Trapped Between Two Worlds

by LesbihonestGuys

Summary

Lena Luthor knew nothing about Supergirl, only the way her tongue and fingers felt inside her. Lena Luthor knew everything about Kara Danvers, apart from the way her tongue and fingers felt inside her. Until she began to put the pieces together...

Notes

TUMBLR: 5-puthyyy
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See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

“I didn’t expect to see you here this late.” Lena mumbled while typing furiously on the keyboard, knowing the blonde that just flew in behind her could hear her perfectly clear.

“I could say the same thing, Ms Luthor. The building’s empty.” Supergirl watched the tense muscles in Lena’s back flex as she rolled her shoulders back. Her blazer was hanging off her swivel chair, leaving Lena in a short-sleeve and quite tight white button-up shirt along with her black pencil skirt. Her heels were already slipped off, placed next to the small couch in her office.

“Not anymore. You can keep me company while I finish drafting this email.” Lena let out a sigh as she felt Supergirl’s fingers gently move along her back, drifting down her spine. She pushed her fingers just slightly, in a circular motion, gripping onto Lena’s hips. “Darling,” the blonde was quick to hush Lena, forcing her to relax. “I need to finish this.”

“Then finish it.” Supergirl husked out with a smirk as she sped around the desk and crawled under the desk, coming face to face, well, lips. “Oh, no underwear?”

“Maybe I was expecting someone.” Supergirl growled at the thought of anyone else touching Lena and trailed her fingers along Lena’s thighs, digging her nails in earning a gasp. “Only you. Relax.” The blonde chuckled and kissed where her nails dug in, and trailed her kisses closer and closer to the hypnotising scent of Lena’s lower lips. The brunette was attempting to focus on her email, determined to prove to Supergirl that she was not as affected by her touch. But she was clearly failing as one lick along her slit and Lena was a goner. Her head thrown back, hands already laced into blonde locks, moans, squeals, groans and gasps.

“Tell me how it feels.” Supergirl demanded as she pulled her tongue away just to replace it with two fingers. She looked up into Lena’s eyes, taking in the quiver of her lips.

“Your tongue feels so good in my wet pussy. You look so sexy with your mouth on me, fuck don’t stop!” Lena gasped and clenched around Supergirl’s fingers that just reached deep, rubbing the perfect spot. “Whatever you just did, keep doing it, please! Don’t stop!”

“You don’t want me to stop?” The blonde thrust harder and faster, flicking her tongue against Lena’s aching clit. Her eyes never left the brunette, watching her throw her head back and roll her hips.

“Don’t you dare stop. Fuck me, as hard as you can, please make me cum Supergirl!” The blonde used her super-speed and added a third finger. Along with her tongue swirling around Lena’s clit and her mouth sucking, the brunette was pushed over the edge, gripping onto Supergirl’s hair ensuring her mouth stayed right where it was. Her hips rolled, practically humping the blonde’s face. “Oh, God! Fuck, right there! I’m cumming!” Lena’s inner walls clenched down hard against the blonde’s fingers that were beginning to slow down to allow her to ride out her orgasm. Her tongue gently caressed the brunette’s clit, loving the way her hips twitched at each stroke.

“Let me take you home.”

Kara was late for lunch, yet again. Not that Lena was looking at the time throughout the whole day, waiting to see the blonde. She sighed and drifted her eyes back to her computer and away from the clock. Yet she found it extremely difficult to concentrate, worried to why Kara was late. She knew the blonde had a tendency to overwork herself, sometimes skipping lunch and dinner – skipping out
on food was definitely a big deal when it came to Kara Danvers.

“I’m so sorry, Lena. I was held up by James but I come bearing food!” Lena’s head shot up with an instant smile at Kara’s voice. She stood up to greet the blonde, taking in the view of her in a blue sundress.

“It’s not a problem, Kara. Busy day?” Lena grabbed the bags of food from Kara’s arms and began to empty them on the table next to the couch. The blonde gave her a thankful grin and dropped down on the couch with a sigh, huffing to blow a stray hair out of her face. Lena bit her lip attempting to hide her wide grin at how cute Kara was. She watched as the blonde untied her pony tail, ruffled her hair a little before tying her hair back into a tighter pony tail this time. All Lena wanted was to run her fingers through Kara’s locks, massaging her scalp, nuzzling her face into Kara’s hair and lay a soft kiss there.

“Very busy. But productive, nonetheless. I’m starving.” Lena chuckled and took a seat next to the blonde, turning to look at her with her arm resting around the back of the couch.

“When are you not starving, dear?” Kara’s baby blue eyes lit up at the sight of potstickers, and Lena’s green eyes lit up at the sight of Kara. Both food in their own right. Lena loved watching Kara, especially when she was eating. It may be a little creepy but she couldn’t help it when the blonde was the cutest and most gorgeous person Lena had ever laid her eyes on. She was extra happy when she was eating and filling her mouth with potstickers, closing her eyes to savour the taste.

“Lena…Earth to Lena Luthor!” Kara pulled Lena out of her daze, smiling at the brunette who seemed like her mind was clouded. “Are you okay? Have you eaten already?” So maybe Lena had been staring at Kara eat for a little longer than a few seconds, or minutes.

“Oh, I’m sorry I just have a lot on my mind. No I haven’t eaten yet, thank you for bringing lunch.” She gratefully grabbed the salad, inwardly cheering at the fact that the blonde knew what her favourite chicken salad was.

“Anytime. Tell me about your day.” Lena proceeded to talk to Kara about how frustrating it was to deal with men who think everything they say is the best way to go about things. Kara listened, laughed, smiled and let the brunette vent to her.

“I guess I just have to learn to deal with it.” Lena chuckled as she put her salad down and leaned back on the couch.

“It comes hand in hand with being a powerful, confident, amazing and beautiful woman. They’re just threatened by you and…” Her ears shut after hearing those words. The blonde never failed at taking Lena’s breath away, with her words, actions and clear devotion to Lena. She always trusted her and had faith in her, which was another reason to why Lena was so hopelessly and utterly in love with Kara Danvers.

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Lena was working late again, but from home this time. She sat with a glass of red wine, a bundle of papers on her coffee table along with her laptop. Her speakers were playing classical music at a low volume, not enough to be distracting. She was wearing a silk nightgown, ready to pass out on her couch like she usually does when she was working late. She somehow always woke up back in her bed, but she had a feeling a certain blonde had made it a habit to check up on her.

Thoughts of Supergirl began to drift through Lena’s mind and she sighed knowing she’s not going to
finish her work tonight because of that. She dropped her pen, saved the document on her laptop and leaned back sipping on her wine.

Supergirl meant a lot to her. She had no clue why; she didn’t know anything about her. They only talked when it came to sex or saving the world. All she knew was how the blonde’s tongue felt in her mouth, along her neck, on her nipples. Shifting her legs, Lena took another sip and closed her eyes, imagining Supergirl’s mouth around her breasts, sucking and biting, licking and kissing. None of her past lovers had worshipped her body like Supergirl does.

She shut her eyes tighter, remembering how the blonde’s lips felt leaving hickeys along her stomach, fingers digging into her thighs telling Lena just how much she was affected by her. Her lips trailed along Lena’s stomach, lower and lower, skipping past Lena’s core and teasing her by kissing her thighs.

Lena adjusted her legs, spreading her thighs apart feeling the wetness between her legs. She chugged down the rest of her glass and placed it on the table. She lay back on her couch and moved her hand slowly along her stomach, nails scratching her skin. She imagining Supergirl between her thighs, gently kissing around her lower lips, spreading them with her fingers before swirling her tongue and teasing Lena’s entrance.

The brunette teased her entrance with her fingers, sighing at how wet she was. Lena pictured Supergirl’s tongue thrusting into her pussy, slurping and licking, collecting as much as she can. Lena pushed two fingers in, knuckle deep. She let out a gasp and arched her back slightly. Beginning to thrust her fingers, Lena thought of the time Supergirl flew her to the roof of L Corp and fucked her against the ledge. She thought of the blonde whispering dirty words into her ear, plunging her fingers into Lena’s always wet pussy from behind. She thought of Supergirl’s hand around her neck. She thought of baby blue eyes and a blue sundress.

Lena slowed down at the thought of Kara, cursing herself for letting her mind be filled with her during this time. She wasn’t one to fuck herself to thought of someone else when the other person had no clue about her feelings. It was something she thought was disrespectful, yet she couldn’t help herself. She was too wet, her fingers felt too good, the thought of behind on top of Kara and looking into her eyes until they roll back was enough to set her off again.

Lena was too in her head to notice someone flying outside her window, watching with wide and hungry eyes. Lena was fucking herself, hard, to the thought of having her own fingers in Kara, being able to taste her and look up at her. She was quick to move her other hand down to rub her clit, gently at first but speeding up.

Supergirl didn’t feel right watching Lena like this, but she was too intoxicating, especially her loud moans. She watched as Lena began to roll her hips, throw her head back, mouth wide open. She watched as Lena fucked herself losing her pace, desperate to explode. Supergirl placed her hands on the glass, aching to touch Lena. Until suddenly she heard the brunette gasp and moan out,

“Kara!” Shocked, Supergirl tilted her head to the side before she suddenly began falling, clearly losing concentration on her flying.

“Oh fuck.”
Chapter 2

Lena couldn’t concentrate. On anything. At all. She was at conflict, her feelings only confusing her. She glanced around the conference room, saw that all eyes were on her and shook her head.

“I’m terribly sorry but my mind seems to be elsewhere. I’m going to have to cut this meeting short and reschedule.” With that, she stood up and packed her papers. Much to the complaints of the men, she walked out of the room and made her way to her office. She greeted her receptionist with a tight smile, barged in and closed the door letting out a heavy sigh.

“You seem stressed.” She jumped at the sound and looked up to see Supergirl leaning against Lena’s desk. The brunette visibly relaxed seeing Supergirl smile at her. Her shoulders dropped, back slouched, heels slipped off and kicked to the side. “Let me help you relax.” Lena let out a breathy chuckle and leaned her head against the door, biting her lip at the blonde.

“I need a nap.” But Supergirl wasn’t there for a nap. So she just watched, stepping from foot to foot as Lena stumbled to her couch and dropped onto her back. The brunette looked up, viewing Supergirl upside down and let out a giggle. “Come here.” The blonde smirked and flew to Lena, hovering above her.

“Postpone your nap.” She connected their lips together, starting off gentle until desire kicked in. Swiping her tongue across Lena’s bottom lip, Supergirl caressed the inside of Lena’s mouth once the brunette gave her access. She trailed her fingers down Lena’s hips, loving the soft sighs leaving Lena’s mouth into her own.

Lena laced her fingers with blonde locks, imagining they belonged to someone else. Imagining these soft lips belonged to a certain blonde journalist. She wanted nothing more than to be with Kara, to hold her, feel her, kiss her, love her. Her heart was at conflict with her desire, so she had no option but to push Supergirl back, gently.

“What’s wrong?” Lena looked up into concerned baby blue eyes, finding familiarity in them. Finding some form of comfort she couldn’t pin point just yet. The brunette gave Supergirl a warm smile and a soft kiss.

“Come over tonight. Have dinner with me.” Maybe, just maybe, if Lena tried hard enough she could get over Kara Danvers. It was clear the blonde didn’t feel the same way she did, right? It was obvious.

“Lena…” Supergirl already began to stand up, but Lena pulled her back down.
“Please? Just dinner.” She still looked reluctant, so Lena decided to move her hand down, reaching between Supergirl’s thighs. “It’ll be worth it.” The blonde chuckled before biting down on Lena’s bottom lip.

“Fine. Just dinner.”

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Lena had no clue what Supergirl liked to eat (apart from Lena herself) and therefore was panicking about what to cook for her. Flipping through her thick recipe book was no help either, mostly because she didn’t have all the ingredients and didn’t want to do anything too fancy.

Letting out a sigh, Lena picked up the remote for her speakers and turned them on allowing classical music to relax her. Maybe it’ll clear her head, help her think, help her relax. She began to make her way over to the fridge, opening it and looking inside with her arm leaning on the side. Milk, orange juice, an almost empty bottle of wine, some eggs, yogurt and leftover Chinese food. Picking up the bottle of wine, Lena shut the fridge door and grabbed herself a glass.

It was stupid and impulsive of her to ask Supergirl out at such short notice. She had nothing planned, no ideas on what to do and how to do it. Now she had to settle for either take out, or rush out and grab fresh ingredients. But there was only two hours until Supergirl was scheduled to arrive. The best person to call at this moment had to be an expert on food. So Lena pulled out her phone and scrolled through her short list of contact, clicking on ‘Kara Danvers’, scolding herself for the blue heart emoji she put in next to it.

“Hello?” She couldn’t stop the smile on her face at the sound of Kara’s voice.

“Kara. Hi, is this a bad time?” Gushes of wind was heard through the phone, with screeching tires. Lena figured Kara was in a cab or crossing the street on her way home.

“No, I’m just, caught in traffic. What’s going on? Is everything alright?”

“Oh, yes everything fine, nothing happened. I just, need your advice on something.” Kara let out a huff as she kicked the double-headed alien, pushing him back a few miles.

“Hit me.” The blonde flew forward with her fist, pulled it back before punching the alien, swiping both heads in one hook.

“Well you see I have a, date.” Lena paused, hoping to hear some sort of reaction from Kara, but all she got was a mumble.

“Mhm, with you?” Lena sighed and sipped her wine, walked to the window and leaned against it hearing a few screams. She looked carefully and saw Supergirl in the distance flying up in the air holding some sort of alien with her. “Son of a-”

“You seem busy, Kara.”

“What? No, no. Just traffic. Got cut off.” Lena figured the cab Kara was in was around where Supergirl was fighting that alien. She watched as the blonde flew higher and higher into the sky before flipping around and pushing the alien fast to the ground, crashing down into the ground. She heard the crash really loudly through the phone. “Fuck! Lena, Supergirl’s fighting this weird, two faced alien thing. It seems bad, I’ll call you back when I’m done with, I mean away from the scene?”

“Oh, okay that’s fine Kara. Be safe. Please?” Lena bit her lip, concerned about the blonde’s well-being. She sighed as she heard the line cut off.
She figured Supergirl would be really hungry, after fighting that alien and you know, saving the world. So Lena thought it’d be a good idea to just order in as much food as possible, thinking the considerate gesture would be enough. Who doesn’t like pizza, right? That was settled, she had two hours to spare.

Two hours. Two hours, of trying on different outfits, of cleaning her apartment, of taking a long bath and shower and trying on different outfits yet again. She settled for a tight maroon dress, remembering that one time Kara told her it was a nice colour on her. Lena looked at herself in her full length mirror and burst out laughing at how ridiculous she is for dressing up, for pizza, when she knew that Supergirl was going to fly in wearing her usual outfit.

