—not anymore, not after she left with a USB full of government secrets and enough blackmail to bring down whole branches of the FBI. But in these moments, she wasn’t Rogue. She was even former Agent Sawyer. She was just Maggie. Maggie who’d thrown herself in front of a bullet for Alex. Maggie who’d gotten her a bonsai tree to brighten her cubicle in that drab, gray room. Maggie who’d kissed her over pizza and beer and brought her fresh coffee in bed the next morning.

Maggie came with a muffled cry, her knees giving way as she let herself be held by Alex for a moment before her own fingers were finding their rhythm again, one then two slipping inside of Alex, feeling her clench around them as her grip around Maggie’s back tightened.

“Agent Danvers, come in,” a voice crackled over her earpiece, and Alex had to bite back a yell of frustration.

“Yes?” she managed.

“Teams are on their way.”

“ETA?”

Maggie curled her fingers forward, and Alex bit down on her lip so hard she drew blood.

“There within three.” Alex’s breathing was labored, and she prayed they’d chalk it up to her running around the block. “Have you located the suspect yet?”

“Close,” Alex grunted. Maggie’s thumb found her clit. “So close.”

“Keep us post—”

Alex clicked the line off, crashing back into Maggie’s lips as her hips stuttered against Maggie’s hand, wave after wave of pleasure crashing over her.

“Gorgeous,” Maggie whispered, pressing a soft kiss to the corner of Alex’s mouth as she came back down to earth.

“I miss you.” Alex’s voice was low, her breathing still ragged. “Come back.”

But Maggie just shook her head, a half smile that Alex dared to call wistful playing about her lips. “You’re doing what you need to do for justice. So am I.”

Alex nodded, forcing herself to pull back as she readjusted her clothing, re-buttoning her pants and straightening her shirt. “Then you know how it has to go.”

Maggie’s dimples popped as she nodded. “C’mon, Danger, give it everything you’ve got.”

Alex clicked her earpiece back on. “Suspect located. Seventh floor of the Caldwell building, but moving fast. I’m in pursuit.”

“Til next time.”

Alex dragged Maggie back for one last searing kiss. “Isn’t that tempting?”

“Very.” Maggie tilted her head to the side. “Bring me a deal as tempting as you are next time, and maybe I’ll consider it.”
I've already written several fics with an already out Alex meeting an already out Maggie (including the one for day 1 of the last Sanvers Week!), but why not do one more! I went a little experimental with form to make it different... little angsty, plus some smut, hope ya enjoy!

**Week 1.** Maggie found herself beyond grateful for the months she and Alex spent getting to know one another before accepting this mission. It was one thing to go undercover at an alien fight club for a single night with someone she’d only known for a few days. It would have been quite another to sleep in a tent for days on end chasing leads and running surveillance with a near stranger.

But no, Alex was far from a stranger. She was a friend, certainly, though the word felt insufficient in some way—perhaps the way her ex had hinted at when she gently pulled her hand from Maggie’s before they’d even gotten to the restaurant and told her it was clear there was someone else. There hadn’t been, at least not in the way Caitlyn had assumed there was. But Maggie could admit there was some frisson of...of excitement or attraction or, hell, maybe just arousal that crackled between her and Alex—that spark that made long days pass quickly enough, that made the frustration of hunting for hints of Cadmus activity that may or may not be found feel bearable.

**Week 2.** Alex didn’t think of herself as a prissy person. But after 10 days of trekking through forests and mountain ranges looking for signs of Cadmus, she wanted a shower. Not more splashing, those half-assed baths with chill water and industrial bar soap stored in a ziplock bag that left her feeling cold and barely more clean than she had been before. The only time she felt warm was at night, curled up in the tent with Maggie, their sleeping bags zipped together and the only noise the low hum of the small generator powered by alien elements meant to last for three months. God, she hoped the trip didn’t last a full three months.

**Week 3.** Maggie tried not to remember how good meals that didn’t come out of pre-packaged rations tasted. Every so often, though, a sensory memory would trick her into anticipating something better than DEO-issued, dehydrated food that she could only think to describe as bland, gray, functional. There was the whiff of some fir trees that brought her back to Christmas mornings past, to the plates piled high with eggs and, at that time in her life, bacon, and, during some years when she begged hard enough, pancakes made into Mickey Mouse head shapes, smothered with butter and sticky syrup. Then there had been the first sip of hot tea—Alex had stood for what felt like ages boiling water over the tiny fire that was as big as they dared while keeping a low profile, then dropped in two of the earl gray teabags she had shoved into an outer component of her backpack. Earl gray wasn’t even Maggie’s favorite tea—she’d take a good rooibos over it any day—but it had been Emily’s tea of choice, and the first sip brought her back to what felt like the last happy meal they’d shared together—a spread of dishes from the new Indian restaurant that had opened on their block, the meal turned into a picnic on their living room floor just before Maggie got the promotion that started taking her away from Emily more and more.

