"On your knees, Supergirl!" Lena demanded. After three days of avoiding her, Kara had finally confronted her. She told Lena everything, minus the part where she's Supergirl. Kara wasn't ready to disclose that information. Lena was upset, an alternate version of her used Kara, fuck her with strap-on. A pleasure Lena herself wanted to take pleasure in.

"Lena, I swear I didn't know! She just showed up, she found me!" Kara pleaded. It's not uncommon for Lena to manhandle her, but right it was Deja vu; Lena wore a kryptonite glove, of course Lena never struck her. She did pulled and shove her around. Lena had little tears forming, she knew that when Supergirl came to her, she wanted to submit to Lena—to be control by a woman of power unlike herself.

Lena remember the day she came to her: Supergirl was stress and cried on her shoulder, Kara poured her eyes out. For Lena, she knew it was wrong, but Lena I had to take this opportunity; she kissed her and something overcame them, she pulled Supergirl's hair. That was all it took for her to know about the kryptonian's submissive side, to be dominated. So Kara had to understand why Lena would angry, to have someone other then her, touch a nd explore the depths of her body.

"Strip for me, and don't speak, lest I tell you to." Kara quickly went to undoing her supersuit. Her face pulled upright forcibly by her hair. Lena held her tight by her chin with her other hand. Kara could see the hurt in her green eyes. Lena's raven hair cascade's down her shoulder in fluid motion, her ponytail stopping at her expose cleavage. Kara licked her lips as the pale bosom she desperately wanted to bury her face in.

Lena yanked her head once more, "eyes up here, slut." Kara's top was topless below Lena, only her red skirt was left, she went to take it off when Lena stop her. "Leave it. On your feet!" She pulled by
her hair, rough lifting Kara. Lena shoved her back making her fall on the cream couch.

Kara fell on her elbows. She couldn't help but let her eyes wonder, The black low cut dress that clings to Lena's body, it showed off her divine curves and tone legs. Kara heart raced. Kara doesn't long to admire her body, as she's pull again by her ankle, spread in front of Lena. Lena leans forward, her red fingernails tracing the outline of Kara's jaw. Her tips leave a marking along the chin. Kara wince, but knows not to move. Lena smiles at this, anytime Supergirl push her off, dominate her. But she wouldn't dare, after all: she's the one with fetish, and her obedience proved it. Lena stood above her.

"Spread your legs." Kara did so, but not the way Lena wanted, "in the air!" She screamed. It took Kara by surprise, even though she really shouldn't be. She scooted forward, holding her legs wide for Lena to see her womanhood. Lena held a small pocket knife at her center, she snipped the red stockings— ripping them at the slit.

Kara moaned at her action. She was enjoying everything that Lena was doing and did since she came to her. Lena appreciated her body as Kara knows, it's why Lena can't get enough of Kara's tone legs; the muscles when their outstrecth, how the sweat outline her taunt muscles in the sun. Lena removes her red boots, her calf shows her commitment to exercise; another thing that drives Lena wild. She caressing her feet, legs and thighs, her hands land firmly on her hips. Lena pulls her tone ass to the edge.

"Stand up." She ordered.

She walks behind her, hands trailing Kara's tone back. She traces up and over her shoulders to her biceps, she knows Supergirl can hear her heart skipping beats; this was something she enjoyed a lot more then her. The girl of steel writhes under her touch, desperate to be felt somewhere more personal. As if Lena could read mind's, she trails her hand under Kara's arms; she grabs hold of her breast, teasing her harden nipples, pinching them between shift fingers.

Kara moans through shudder breaths, seems Lena's not the only one that enjoys rough nipple play. "Rao, Lena." Sudden she loses contact, she whines when she turns to an angry Luthor; arms cross at the chest. Her eyes widen and she starts apologizing repeatedly. Lena raises her eyebrows, she's still talking. When Kara realizes this, she shuts her mouth with her head down. She waits for her punishment.

"Looks like someone's not having an orgasm." Lena spoke coldly. "Get out." Lena walked away, removing the kryptonite glove.