She heard a knock on the door and turned, confused to who it could be. There was still 30 minutes left until 8, and Supergirl would likely just fly in through the window.

“One second!” Lena shouted before patting down her dress, setting down her glass of wine and looking at herself in the mirror one more time. There was no need to impress Supergirl, right? It’s not like she wasn’t already impressed, otherwise the blonde wouldn’t have been so consistent in visiting Lena. She took a deep breath and strolled to the door, heals clicking on the floor. She turned the lock and pulled the door open, surprised to see Supergirl standing there with a nervous smile and a dozen roses in her hand.

“I’m a little early. Or a lot early. Sorry, I was excited.” She laughed sheepishly with a hand behind her neck, scratching at the skin there. Lena bit her lip softly and gently took the flowers from Supergirl’s hands.

“Come in.” Supergirl followed Lena inside, looking around the apartment as if she hadn’t seen it before whenever she checked up on Lena late at night. “I saw you out there, fighting some type of alien?” She turned to look out the window where Lena was pointing and nodded her head.

“He’s the last of his species. Went crazy when he found out there’s no one left.” Lena gave Supergirl a glass of wine and strolled to her window, looking far out. The blonde watched Lena from the kitchen, sipping on her wine before placing it on the counter and walking up behind her. “Had to lock him. I’m exhausted.” She wrapped her arms around Lena’s waist and began to leave soft pecks along the brunette’s neck. Lena sighed and turned around, attacking Supergirl’s lips with a rough and rushed kiss. She gripped her hair, tugging on it, knowing it drove the blonde crazy. Supergirl growled and tightened her hold on Lena’s hips, being careful to not use her super strength.

“I want to fuck you. I want to hear you scream my name, moan as loud as you can for me.” Just as Supergirl’s hand drifted under Lena’s dress, the doorbell rang yet again, pulling the pair apart. “Oh for God’s sake.” Lena groaned and marched to the door, opening it with fury.

“Uhh, pizza?”

An hour later, two large pizza consumed by Supergirl alone and half of a pizza consumed by Lena, the two ended up on the floor grinned at each other sharing childhood stories. Lena’s weren’t that pleasant, mostly due to how constricting and condescending her mother was. Supergirl’s weren’t that pleasant either, mainly to due the constant reminded that everything she remembers was now destroyed.

“Of course I miss it. More than anything. But I’ve found a love for Earth and the people here. I love saving people, learning more about culture, tradition and how people live their lives differently here.” Lena smiled at the blonde, leaned over placing a gentle kiss on her cheek.
“That’s beautiful.” Supergirl looked into Lena’s eyes and slowly leaned in gently kissing Lena. “You’re beautiful.” Their breathing began to get heavier as heat between them intensified. Lena pushed Supergirl down onto the floor and lay over her without breaking their kiss. Her desire for Supergirl was strong, especially when she saw her in action. Although she was concerned about her, watching the blonde fly into the sky made her, hot. Really hot.

The blonde immediately placed her hands under Lena’s dress on her ass cheeks, squeezing the flesh gently. She could feel Lena’s heat as the brunette began to grind against Supergirl’s thigh, desperate for some sort of relief.

“Bedroom?” Pulling away, Lena started attacking Supergirl’s neck with her lips, frustrated at the lack of marks. She couldn’t do anything about it, which only angered her further because all she wanted was to leave a mark on the blonde.

“You know where it is.” Supergirl chuckled sheepishly and flew the pair to the bed, landing on top of Lena. Pulling back, she reached around her and pulled her cape off. The brunette sat up and bit her lip watching Supergirl undress for her. Watching as she pulled off skin-tight outfit, revealing her biceps first, bra-clad chest then defined abs. Lena suddenly had an intense desire for her tongue to be tracing those abs, leading down to the blonde’s now exposed lower lips. “Come here.” She demanded, smirking at Supergirl obeying her immediately attaching their lips together.

“How is it possible to be this sexy? I’m so intoxicated by you.” Lena flipped them over and cupping Supergirl, letting a finger slip between her lips feeling how wet she was. The blonde gasped into Lena’s mouth and scraped her teeth against her neck. Lena licked along Supergirl’s neck leading up to her ear where she bit down very gently.

“I want you, on your hands and knees. Not a single word, not a single sound. All I’ve wanted to do since I saw you was to stick my tongue in you. Warm you up.” She climbed off of the blonde and stood watching her turn over and arch her back. Lena stripped her dress off discarding it to the side and leaned over to caress Supergirl ass cheeks with her fingers. “You’re soaked. Is this all for me?” She dipped her finger, collecting some of her wetness.

“Yes, Lena. You make me so wet.” She moaned out and pushed her hips back, looking for more contact. The brunette pulled back and slowly licked around her finger, moaning at the taste.

“You taste delicious. So. Fucking. Good.” Lena punctuated her words and leaned down to swipe her tongue between the blonde’s pussy lips. The vibrations of Lena’s moans of satisfaction made their way to Supergirl’s clit, earning a loud moan. The blonde grinned and leaned her head down, biting on the pillow in front of her. “Don’t. I want to hear every single sound that I get out of you. Every whine,” she kissed Supergirl’s thigh, “every groan,” she bit down, “every moan,” sucked, “every scream,” smacked her palm against Supergirl’s left ass cheek, “yelp,” the right cheek, “squeal,” she thrust two fingers inside with no warning, “every single sound you make for me. I want to hear it.”

“Oh Rao! You’re driving me crazy.” Supergirl was in disbelief. Never had she felt this way, never had she been this desperate in need of someone’s touch. She was aching, throbbing for Lena but she had to remind herself to control her powers before breaking the brunette’s fingers.

“I’m simply teaching you lessons on patience.”

“Patience is not in my vocabulary when it comes to you, Lena.” Supergirl felt chills up and down her spine at the deep chuckle from Lena. Her thighs were quivering, waiting for Lena to push, curl, spread, just move her fingers from their agonisingly still fingers.

“You seem tense, dear. Tell me. What do you want?” Her tone was teasing, playful, seductive.
Daring Supergirl to submit to her and beg to be touched, fucked, by Lena. The brunette spread her two fingers apart just slightly and curled them, loving the desperate moan coming from the blonde.

“Fuck me.” Lena began tutting and pulled her fingers away from Supergirl, loving the whine she received. She watched as the blonde began to clench slightly, desperate and aching for a sort of release. “Please?”

“Oh, dear. That’s nowhere near enough begging. You don’t sound like you want to be fucked by me right now. Do you?” Supergirl could only hear what Lena was doing. She heard footsteps getting further away from her, possibly to Lena’s wardrobe.

“I do. I really do. Please, Lena, please fuck me.” The words fell out of her mouth in a rush as she moved her hips back looking for Lena. She heard a distance chuckle along with shuffling of sorts. She was confused for a few seconds until she became excited at the sound of Lena’s footsteps closer to her. “Please, I need you so bad.”

“How. Where.” Her tone was demanding, controlling. She wanted to hear every detail, everything that Supergirl wanted Lena to do to her.

“Inside. I need you inside me, please! Hard, fast, slow, whatever pleases you. Just touch me!” The blonde was getting increasingly frustrated. But the feel of Lena finger gently swiping through her slit was enough to make her push her hips back.

“I love hearing you beg for me. For me to fuck you. Is that what you want? For me to fuck you as hard and fast as I can? For me to fuck you until you can’t even move?” Supergirl moaned out loud and pushed her hips further back when she could no longer feel Lena’s finger. However, Lena placed her hand on the blonde’s hip and squeezed, telling her to stop her movements. Supergirl obeyed and waited patiently, until a gasp left her throat at the feel of a thick, curved tip against her wet lips.

“Is that…?” She was excited. Really excited. It was clear in how she was clenching, dripping onto the sheets below her. Lena bit her lips and tapped the head of the strapon against Supergirl’s glistening pussy lips.

“Yes. Tell me, do you want me to fuck you with my hard cock?” The most seductive sound she had ever heard came out of Supergirl’s mouth and Lena couldn’t help but push her hips forward for the head to push past her entrance.

“Oh Rao, Lena please.” Supergirl let out a whine as the brunette refused to move, choosing to tease her further. Lena pulled her hips back, leaving half the head in and was stretching Supergirl deliciously. The blonde’s mind was clouded, forgetting everything and focused only on how Lena was making her feel.

“You’re so fucking desperate aren’t you? You’re aching to be filled by me. You just want to be fucked don’t you? You want it so fucking hard, don’t you.” It was a statement, not a question. The moan Supergirl let out as Lena thrust her hips forward was enough confirmation of the statement. The brunette groaned softly, infatuated with how tight Supergirl was. It was slightly more work having to push her hips forward, but the blonde’s was impossibly wet which made it a lot easier. And noisier. One thing Lena loved, had always loved, was the sound of wet pussy being fucked.

“Fuck, please Lena fuck me hard. I can’t take it any more.” Supergirl looked over her shoulder to see Lena’s mouth hung open staring down at the blonde’s tight pussy stretching against the strapon. She bit her lip and pushed her hips back to see how Lena would react, and she was pleased at the gasp and the angry growl Lena did before thrusting her hips forward, this time finding a pace.
“You’re so fucking needy.” The blonde’s breath quickened, hitching up at each thrust.

“So. Good.” Her moans were louder and louder, feeling her release building up already. Lena was pumping harder and began to scratch Supergirl’s back, dissatisfied with the lack of marks that appeared. Sometimes she forgot that she was fucking an alien superhero. Lena was becoming frustrated at not being able to mark Supergirl, so she pushed the blonde forward by pressing on her back. Supergirl was now on her knees with her ass in the air, no longer resting on her hands but face to the mattress. It provided a deeper angle that was driving the blonde crazy.

“You’re so tight. So wet dripping all over my cock. I need to mark you. I fucking need to. Find a way.” Supergirl nodded with a whine in agreement as she pushed her hips back with Lena’s thrusts.

“You feel so good, Lena. Harder, please?” Lena let one hand smack down on Supergirl’s ass cheek as she sped up her thrusts, this time pushing the blonde forward slightly with each one. She noticed that it was becoming harder to keep thrusting. Supergirl was getting tighter and tighter. “Don’t fucking stop. Don’t you fucking dare stop. Oh Rao I’m so close already.” Tighter, tighter, tighter, until the brunette could no longer move. She grunted, trying to pull back. But all that did was suddenly snap the strapon. Both of them froze, Lena in a weird state of shock and extremehorniness. Supergirl in a state of embarrassment and frustration. She had just broken the strapon. Her pussy was so fucking tight, it snapped off half the strapon. Lena chuckled softly as she used her fingers to pull out what was left in Supergirl’s pussy that had now loosened.

“Well.”

“I’m so sorry. I got too caught up in my head and forgot to tame my powers. Oh Rao that’s so embarrassing.” Supergirl was quick to use her super speed to get changed, leaving Lena to discard the strapon and grab a robe.

“Don’t worry about it dear. Maybe it’s something we can work on next time.” Supergirl froze mid air and turned to look at the brunette who was sitting on the bed.

“Next time?”

“Of course.” Supergirl turned a shade of pink as she floated down in front of Lena who only smiled up at her. “You honestly thought I would turn away from you? Darling, that was sexy. Really fucking sexy. I made you lose focus, lose control. I like that. A lot.” Supergirl laughed and bit her lip, leaning down to place a soft kiss against Lena’s lips.

“I don’t think I can stay tonight after that. I might have to go and eat a few ice cream pints.” The brunette chuckled and nodded her head in acceptance, showing Supergirl the way out.

“Friday night. Come back, same time.”

“I’ll be here.”

Chapter End Notes

LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

TUMBLR: 5-puthyyy
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See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was getting really hard for Kara to control herself around Lena, at least when she was Kara instead of Supergirl – when she was the latter she was allowed to lose control. With Kara, Lena acted differently. Her heart pounding faster, irregular beats. She bit her lip more, spent more time admiring Kara (the blonde swore she felt eyes on her when she was eating), touched her more; innocent touches, a little brush on the shoulder, fingers grazing her thighs, sometimes a kiss on the cheek as a greeting. It was driving Kara crazy. Especially now when the brunette was sitting across from her with her foot brushing against Kara’s every few seconds.

“It’s a lovely view here.” Kara looked up at Lena and smiled softly nodding in response. A new brunch place opened up a week ago, on the 23rd floor of a building. Lena thought it was a nice gesture to book the balcony, even though it must have cost a fortune considering it was an exclusive table as there was only enough room for one table on the balcony.

“It’s beautiful, Lena. If only James was here with his camera.” Lena grinned and pulled out her phone with a playful gasp. She began to snap photos of Kara who immediately began pulling weird faces, posing with shrimp hanging out of her mouth. The blonde had spent a significant amount of time on Lena’s phone, scrolling through her camera roll. Usually she found pictures of papers, documents, buildings and some flowers. Maybe one or two selfies. But recently, there had been an increasing amount of pictures of Kara, or of Lena with Kara.

“So beautiful.” The brunette knew she was screwed when she began thinking of which one to save as her homescreen wallpaper later. Kara looked gorgeous with her hair in a tight ponytail, the landscape of National City in the background, the sun hitting her perfectly to not only give her a glow but a sparkle in her eyes. Her smile was radiating; the most beautiful person she had ever laid her eyes on. Lena was a goner. There was no coming back at this point.

“Send those to me.” Lena nodded in response and sipped on her glass of water. Sitting in silence was a norm for the pair, mostly because they were comfortable enough with each other that it wasn’t possible for there to be awkwardness between the two. Both their minds drifted all the time, Lena with hopeful thoughts of maybe one day being able to lean across and kiss Kara, while the blonde was stressed. Always stressed. She wanted to tell Lena so bad. She felt the urge almost all the time and it was getting harder and harder to keep things away from the brunette. She also knew that the longer she goes without telling her, the angrier Lena will be – especially now that Supergirl was involved. That was also something that confused the blonde. Lena had not mentioned anything about Supergirl to her. Maybe there was a lack of feelings there, purely physical. That possibly was also preventing Kara from revealing her secret because what if she wouldn’t want to become emotionally involved with her? What if, Lena actually liked Supergirl and only saw Kara as a friend? Then she’d lose both the friendship and the relationship. To Kara, she’d rather have Lena like this than not have
“Kara?”

“Hmm?” Lena smiled warmly at her and put her fork down. “What’s going on?” Kara gave her full attention once she saw the little crease in Lena’s eyebrow which usually indicated she was nervous.

