Gravitas

by Kendrene

Summary

Lena has always been intrigued by the idea of blindfolds. It takes her a while but finally, she works up the nerve to ask Kara about it. Of course, they lead a busy life, and her request is forgotten... until a traumatic event seems to shatter Lena beyond repair.

Notes

I've meant to finish this for a long time, so starting to post is the right motivation, or so I hope.

As always, happy reading.

- Dren

PS: for those that are subbed to me as an author, you may have received a weird fic notification. It was a very short co-authored piece that made no sense (bot generated) and listed tags I DO NOT write for. I was added as co-author without consent, and proceeded to take the fic down. If anyone knows a way to lock co-authoring behind approval, much like fics being added to collections, please reach out to me here, or on tumblr.

Rest assured, I have not been body snatched.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Lena ponders long and hard before she asks it.

As with every big decision, especially one involving Kara as well, she debates it with herself, to and fro until her fears are worn like a pair of jeans that have been washed one too many times.

The first step in her decision making process is taking a trip to JCPenney and stationing in front of a rack of silk scarves long enough that three different salespeople approach her, asking whether she would like some help.

Lena declines each time, with a small shake of the head and a kind smile of thanks, before going back to her careful study. In the end, she settles for a simple black scarf, the silk adding a nice shine to it as she runs it through her hands in appreciation. It isn’t the best quality she could afford to buy of course, but it will suffice. If she came back with something more expensive, Kara may very well be put off.

The whole idea may put her off regardless.

She brings the scarf home, placing the small box in which they folded it for her inside her nightstand. And then, she argues the merits of it further. Lena has been drawn to the idea of blindfolds since she was a child; of course back then, nothing of it was sexual, but she remembers wrapping a length of cloth around her head and then spinning in place inside her mother’s garden. The exhilaration and the fear, as everything she knew was swallowed by darkness, flashes of color from beyond this world pressing behind her eyelids as she tottered to a stop.

And sometimes, the taste of blood in her mouth as her legs gave way and she collapsed –hard– onto the ground.

But what she believes solidified the idea in her head had been a trip she’d taken with her father to London, on one of the rare occasions in which she’d felt like she belonged to a normal family. They had visited the National Gallery, and Lena had stared at everything awestruck, but one painting in particular had followed her home, as if it had decided to hang itself on the walls of her heart.

_The Execution Of Lady Jane Grey_, the painting is called, and it depicts the death of the one they call “the Nine Days Queen”. The story, which Lena had thoroughly researched once she’d gotten back to the States, is a sad one. Lady Jane Grey was anointed Queen of England, only to be deposed and executed nine days later, but there had been something about the painting…

Something in the fallen Queen’s expression that is at once terror and disarmed relief speaks to her, and Lena has come to the conclusion it is so because a Luthor is never allowed to be weak.

The blindfold is all of this and more; weakness, helplessness, liberation.

This is why she desires to lose her sight, if momentarily, but Lena firmly believes the blindfold will be of benefit to Kara too. Her lover is always restrained, out of their bed and between the sheets, painfully aware that a wrong gesture on her part can inflict damage in the scale of a natural disaster upon Lena or another.

Lena doesn’t mind the gentle handling, on the contrary. Kara’s tender affections have the ability to disrobe her of all the armor accrued over the years, and Lena always feels lighter, after. But her lover clearly doesn’t always trust the control she has over herself, and Lena hopes that giving
herself to Kara while blindfolded will improve things on that front.

Still, despite the fact she’s made up her mind, it takes a few more weeks before she brings the topic up between them.

It happens on an evening in which they have decided to have a quiet dinner in Lena’s house, eschewing the etiquette and silver cutlery of classy restaurants, in favor of laughter and a shared meal as they sit on the couch, bare feet tucked under them.

Lena has ordered from Kara’s favorite chinese restaurant, just so she can watch delighted as her lover makes an inordinate amount of potstickers simply… vanish.

Once they are done with the meal, cartons and plates piled on the coffee table and out of the way, she pulls Kara close for cuddles. They both ate a little more than they should have and lassitude settles over them and their conversation as they just savor quiet moments after a long day.

“I meant to ask you something.” Lena breaks the silence after some time, eyes lost somewhere out the window. Below them, the city sits white and gold, resplendent like a jewel in the deepening night.

“Hmm?” Kara nuzzles her jaw, and she feels a smile break out across her lips. She can’t help it; her lover’s closeness always makes Lena smile.