There were no deep flavors here. There was only more of the same as they soldiered on together. Day in. Day out. The list of locations checked and inspected growing longer without yielding anything more than frustration. And oh the frustration was palpable—even more so than whatever
was simmering between them. Even after miles long hikes, Alex would excuse herself for evening walks. The days Alex didn’t get time to burn off energy felt like existing beside some deep faultline—trying so hard to exist and hold it together the way it should, but so close to crumbling when outside circumstances shook things a little too hard.

**Week 4.** On day 24, Alex told Maggie about her father, about why everything mattered so much to her, about why their failures registered as so much more than absent spaces. Because they weren’t absences. Every set of coordinates reached with nothing to show for it weighed on her, stayed with her, returned to her in those moments she took for herself to weep and scream into her fist and rage at the world that would take her father away and send back some shell of the man he once was.

On day 24, when Maggie held her and stroked her back and let her do and say what she needed, even with the tears and the snot and the cursing that broke apart into incomprehensible fragments, Alex decided that Maggie Sawyer was someone she could love. Someone who could matter to her as much as Kara. Someone who could be family.

On day 25, Alex sat and listened as Maggie told her about her family, about growing up in Blue Springs and being outing and being sent to live with her aunt. She heard about relationship after failed relationship, about all the ways Maggie didn’t think she deserved happiness. Alex shook her head and held Maggie’s hand and tried to make Maggie understand how achingly good she really was, all the ways she made Alex want to be a better person.

On night 26, Alex opened one of the chocolate bars Kara had insisted she bring for “bad days” and split it straight down the middle to share with Maggie, who put up a token resistance until Alex managed to slip a small bite between her lips, grinning as her whole body seemed to melt with the taste. They huddled in the sleeping bags and stayed up together for hours telling stories and sharing memories better than the ones that had colored their past two evenings. Even though there were still no signs of Cadmus, Alex finally felt like there was something in her life she might be able to classify as progress.

**Week 5.** Maggie woke drenched in sweat from a dream about leaving a little red Snoopy valentine in Alex’s DEO locker, the card filled with mushy sentiments about feelings and attachment and love. She wanted to be able to pretend like it didn’t mean anything, that Alex wasn’t anything like Eliza, but that wasn’t true. Because there, sleeping next to her, was Alex, the first best friend she’d had in a long time, maybe the first real best friend she’d had since Eliza, the first person who knew all her secrets, all the things that kept her up at night. But she’d be lying if she said Alex was only a friend. She could pretend like sleeping beside Alex each night didn’t make her wish it were in a different context. She could pretend like her breath didn’t catch at the way Alex’s whole face lit up when she laughed, the way the highlights in her hair caught the sunlight, the way the lines of long, lean muscle drew Maggie’s gaze.

She tried to distract herself by working even harder, pushing herself to hike an extra mile on travel days or insisting they could check another set of coordinates before the sun set for the evening. Of course, that only worsened Alex’s disappointment with every empty location, every hunch that didn’t pan out, every moment that made it feel like Cadmus was just one step ahead of them.

**Week 6.** Alex wasn’t proud of some things she’d done, some parts of who she was. She knew she took things to extremes. Knew she felt in extremes, wanted in extremes. When she wanted to go out in college and grad school, it was never just happy hour; it was a club until 3 am, dancing until she felt wanted, shots until she forgot all the ways she was failing to meet expectations. When she promised to protect her loved ones, it didn’t mean to the best of her abilities or to some fixed point after which she would turn things over to someone new or say she’d done enough; it meant flying into space in a pod that might not have worked or throwing herself in front of speeding bullets or
letting herself be hauled away as a traitor to the state. And now she was failing. Every fucking day she was failing the memory of the man who’d once been her father, her rock.

And she tried to keep it inside, even as it ate away at her, but there were already so many other things she was keeping bottled up, buried inside of her. The hopelessness over this whole mission. The mourning for Jeremiah Danvers, who she kept promising the world she could get back but who she’d begun to doubt would ever see the light of day again. The longing for the woman on her six, the woman who sat beside her for every meal, the woman who curled around her in the middle of the night, spreading warmth into all those cold places Alex thought untouchable.

All things considered, she was glad Maggie found her sobbing. Because she knew the alternative was lashing out—and not like the night she’d bitched about their aborted surveillance mission; no, the kind of anger that burned its way from deep inside of her, scorching everything she held dear until it exploded out of her, burning whoever happened to be close.

“I’m so fucking tired of failing,” Alex managed through gritted teeth. “I’m tired of finding nothing again and again. I’m tired of eating these stupid fucking rations. I’m tired of sleeping on rocks and roots and dirt. And—god, I’m fucking angry. I am frustrated and angry, and I just, I’m just, I’m so fucking done.”