“I have something to confess.” Kara froze at this. Was Lena going to tell her about Supergirl? How could she act surprised? She was a really bad liar, which was clearly a big problem having to uphold two identities and never letting them clash. She was surprised the brunette still hadn’t figured it out.

“You can tell me anything.” Lena was going to do it. She had to tell Kara about her feelings; she couldn’t hold it in any longer. Kara could either reciprocate her feelings, or reject Lena harshly, or reject her nicely and remain friends. All options were terrifying to her. But Lena was going to do it. She had to.

“I-I think I have a crush.” On Supergirl? That’s what Lena had to say, right? Who else could she have a crush on. Kara was secretly hoping it was her but that wasn’t possible.

“Ooooo interesting. Anyone I know?” ABORT MISSION. FUCKING ABORT THE FUCKING MISSION NOW!

“James.” That was the wrong answer. That was definitely the wrong answer. Kara’s face dropped, her smile no longer there but a frown in its place. Lena had never seen this look before but she knew that she hated it.

“Oh.” Kara was pretty sure everyone who had superhearing could hear her heart shatter in her chest. James fucking Olsen. She wasn’t expecting that. She looked down at her shrimp, with her appetite lost for the next year and cleared her throat in hopes that it would push the tears back. “He’s, uhh, a good man. Great guy. James, huh?” Lena couldn’t let this go on. Why was she such a coward? Women up. Now.

“I lied, it’s not James.” The confusion on Kara’s face would have Lena swooning in any other situation. But the brunette was determined to tell her. She didn’t want to be afraid anymore.

“I, okay? I’m confused.”

“Do you want to go on a date with me?” Lena closed her eyes, refusing to open them to see Kara’s reaction. She heard nothing for a few seconds, not even a breath. Opening her eyes meant rejection. It had to.

“Yes. Of course. I’d love to go on a date with you, Lena.” She opened her eyes to see Kara smiling widely at her, then ducking her head to let out a giggle. The cutest giggle Lena had ever heard.

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“ALEX!?” Kara flew into the DEO, flushed and frantic. “Alex? Where’s Alex? I need to talk to her.” She grabbed Winn, ignoring the scared and pained look on his face. The poor boy was being crushed by her.

“Medical, she’s in medical!” The blonde flew there in a matter of milliseconds and kicked out the younger agent that was talking instructions from Alex on how to use equipment.

“I need your help.” She felt slightly embarrassed at having to ask Alex for this favour but she trusted nobody else with it. Not Winn, especially not Winn – he could barely keep anything to himself. Alex
turned to look at Kara with a worried look on her face.

“What’s going on? Are you in trouble?” Kara sighed and took a seat on the sunbed, now becoming increasingly nervous at having to ask Alex this favour. “You can trust me, Kara. Do you not want the DEO involved? I can keep it quiet if you need me to.”

“I need kryptonite. But in a small, very small, quantity. And discreet.” Alex looked confused, very confused to why her sister would need the one thing that weakens her. She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned against the table behind her.

“For what?” Kara didn’t want to say it. She really didn’t want to say it. But she knew her sister would keep pushing and would not do what she asked for unless she knew the purpose.

“I just do. Maybe in a bracelet form? Or a necklace? Maybe a red sun lamp?” She was avoiding having to tell her. But the look Alex was giving her with one eyebrow raised was enough to make her give in. “I need to control my powers.”

“For?” She didn’t want to say it.

“Intimate reasons.”

“What do you—Oh. OH God I didn’t need to know that, Kara!” Alex groaned and covered her eyes with her hand. She definitely didn’t need to know about her baby sister’s sex life. “Who? Actually no I don’t even want to know.”

“Lena.”

“What?!” That was a fun story she would save for sisters’ night.

“I’ll explain later. Can you make me something or not?” Alex narrowed her eyes and hopped up to sit on the sunbed next to Kara.

“I guess I’ll try. I can manage a sunlamp but we need to run a few tests to see what quantity you need.”

“What kind of tests?” There was silence before Kara groaned and fell back covering her face.

“Lena? How? When?”

“Not now, Alex.”

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“This is Lena Luthor we’re talking about, Alex. What if we end up going to an exclusive expensive, fancy restaurant? I don’t want to look underdressed.” Three hours of Kara complaining, trying on different outfits, trying not to stress eat. And Alex was at her breaking point.

“Kara, you need to stop doubting yourself. So what if you’re underdressed? Lena isn’t going to look at you any differently.” The blonde sighed and dropped down onto the couch, clinging onto the black dress in her hand tightly. “That woman is head over heels for you. There’s no doubt about that.”

“I mean, she’s the one who asked me out.” Alex sat next to Kara and wrapped her arm around the blonde’s shoulders.

“Exactly! There’s nothing to worry about. Lena wants you and only you. Not some fancy dress.
She’d be happy with you in a trash bag.” Kara giggled and rested her head on Alex’s shoulder, letting out a content sigh. Alex always knew how to cheer her up or calm her down. She was definitely a blessing sent to Kara on her bad days.

“I really like her, Alex. And that’s what makes it scary. Especially the whole Supergirl situation. How am I meant to tell her?” Alex was starting to get tired of hearing Kara sigh every few seconds.

“Well, according to the DEO, you shouldn’t tell anyone. But with your situation? Just tell her. The longer you keep it a secret the angrier she’ll be. And I know you don’t want that.” Kara knew Alex was right, but telling Lena tonight would just ruin the date. She wanted to have one good date with the brunette before things start to get complicated – more than they already are.

“It’s not the right time yet. I wanna see what Lena does with Supergirl, now that she’s involved with the Kara side of me.”

“Just be careful, okay? Don’t drag it out for too long.” Kara grinned up at Alex and kissed her cheek before standing up and marching to her room, yet again zooming through outfits.

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They felt like teenagers. Probably looked like it too; love-struck, glancing at each other, cheeks red. Kara had no clue why she couldn’t keep her cool around Lena, especially considering she was perfectly fine – not a nervous bone in her body – when she was Supergirl around Lena. Channelling that confidence proved to be a lot more difficult than she initially thought.

Lena always saw Kara in the most beautiful light but seeing her in a long royal blue dress that seemed to fit around her waist perfectly, was a completely different story. It was amazing to see how much effort Kara had put in, showing that she clearly did care about Lena – the brunette still couldn’t help but comment on how Kara didn’t need to impress her as she already had.

“How long?” Kara asked Lena the question she had wanted an answer to ever since the brunette asked her out – which was 5 days ago. She had no clue, maybe looking back there were a few things she could have interpreted differently. But the brunette was pretty good at hiding it.

“Hmm?”

“Have you, you know.” Lena raised an eyebrow, with a small smirk on her face. She loved seeing Kara like this. She blonde seemed to have forgotten how to even talk to Lena.

“You can say it, Kara. It’s not like it’s a secret anymore.” She leaned over to place her hand on top of Kara’s and gently caressed it comfortingly. The blonde looked up at Lena adoringly and bit her lip, turning her hand to intertwine their fingers.

“How long have you had feelings for me?”

“A long time.” Lena couldn’t really pin point a moment. She knew the reporter was special the second she walked into Lena’s office. But to say she developed feelings at that point would be inaccurate, and wrong. It started off friendly. “At first, I was glad I had a friend. You’re special to me in that sense, considering – as you already know – there’s only a handful of people that are willing to taint their reputation by associating with a Luthor.”

“You need to start realising that not everyone sees you in a negative light anymore, Lena. The public are really starting to see you as Lena Luthor, rather than Lex Luthor’s sister.” Lena rolled her eyes playfully at Kara and dismissed her words for a later conversation.
“If you say so, Kara.” She leaned back and sipped on her wine glass, glancing around the restaurant quickly to ensure no eyes were on them. She uncrossed her legs and leaned her foot forward until she felt Kara’s leg. It had become a habit, sometimes just because it felt nice but other times she wanted to see how Kara reacts to her touch. This time, the blonde tensed up slightly, clearing her throat before relaxing a little and narrowing her eyes at Lena in suspicion. “Anyway, I love our friendship. Our dynamic is great and I didn’t want to ruin it by introducing feelings that might not be reciprocated. So I think, unconsciously, I didn’t allow myself to acknowledge my feelings. Until it starting getting really hard to hide them, especially when you were with Mon-El.”

“How did that make you feel?” This time Lena narrowed her eyes at the blonde who was subtly biting her lip. Lena leaned forward, touching her finger against Kara’s knuckles.

“Furious.” Kara’s breath hitched as Lena’s foot slid up her leg. “I wanted you all to myself. Seeing you with him, seeing him touch you. I just wanted to grab you and,” Lena stopped herself before she said something that would step too far. But Kara gripped the brunette’s hand, eyes gone dark with lust.

“Tell me. What did you want to do to me?” Lena smirked as Kara bit her lip.

“I can show you better than I can tell you.”

Chapter End Notes

LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS
“My place or yours?” It was rushed, breathy, mumbled in between rough kisses. Lena was in absolute heaven, finally being able to be with the person she had been chasing for months. Finally being able to feel Kara’s lips after constantly wondering what they’d feel like, taste like. Kara pushed Lena against the bathroom sink, attaching her lips to the brunette’s waiting neck.

“My place.” Kara growled, and Lena wasn’t sure if the blonde was answering her question or marking Lena at this point. All she knew was that throwing her head back to give Kara more space was the best decision of her life at this point, as the blonde attacked her neck attempting to taste as much skin as she could. At surprising strength, Kara lifted Lena onto the sink to allow her legs to wrap around the blonde’s waist, flushing the two together. They seemed to fit like a puzzle piece. They seemed destined to be; Lena felt such a familiarity in kissing Kara, almost like coming home.

Kara felt familiarity, because to her it was coming home. She hadn’t visited Lena as Supergirl since the brunette had asked Kara out. It was torture not being able to touch her, kiss her, feel her. It was torture. She was beginning to forget to keep her ears listening for footsteps in case they’d get caught. Her ears were filled with Lena’s low moans, sighs, rapid breathing. She was intoxicating in every way, shape and form, especially the way she was subtly grinding her hips forward looking for some sort of friction.

“Come here.” Lena managed to breathe out and pulled Kara’s face towards hers to connect their lips. She swiped her tongue at Kara’s lower lip, begging for entry. But she wasn’t patient enough for that, choosing to push her way through to find Kara’s tongue and caressing it with her own. The blonde moaned slightly into the kiss and gripped Lena’s waist a little tighter than before, but managed to control herself before she accidentally hurt her.

Kara trailed her hands down Lena’s thighs, calves, making sure her fingertips gently scraped her legs. Going back up, her hands slipped under the brunette’s dress, squeezing her thighs gently and moving higher and higher. Lena pulled back from the kiss, opening her eyes to reveal a much darker shade, almost a predatory look.

“Take me home. Now.” Lena pulled back, connecting their lips once more and biting Kara’s bottom lip. The blonde hummed in content before lifting Lena off the sink, just to push her against the wall connecting their lips once again. The brunette gasped and raised her leg, thigh perfectly aligned with Kara’s hip. It gave the blonde perfect access for her hand to inch closer and closer –

“Oh dear Lord!” The two pulled apart frantically at the sound of a high pitched, elegant voice and turned to see a mature woman, grey hair, judgemental eyes and mouth wide open in shock.
“We’re very sorry.” Lena mumbled as she rushed out grabbing Kara’s hand tightly. They giggled on their way back, Lena dropping a few hundred on their table and walking out to her car. Her driver was waiting outside and opened the car door for the pair, hiding a grin as they stumbled in and attached their lips again.

“Uhh, I am sorry to interrupt, Miss Luthor. But where to?” He barely heard the mumble ‘Kara’s’ between their obnoxiously loud kissing. He let out a small chuckle before closing the small curtain between the passenger seats and the rest of the car, giving the two some privacy.

Lena ended up pushing Kara back until she was flat on the seats, climbing on top of her and pushing her thigh between the blonde’s legs. She could feel her warmth and couldn’t help the small whine, wanting nothing but to feel more of Kara. The urge to rip Kara’s clothes off, make the blonde surrender to her touch, hearing her whimper, scream, beg. It was all too much, it was building up her arousal.

“I need you, so fucking bad.” She grabbed Kara’s wrists, placing them above her head. The blonde didn’t attempt to squirm, rather shuddering at her touch and panting into the brunette’s mouth. Lena pulled back, but Kara left her hands where Lena had placed them. She arched her hips into the brunette’s thigh, letting out a gasp at the friction. “I want to devour every inch of you. Fuck, Kara. My hunger for you is like an addiction. I can’t get enough. Of your scent, touch, lips, hips, neck,” Lena leaned down, sliding her tongue gently up Kara’s neck and bit down below her ear, “your flesh. I’m going to fuck you, so fucking hard, until you explode. And I won’t stop until you’re fucking trembling, begging me to stop.” Kara had no fucking clue where this dirty talk came from, but she was loving it. She was beyond turned on at this point, her heat radiating onto Lena’s thigh. She was sure the brunette could feel how soaked she was, considering the only thing between Lena’s bare thigh and Kara’s heat was now ruined lace panties.

“Please, Lena. I can’t wait any longer.” Rolling her hips forward, forgetting self-control, Kara tangled her hands in Lena’s locks. It was ridiculous how close she was to cumming, and she knew just another minute was enough to get her twitching.

“Then don’t wait. Get yourself off. I want to see you cum all over my thigh.” Kara let out a whimper, this time gripping Lena’s hips, urging her to move her thigh in time with the blonde’s frantic grinding. Lena lifted herself up, with her hands next to each side of Kara’s head which gave her a perfect view of the blonde coming apart. Kara’s legs wrapped tightly around Lena’s thigh, extremely tight. In fact, Lena was quite shocked at how strong the blonde was, almost numbing her leg. She ignored that and focussed on the beauty below her, moaning, writhing, quivering. They rocked together for a few seconds as the blonde reached her peak, pulling Lena down to pant and moan into her mouth as she came against the brunette’s thigh. They seemed too caught up in their euphoria to notice the car had stopped, Lena’s driver waiting outside knowing exactly what was going on with the windows fogged up.

“I can’t believe that just happened. I’m so pathetic.” Kara groaned and hid her face with her hands, but the brunette was quick to hush her and gently peck her lips.

“That was definitely not pathetic, darling. That was so fucking sexy. I didn’t even have to take your panties off. I’m glad I can make you cum that easily. I’m nowhere near done with you.” Kara’s eyes bore into Lena’s who fluttered her lashes in return, the corners of her mouth quirking up.

“I will bet on never eating potstickers again that my stamina will outlast yours.” Lena lifted a brow in disbelief and let out a loud chuckle.

“Darling, if your stamina outlasts mine I will buy you potstickers whenever you want them. Even when we’re 50 and it’s 3am.” Kara smirked, knowing she’s definitely getting an endless supply of
potstickers after she fucks Lena into exhaustion.