“I…” Lena clicks her tongue, frustrated, and draws in a sharp breath, past lips that are suddenly as cracked and dry as if she’d been sitting too long under the sun. She had prepared her delivery with care, but words seem to have deserted her, and she is left with nothing better than a direct question.

“Have you ever thought about blindfolds when we… You know.” She’s never had difficulties in talking about sex and all that it entails, her mind too curious to allow itself to be delayed by false modesties in research. And yet, as Kara pulls back to look at her, a delicate frown creasing her brow, Lena’s cheeks burn red, absolutely on fire.

“When we make love, you mean?” There is no disgust in Kara’s voice as she examines the idea, only curiosity. Her blue eyes have darkened, turning serious, but her expression remains open, and she takes one of Lena’s hands into her own, waiting for her to elaborate.

“Yes.” Lena nods for emphasis. “I’ve been… wanting it for a while, but I didn’t know how to ask.”

Kara inclines her head at that, face softening into that puppy-like grin Lena loves so well.

“Did you think I wouldn’t want to?” Her hand squeezes Lena’s fingers in reassurance. “I mean, we’ve never really done something like this, but we could always try?”

It’s true; their nights are soft and gentle for the most part, the flame of their passion a steady one rather than an all consuming fire. Lena doesn’t mind it in the slightest; for one who has known only cold affection in her life, measured with credit cards, expensive gifts and never hugs, Kara’s calming presence is like a merry fire, pushing back the winter’s chill after a long day spent outside.

“I would very much like to try.” Tension Lena hadn’t realized had been there leaves her shoulders and a grin matching Kara’s in brightness tugs at the corners of her mouth.

Kara nods and entwines their fingers, bringing Lena’s arm around her shoulders so that she can lean back and rest her blonde head against her. The matter is clearly settled in her mind, and Lena sighs, content. She is not exactly sure what she has done - in this life, or other ones - to deserve someone
as accepting of all she is as Kara.

She doesn’t lack for friends, although it hasn’t always been the case, but, even though they try not to, sometimes all they see when they look at her is a Luthor. But Kara saw beyond that from the beginning, without needing to use her X-Ray vision, perhaps because, just like Lena, she is two people trapped in one.

They spend the rest of the night cuddled on the couch, slowly killing the bottle of Pinot Noir Kara picked from Lena’s expansive reserve, the silence between them light and easy. She loves evenings like this, where the companies that Lena oversees and the people Kara saves are the furthest things from both their minds.

The topic of the blindfold is put aside, filed away for later use but not forgotten, and they fall back into their routine until the box inside of the nightstand drawer starts to collect dust.

Then, after Kara has to save her from a bank robbery gone wrong, the matter becomes pressing.

It’s three weeks since their talk after dinner, when, for a twist of fate, Lena finds herself in need to withdraw cash, and the ATM is out of service.

Everything else is a blur that comes to her as she kneels over her toilet, retching bile and spit and nothing else, while Kara holds her by her shoulders.

Shudder.

Guns cocking, screams, a mad stampede of feet as people try to flee the scene.

Heave.

One of the robbers forcing the branch director to lock the bank’s automatic doors, pistol pointed at his temple.

Gasp.

The loud, final pop of a gun when the lone security officer tries to draw on one of the assailants and ends up shot instead.

“There was so much blood.” Lena manages, teeth chattering so hard she almost bites through her tongue. The analytical part of her brain knows she’s going into shock, the numbness spreading from her hands to the rest of her a clear indication of that state. She closes her eyes, shutting out the pristine lines of her bathroom in an attempt to regain balance.

This time, darkness does not offer refuge.

“I know.”

Kara shifts next to her, reaching for something. The gurgling sound of running water fills the room, and then her lover is pressing a wet cloth to the nape of Lena’s neck.

“I know.” Kara repeats.

Of course she does. Their clothes are smeared with it, a testament to their attempt to save the man’s life. Breathing ragged, Lena lets her lover pull her from the toilet, Kara’s arms closing around her and lifting her up without effort.

She allows Kara to rid her of the blood-stained blouse she is still wearing, so soaked through with
the guard’s lifeblood that she doubts it’ll ever return white. She’ll probably never wear it again anyway, given the choice.