"Lena, I'm sorry." Kara zoomed in front of her. "I spoke without permission, please don't do this." She felled to her knees, pleading with a withdrawing Luthor. Kara had to do something. Lena couldn't leave her like, she was ready to atone for what transpire with another version of her. Kara on her hands and knees, her skirt ripple on her ass, her scarped across Lena's marble floor. "I'm begging you Lena. Please don't leave me, I'm sorry for speaking out of term. I swear to Rao, I won't ever do it again... please... don't go." Kara held by the thighs.

Lena cupped her chin, she leaned forward planting a kiss on Kara's lips. To Kara it felt like a goodbye, for Lena it was. "Goodbye Suprgirl." She sat at her desk, resuming her work on her steel laptop. Kara sat there, scared and alone, terrified at what she'd done. Lena had abandon her, she heartbroken, after everything it ends like this. Kara stood to leave, giving a final look over her shoulder, her sunk further; Lena doesn't even give her going glance.

She grabs her top proceeds to put it on when she stops. Her face frowns up and she drops her things, if she wanted to she could dominate Lena, make her submit to her will. But the thought leave her,
she just want Lena back. "You can leave anytime now." Lena says. But she can't, she won't. Before Lena knows it, her chair spins and her black skirt is raised above her hips. Kara is knelt between her spread legs, hands firmly on her inner thighs. "What are you doing?" Lena says calmly, she leans back in her seat.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'll show how sorry I am... how much I need you, Lena, you and no one else." Kara moves her black laced panties, sliding them down her curvy thighs. If she does this Lena would love her again, realize her mistake and forgive her, this is her chance to proved to her her loyalty. She places her hands behind her back, and lowers head until Lena accepts her. She feels Lena hand in hair, lifting her head to meet her eyes.

Lena bends down as to kiss her, but she stands and walks away to her couch, she sits and beckons Kara with the curl of her finger. Kara makes her way to stand, "crawl to me, hands still behind you back." Kara does as told, showing her obedience renewed, her skirt falls to her waists as she crawls in downward dog. She settles between ivory white legs. She licks her lips, staring at the glistening wet pussy in front of her. Lena's sits with her legs wide, daring Kara to touch without the use of her hands. Kara presses forward.

"Look at me." Lena commands. She holds her by the locks. Her chin rest at Lena's clit, eliciting a heavy from her mistress. Kara is careful not to show her satisfaction, as not to anger Lena in anyway. But Lena has already seen it. "Don't think this changes anything. Depending on how well you please me..." Lena leaves the rest for Kara's imagination. She twirls a strand of Kara's hair.

Kara leans into her hot sex. She starts by kissing her inner thigh, she licks from Lena's legs to her ass cheeks. Using her shoulders to lifting Lena's legs. After she does the other leg, she moves to lick the creases where Lena's thighs and vulva connects. She pecks the skin just above her clit then skips right over it. Kara flattens her tongue against the wet folds, broad licks over her velvet warmth of her pussy.

"You can use your fingers, my dear." Kara smiled at her. Was she forgiven?

Her fingers part her folds, her tongue moves swiftly on her clit, sucking like her life depended on it. Lena moan, grabbing a handful of her golden hair, pushing Kara deeper into her sex. Her Juices run down her chin, slurping and smacking filling the room. Kara twist and curl her tongue, massaging her sensitive nub with her fingertips. She sticks two fingers inside and brings her tongue to a different part of Lena. She goes slow with precise licks, gradually picking up the pressure with her fingers. She licking and finger fucking Lena, whose legs holds tightly around her neck.

"Fuck, Kara!" She screams, coming undone at the her lover's ministrations. Kara keeps pumping as Lena's juices squirt on her face. Lena grabs her hand that's destroying her pussy. She holds Kara's fingers to her mouth, she licks; engulfing her four finger in her mouth, licking 'til there's nothing left. She then pulls Kara up to her tasting her lips, their tongue touch and kiss. Kara holds her mouth open letting Lena suck on her tongue. They make out like crazed cum sucking pornos. Lena gives a final tug before pulling away.

"D-did I do good, Lena?" Kara held her eyes low. Lena grabbed her chin, their eyes found each other and Lena kissed her. It was passionate and Kara felt the love behind it. She could hope to Rao that Lena enjoyed herself.