“Excuse me, Miss Luthor? Miss Danvers?” Lena looked up with her jaw clenched at the interruption and loud knock on the window. “Perhaps you could take this inside? It’s becoming rather cold out here.” Lena sighed, kissing Kara once more before dragging herself back to allow the blonde to adjust her clothing.

“We’re ready.” He opened the door, the two stumbled out and made their way into Kara’s apartment building rather quickly. Scarlet cheeks, sweaty palms, breathy sighs, the two were rushing to Kara’s apartment and burst through the door. The brunette was quick to slide her heels off and push Kara against the door, slamming it shut. Kara began to nibble on Lena’s neck, letting her hands slide down and lift the brunette’s dress. Resting her hand on Lena’s ass, she squeezed the flesh and claimed it as hers with the scratching of her fingers. She almost forget she was meant to be marking Lena’s neck when the brunette’s fingers were starching at her scalp in the most soothing way possible.

“Bedroom?” Kara nodded and captured Lena’s lips with her own, refusing to break apart. The pair stumbled their way to Kara’s bedroom, crashing into a few pieces of furniture, panting, whimpering, desperate to feel each other again. Kara managed to kick her heels away discarding them somewhere next to the couch. She had goosebumps everywhere, excited, going mad with the need to push Lena onto her bed and taste every inch of her.

“Get on the bed. Give me one minute.” Lena obeyed and sat on the bed with her legs crossed, watching Kara fiddle with the light switch for a few seconds. She admired her long legs, hidden by the royal blue dress she was wearing. Her curves, her ass was plump, full and fucking perfect. Her instincts almost took over, persuading her to just run forward, pull Kara’s dress up and bite, lick, suck. But the sudden change in the light of the room from a bright white to scarlet red caught her attention.

“This is new.” Lena was surprised at how the mood shifted by the change of colour. There was something different in Kara’s look. Something vulnerable, raw, submitting in her eyes. She looked scared and equally excited, relaxed and equally tense. It was…intoxicated. Seductive. Like a predator and prey. Who was what?

“You.” Lena wasn’t happy with the lack of detail in that answer, so she stepped back, pulled off her dress revealing her black undergarments and sat down on the bed. Kara attempted to step forward but the brunette tutted.

“Stay right where you are. I asked, what do you want?” Kara was longing for Lena’s touch. Standing there and not being able to lean over and kiss the brunette was torture.

“I want your lips. Everywhere. Your tongue, your fingers, everything. I want you to fuck me, please?” A growl escaped Lena and she couldn’t help but grab Kara and pull the blonde until she was on top of her. Feeling skin on skin sent a shock between the two, sparks flying, racing around the couple, radiating off of their energy. Lena gripped Kara’s ass with her two hands and pulled the
flesh apart as she connected their lips. She was satisfied with the whine Kara let into Lena’s mouth and took it as a sign to keep kneading. Kara drifted her hands from gently caressing Lena’s collarbone with her fingers, to gently trailing over the top of her breast not hidden by her bra. The brunette hummed into Kara’s mouth and trailed her hands up the blonde’s back, becoming obsessed with how gentle yet strong the blonde was sculpted. She was convinced the familiarity in how she was feeling must mean the two were soul mates. Meant to be.

“May I?” Lena mumbled against Kara’s lips as she tapped her back where her bra was. The blonde nodded and frantically attached their lips once more. She continued to explore Lena’s mouth while the brunette unclasped her bra, guiding her to slip it off. The second she detached their lips to take her bra off Lena’s mouth was wrapped around a nipple and the blonde’s hand was in her hair, keeping her there with a small whimper. “Does this count as having my lips everywhere?”

“Stop talking.” Kara murmured playfully, tugging on Lena’s hair indicating she wants her mouth back to where it was. This provoked Lena who scraped her teeth against Kara’s sensitive nipples. They were much more sensitive now with the red sunlamp. Everything felt intensified for her. Lena swirled her tongue around Kara’s nipple, sucking it into her mouth. “Oh Rao.”

“Rao?” Lena stopped her movements and looked up, trying to remember where she knows that phrase from. Kara’s eyes widened and she quickly leaned down to distract Lena with her lips.

“You talk too much. Use your mouth for something else.” That was enough to distract Lena who flipped them over and began to attack Kara’s neck. Teeth, tongue, lips, everything was rushed as the brunette attempted to mark Kara as much as she could. The moans flying into her ear was enough encouragement to begin grinding her thigh between Kara’s legs. “Oh, Lena. Please, I’m so wet.” Lena leaned back and smirked at the marks she left on Kara’s neck, her mind already drifting back to Supergirl who she couldn’t leave marks on. She shook her head, attempted to take the other blonde out and focus on Kara below her.

“You want me, baby?” Kara bit her lip and watched as Lena squirmed her way down Kara’s body, making sure she left her wet tongue trails and a few gentle nibbles. Once she reached her abs, she couldn’t help but dip her tongue tracing the lines. Kara let out a groan and began panting watching Lena look up at her, eyes greedy.

“I want you, so fucking bad. Please, Lena.” Kara pleaded, voice thick with lust. It was music to Lena ears, who trailed further down, letting her teeth hook onto Kara’s panties dragging them down with her. She discarded the soaked panties and kissed the blonde’s legs, trailing back up and taking longer kisses once she reached her thighs. Kara’s scent was intoxicating, alluring, pulling Lena in and she couldn’t resist a lick. She was ignoring the familiarity at this point and put it down to fate.

“You taste so, fucking, good.” She sucked Kara’s clit into her mouth, softly caressing it with her tongue too which earned her a loud moan from Kara who arched her back. Kara jolted with each touch, wondering how Lena had gotten so good with her tongue with little experience – at least from what she had told Supergirl. Kara couldn’t help but spread her thighs more, allowing the brunette more access. Kara’s toes curled as Lena began flicking her tongue against the blonde’s clit.

“Don’t stop, please Lena.” The blonde began chanting as Lena slid her finger gently into the blonde’s tight opening, smirking at how easily her finger slipped in. She curled her finger and began rapidly thrusting her finger with her tongue drawing circles around Kara’s clit. Her arousal was building and her mind was clear for the first time ever without having to control herself around Lena. She was able to concentrate on how Lena’s second finger felt as she carefully pushed it in stretching Kara in the best way possible.

“Tell me how it feels.” Her tone commanding, husky and thick, Lena glanced up as she lay her
tongue flat against Kara’s clit. Her eyes connected with blue and she never wanted to look away from the blonde’s knitted brows, furrowed forehead and dropped jaw. She was the definition of erotic, leaning up to rest on her forearms, biceps bulging the perfect amount, breasts perky and needy for attention, abs of steel flexing and relaxing with each pant.

“You’re so good at this. Oh baby please make me cum, I need to so bad.”

“Yeah? You want me to make you cum all over my tongue?” Kara’s eyes rolled back at Lena’s dirty talk and she threw her head back exposing her marked neck. Lena began to thrust hard and harder, faster and faster feeling the blonde’s inner walls begin to clench around her fingers. Kara’s face, flushed and with a vein popped out of her neck. She was desperate, Lena playing with her on the edge not letting her fall until she decided.

“Please, pretty please I need to cum.” Lena hummed as she sucked Kara’s clit into her mouth, vibrations caused the blonde to shudder inching closer and closer to the edge. It was becoming harder to hold herself back and she knew that in just a few seconds she would- “Oh, Lena!” Her mouth fell open as she frantically looked down into Lena’s dark eyes, pussy pulsing around the brunette’s fingers who was finding it much more difficult to thrust at this point. She flooded Lena’s mouth, who happily licked up everything she possibly could, making sure her thumb was still gently stroking Kara’s clit for her to ride out her orgasm for as long as possible.

“That’s it baby, cum for me.” The blonde was panting, breaking out a few moans as she arched her back and twitched while the brunette was toying with her. A cry broke out of her throat as Lena began swirling her tongue around Kara’s clit once again, this time at a faster pace. “Again.” There was something animalistic in her voice, as if seeing Kara in pure ecstasy for her flicked a switch in her body. Her fingers slick, covering in the blonde’s juices, Lena pushed a third one in with no warning or gentleness about it. Kara couldn’t help but begin whining, whimpering, too weak to push Lena back. She squirmed, feeling like she hadn’t even stopped cumming yet, stuck on the edge. Lena felt the blonde tightening yet again so in a quick movement she flipped them over to make Kara on top, sitting on Lena’s fingers, pussy hovering over her face.

Kara sat up slightly, asking Lena to remove her fingers just for the blonde to sit back down this time on Lena’s tongue. She immediately began grinding, rolling her hips and fingers in Lena’s hair to ensure she won’t go anywhere. She had no words left, only the urge to cum over and over again. Lena’s hands began roaming the blonde’s body, scratching her back, abs, grasping her breasts and squeezing the flesh. She decided to see what reaction she’d get by pinching Kara’s nipples, and the loud gasp and squeal she got followed by a loud moan and the clenching around her tongue was enough to tell her the blonde really, really like it.

“Oh fuck don’t fucking move!” The blonde cried out as she rode Lena’s face, thighs almost suffocating her. Lena sucked in and flicked her tongue over and over again until the blonde began trembling and attempted to climb off of Lena.

“Stamina already out, darling?” Lena teasingly asked as she let Kara plop down on the bed. Adjusting their positions, she lay with the blonde’s head on her chest and played with her hair.

“Mmm, I’m just getting started.” Kara playfully responded and leaned up to connect their lips. She trailed her fingers down, taking her time rubbing circles on Lena’s smooth stomach. She knew the brunette was wet and desperate for her, even though she didn’t like begging. She wanted to make her beg.

“Are you now? Good, because so am I.” Kara let out a breathy chuckle and slid her hand under Lena’s panties, humming at the warm there, moaning at the wetness when she ran her finger between the brunette’s folds. “Oh,”
“So wet for me. I did this?” Lena was panting at this point, eyes connected to Kara’s, hands still in her hair but not moving. The blonde was daring her to submit, but she was refusing to give her that power.

“Don’t tease.” They were wrapped together, Kara with her head leaned up refusing to break eye contact, one arm under Lena’s neck the other between her legs. The brunette spread her legs a little, giving Kara more room.

“Or?” Lena narrowed her eyes at the challenge.

“The longer I take to cum, the longer you take to cum too.” Kara knew by the look in Lena’s eyes that it wasn’t a threat, but rather a promise. So she leaned down and began licking, biting, sucking Lena’s exposed neck while her fingers began rubbing circles on Lena’s clit. Lena tilted her head back and let out a low moan at the blonde taking her words seriously. “Good girl.”

Kara was surprised at how good she felt hearing those words. Something about pleasing Lena made her feel happy, proud, like she was doing something right. So she rubbed faster and faster, transfixed by the erotic and filthy sounds coming from Lena’s wet pussy.

“Oh, God, I’m not going to last much longer.” Lena began panting, letting a moan crack out as she began rolling her hips. She just needed one more push, and Kara’s tongue coming up behind her ear, sucking her sweet spot was just enough to throw her over the edge. “Oh, Kara!” The blonde attached their lips again, letting Lena moan and pant into her mouth as she rode out her orgasm. She gently removed her fingers from Lena’s panties and trailed them up and into her own mouth. Lena watched Kara taste her with dark eyes, watching the blonde’s eyes shut in satisfaction as she licked every substance.

“So. Fucking. Good.” Lena flipped them over, climbed on top of Kara so she was sitting on her abs which were now glistening with Lena’s wetness. “You might need to start getting prepared for calls from me at 3am asking for potstickers.” Lena chuckled and began grinding her hips against the hard surface that Kara was tensing to make it easier for her.

“I could go all night.” Lena moaned out, placing her hands on the blonde’s breasts.

“I could go all day.” Kara was bluffing. In reality, the red sunlamp was making her weaker and a lot more tired than she’d usually be. But she was determined, not only for limitless potstickers but to fuck Lena into exhaustion.

“Then let’s go.” She panted out as she rolled her hips faster and faster, and Kara was pretty sure this was now one of her favourite feelings – Lena’s slick pussy rubbing against her abs, using her to make herself cum. She looked like a goddess on top of her, eyes shut, now leaning back with her hands resting on Kara’s thighs, neck filled with markings, not enough just yet.

“You’re so sexy, on top of me, getting yourself off.” Lena moaned out and moved her hand from Kara’s thigh to between her legs, giving her some sort of relief. It wasn’t the most comfortable position but it surprising felt good. She rubbed between her legs, until she slid back just a little more and was able to slide two fingers into her tight heat. Kara groaned, but tried to control herself as she wanted to make the brunette cum before her. “Stop holding back.” Lena chuckled, but let out a gasp as Kara slid her fingers in front of Lena’s pussy so when she slid forward the blonde let her fingers slip in.

“Oh, fuck.” Lena lost focus and began riding Kara’s fingers with a hazy mind and hooded eyes. Kara ensured her fingers remained still and facing up as Lena’s grinding became faster and faster, losing rhythm.
“You know you wanna cum for me, Lena. Just do it.” Kara positioned her thumb so with every drop it pressed against Lena’s sensitive clit. She was tightening, pulsing, it was an addictive feeling being inside Lena.

It was becoming difficult to restrain herself, to hold back her fast approaching orgasm. She wasn’t surprised at how fast she was getting pushed to the edge, Kara was a fucking beauty and amazing with her fingers. Maybe it was all the typing.

“I’m gonna, Kara,” She whimpered out before letting a loud moan escape, the filthiest sound Kara had ever heard. It was like something out a porno and the blonde was surprised at how she clench, pulsed at the sound. All she knew is that she wanted to make Lena moan like that over and over again. “C-Cumming!” She had no other words, only sobs, groans, whines as she rolled her hips lazily. Just when she thought it was over, Kara with surprising strength pulled Lena by the hips until she could swirl her tongue around the brunette’s clit, through her folds, into her tight cunt. The sounds, stimulating as the blonde plunged her tongue tasting Lena’s juices. “Oh fuck, Kara I can’t.” The blonde wasn’t listening, rather in a small world of her own where only her mouth and Lena’s pussy existed. She licked and sucked, devouring Lena until the brunette was thrashing against her, clutching her golden locks, jerking with every stroke of the tongue. Until she came again, tight around Kara, flooding her mouth.

“Mmm.” She hummed, moaned at the taste, knowing this was a new addiction. Obsession. Lena rolled off of her, exhausted at this point.

“I need to breathe.” She was panting, laying on her back next to Kara who leaned to the side and rested on her elbow with a cocky smirk on her face. “What?” Lena rolled her eyes, surprised that she’d lost but happy with the end result.