The cloth moves from the nape of her neck to her front, and Lena welcomes its cool caress. The fabric is a bit scratchy against her skin, and the rhythmic passes of it along her collarbone and shoulders ground her to the quiet of her apartment and to Kara. It will take time for the violent images flashing through her mind to fade away - she doubts she will ever forget the man’s fixed stare - but slowly warmth returns to her, and she slumps against her lover’s frame with a grateful sigh.

Maybe the worst is over.

But, as it turns out later that night, when she bolts awake with a scream, sweat soaked sheets tangled all around her, Lena has never been so wrong.

The darkness which had always been a synonym with safety, becomes a treacherous landscape full of monsters that lay in wait specifically for her. Despite Kara’s reassuring presence in the bed they share, Lena starts to sleep with a light on, and, when she is awake, she avoids closing her eyes for too long.

“I cannot keep on like this.” She grumbles to herself as the days go by. The memory of the incident has paled, at least during the day, but the man’s dead eyes look for hers when she’s asleep, and Lena feels herself slip ever closer to another breakdown.

One that she’s not sure she’d effectively recover from.

Outwardly nothing shows of course; if there is one thing she has learned from her estranged mother is to wear well-fitting masks, but Kara knows.

Kara always knows when something ails her, even when Lena tries to pretend the nightmares are just that, or that they don’t bother her. She’s the one to come up with a solution.

Lena has just returned home from a day of business meetings, mind numb and eyes burning, when her gaze comes to rest on the box she brought home from JCPenney what feels like a lifetime ago. There is a sealed envelope to go with it, her name carefully penned in Kara’s delicate writing on the dove grey paper.

Lena picks it up and runs her fingers over her own name, curiosity piqued along with hesitation. Inside she finds a message, short and to the point. It reads almost like an order, and her legs grow inexplicably weak.

‘Bring the scarf to the bedroom.

K’

She doesn’t stop to wonder how Kara had known where to find the box - she had never mentioned she’d bought something they could use as a blindfold, only the idea - but on the other hand she’s not surprised. They don’t keep secrets from each other, and Kara is extremely good at finding things before she is supposed to. Christmas is a source of endless frustrations because of that particular quirk of hers.

Heart quickening, Lena opens the box to retrieve the scarf, her hands shaking bad enough that she fights with the lid more than she normally would. The cloth feels heavier than she remembers, or perhaps the added weight is that of her own expectation.
With a frown, Lena wills her heart to slow, eyes rising to look past the living room and into the hallway leading to the bedroom. Something about the way her lover had phrased her request compels her forward, and Lena starts to move towards the hall before her brain can truly register what her feet are doing.

Whatever Kara has in mind, she’ll find out soon enough.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Inside the bedroom, Lena finds Kara waiting for her.

Chapter Notes

Here's chapter two! Thanks to everyone reading this, I know it's a tad different than what I usually write, but I'm a firm believer in BDSM as a tool to process and heal trauma when done right.

Hope you enjoy

- Dren

“What is your safeword?”

Lena is so caught up in her own thoughts that she doesn’t notice Kara leaning against the wall until she enters the bedroom. In her defense, the room is dark, lit only by the flame of a single, faltering candle. It’s still early enough in the evening that the last traces of the sun paint the sky outside blood red, and the few clouds hanging above the city are edged in gold, but, inside their bedroom, night already has descended.

The lone flame provides enough of a glow that the darkness remains bearable, and Lena has no doubt this was a well thought touch on Kara’s part.

Self-preservation is so ingrained in her that she would never admit to it, but Lena is grateful.

“I asked you a question.” Kara’s voice is soft, a caress sending shivers to trickle down her spine, but there’s a hard note underneath it. Her lover clearly expects to be obeyed, and swiftly too.

Lena fumbles with the box and almost drops it, her thoughts scattered like sheep at the sight of a prowling wolf. She has never felt such dominance coming from her lover, the power of it as visible as a heat wave bending the air in summer, and she is left a ruin in its wake.

Slick drips from her, soaks into the fabric of her underthings until she wishes she was going without, the flow so abundant that, before long, droplets snake down her inner thighs.

“I…” She has to stop and work some moisture into her mouth before she can continue, not an easy thing to do, considering that her body seems to have forgotten how to function, except for the burning need rushing down between her legs, “Potstickers.” She whispers, voice cracked, after what feels like an eternity of silence.

They both chose safewords at the onset of their relationship, not because they’d already accounted for bondage and the like, but just in the off chance anything may go awry during lovemaking. Lena knows that the sex one sees in movies and the sex one actually has are entirely different things;
worlds that may draw inspiration from one other, but where apparent similarities often just conceal a sea of differences.