"You did good, Supergirl." Lena smiles. "Now, did I recall, my doppelganger was going to fuck your ass?" Lena was at her desk. She pulled a 9’ red dildo and handcuffs that had a green glow. Kara couldn't help the blush that formed on her cheeks. Lena tighten the belt, she shoots a seductive look across the room, Kara watches from the couch as Lena comes near. She saunters over to where Kara waits. "Bend over, hands behind your back." Kara obliges lifting her half naked body, she as
instructed, feeling the cuffs clamp her wrists. Kara flinches and grunts at the tight fit, thanks to the kryptonite she was feeling the coolness of the metal. Lena walks around in front of, she was really enjoy the power she had over her toy.

The sight of a restrained Super made her mouth water, it was exhilarating for her, to be stronger then a goddess; something her brother could never accomplish. She relishes in Kara's obvious need to be dominated, with Kara , Lena felt invincible to do whatever she wanted to her and not suffer consequences. Kara's wish is to only please, adore, and follow her only commands. Lena thought back to Kara's first time, how many orgasm she made her come. There be another time for that, right now she need to show Kara her ass belongs only to one fucking Luthor.

"Get up. Desk." Lena orders. Kara moves in an instant, nearly sprinting. Lena watches her muscles ass jiggle. Lena waltz over after her. Kara front face the window of Lena's office. Lena smoothes her hands over her breasts, she whispers, "imagine if the world knew you like I did. Knew the things you like, what turns you into cunt munching slut. What would your cousin think, if he knew he had a slut as family?" She pushes her forward, Kara feels the chill on her tits. "I bet you wouldn't care." Her eyes are glued to Kara's tone cheeks, she then takes the silicone cock and strokes it. "I wonder what your punishment should be." Kara looks over her, she goes to be speak but decides against it.

"You thought what you did would suffice? Oh dear, I'm sorry if you thought." She mocks. Kara groan at her cheeks being spread, she felt Lena's thumb tease her hole. "Hmm, I think I found it. Oh, almost forgot." Lena reached over her desk, a black gag for her pleasure. She tied it around Kara's mouth, she then proceeds.

Kara panted, turning back with a confused look on her face. Her eyes widened when she saw Lena aiming the massive cock at her ass. Lena holds her wide, pushing forward into her. Kara expected for Lena to lube it up first, but she just grab her ass cheeks and slam in her dry. Her screams muffled be the gag, Lena excuses the outburst as she is already in the midst of dealing out Supergirl's punishment. She brings her palm down hard onto her ass, lusting on the sheer sound of her pain. Kara can't help it and tries to lift up, she then feels Lena hand on the end of her back, pushing down to keep her still.

Lena bends down over her and bites her neck, pushing Kara to have her first orgasm.

Lena howled. Her cock plowed inside her, stretching her tight asshole beyond it's limit. Kara whines as Lena speeds up her pace, thumbing over her sensitive nub. Kara's muffle screams grow louder for the second and third, fourth time her orgasm. Tears stream down her face. Her muffled cries can barely can be heard throughout her office. Good thing it was soundproof.

She holds Kara tight on her nape as she fuck her even harder and faster. Her hair is being pulled, more slaps to her cheeks. Her ass is crimson red from the spanking. It was becoming to much for Kara, but she asks for Lena's forgiveness, and if this was the way to atone, then she'll take it. Lena held her firmly, grunting with each thrust given. Her cock was slick with Kara's ass juices, which made it easier for the former to better receive her mistress phallus. Eventually, Kara stopped squirming, and lay prone on the desk. Lena licked her lips and picked up the pace once more, pumping her cock. The pleasure was driving her wild, ever now and then faint grunts and groans came from Kara. Her fingers dug harshly into her tender ass flesh.

"You're taking it so well, Supergirl... oh, I f-feel you clenching down." Lena breathed. She hunched forward, kissing on her bare shoulder. Her eyes gazed over and all she could see was Lena's pelvis slamming into her red ass, hips increasing in movement.

With one final push, both of them had their orgasm.
"That was amazing, Kara." She pants. Her falls to a shock Kara. Lena buries her face in her shoulders. "I love you." She press a chaste kiss on the top of her head.

"I-I love you t-too, Lena." She makes her way up.

"Oh, I'm not done yet, Kara." Lena says. Still buried inside. "Let me hear you this time."

End Notes

Mistakes? Hope not.

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