“Potstickers?”

Chapter End Notes

i love your comments and feedback guys! so don't stop! also, angst cumming soon ;)

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Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 5

The sun broke through the curtains, waking up a squinting Lena. She groaned slightly while attempting to stretch her arms up before realising there was weight on her arm. It was Kara, peacefully sleeping, breathing steadily with a light huff and puff as her mouth was faintly open. Lena couldn’t help but sit and stare for a few seconds, content with the night they had, content with the morning they were about to have, and content with whatever was to come after. She couldn’t believe Kara returned her feelings. It wasn’t something she thought would happen, considering Kara was with Mon-El. She just assumed the blonde was straight.

Although Lena was happy, she was confused too mainly because of her situation with Supergirl. With Supergirl, it started off as purely sex and Lena was absolutely fine with that. However, she only decided to go on a date with her because she thought there was little-to-no chance with Kara. Now the situation was different, because she was actually beginning to develop feelings for Supergirl. Although she was in love with Kara someone once told her if she had feelings for two people, pick the second one because if you truly loved the first then there wouldn’t be a second. But she wasn’t in love with Supergirl. The feelings didn’t develop as naturally as they had with Kara. Yet now she couldn’t help but feel guilty. She needed to talk to Supergirl, as soon as possible.

Lena slipped out of bed, put on her panties and a shirt from Kara’s closet before grabbing her phone and sliding out of the room. She grabbed an apple from the bowl sitting on the counter and leaned against it while scrolling through her phone to find Supergirl’s name. The blonde had given Lena her number in case of emergencies. Or a booty call. Lena decided to call her, thinking Supergirl would be awake by nine in the morning. She pressed her name and strolled back to the bedroom with the phone against her ear, crunching into the apple. Kara looked beautiful. Lena looked at the sun hitting her just slightly, grinning at how lucky she was to see Kara at peace, unlike her usual stressful look. The phone began ringing in her ear, and so did the phone on the nightstand besides Kara’s head. It wasn’t Kara’s phone, it was the newest iPhone. She was pretty sure the blonde had the 6. She frowned, strolled to the nightstand and peeked at the name.

’Lena’

Her mouth hung open, the apple dropping down onto the floor causing the blonde to stir. Lena moved her hand down, glancing down at the name ‘Supergirl’ on her phone, then back to ‘Lena’ on the phone that was laying on Kara’s nightstand.

“Mmm, answer that baby.” Kara mumbled, completely unaware of the look of disbelief and betrayal
on Lena’s face. How did she miss it? Everything made sense now; Kara coming to lunch late, leaving lunch early, her abrupt phone calls, disappearing when she needed her, disappearing whenever Supergirl was around. It all made sense now. And the brunette was completely and utterly heartbroken at this secret kept from her. No, she was completely and utterly heartbroken at the fact that Kara had been fucking her for months. Months. And had the decency to pretend last night. To pretend it was new to her. That night meant something to Lena, but now that meaning was stripped away. “Lena, answer it.”

“You fucking answer it, Supergirl.” Lena watched, with a tear running down her cheek as Kara sat up frantically and grabbed her phone to check. The blonde gulped and looked up at Lena, clearly guilty in her face. But the brunette was having none of it.

“Lena, let me ex-”

“I’m leaving.” She quickly began to put on her clothes, before realising she couldn’t put on her dress alone. She huffed and just grabbed it, pulling her arm away from Kara whose words were bouncing out Lena’s ears. She didn’t want to hear it. She didn’t want to hear anything from Kara. There was no way she could explain this, no way she could redeem herself for playing Lena like this. “I cannot fucking believe you. I didn’t think you’d have it in you to do something like this.”

“I wanted to tell you, I was going to tell you soon! It’s for your own saf-” Lena cut her off harshly by turning around and slapping the blonde on the cheek as hard as possible, inwardly grunting at how it hurt her hand more than it hurt Kara. It probably didn’t even hurt her at all.

“Don’t you dare. Nothing can justify what you’ve done.” She continued to move around the room looking for her things, ignoring Kara who was following her like a lost dog. “We’ve been doing this for months, Kara. Months!”

“Exactly! You’ve been fucking Supergirl for months, how was I as Kara meant to think you had feelings for me?”

“Do not try to spin this on me! I distinguish sexual desire and emotional intimacy. You mean more to me than that. I clearly didn’t mean anything to you.” Her vision was starting to get blurry from the tears she had to constantly wipe away. It hurt. It hurt more than anything she had experienced before. She felt betrayed and broken, it wasn’t fair on her. Everything always went wrong for her. She couldn’t remember a time where she didn’t get played or used just for her body. That’s all people wanted from her. Sex. They only came to her when they were feeling horny and that’s how Supergirl was with her. She thought Kara would be different. She thought Kara could be her emotional connection.

“No, Lena you know you mean everything to me. I was going to tell you.”

“When?” Kara went silent under the brunette’s heavy eyes. “When, Kara? When were you going to tell me?”

“I just wanted a night with you, as Kara. I have feelings for you, Lena. I wanted to just, I wanted feelings. Emotion. I wanted to feel that with you. Before I tell you. I was scared. I thought you’d leave me.”

“I am.”

“What?”

“I can’t do this with you anymore. I can’t trust you. You’ve been lying to me, not just for months.
Kara, I thought we were friends above anything else. Best friends. Yet you kept this from me.”

“Please. Please don’t, just give me time to explain everything. Lena I promise you my feelings are genuine. I can’t lose you.” Lena shook her head, taking a deep breath and let the last tears fall before her eyes became darker, narrower. Like she covered them, showing no vulnerability.

“Goodbye, Kara.” She slammed the door on her way out, missing the sob Kara choked out.

Chapter End Notes

Again, sorry for it being really short :(

LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS (they really do make me smile...
“Oh, God! Right there! That feels so good, keep doing that, fuck!” Lena growled in response and continued the fast-paced flicker of her tongue. She curled her fingers, thrusting hard. Hard, fast, harder, faster. The girl under her was writhing, throwing her head back and forth, looking down every few seconds at Lena’s tongue between her legs. She was moving too much.

“Stay fucking still.” The girl wasn’t listening to her, so Lena dug her nails into the girl’s thighs until she stopped moving. Without warning, she flipped the girl over onto her stomach. Ass in the air, facing Lena, waiting for a good slap. The brunette couldn’t help herself and let her hand come down hard against the girl’s ass cheek.

“Shit!” She wasn’t sure if the sound was a good or bad one, but the girl was moaning, pushing her ass back further. “Fingers.” Lena wasn’t listening. She refused to listen. All she saw was red.

“Shut up.” She smacked again, again and again. Until the girl’s ass was bright, marks in the shape of Lena’s angry handprint. She then thrust two fingers, no warning. No build up. Immediately fast-paced, as hard as she possibly could.

“Oh God, Miss Luthor! I’m gonna cum!” She moved her other hand under the girl, letting her fingers find the girl’s clit and rub furiously.

“Fucking cum then.” Her wrist was beginning to ache but she ignored it. The girl was pushing back, bending forward more and more until she was gripping the bed sheets, on her knees making it impossible to bend any lower. Lena drowned out her moans, fucking harder and harder, pushing through the ache in her wrist, going faster and faster. She let out a growl, followed by a huff. The girl began to tighten against her fingers, pulsed for a few seconds before releasing. Her legs gave out and she dropped down. Lena wiped her fingers against the bed sheets and looked around the room trying to locate her shirt. She found it on the lamp, dimming the room.

“That was so good. You’re so good at that.” Lena ignored the girl and pulled the shirt over her head. “Leaving already? Let me return the favour first.” Her voice was sultry, attempting to be seductive. But it had little affect on Lena who simply pulled her suit pants on and began to button up her white shirt.

“I have work.”

“It’s 3 in the morning. What wo-”

“I have fucking work.” She was silent after that, letting Lena grab her stuff and make her way out of the apartment. The brunette gripped her blazer in her hand, her phone in the other. It was off. She
only turned it on briefly throughout the day to let her assistant know if she was coming into work that
day. Every time she turned it on the first name she saw was Kara’s, a text either asking her to
respond or an apology. She was avoiding her. Had been avoiding her for the past week.

“Home?” Her driver asked as he opened the car door for her. Lena shook her head and sat in the car
waiting for him to get into the drivers’ seat.

“I’m thirsty.” She couldn’t sleep. It was too difficult to fall asleep. She either had to exhaust herself
or drink until she no longer had coherent thoughts. Nothing but that and her work could distract her.

“Are you sure, Miss Luthor?” She knew he was attempting to be a caring figure, but that was the last
thing Lena wanted.

“I’m thirsty.” He sighed and began to drive to Lena’s regular bar.

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She was yawning with a cup of coffee in her hand as she walked out of the lift, past her assistant.
She grunted in response to the greeting and pushed through her office doors to find Alex Danvers
sitting on the couch.

“Lena.” The brunette narrowed her eyes and turned around to walk out. “Stop. Just give me 5
minutes and I’ll go.” Lena wasn’t having it. She walked out, marched to her assistant’s desk with a
gleare on her face.

“Don’t ever let her in without my permission. And take Kara off my list.”

“She’s the only one on the list, Miss Luthor.”

“Then bury the list. Delete it. Rip it up. Burn it.” There was venom in her voice. Her assistant looked
terrified and stuttered while nodding and avoiding Lena’s gaze.

“Hear her out.” She groaned at Alex’s voice behind her. It wasn’t fair. This was beyond disrespectful
and very cowardly of Kara to send her sister rather than come see her herself. Okay so maybe Kara
had attempted to see Lena but the brunette brought in curtains to cover the windows, a lock on her
balcony and camera’s in her office to ensure she could see if Kara was coming. She blonde had
visited every single day, either knocking on the balcony or the window. But Lena didn’t want to see
her.

“There’s nothing she could say that is worth listening to.” Lena marched back into her office, angrily
sipping on her coffee. She heard Alex’s footsteps behind her and knew she wouldn’t be able to get
rid of her unless she called security.

“You can’t ignore her forever, Lena.”

“Watch me.” She growled out and walked around her desk to sit in her office chair. Even being in
her office felt terrible to her. There were memories everywhere. Everything reminded her of Kara,
both sides of Kara. The office chair, the couch, against her desk, the balcony. Everything reminded
her of Kara. She even changed the chairs that were opposite her desk because she was reminded too
much of the first time she met Kara.

“She loves you.” She froze. Kara didn’t love her. Otherwise she wouldn’t have lied. Lena felt
exposed. So fucking exposed and she hated herself for even trusting Kara in the first place. She hated
herself for sleeping with Supergirl. She hated herself for not noticing beforehand. She hated Kara, for
pretending. For pretending when it was all real for Lena.
“She can love me all she wants. At a distance. Away from me. Out of my life.”

“Lena just give her a chance to talk to you. I’ve never seen her like this. She’s broken.” Lena let out a chuckle in response looking up to Alex’s pleading eyes.

“Tell me, Alex. When somebody shoots a shotgun, does it not push back and hit their shoulder? Is there some sort of pain?” Alex sighed and leaned against the desk.

“Yes, there is.”

“So do you feel bad for the person shooting the gun or the person who they shot.” Lena took Alex’s silence as defeat. “Answer me. Kara’s broken? She got a scratch in the process of fucking destroying my heart. Don’t give me that bullshit, Alex. I do not have the patience for it.”

“She wasn’t trying to hurt y-”

“But she did.” Lena broke eye contact with Alex and logged in to her computer. She ignored Alex until she heard her sigh and walk out the office with the door clicking shut. Lena choked out a sob and gripped onto the desk attempting to hold it in. Her heart felt like it was tearing in two, having lost her best friend and her lover. She’s been trying to avoid feeling but when she was alone, in complete silence, she can’t help her mind drifting to the moment she found Kara’s phone. She didn’t want to. She didn’t want to think about it at all. Because now she was crying. Now she was banging her hand against her desk, letting out a screech of anger. Pain. It sounded like pure pain.

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Kara heard it all. Of course she wouldn’t let Alex or Lena know, but she was floating outside, hovering over the balcony floor. She didn’t mean to listen to them. She didn’t even know that Alex was going to see Lena. Kara was touched, at first, but then felt anger at Alex for going behind her back. All she did was frustrate Lena more. At least that’s what Kara figured from the tone of her voice, and later her screams. She was screaming. The sounds pierced through Kara’s heart. Once she heard banging sounds and a yelp of pain Kara couldn’t help but drop down and begin banging on the glass.

“Lena! Open the door!” Lena was trying to be silent but it wasn’t working. Of course Kara heard every little sob, every attempt to choke them back. Her sniffs swelled Kara’s chest up as she breathed against the glass and leaned her forehead against it. “Please, Lena.” Kara heard a sigh, almost in defeat. Footsteps, shuffling of papers, glass. She knew Lena had been drinking throughout the week. She’d watch her, check up on her. She also knew that Lena had been…busy. To say it didn’t hurt would be a lie. It stung, especially accidently stumbling over Lena’s apartment and hearing sounds. Sounds that only she was meant to be causing. But she understood. She made a mistake. She fucked up and now she was paying the consequences for it. But it was getting out of hand she Lena deserved somewhat of an explanation whether she wanted it or not.

“Go.” Her voice was hoarse, like she was trying to convince Kara that she hadn’t been crying. It was a useless attempt.

“I’m not going anywhere.”

“The city needs Supergirl.” Her tone was one of, hatred? No it couldn’t be. Lena sounded…bitter? Upset? Kara couldn’t pinpoint. But there was definitely a negative tone in that. Like she holding Kara’s role against her.

“And I need you.” Kara heard Lena’s breath hitch up and looked down to avoid invading her
privacy with x-ray eyes. “Please, open the door. You don’t need to talk, just let me.” Lena sighed once again. More shuffling, more glasses scraping together. Or was it bottles? Kara figured they were empty bottles Lena was attempting to hide. “Let me at least see how you’ve hurt yourself.”

There was a pause. Silence apart from Lena’s soft breathing. And suddenly footsteps, the curtains opened and the door clicked. The first thing she saw was Lena’s eyes staring into hers through the glass. Green, but not filled with the usual light Kara saw in them. Red around them, harsh lines. They were puffed and Kara had never hated herself more than in that moment. Lena pulled the handle down and opened the door, stepping aside to let Kara walk in slowly.

“Change. I don’t want that right now.” In reference to her Supergirl outfit, Lena demanded to see ‘Kara’ and the blonde couldn’t help the drop of her face. She was making it clear that the ‘Supergirl’ side of her was someone she did not associate emotion with.

“I’m Kara. Whether it’s Danvers or Zor-El, I’m always Kara.”