She’s chosen potstickers because it’s Kara’s favorite food beside her, and also because who wouldn’t stop hot in their tracks when hearing something so anticlimactic during sex?

Where her safeword is light, a joke almost, Kara’s is something much more intimate and full of pain. A word that Lena hopes she’ll never have to hear.

“Very good.” Pushing away from the wall, Kara advances toward her, one hand outstretched. “Come here.”

Again, Lena spots something different in her demeanor, a harder layer to her character that she never noticed before. Gone is the soft, puppy-eyed girl with a smile as bright as sunlight, the woman replacing her unyielding to the point of being foreboding. If Lena had to put Kara into words this very minute, she’d say her love reminds her of velvet-shrouded steel, with the metal poorly disguised indeed.

Kara’s fingers brush against her own as she takes the box from her and places it on the bed. Sparks fly between them at the fleeting contact, every last hair on Lena’s body trying to stand on end. Her skin tingles, not unpleasantly so, and her teeth ache as if she’d just been struck and split like lighting.

As the word split flashes through the fire of her thoughts, heat flares below, and her sex clenches in anticipation. Lena feels weak, weaker than she has been in a long time, and while her first instinct is to gather the armor she normally wears closer around herself, something in the look Kara is throwing her prevents her from doing so.

“Good.” Kara repeats, as her darkened eyes roam Lena’s face, looking for something. Whatever it is, she seems to have found it, because she continues. “Good girl.”

The tiniest whimper tumbles from Lena’s lips, and no amount of jaw-flexing helps to hold it back. Her knees buck, her legs grow weak, and only Kara’s hand closing around her wrist holds her upright.

“Steady, my love.” Her voice is so, so soft, but the grin is that of a wolf who’s trapped the hare after a long chase. “I have you.”

She really, really does, and follows through with actions.

When Kara is sure that Lena has regained a bit of footing, she lets her wrist go, hands rising to cup both of her cheeks. Her steel-cast self fades for a moment, eyes returning to the sky blue of a deep summer day and full of tenderness.

“If anything I do upsets you, Lena, stop me, okay? And we’ll never have to go here again.”

Here is the uncharted territory of dominance and submission, Lena knows. Here is the place where Lena Luthor ceases to be, replaced by a nameless girl who is nothing but an instrument in Kara’s able hands. She meets her lover’s inquisitive gaze with one that surprises her for its own steadiness; she wants this, craves it. There is a promise here, in Kara’s arms and in the fingers that Lena hopes will soon be fucking her of the same abandonment she used to find in darkness. There is utter freedom in having safety into another, and her bones are so, so weary and so tired.

“I want this.” She says it loud and clear for both their benefits. Her tongue flicks out to trace her lips. “I want this, Mistress.” Another gush of wetness comes from her core, and the room sways
around her for a moment.

“Then disrobe.”

Kara’s new persona falls over her faster than Lena can blink, as if her lover had reached inside herself and thrown a switch. Turning her back to her, Kara picks up the box, moving to the other side of the bed as she opens it and takes out the scarf held within.

The way she handles it is almost deferential, and Lena becomes keenly aware of how an object as simple as that can acquire a certain power when imbued with both their wills and their desires.

She becomes entranced as she watches Kara move, deliberate like a priestess sanctifying an altar, until her lover turns to her again, her eyebrow raised and a smirk quirking her lips.

“Well, girl? Did you not hear me?”

Lena’s shoulders jerk and she drops her gaze to hands that are tormenting the hem of her blouse, cheeks aflame with embarrassment.

“I’m sorry…” She trails off and bites her lower lip, tears prickling at her eyes. “I’m sorry, Mistress.”

_A Luthor never, ever cries._

Her mind conjures a vivid image of her disapproving mother, almost managing to trick her into thinking that Lillian is actually there, actually staring at her useless, worthless, _spineless_ daughter.

It is Kara that dispels the illusion, a finger pressing underneath her chin until Lena gets the message and raises her head.

“It is alright.” Her Mistress soothes, forgiving. “Now be a good girl for me and let me watch as you undress, yes?” Kara’s grin is full of hunger. “I would very much like to admire you, Lena.”