Maggie nodded in understanding, her voice soft without being condescending. “I’m gonna do the perimeter walk tonight. I’ll be back in half an hour, okay? You think about what might help you moving forward.”

For the first ten minutes, Alex let herself get swept up in every emotion swirling through her, let herself cry and rage, let herself burn through those things that shouldn’t live long enough to be let out into the world.

She tried to think next, think of the things that she would have wanted were she home. A punching bag. An episode of shitty television. A long run. A hot bath. An orgasm. A good night’s sleep. She certainly couldn’t name all of them when Maggie asked, but she could...well, with 15 minutes alone, she could give herself something. Not that she was turned on. Not that she would let herself think about the woman who would get her to that point. It was release—nothing more. A hand shoved into her pants but above her underwear. Small, fast circles. The burn of friction that gave way to something approaching pleasure. An anger that she would force into something good. Weeks of pent-up tension all forcing their way into her thoughts. Her movements grew jerkier. Her wrist cramped, the waistband of her still buttoned pants digging into her forearm. And there it was, a sharp burst of feeling, a groan lost to the synthetic tent walls, the incremental loosening of tight muscles as she slumped forward.

She let herself get into bed early that night, feigned sleep when Maggie unzipped the tent a few minutes later, slept slightly less fitfully that she otherwise would have.

Week 7. Maggie spent five long days trying to trick her brain into forgetting what Alex sounded like when she came. Five long days trying to convince her body not to respond to Alex’s proximity. If she’d wanted something, if she’d felt anything for Maggie—no, it wouldn’t do to go there. And for five long nights, Maggie longed for half an hour alone. Hell, ten minutes alone would have been plenty. But night after night, Alex found reasons for them to be together, as if making up for the tense days before...before that. But all the time alone with Alex, the nights of talking and touching and closeness weren’t making her situation any easier.

On night 6 AO (After Orgasm, as she’d taken to numbering them in her head), Maggie’s control snapped. They’d spent the evening talking about ex-girlfriends, and Alex let slip a few too many details about how long it had been that made Maggie want to throw her leg over Alex’s lap and give
her everything she deserved, everything she’d been missing for too long. Instead, she muttered out some vague response that got them to move on to new topics, and the moment Alex yawned, she suggested they call it a night.

Only Maggie didn’t sleep, couldn’t sleep. She waited, watched as the seconds turned into minutes. The sounds of Alex’s breathing evened out, her chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

And then Maggie did something she wasn’t proud of. She turned away from Alex as her fingers snuck beneath the waistband of flannel pajama pants, slipping between her thighs, finding herself hot and slick. She bit down on her lip to keep from making a sound. Even with restricted movements, Maggie felt herself nearing the edge, her breath growing ragged, her thighs tensing.

That was when she felt it. A shift of movement beside her. A sharp inhale. *Fuck.* She stilled, her wrist bent oddly between her legs, but she didn’t dare move it.

“Please. Don’t stop.” Alex’s voice was tinged with a desperation that was all too familiar, pushing Maggie half a step closer to the edge than she was already hovering on.

“I—I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” It was a firm command, brokering no disagreement. “I—I could help?”

A high-pitched, keening whine filled the air around them. “Fuck.”

“Let me?”

“Alex,” Maggie panted, letting herself shift onto her back.

“I’ve wanted to. If you…only if you want this. I didn’t mean to assume. Fuck, I’m sorry.”

Maggie’s free hand shot out, curling around Alex’s wrist and bringing it to join her own. “Please.”

Alex’s fingers nudged Maggie’s own out of the way, sliding easily inside wet heat.

Maggie’s whole body tensed, and she was too far gone to care that it might be embarrassing to come within five seconds.

“Wait. This can’t—I don’t want this to be over. I don’t want this to be it.”

“Alex.” Maggie’s hips jerked up to meet Alex’s fingers, giving herself what Alex had stopped giving to her.

“Fuck, I want you. But…but I also like you.”

Maggie forced her body to slow down, gulped in a deep, shaky inhale. “I lo—I like you too. A lot.”

“So…this isn’t a one-time thing?”

Maggie shook her head, her words choking off into a moan as Alex’s hand jolted back into motion.

They spent the rest of the night proving that there was nothing “one-time” about any of it.

**Week 8.** Alex found that having Maggie around worked wonders at diffusing the guilt she felt for being so goddam happy even when they weren’t making progress. As Maggie kept reminding her, being happy didn’t make her work less hard; in fact, their log reflected a higher rate of progress than before. It just felt a little less like work when she got to spend all of her time with her girlfriend—the
word still made her giggle like a teenager with her first real crush.

On day 55, Alex jerked Maggie backwards in time to avoid a carefully disguised explosive, covered with leaves whose color was just a little off. Her grip on her weapon tightened as that familiar rush of adrenaline took over, sharpening her senses. “You still up for this?”

Maggie grinned at Alex. “Ride or die, Danvers.”

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