“You act like two different people. Not just to the world but to me too. So yes, it does matter whether it’s Danvers or Zor-El. Change.” Kara didn’t have the energy to argue so she nodded and flew out of the office but returned in less than a minute wearing sweatpants and a hoodie. Lena visibly relaxed at the change and moved to sit on the couch with Kara following silently. She leaned forward and poured herself a glass of whiskey. Kara noticed the cut on Lena’s hand but knew she wouldn’t allow Kara to touch her at this point. It was a scratch, not too much blood. She’ll live.

“I’m not going to say sorry again because it’s not enough. There hasn’t been a word invented yet to express exactly how badly I feel about what I’ve done.” Lena shook her head subtly and took a sip of her drink. She refused to meet Kara’s eyes.

“Stop with the dramatics.”

“It’s not dramatic. It’s truth.” She countered. Lena glared up at her.

“Truth? You want truth? The truth is I can no longer trust you.” That stung. It stung, but Kara can acknowledge the truth in the statement. Why would Lena be able to trust Kara after finding out she had been lying to her? About her entire life, about her identity. Lena must have felt deceived.

“I understand that. I understand that it’ll take time an-”

“No. I’m not doing this again.” Kara couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t let in or out a single breath of air after hearing that rejection. In other circumstances she would have given up and respected Lena’s wishes. But this time, it was different. This time, Kara was not going to let her go.

“Lena, please try and be rational about this. Baby, I love you.” She leaned over and gently placed her hand over Lena’s, surprised that she didn’t pull her hand back or even flinch. “I am so in love with you. I have been, for a while. And I know that life without you will be dull and painful and empty. And I know that it’s the same for you, I can feel it. I can feel us.”

“What you’re about to feel is the balcony door hitting you on the way out.” Lena pulled her hand back. It felt cold without her touch.

“I’ll give you as much time and space as you need. Just don’t let this ruin what we could be. I want nothing but you. Nothing, no one. Only you.” Kara carefully watched as Lena folded her legs and curled her arms below them. She was curling up, like she hated being vulnerable. “Think about it, please. And call me.”

“Okay.” That was something. There was something, a small hint of a smile. Maybe the corner of her
lips tweaking up just that tiny bit. That was enough for Kara.

"I can’t fucking believe you."

"Look, I get that you’re mad right now, but just relax."

"Relax? Go to hell, Alex." She was beyond angry at this point. Now that she cleared things up a little with Lena, she thought about Alex. Going behind her back? Talking to her Lena? Pressuring her? She was pissed.

“It didn’t go that bad! Sure, she was pissed but I was just trying to help out.”

“I don’t want your help with this. I ruined it, so I have to fix it.” Kara had a right to be stubborn. She wanted to fix things and all she needed from Alex was pizza, a beer and cuddles. Maybe after today though, when she was no longer screaming at her sister.

“I thought if she got an outside perspective it would change her mind.” Kara had enough and this time sped to where Alex was standing on the other side of the couch, tackling her to the floor. “Get off me!”

“When will you get out of my business? I’m not a child, Alex. I can handle my own shit.” Alex flipped them over, holding Kara down with a glare and her arm across the blonde’s chest.

“Don’t get pissed at me for caring.”

“Care from here, not in Lena office!”

“Ouch! Okay! I’m sorry!” Alex groaned as she rubbed her ears where Kara had just flicked. She rolled off and let out a huff waiting for her sister to roll on top of her. Kara simply took a deep breath and shuffled to the side burying her head in her sister’s chest. “It’s okay. You’ll be okay.” Kara sobbed into Alex’s chest, comforted by the hand in her hair.

“I-I love her.”

“I know. I know, baby. It’s okay.”

Chapter End Notes

apologies for the angst but i love breaking my own heart.

LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS
Chapter Notes

TUMBLR: 5-puthyyy
SC: noor-nhz
IG: n.m.xo
TWITTER: @DemiIsAGoddess5

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena had no clue why she was doing this. Well that was a clear lie she knew exactly why she was meeting up with Kara. She missed her. It was a simple as that. Not seeing the blonde was painful, no matter how hard Lena tried to convince herself it wasn’t. She was drawn to her, tried to leave but it just wasn’t working. She didn’t know why it was impossible to block Kara out of her life. But she knew that if that truly what she should be doing, then she wasn’t supposed to feel so torn about it.

Kara on the other hand was starting to get frustrated until Lena contacted her to meet up for a quick lunch. She was started to see how the brunette was dragging it out too long. It wasn’t fair on Kara, especially when taking into account her one fear of telling Lena about her identity. She did the exact thing Kara was scared of; leave. She wasn’t supposed to leave. Kara loved Lena. Shouldn’t that have been enough?

“Miss Danvers?” Kara was pulled out of her head by Lena’s assistant calling for her.

“Yes?”

“Miss Luthor’s in her office.” Kara took a deep breath before standing up and grabbing the two bags she placed on the chair besides her. She decided to get Lena her usual salad but made sure to get extra Chinese in case the brunette was hungrier. She made sure everything was perfect, let her hair down instead of tied up this time too. There was nothing to hide at this point. She wanted to be as open as possible for Lena, hoping that this lunch would be an opportunity for the brunette to ask her all she wanted to know.

“Hey, Lena. Busy day?” Lena looked up from her desk with a small curve at her lips at Kara’s voice. She missed it. She noticed the blonde wasn’t in her usual work attire, something more casual than usual.

“Just two meetings. Did you come from work?” Kara shook her head and placed the food on the desk, watching as Lena stood up and made her way to the couch.

“No. I’ve been working from home.” She didn’t want to be pushy and ask why. The blonde likely wasn’t in the mood for people in general. Lena knew that Kara got like that sometimes. Moody, with everyone but Lena. How could she have missed that from the start?

“I got you that chicken noodle thing you like.” Lena gave Kara a thankful smile and took a seat. Kara sat opposite her on the chair rather than the couch. It looked awkward. Felt awkward too. She didn’t know how to act around Lena. She didn’t know how Lena wanted her to act around her. There were at the confusing stage, like they had just met and are simply attempting to read each other.
“Thank you.”

“No worries.” They sat and ate in pure silence for the first few minutes, glancing at each other every few bites. Both were disappointed at the lack of conversation, and both were anxious to start a conversation. They didn’t want to say the wrong things. Lena could sense that Kara was angry at Lena to some extent, for ignoring her and resorting to negative coping mechanisms. She wasn’t an idiot; she knew what she was doing was going to gain attention from Kara. But she also knew it was only because the blonde cared about her.

“Okay, can we just clear the air?” Kara was caught off guard by Lena’s voice, sounding incredibly loud breaking the silence.

“Yes. Please. Umm, what do you wanna talk about?”

“Why?” Kara sighed and placed her food down. She wasn’t expecting a heavy question so soon but if it would help Lena forgive her then she was willing to open up. “I just want to know why you kept it from me.”

“At the start,” Kara stood up and made her way around the table to sit next to Lena. Well, not close to her but on the same couch. “It was because the DEO wouldn’t let me. Especially Alex.” Lena looked confused for a second before disappointment came into her eyes. Of course it had to do with her name. “No, it’s not like that. I know what you’re thinking and you need to stop that. You’re nothing like your brother.”

“So tell me why they don’t trust me.”

“Because you could expose me. And the DEO. Not just you, anyone. I wasn’t allowed to tell anyone, even telling Winn and James was crossing the line. Well that was until Winn began to work for the DEO.”

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“Right. So just having more people know would risk what exactly?”

“Exposing, well, Kara Danvers as Kara Zor-El.” Lena nodded and took a sip of her water. She relaxed against the couch, watching Kara’s eyes knowing she was trying to be as truthful as possible. It was a little difficult to understand, but she could guess the blonde used Kara Danvers as a normal identity to balance with her public and dangerous one.

“Well you broke the rules with James and Winn. Why not me?” The was a difficult one to answer. It was always difficult for Kara to open up truly about how she felt, and this one really hit home.

“It’s not that I don’t trust you. You know I trust you with my life.” Lena sighed and licked her bottom lip. Kara noticed that she does that when she was either nervous or upset. Kara figured the brunette was believing her words at this point. She knew Lena believed actions spoke much louder than words ever will. So Kara moved down on the couch coming right next to Lena. She hesitated before lifting her hand and using one finger on Lena’s cheek to turn her head. “Hey, look at me.” Lena let a tear drop down her cheek as she looked up, unexpectedly close to Kara’s face. Her eyes, nose. Her lips.

“Kara, I-”

“I love you, Lena.” Kara leaned forward and pressed her forehead to Lena’s. She missed this intimacy between them. Simple touch, just looking into each other’s eyes. “I love you, and that’s why I didn’t tell you. I was scared.”

“Of what?” She whispered, breath caressing Kara’s lips.
“I was scared of losing you. I was scared you’d leave. And I thought you did.”

“Kara, I didn’t leave. I couldn’t. I can’t.” Kara let out a huff, almost in disbelief and pulled back.

“You’re not listening to me, Lena.”

“I am! I’m trying to understand.” Kara leaned back against the cough with a hand drifting through her hair.

“You aren’t. You’re trying to defend yourself. You left.”

“Ka-”

“Can you honestly tell me if I didn’t push, if I didn’t keep checking up on you and putting the effort in, you would have come back?” Lena was silent. She didn’t know what to say to that because she genuinely didn’t know the answer. She wanted Kara to push. Lena felt hurt, really hurt at Kara’s actions so the logical thing was to punish her. The logical thing was for Lena to take some space, some time. But if Kara didn’t push and put effort then Lena probably would have assuming she wasn’t wanted. She probably would have thought Kara left. While Kara was there thinking Lena left.

“I didn’t leave.”

“Right. I think I’m gonna go. Give you your space or whatever you need.” Kara stood up but Lena was quick to grab her hand.

“Please don’t. Stay with me.”

“I can’t right now. You’re not listening.”

“I would never leave. I was upset, of course I was upset and the first thing that came to mind was you lied, you fucked me and played with my emotions. Acted like you haven’t touched me like that before. That really hurt.”

“Supergirl was the easy way for me. I’m so fucking attracted to you. But emotions were too real for me. I didn’t want to risk that. I didn’t want to risk our friendship in case you didn’t feel the same way.”

“Was it not obvious how I felt for you?”

“No! Of course it fucking wasn’t, Lena. You were fucking me as Supergirl so I figured you didn’t want me as Kara.” Lena stood up, refusing to let go of Kara’s hand.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t realise how that could be interpreted.”

“I thought feelings were off the table. So the only way I could be with you was sexually. As Supergirl. I promise you, Lena, the second you asked me out I was planning on telling you. Literally that day, I wanted to tell you so bad. But I knew you’d react badly, an-” Lena cut her off, and Kara was 100% okay with the brunette’s lips on hers. She let out a sigh into the brunette’s mouth and placed her hands on Lena’s hips. She missed this. So much. She missed kissing Lena, she missed how soft her lips felt, how smooth her tongue was, how soft her nose felt brushing against Kara’s. She missed it all.

“I’m sorry. Feelings were always on the table.” Lena pulled back just slightly, leaving her lips to brush gently against Kara’s.
“Can we take it slow?”

“I don’t do slow.” Lena mumbled before pushing Kara back onto the couch and climbing on top of her. She immediately attached their lips, not being able to stop her soft hums at feeling Kara’s lips once again. She missed how Kara’s hands always managed to find her ass, no matter what position they were in. She missed Kara’s hesitation when she kissed her, between gentle and rough. She missed feeling Kara’s body fit into hers perfectly. Kara was squirming, making small whiny sounds at the brunette’s subtly grinding.

“Wait, Lena.” Kara managed to push the brunette back just slightly, letting the two breath heavily against each other’s lips.

“What’s wrong?”

“I really thing we should just go slow. I don’t wanna make any mistakes.” Lena’s brows came together in slight confusion with a hint of disappointment.

“Are you still mad at me?”

“No, no baby I’m not mad. I just, I don’t know babe,” Lena snuggled her face into Kara’s neck, sighing and letting the blonde rub her back. “This is what I want. I missed this. Just holding you, being close to you. I wanna talk to you, laugh with you, cuddle with you. I missed you. We have all the time in the world. We don’t have to rush.”

“I missed you too. Movie night then?” Kara let out a chuckle and squeezed her arms around Lena.

“Movie night.”

Chapter End Notes

Guys!!!!!!!!!!!! I LOVE AND APPRECIATE EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU!!!!!

BTW i posted a vid of me singing on my tumblr (with is in the beginning notes) so i’d appreciate a listen and a like ;)

LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS and tell me what you want next bc i have no clue where to take this from here.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

DON'T WORRY I'M STILL ALIVE

TUMBLR: 5-puthyyy
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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Slow. The word that Kara is no longer using, ever again. It was the worst suggestion she had ever had, to put herself through torture. But Kara could take it slow. It wasn’t the most difficult thing to do. All she had to do was keep her hands to herself. Just look into Lena’s eyes instead of her, well, other ‘eyes’. Except, it was the most difficult thing to do. Slow wasn’t part of her vocabulary when she was around Lena. Nothing was ever slow between the pair. They became fast friends, cared for each other, spent time together, grew attached. They became fast lovers, driven by desire and thrill the first night they slept together. They made up pretty fast in comparison to other couples. They were not slow.

It was especially hard to take it slow when Kara found herself back in Lena’s office during her free time; every break she had whether it was 15 minutes or two hours. During her busy time when she should have been at work, when she should have been spending her time writing an article, an interview with ‘Supergirl’, she was with Lena. After work, she’d immediately call Lena to make sure she was free and bring dinner. It was especially hard to take it slow, when she spent her time watching Lena in a tight skirt wrapped around her ass perfectly. Her shirt around her breasts, buttons about to pop, begging to be ripped open by Kara. Her hair in a loose bun, asking Kara to tug it out and pull, tangle her fingers in dark locks. Lena must be teasing her. She must be, because Kara knew for a fact that it was impossible for someone to be so effortlessly sexy. It was simply not possible for Lena to look like she was just waiting for Kara to crack, her lips painted red inviting Kara for a taste.

“Kara? Are you alright?” Lena snapped her fingers in front of Kara’s face. She must have zoned out. In her defence, she’s had a long day with nothing but screams and criticism. She came to Lena’s apartment to breathe and take a nap. Maybe stay the night. She needed to get her mind out of the gutter. Lena was in a tight V-neck and jogging bottoms. Surprisingly this left little to nothing in Kara’s imagination. She was on edge.