She swallows, a harder thing to do than usual, considering the lump that fills her throat. Under Kara’s expectant eyes, Lena’s fingers move, going to the row of mother-of-pearl buttons holding her blouse shut. The first one she pops open with some difficulty, her hands trembling as she is caught, like a deer in headlights, between mounting arousal and the fear of disappointing Kara.

Lena aches to be _good_, specifically for the woman who is trying to devour her with her eyes, and, while she’s never failed at anything she put her mind to in her life, she is illogically terrified of seeing the hunger glazing Kara’s eyes turn to disgust.

Her hands move lower, each button she encounters a little easier to undo, and as she shrugs out of her blouse, Lena starts to feel lighter. It is as if each article of clothing was weighing her down, heavier than a suit of armor, and, as the pile of clothes at her feet grows, her persona fades, leaving her bare and nameless.

She has been naked in front of Kara in other instances of course, but the process is different this time. She keep on moving until she’s wearing nothing but her skin, and Lena Luthor ends strewn across the polished floor.

Discarded for a time, she is of no importance now.

“So beautiful.” Unabashed, Kara’s eyes roam her from head to toe, her lover’s smile a pleased flash of teeth in the semi darkness. Lena’s arms twitch, and she raises them halfway to her chest,
animated by a bout of modesty, more to try and conceal the flush spreading across her collarbone than her breasts.

“No.” Kara chides, taking her wrists in a grip firm enough to still her movement. “You blush so prettily my love. I’d rather see.”

Lena worries her lower lip, breath spiking at the contact. Kara’s skin is cool against her own, which feels almost fevered despite the air conditioner gently whirring in the background. If she blushes more, she may catch fire, but what a beautiful demise that it would be; burning hot and bright under her Mistress’ touch until nothing other than all-consuming pleasure is left.

“No.” Kara chides, taking her wrists in a grip firm enough to still her movement. “You blush so prettily my love. I’d rather see.”

“Just like that.” Kara licks her lips, mouth slightly agape, and Lena thinks she will lean in to kiss her, or perhaps mark her neck with the impression of her teeth.

But Mistress has other plans.

Kara tugs her forward, but steps back at the same time so that the space between them remains the same. It frustrates Lena in a way, to see the one she yearns for with every fiber of her being so close and yet just as easily out of reach.

She has to fight against her stubborn streak, the urge to simply step into her lover’s space almost overwhelming. And yet, she is aware that a transgression now - even one that the logical part of her tells her is a minor one - would result in her lover dangling what she craves in front of her far longer before she is allowed to reach it.

Right next to the bed, Kara lets her go, stepping around her to run her gaze from the nape of Lena’s neck down to the pleasing curve of her ass.

“You are such a pretty thing.” Kara circles her, her movements matching the huntress’ grin stretching her lips. “So beautiful and so wet already.”

She stops, without touching, right at Lena’s back, maddeningly close. Mistress’ breath skates along the nape of her neck, hot, but still causing her to shiver.

“I can smell you, you know.” Kara whispers the words against her earlobe, as if letting her in on a big secret, and Lena whines, helpless and burning with desire, hands flexing into fists at her sides.

Kara comes around again, her smirk softened into a gentler smile full of adoration. It overwhelms Lena, the way her lover always looks at her; it’s devotion, and a love so strong, so deep that she can’t see its bottom. Lena thinks it’s not a thing that can properly be measured, and, for a scientist like her, that is a truth hard to accept and reconcile with. Nobody ever looked at her this way before Kara; Father loved her in his own distracted way, but it had always been the love of a businessman so caught up in his meetings and work trips that the affection he gave to her came rationed, bracketed inside the little spare time that he had.

No amount of gifts, or curiosities brought back from his travels could make up for actual love. They filled the shelves of Lena’s room growing up, but not her heart.

And Lillian… To Mother Lena has always been a nuisance, someone best kept out of sight. Perhaps it’s due to the fact that they are related by the laws of marriage and not by blood, although Lena suspects that it’s a matter of being forged from different things. Her mother is made of harder stuff than she, a metal too unyielding to be capable of warmth.

But Kara… Kara is her resting place when she needs one, and when Lena allows it she starts fires that consume, right beneath the surface of her skin. In her Lena can be deconstructed and
reassembled, made into a thing of animal need that Kara’s hands play like an instrument of music, until, in singing her lover’s name, she screams herself raw.

And now, Kara decides to do just that, one of her hands falling to Lena’s rear and stroking lightly.

“A penny for your thoughts, pretty girl.” Mistress teases, but in a playful way rather than mocking.

“I…” Lena ducks her head, unsure how to translate her thoughts into words. Her mind comes up empty, but again Kara seems to guess what’s going on behind her eyes.

“You have not been treated as you should have.” There is definitely anger heating up her voice, but Lena knows she is not the target. “I would see that rectified, girl.” Kara takes Lena’s hand again and helps her up the bed, positioning her how she wants her to be.

Which is knelt, with her hands splayed over her thighs.

“I love you so.” Kara murmurs, stroking her cheek. Lena had thought she’d join her, but Mistress simply stands and stares, and all that she can do is nuzzle into her palm. “I cannot look at you any other way than this, Lena.”

Full of love, and hunger, and adoration Kara means. She doesn’t need to say.

They stay like that a while, then Kara drops her hand caressing down Lena’s front, to her tightening belly.

“Now, dearest, I’d like for you to touch yourself and make a mess on the bed while I watch.”

Heat flashes down Lena’s spine, and she gives a shaky nod, hand going down between her legs to carry out her Mistress’ order.

She hasn’t even started and she’s already burning as bright as a falling star.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Lena thinks she is ready to face darkness again, until she finds that she is not.

Chapter Notes

As always, I hope you enjoy.

- Dren

Lena is drenched.

Beyond that in fact, so much so that when she parts her folds, following Kara’s orders, her fingers glide so easily along her slit she almost enters herself on the first pass. Normally she would, but Mistress has not explicitly told her that she can, and so she doesn’t.

Disobedience, she knows, means that her lover would deny her the release she seems inclined to let her reach, and considering the throbbing of her cunt at the merest touch, Lena doesn’t think she would last much untended.

“So wet for me already.” Kara’s nails rake along her spine, the touch light, almost fleeting, but enough to set her flesh on fire. “So needy.”

Lena bites her lower lip and worries it, but cannot stifle a moan, the noise reverberating like a cat’s purr along her ribs.

She is aware of Mistress’ hooded gaze on her, and she stops, fingers spreading her cunt open for the famished perusal of Kara’s blue eyes.

When her lover’s expression remains neutral, Lena thinks she has miscalculated, but then a noise - more like a beastly whine than something a human can produce - climbs from somewhere deep in Kara’s throat, she can tell she is having an effect.

She throbs and drips under that stare, a pool of slick dampening the sheets beneath her. Lena never contemplated that causing such a mess, and perhaps being punished for it, could be such an arousing possibility.

“You are a work of art, girl.” True to the desires she sees on Lena’s face, Mistress doesn’t call her by her name. Girl is sufficient; it is enough to make her rabbit-hearted and weak of knees, whereas her name carries far too much gravitas for shoulders already cracked by her responsibilities.

“So gorgeous you steal the breath away from me.” Mistress continues, and, in truth, her breathing does come a bit labored. Lena’s chest swells with pride at the thought that the sight of her exposed can make lungs that could withstand a forest fire stutter so.
“Play with yourself.”

Kara’s voice is thicker now, the hunger widening chinks in her facade, but even though Lena could use them as a chance to resist the commands she is being given, she does not.

She coats her fingers with her slick, not that it takes her any effort considering how much she’s gushing, and then starts on her clit. Ever curious, Lena spent a lot of time researching sex and how it applied to herself, despite the fact that the topic was not at all discussed inside her household. Even now, unarmored as she is, she remembers her first period, and how it had been one of the women of the staff to bring her to buy pads, Mother handing her off as if she’d been a package.

A burdensome one at that.

The poor woman had comforted Lena, who - like any other teen her age would be - had been both confused and terrified by the event, and explained to her what was happening as best she could. After, when it had become clear that Mother had no intention of ever having that kind of talk with her, Lena had gleaned information by carefully questioning her schoolmates and devouring the books she would find in Father’s extensive library.

She had come to Kara full of knowledge, if untouched by hands that were not her own, and quickly discovered that what she could apply to herself didn’t always work for her lover. Perhaps part of it depends on the fact that Kara - despite looking human - isn’t, what her physiology is capable of placing her closer to the Gods above than to a mortal, but Lena isn’t sure that the rough treatment her lover sometimes ask of her is entirely due to that.

But right now, Lena is charting well travelled territory, her hands assured, fingers deft and full of familiarity as she circles her hardening clit, lightly at first, only to increase the pressure when she feels the nub of flesh start to burn and throb under the pad of her thumb.