Maybe Rao was trying to test Kara’s self-control. Maybe Lena was actually testing Kara, playing with her patience. Maybe it was a path to forgiveness. Lena had already assured Kara that she was forgiven, yet the blonde refused to believe her words. It was too early; why would Lena forgive her already? But it doesn’t matter how many times Kara told herself Lena hasn’t forgiven her, she knew that she actually hasn’t forgiven herself. The main reason for her self control at this point was her guilt. She hurt Lena. She lied to her and deceived her and she hates herself for making Lena feel unworthy. She doesn't deserve forgiveness yet, not until she has made it clear that she, as both Kara
and Supergirl, loves Lena for being Lena. Not for her body, not for sex. For her heart.

“Tired. Hungry. Cannot function. Send help.” Being dramatic always made Lena laugh. It was Kara’s favourite sound. Apart from Lena’s moans. And groans. Whines, huffs and puffs of air, when she pants into Kara’s ear ‘please’. Fuck. So horny.

“Horny?” Lena burst out into laughter, and Kara couldn’t believe she had just said that out loud. Her cheeks were tainted red. Beyond embarrassed. She really needed to get herself under control.

“Darling,” Lena lay on top of Kara, stomach to stomach, “what happened to ‘taking it slow’?”

“I’m fine. We can go as slow as you want.” She definitely wasn’t fine, feeling Lena on top of her and wishing their clothes weren’t a barrier.

“What if I don’t want to go slow?” Lena leaned it, too close for Kara’s comfort at this point. Her breath was hot, intoxicating, eyes darkening, as if she’s just as affected as Kara by having to restrain herself. It was a little ego boost but mostly arousing. Really arousing. But no. Kara had to do this right.

“You do. Trust me, you do, my love.” Forehead to forehead. Her eyes, just as deep and revealing as they always are.

“All I want is to feel you. Your lips on mine. Both upper and lower.” Kara couldn’t help the light chuckle at that. Lena was always a tease. She knew Kara’s weaknesses. Oh Rao, she really just wants to taste Lena and never move her head from between the brunette’s thighs.

“Patience.”

“Not a personal trait of mine.” Lena leaned her head down further, nose to nose. Kara drifted her hand down Lena’s back, resting on her hip. No lower. Self-control.

“I want you. I always want you,” Lena’s smile was wide; Kara didn’t have to look to know “but I want your heart more.” She shifted her position, allowing Lena’s thigh to slip between Kara’s and vice versa. Both breathed out lightly at the feeling, it was relieving having that sort of contact.

“You can have both.” Lena pushed her thigh down, lightly. But it was enough to make Kara breath in harshly. They were both sensitive, on edge after days of refusing to touch each other. There was nothing but light kisses, a few ‘hi’ and ‘bye’ pecks, maybe a cuddle during movie night. But nothing more than that. Kara felt like a ticking time bomb.

“I have forever for that.” Words could not describe the look in Lena’s eyes.


“Really. I plan on keeping you for as long as you’ll let me.” Lena leaned in and brushed their lips together. They were a little chapped, but addictive nonetheless. That was it for Kara. She couldn’t stop herself as she crushed their lips together, feeling sparks running between them, eyes closed tightly just wishing she never had to let go. Lena moaned softly into Kara’s mouth and she couldn’t help but feel relief at the sound. Like it was a drug, like she was anxious and scared and in pain until she heard that sound, felt the vibrations. It was euphoria. She was addicted to Lena and it was the most thrilling feeling she has ever experienced.

“S-Slow?” Lena pulled back slightly, just for Kara to flip them over, pushing her thigh between Lena’s legs. “Oh, Kara.”

“You’re so beautiful, baby.” She watched Lena roll her hips, eyes closed, in a narcotic haze. But
suddenly, she remembered. Snapped out of it. Slow. Heart. No sex. “Let me take you out for dinner tomorrow night.” Kara moved her thigh to straddle the brunette, pausing her movements.

“Slow.” Lena breathed out and grinned at Kara. She really was beautiful. The most beautiful.

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Supergirl was called in one hour before Kara had to go pick Lena up for dinner. One. Hour. That was nowhere near enough time to capture the prisoner that escaped and also get ready, buy flowers and pick up Lena on time. She was always off with timing. Always either late or early, never on time. But she hoped Lena would somewhat understand.

“Be careful, Supergirl. The last time you caught him he had red kryptonite.” She hated when Alex was protective. Sometimes she found it endearing and appreciated it. But Kara knew how to take care of herself. All she needed to do was shoot him in the left leg with her heat lasers. She read the files, he has an injury, it wasn’t a difficult task.

“I got it, Alex.” Except she didn’t think the alien would jump over her, drool dripping onto her face. Into her mouth. Now she was mad. Her eyes turned red as she glared at him and blew him off of her.

“Sorry. Fluids isn’t really a kink of mine.” She knew Lena was likely watching her on the news. There were reporters and cameras out within seconds of the fight, as always. It irritated her but she knew that the city just wanted to see their hero in action. “Get out of here!” She screamed at the reporters, for their own safety. The alien charged at her; a tall, dark blue, wrinkly monster with tentacles drooping down his mouth. The creations of this universe really confused her sometimes, because why? Why create something so ugly?

“Supergirl! Watch out!” She turned around and there were suddenly two more. Nothing she couldn’t handle. They were incompetent creatures. They lacked logic, knew only one emotion; anger.

“Uh, Alex? How many escaped?” She grabbed the car from the ground, span around and swung it at the two behind her, pushing them back.

“One. Why?”

“Two more showed up.” One ran towards her and she slid across the floor, between its legs and punched its back.

“Backup coming.”

“NO! I have it under control.” She did. She could handle it. They were practically bumping heads. She was fighting two at once, kicking, punching, shoving, blowing them away. It was a good outlet. A sort of relief after restraining herself around Lena. All that pent up frustration, gone in a few kicks.

“Supergirl, are you sure there’s no red kryptonite around?” She was starting to get really angry at Alex’s lack of confidence in her. Why was Alex always somehow trying to put her down? She’s not a child anymore, and even if when she was a child she was still stronger than her, could take care of both Alex and herself.

“Alex. I’m fucking fine!” Apart from the massive gun the alien was holding in front of her. She tried to laser it to pieces but all she got was a shot in the chest. It wasn’t a bullet. It was red, and suddenly she felt weak. And fuming at the fact that she felt weak and could barely lift herself off the ground. She dragged her elbow back, hitting the alien in the face. The cracking sound and loud thud was pretty satisfying. She could hear Alex and a few other agents in the distance, speeding through traffic to get to her. That angered her even more. “I said, I was fine!” Her fist collided with the ground,
created a wave around her that caused the three aliens to fall. All she could see was red as she screamed, shooting heat lasers into one, turning around and punching the other as far away as possible, twisting to drop kick the third.

“Supergirl! Control yourself!” The last thing she needed was criticism. The absolute last thing she needed from anyone was criticism, especially on this topic.

“Control? I’m controlled! I’ve been so controlled for weeks and no one fucking acknowledges how exhausting it is!” She watched as the other agents shot down the aliens, handcuffing them to minimise their powers. Alex was trying to approach her but she kept moving back. She didn’t want to hear a single word from her.

“Their weapons had red kryptonite. You’re not thinking straight. Let’s go back to the DEO and wear it out, okay?”

“No!” She had to get out of there. She had to get away before she hit anyone else. What she wanted, was Lena. So she flew up, knowing she left a dent in the ground that the DEO would not be happy about. Someone had to pay for the damage, right? Just for the complaints she knew she was going to get, she shot down a tree with her eyes, getting a glare from Alex.

“Supergirl! You’re not safe right now! For yourself and others!” She had to get to Lena. She was so angry, so frustrated, so fucking horny. To hell with taking it slow. She spent months fucking Lena, as Supergirl, yet refused to reveal her feelings. That was slow enough. Months of not being able to tell Lena how beautiful she was, how much she loved her, how badly she wanted to just hold her hand in public. She can’t really mess up as badly as she already has, can she? So what would be the issue with not taking it slow? There would be nothing wrong with that. She’s only, well, not human but a species nonetheless. She has desires, needs. It was, natural. To want someone. To crave a touch.

“Kara? You were just on the news. I didn’t think you’d make it.” Lena. Kara flew onto the balcony and into the apartment. Lena looked absolutely gorgeous. She was ready, make-up done, red lips as usual. Her dress. Rao, her dress. Kara just wanted to rip it apart, jealous of the way it clings around Lena’s hips. Skin-tight, an emerald green, silk. “I mean, not that I’d make you come after that. I demand you spend at least an hour resting. Have you gotten checked up? Are you hurt?” Silk, so smooth, but not as smooth as Lena’s skin. She just had to touch. She just had to feel, something, anything.

“Stop talking.” Kara mumbled as she rushed forward and crushed her lips onto Lena’s. She missed this feeling more than anything. She missed having her fingers running through Lena’s smooth locks. She missed hearing Lena’s soft whimpers and whines into the kiss. She missed the desperate touches across her back, up and down her arms, the back of her neck. She grabbed Lena’s thighs and lifted them up, loving the way Lena automatically wrapped them around her waist pulling Kara closer. Kara pulled back but quickly attached her lips to Lena’s neck, smirking at her soft moans. Her fingers skimmed the bottom of Lena’s dress, just to drag it up in a rush letting it curl around her waist. No panties.

“W-Wait, Kara. Are you sure?” Slow. That’s what she wanted, right? But, she didn’t. She wanted, no, needed Lena more than anything. She was angry, frustrated, deprived and it wasn’t fair to torture each other by holding back. Lena forgave her.

“Am I forgiven?” Kara glided her fingers across Lena’s inner thigh, going higher and higher. The brunette sighed softly into Kara’s ear, digging her nails into Kara’s cape. Her legs were still wrapped around Kara’s waist, using her as leverage to grind her hips. Her movements were desperate, itching for a touch.
“K-Kara, please.” It was music to her ears. Hearing how badly Lena wanted her, how desperate she was for Kara. It made her feel powerful. It made her feel wanted. Needed. It was exhilarating. She sucked on her neck, until she was pleased with the mark left on Lena’s skin. Her fingers slithered up, feeling Lena’s wetness dripping.

“All that, for me?” Lena pulled back and Kara paused to look into her eyes. Submissive, ready to give it all up for her. So much control. Kara had all the control. And Lena was completely fine with it.

“Only you.” That was enough for Kara to slide her fingers easily into Lena’s wetness. She was so warm, stretching just slightly to fit around Kara’s fingers. Kara growled as Lena bit down on her ear, moaning into her ear at the feeling. The blonde moved her fingers along with Lena’s movements as she used her position around Kara’s waist as leverage to move her body up and down. Kara turned them around and pushed Lena against the glass balcony door. She was a little glad that Lena was on a high floor, limiting their chances of someone watching them. Although she did want to show the world who Lena belonged to.

“Am I forgiven, baby?” Kara connected their lips, swiping her tongue across Lena’s bottom lip. She thrust her fingers harder, faster, feeling her palm drenched with Lena’s juices. The brunette was lightly pulsing around Kara’s fingers. She was getting close and they’d barely even started.

“Oh God, harder!” Lena’s moans were getting louder. But what fun would it be if Kara just let her cum that easily? She was nowhere near done with her. Weeks of teasing, in her tight skirts, shirts, stained lips. It drove Kara insane, so she planned on doing the exact same thing to Lena.

“No.” Kara pulled her fingers out and stuck them in Lena’s mouth instead. She licked around Kara’s fingers, sucked until there was nothing there, all while staring right into her eyes. It was amazing to her how sexy Lena is. Kara was soaked at this point. Her mind was flashing with images, ideas of what to do to Lena, how to drive her to insanity, how to make her even more desperate than she is now. She could do anything she wanted. She could keep fucking her against the glass door and stopping whenever Lena was getting close. The whimpers, the screams, her grinding. So desperate. Or, she could drop down to her knees, put Lena down on the couch and taste her for hours, playing around her clit.

“Please, baby, I need it.” Kara smirked and bit down on Lena’s lip, thrusting two fingers back into her ready pussy. Lena gasped into her mouth, breathing the air Kara was giving to her. Kara slightly regretted not turning on the sun lamp, as she couldn’t properly feel Lena’s nails scratching into her neck. The pain aspect of sex was always her favourite with Lena. But this wasn’t about her. It was about making up for lost time.

“Tell me, Lena. Am I forgiven?” She pumped her fingers, making sure she curled them the way Lena loved being fucked. She made sure her thumb was placed directly on her clitoris, putting just the right amount of pressure, not enough to tip her over the edge. She couldn’t get enough of her, licking down her neck, scraping her teeth behind her ear, sucked across her jawline. Without realising, she had flown the pair up. They were hovering above the ground, Lena still pushed firmly against the glass door.

“Yes! I already forgave you, my love. Now fuck me like you mean.” If Lena wanted to be fucked, then Kara will fuck her. With two fingers, superspeed, staring into her eyes – no doubt that hers were clouded with lust too. Lena was moaning, louder and louder, into Kara’s mouth, lips brushing against Kara’s, panting as the blonde unleashed something that she had never shown to Lena before. She sped to the kitchen behind them and practically threw Lena against the fridge. The brunette hissed at the cool feeling that clashed with the heat of her skin.
“How much did you miss me?” Kara growled out demanding a worthy answer. Her fingers moved harder, curling with each thrust. Lena was clamping against them, pulsing rhythmically. Kara knew she was getting close.

“So much. Oh God, Kara.” She husked out, gripping Kara’s shoulders, nails itching down her back, pussy itching for release. Kara lived for moments like this; Lena was unable to form a coherent sentence, mind too clouded. She loved it when Lena lost all sense of her surroundings. She wanted the only thing on her mind, the only she can hear, touch, feel, to be Kara. She craved that power. Kara decided it was time to let her cum. She wanted to see the look on Lena’s face. Wanted to make her powerless. She lifted her thumb up slightly to rub circles around Lena’s clit, but refusing to put too much pressure just yet. Lena had to beg. She had to beg for it, how badly she wants it.

“Tell me who you belong to.” Lena was practically panting into Kara’s mouth, bouncing on her fingers that were still going at superspeed. Kara wanted to give her something no one else can make her feel. She wanted to make sure Lena would never forget her, never be able to. She wanted Lena to be up all night not being able to think about anything, anyone, but Kara and her fingers, tongue, touch.

“Y-Yours!” She choked out as Kara bit down on her bottom lip and massaged Lena’s clit with just the right amount of pressure. She felt Lena’s walls tighten around her fingers, and Rao the feeling was addictive. She felt her own pussy pulse, just knowing she had the power to make Lena cum this hard. It was intoxicating. She felt intoxicated, drunk on Lena’s scent. “Oh God, baby I can’t.” She barely managed to breathe out as Kara continued pumping her fingers in and out, loving the wet sounds coming from Lena’s juices. She was beyond wet and Kara was as disbelief at how much she affected the brunette.