Hips bucking into empty air, she throws her head back with a gasp, wishing that it was Mistress’ fingers touching her and not her own. Still, Kara’s keen gaze on her is as tangible as a caress, her lover taking in every move, each heaving of her chest and pass of her fingers.

Lena works herself up into a frenzy, her walls fluttering as she flicks her clít’s hood back, exposing the bundle of nerves beneath to her direct touch. She aches to be filled, stretched, fisted - the last thought gives her pause for half a second, since she is not entirely sure she could take that - and, spurred by desperate need, she searches for Kara’s eyes, another moan filling the air between them.

“Yes.”

Mistress nods benevolent, haloed like a saint in the orange glow of the candle. She doesn’t need to add anything else, the single word at the same time permission and clear command.

And Lena can’t wait any further anyway; had Kara told her no, she’d have disobeyed and paid the consequences. Mistress would have to restrain her, either within the firm grip of her hands or with rope, to stop her from entering herself.

The thought of being tied down to take Mistress’ punishment sends another bolt of heat down to her core and her walls react, squeezing her fingers so tight she can’t move them back out once she’s pushed them inside her cunt.

She rocks forward with a grunt, driving herself onto her fingers until she’s fucking herself to the hilt, her thumb insisting in tight circles around her clit. When two fingers prove not to be enough, she looks to Kara pleadingly, whimpering with relief when her Mistress acquiesces again.
She adds a third, the inner channel of her body growing tighter, but she’s nowhere near to full. The pressure of her fingers hooked against her front wall is enough to throw her right at the edge, but not to cross and tumble from it.

A noise of frustration must have escaped the grinding of her jaws, because Kara is there in a flash, and on her the next moment.

Teeth find her pulse and nip, nails scrape along her shoulders and down her arms, right before they close around her nipples to tug and twist and pull with more than a little roughness.

There is still something, yawning wide open deep within, but Kara’s touch is enough to have a first orgasm wash over her. Lena screams, eyes rolled back into her skull, her entire body slouching forward as Kara’s arms go, ever so gently, around her.

She is sheltered and held, the aftershocks making her shudder wildly enough that she fears she may fall out of Kara’s embrace. But Mistress holds her fast and safe, like a rock that she can cling to as pleasure storms her body, and, once the spasms ease, Lena is made to lay upon the bed.

“You’ve been very, very good so far,” Kara croons, pride sparkling in her eyes, “listened to every order to the letter.” She strokes Lena’s cheek, making her shiver. “Before we go any further, would you please clean your fingers for me?”

Lena blinks, a moment of confusion furrowing her brow. When it dawns on her that Kara wants to watch her suck her own fingers clean she blushes, her cunt clenching again, and Mistress’ grin only widens.

She’s fantasized of doing this for Kara, but has never actually gotten round to it. There is something obscene in popping her own fingers in her mouth, in the suckling sounds she makes as her tongue sweeps across her skin to gather her own taste.

Lena has tasted herself before out of curiosity, the hint of salt layering her slick leaving her indifferent but not displeased. But having Kara look elevates the act, makes it far, far more intimate than Lena ever thought it could become.

Once her taste has faded from her skin, she lets her hand drop back along her side, basking in the radiance of Mistress’ approving smile.

“Now,” Kara purrs, her smile one to make even the Cheshire cat proud, “where were we?”

Lena makes no sound, knowing full well it’s a rhetorical question. Kara never forgets anything, her memory the eidetic kind that few people are blessed with; her lover is using her words to stoke her inner fires and it’s working, her body tensing in anticipation, and no small amount of fear.

What they are about to do is risky; darkness having ceased to be a refuge since the robbery, turned instead to a place that harbors Lena’s inner demons.

Kara inclines her head, her smile losing some of its mischief, turned to something tender and full of care

“Remember there is no shame if you safeword.” She is kneeling next to Lena and leans forward as she speaks, until their foreheads are resting together. “I won’t think less of you, I swear it.” She gives the tiniest shrug and kisses Lena’s nose, her usual self shining through as she lets her role shift back to that of girlfriend. “It just means that we’ll find a different way to go about this. To help you.”
To help her.

Because this is what the foreplay and the dominance and the blindfold are about now. What Lena had meant for them to be experimentation has acquired all the hallmarks of a healing. Her wounds may not be visible but even now she feels them fester, the flimsy thread she tried to stitch them with unraveling under the grief and the pain and the fear until Lena bleeds from a hundred, a thousand cuts.

She's so, so beyond bone weary.

And doesn't she deserve a place of rest? Has she not earned the respite of well cut rules and black and white? Can she not desire to forget herself - name and burdens alike - underneath a steady hand that will show her in which ways she is deemed fit to serve?

Kara offers this and more; she is Lena’s knight in shining armor, her confidant, her savior. She is the steadfast fortress wall upon which she can grind herself until her inner voices are nothing but fine dust. Kara is her sanctum, the one person on this earth with whom Lena doesn’t need to wear a mask. Kara accepts her darkness and embraces it; she traces Lena’s scars not out of pity but animated by the genuine desire to understand what put them there. Kara is the first person who has not recoiled from the wickedness people associate with the Luthor name, a capacity for evil that Lena knows she herself possesses. Despite the danger she sticks by Lena’s side, willing and capable of loving her in the midst of it.

The warm touch of Mistress’ hands on her shoulders brings Lena back to the bed, and the soft light of the one candle. Kara is peering at her face intently and she realizes that a sign of acknowledgment is required on her part.

“I’m ready, Mistress.” She wills her words to be louder than the quaking of her heart, but they come out a rasped whisper. In truth Lena doesn’t feel ready to cross that bridge - she doubts she would ever be, if left to her own devices - but also knows she must.

Kara’s gaze, her hands remain gentle as she helps Lena to lay down. The sheets are cool against her back, the mattress soft and giving, and she sinks into it with a sigh, eyes shutting of their own accord.

Still, this darkness is different from the more absolute one the blindfold will bring. Even with her eyes closed, Lena can sort of see the candle’s flickering glow, like an orange afterimage tattooed on the back of her eyelids.

“Can you lay still for me, girl?” Kara whispers just beside her ear, her breath painting Lena’s skin with heat.

She gives back a shaky nod, not trusting herself enough to speak. Moisture seems to have fled her mouth for more southward regions, but, despite pressing her thighs together, Lena fails to stop herself from clenching. She could not have imagined - not even in her wildest dreams - that being so vulnerable would arouse her this much.

“No.” Kara’s hands move to her legs and part them, her touch firm enough that Lena has no choice but to comply. “Let me look. Let me see how eagerly you clench for me already.”

Lena does, shame rising up her collarbone and darkening her skin. Her cheeks feel hot enough that she pictures them tinted burgundy, like one of those rich wines Father used to store down in his expansive cellar.
Mistress kisses her - first one cheek and then the other - then laughs softly. It is not a mocking one, rather the pleased joy of someone who takes pleasure in the deconstruction of their lover.

“You’re so beautiful when you blush,” Kara husks, fingers drawing lazy circles along one of Lena’s thighs, “I wonder how prettily you gasp?”

Her words have barely time to reach Lena’s ears, the world dissolving into bliss the moment Mistress’ fingers skim along her folds. She rises and bucks, unable to hold back a strangled cry, hoping against all hope that Kara will find her too inviting to resist. Praying that the heavenly touch of her fingers will trail down to her opening before her lover sinks them inside of her.

“Not yet.” Kara’s hand withdraws, moving to Lena’s lower belly to ease her back down. She falls back with a grunt, a pout forming on her lips.

Kara snorts at that, and, when she opens her eyes, Lena finds her smirking down, the blindfold held loosely in her free hand. Fear returns to squeeze around her heart quicker than it had fled in the face of momentary bliss.

“Eyes closed.” Kara orders, cupping her cheek, “and remember that you can safeword at any time.”

Lena forces herself to breathe past the lump of ice which has gathered in her throat. Counting the heartbeats between each inhale helps calm her somewhat, as does the fact that Kara doesn’t immediately put the blindfold in place once she’s closed her eyes.

Rather, Mistress lets it fall over her chest, dragging it along the dip between her breasts. It flows along Lena’s skin like rainwater, the fabric unfurling under Kara’s careful handling to drip down her abdomen and glide - akin to a flash-flood - between her thighs.

She is being acclimated to the feeling of the scarf on her bare skin, eased into the idea instead of being thrown in it headfirst.

By the time Kara tenderly lifts her head to wrap the silk scarf around it and cover her eyes, Lena thinks she’s ready.

Utter darkness descends over her and she finds that she is not.

End Notes

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