“You can and you will.” She dropped down onto her knees and continued holding Lena up in her position with one hand on her ass cheek. Coming face to pussy, she was practically drooling and so was Lena. The scent was strong, enough to drive Kara to insanity. She growled and leaned forward, licking a long and painfully slow line from Lena’s entrance to her clit. She missed that taste more than anything and it drove her wild. She licked, slurped, sucked and nipped everything her mouth could reach, dragging her teeth across Lena’s thighs, tongue through her slit, lips around her clit. And the brunette writhing above her was more motivation than anything else. Lena was moaning, squealing, hands flying everywhere from the fridge to Kara’s hair like she had no clue where to put them. She kept looking down meeting Kara’s eyes, looking back up, head banging against the fridge. This was a new experience for her.

Kara was typically dominant in the bedroom, in the sense that she would be the one to touch Lena first. Yet Lena always had a sort of power over her. But this time, it was different. Kara craved that power and control. She was sick and tired of holding herself back. She was sick and tired of everybody underestimating her, treating her like she was a softy.

“K-Kara! Please!” Lena moaned out and gripped Kara’s hair, tugged on it harder just the way the blonde liked it. She growled and groaned into Lena’s pussy, tongue buried as deep as she could, nose nudging her clit. Lena began to roll her hips, pulling Kara’s head closer and closer. Just when Kara felt that pulse she knew all too well, she pulled back and let Lena gently drop onto the ground. She was proud of herself as she watched the brunette barely able to stand on two feet, knees weak from the pleasure. “No, please.”

“You don’t get to cum so easily the second time, my love.” Kara smirked at Lena’s whines and gripped her wrists as the brunette attempted to reach for her. She flew them to the small desk Lena had in her home office and sat her down on the chair. “Remember this?” She crawled under the desk, spreading Lena’s legs apart easily. This was about taking control. Taking power. Dominating.
She controlled Lena’s pleasure. No self-control? Suck on that.

“You want to make me cum as much as I want you to do it too. Don’t fool yourself. Come here.” Lena was clearly attempting to be more confident, but that wasn’t going to work on Kara. She blonde sped to the bedroom and back with two handcuffs, quickly handcuffing Lena’s wrists to the arm rest on the chair. She turned Lena’s chair around so she was facing the balcony. She ripped the dress from Lena’s chest, not caring about the price. She doubted Lena cared at this point too, squirming her chair obviously uncomfortable with her wetness leaking out onto the fabric.

It was dark enough outside and light enough inside for Lena to see her reflection, Kara stood behind her bent down resting her head on the brunette’s shoulder. Her breasts, full and perky, nipples hard waiting for Kara’s fingers, mouth, tongue, anything. Her stomach, so soft and pale. That reminded Kara that she needed to mark Lena as much as possible. Her pussy on display, dripping and inviting, begging Kara to clean her up.

“Look at yourself.” Lena shivered at Kara’s husky choice into her ear. The blonde smirked against her skin and bit down gently. She licked the mark, soothing Lena’s hiss. “All mine. Every single inch of you.” Lena moaned at her words, clearly turned on, eyes lustful and beyond recognition. “Say it.”

“Are you going to claim what is yours? Or are you going to stand and stare all night long?” So she wanted to tease. Kara could tease. She could tease very well, like dancing her fingers across Lena’s naked back, gently enough to make her breathing a little harder. Like gently blow cold air against her nipples, watching the brunette shiver with anticipation, begging for Kara’s warmth. Like slipping her hands gently around Lena’s neck, softly tightening and showing her authority over her. She was in control, and that was the end of it. No rebelling, no bratish behaviour. Just obedience. “Please.”

“Please what?”

“I need you. Just touch me, please?” Kara walked around Lena, her hand moving with her across the brunette’s back, shoulder and collarbone.

“I am touching you.” She drifted her hands lower, watching Lena’s eyes roll back.

“Lower.” Kara twirled her finger around Lena’s nipple before pinching just slightly enough to make Lena hiss out in both pain and pleasure.

“Like this?” Kara fell to her knees and kneading one breast while letting the other fall into her greedy mouth. She sucked until Lena arched her back.

“L-Lower.” She let her tongue pave the way down across Lena’s stomach, stopping every few seconds to suck until the skin turned a different shade. It looked beautiful contrasting Lena’s paleness. She always looked beautiful.

“Here?” She stopped right above Lena’s wet core, where she was clean shaven. Kara bit down on the skin and nudged Lena’s stomach lovingly.

“Keep going.” Kara’s tongue slithered down, but quickly turned to the left to travel along Lena’s thigh. The brunette groaned in frustration and Kara couldn’t help but chuckle a little. She tried to tug at the handcuffs but she was too weak all over from Kara’s teasing. Kara left a few marks, taking her time on both thighs, getting closer and closer, smelling Lena, wanting nothing more but to lick and lick and make her cum all over her mouth.

“Am I close yet?” Lena sounded frustrated yet looked like she was in heaven. Kara glanced up to see
hooded eyes looking down, mouth hung open. Lena was mesmerised.

“I’m begging you, Kara. Please, please I can’t take it anymore.” Lena was practically sobbing, thighs shaking, hips rolling just seeking some sort of release. Kara wouldn’t allow herself to see Lena like this, so desperate and practically tortured. She had to give in.

“Okay, my love. Anything for you.” Kara felt Lena’s thighs tighten around her head as the blonde delicately flicked her tongue against Lena’s clit. Her sounds were heavenly, pleasure, holding nothing back. Kara was addicted to the taste, a perfect mix of sweet and salty, dripping down her chin as the blonde swirled her tongue around Lena’s clit, down into her slit and teasing her entrance. Lena’s juices were flowing into her mouth and Kara couldn’t get enough. She wanted it all.

“O-Oh, Kara,” Lena whined and began tugging on the handcuffs. Kara understood she wanted to touch Kara, but not yet. Not until Lena came again. Kara sucked Lena’s clit into her mouth, took two fingers and gently pumped them into Lena. She kept them curled, moving her fingers inside Lena, exploring her inner walls. They pulsed faintly around Kara’s fingers, as if begging her to go harder. Kara used her other hand to pull Lena’s handcuffs off the arm chair, breaking the metal. Lena immediately stuck her fingers in Kara’s blonde locks and pushed her head down further into her pussy. She was desperate, itching for release. “You make me so crazy, baby.” Lena moaned out, rolling her hips to her best ability in her position. Kara held her waist down with her arm, pumping faster, sucking Lena’s clit and flicking her tongue at the same time. Lena’s moans were louder than ever, voice cracking, head thrown back. Kara smirked as she glanced up to see the marks she had left. Lena was shaking, on the edge of release. Kara had so much power. She could step back right now and take it all away. But she didn’t want to. Fuck self-control.

“Cum. Now.” Kara mumbled around her clit, thrusting her fingers as hard and fast as humanly possible without hurting Lena. Maybe not humanly; it was faster than anything Lena had, and Kara could tell it was driving the brunette to insanity. The only sound heard was Lena’s filthy wetness; she was speechless, looking down at Kara with her mouth open wide, her eyes rolled back and practically shivering. Her walls pulsed, becoming tighter than Kara had ever felt. White noise. That was all Lena could see. The blonde slowed her fingers down, letting Lena ride her orgasm out, stop sucking on her clit but lightly caressing Lena’s sensitive spot with her tongue. Her juices flowed out as Kara pumped gently, removing one finger. She licked everything up, wanting as much as she could get. She didn’t stop slurping until Lena gently tugged on her hair, pulling her up. She looked exhausted, in a state of euphoria.

“That was…new.” Kara grinned at her girl, getting a lazy smile in return. They kissed gently, Lena humming at the taste of herself. Their tongues danced together lazily, no domination for power. Lena had already given herself to Kara, and Kara was Lena’s. There was no doubt about that. Kara smiled into the kiss and pulled way to nuzzle the brunette’s neck. She lay gentle kisses as Lena played with her hair.

“I hope you know that I’m nowhere near done with you for the night.”

“Oh really?” Lena tried to sound confident, but there was something in her eyes, a sort of excitement, anticipation. Her eyes widened just slightly as Kara leaned back and bit her bottom lip before lifting Lena up and flying them to the bedroom. Kara left her on the bed and made her way to the bathroom, leaving Lena with her dirty thoughts. She quickly changed and flew back to the room, smirking as Lena’s mouth dropped at the strap between her legs. “Oh.”

“Tonight’s all about you.” Kara felt powerful in that moment. She felt wanted, needed as Lena couldn’t take her eyes off of Kara’s abs, breasts, body. She wanted Kara. And Kara wanted Lena to want her more than anything. Without a word, Lena lay back on the bed and spread her legs,
practically inviting Kara in. Her thighs were glistening with her juices, pussy throbbing with anticipation.

“All yours.” It was music to her ears. Kara climbed onto the bed, over Lena and let the strap rest between her folds as she came face to face with Lena. “Only yours.” Lena whispered as she let her hands rest on the back of Kara’s neck. Kara reached over to the nightstand and pressed the button under it that turned the room red.

“I don’t want to hurt you. Just to be sure.” Kara leaned back down and nudged Lena’s nose with her own before gently attaching their lips together. She nipped Lena’s bottom lip as she thrust forward gently rubbing the strap against Lena’s sensitive clit. She was wet and slick, all ready for her.

“No more teasing. Please.” There was no way Kara could resist Lena when she looked at her like that; she looked so desperate, so vulnerable. Kara smiled softly at her and reached down to position the strap at Lena’s entrance. The brunette gasped as Kara pushed her hips forward just slightly, letting the head slide through. Inch by inch Kara watched Lena’s eyes close. She bit down gently on Lena’s bottom lip and pulled with her teeth, drawing the attention away from the pain of the stretch. She waited until Lena adjusted, kissing her softly distracting her with her soothing tongue.

“Are you okay?” She thrust forward a little harder, earning a moan and a nail in her back. It was different being able to feel Lena’s desperation like that. Being able to feel that pleasure mixed with pain.

“Softy.” Lena teased with an eyebrow raise that Kara matched with her own. If she wanted to play that game, then they will. Kara position her hands on either side of Lena’s head, just above her shoulders which helped give her leverage as she thrust her hips forward. Lena felt tight, making it more difficult for Kara to push the strap in, but the blonde continued and set a slow pace consistent with Lena’s soft moans, gasps and deep sighs.

“Tell me how it feels.” Lena wrapped her legs around Kara’s waist, pulling her closer, asking her to go deeper.

“You feel amazing. You’re stretching me so good, baby.” Kara smirked and pumped faster and faster. She wanted to mark Lena again and again, kissing along her neck, scraping her teeth down to her collarbone, sucking the skin under Lena’s jaw. She just wanted to praise her. She wanted to show Lena how she viewed the brunette; like a goddess. Like she was everything she ever wanted. “I want to touch you.”

“Making you feel good is enough for me.” It really was enough. Kara was on edge just by fucking Lena, by feeling her around her fingers, tasting her, plunging deep into her. Just knowing she had the power to make Lena feel so vulnerable, put her into a trance like she was on drugs, that was enough to make Kara wetter than ever. She was throbbing, yet not desperate for her own release, only Lena’s.

“But baby, I want you, so bad. I crave you, I want to make you cum for me.” Kara let out a small chuckle as she leaned down and placed a kiss on Lena’s forehead.

“Not until you cum, again. And again. And again.” Her thrusts sped up. The atmosphere changed in the dark room as Kara growled into Lena’s ear. She sat up resting on her knees and pulled Lena’s legs together creating the tightest spot she could. “Hold your legs up. And don’t bend them.” She smirked as Lena quickly obeyed her. Now that she had adjusted, Kara was going to have no mercy on her. She began at a fast pace, going balls deep and as hard as she could. The sounds were intoxicating, absolutely filthy and made the blonde throb harder than ever. She glanced down at the strap, watching as it disappeared into Lena’s tight hole and came back wetter and wetter each time. It
was mesmerising to look at. Drool-worthy. She noticed Lena’s legs bent a little and quickly raised a hand to smack her left ass cheek. “I said keep them straight.”

“Oh! Fuck, baby, again!” She was practically begging to be punished, giving the power over to Kara.

“Again? So fucking naughty.” Kara slapped her right cheek this time, grinning at the gasp and moan that followed. She rolled her hips, making sure the tip of the strap was scraping Lena’s walls. She could easily find her sweet spot with her fingers but there was less control with the strap. Nevertheless, Kara was determined.

“Harder! Please!” Lena’s hair was wild, her eyes drifting open and closed. Kara spread Lena’s legs apart and bent forward, wrapping her arms around Lena’s shoulders. She dropped all her body weight on the brunette and let Lena wrap her legs around her waist. She began to nip on Lena’s neck as she thrust her hips as hard as she could, faster and faster, hearing the sound of skin slapping against skin. Pressure was building up on her clit, and not doubt on Lena’s as she noticed it was more difficult to thrust. She was getting tighter and tighter, ready to blow.

“Fuck, Lena.” Kara groaned out as she desperately attached her lips to the closest skin on her neck. Lena dug her nails into Kara’s shoulder’s blades, no doubt drawing some blood. Kara groaned out and searched for Lena’s lips as she lifted her head. The two panted into each other’s mouths, breathing out heavily, moaning and groaning, squealing and whining. Kara’s hips twitched as she felt her orgasm approaching from the pressure on her clit.

“K-Kara.” Lena barely managed to breathe out as she bit down gently on Kara’s bottom lip. Kara let out one last hard thrust, balls deep, before moaning her orgasm into Lena’s mouth. Her walls throbbed, pulsed, juices flowing out. Lena’s desperate roll of her hips indicated her own orgasm, as she twitched and throbbed around the strap. Kara didn’t feel like moving. She felt weak, but content being on top of Lena. The brunette’s soft strokes along her spine were comforting, relaxing. “You okay?”

“Mhm.” Lena’s body moved as she laughed at Kara’s response. The brunette reached over and turned off the red sun lamp to give Kara some sort of strength back. It was enough for her to pull out the strap and speed her way to the bathroom and back into bed with Lena.

“So you want me to…?”

“Tomorrow. I’m sleepy.” Lena chuckled and kissed the top of Kara’s head softly. Kara just wanted to be held at this point. She just wanted to know that Lena wasn’t going anywhere. “Am I forgiven?”

“Baby.” Kara glanced up and matched Lena’s soft smile. She was glowing, biting her bottom lip. “I love you.”

“Yeah?”

“More than anything.”

“Good.” … “Ouch! Okay I love you too. Geez.”

Chapter End Notes
it's been a while. but here you go! a shit load of smut ;)

End Notes

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