Letters
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/17868986.

Rating: General Audiences
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: F/F
Fandom: DC’s Legends of Tomorrow (TV)
Relationship: Sara Lance/Ava Sharpe
Character: Sara Lance, Ava Sharpe, Mick Rory, Nate Heywood, Ray Palmer, Zari Tomaz, Charlie (DC’s Legends of Tomorrow), Laurel Lance
Additional Tags: First Meetings, Alternate Universe, Pen Pals, Strangers, Friendship, Relationship(s), Getting to Know Each Other, Slow Burn, Romance, Falling In Love
Stats: Published: 2019-02-21 Updated: 2019-06-09 Chapters: 11/? Words: 35018

Letters
by Tazbb12

Summary

Ava and her friends are out celebrating in a bar. Ava chats up the bartender a little and both leave a lasting impression. They both want to know more about each other but Ava has one small complication with making that happen.
Chapter 1

One thing Sara was always good at was reading people. As a bartender she had seen it all…blind dates gone wrong, ladies on the prowl for a man, bachelor parties, breakups, hookups and everything in between. It was a Wednesday night which was usually the slowest night of the week, but not tonight. A group of guys rolled in right at the end of happy hour to do a fantasy football draft. Their arrival kept a group of ladies who sipped martinis for the last two hours in their seats trying to find a nice place to dive in. Sara tried not to laugh as the guys were completely oblivious to anything the ladies were throwing at them.

On the other side of the bar was a group of 8 young people, probably only a year or two out of college, clearly celebrating something but Sara couldn’t figure out what it was yet. There was one guy that sat off to the side just close enough to be tied to the group working on a nice collection of beer bottles. Two girls were trying their best to be involved in the group conversation but they often drifted off into their own flirtatious world. They weren’t together yet but Sara knew it would only be a matter of time. The same couldn’t be said for the dorky guy in glasses giving googly eyes to the guy that she has told 10 times to not smoke inside.

“Try and smoke again and I will break your fingers,” Sara said grabbing the unlit cigarette from his lips and snapping it in half.
“Oh love a guy is just trying to get a fix.”
“Fix it outside.”
“I’ll go with you Johnny,” Sara heard the guy in glasses offer jumping off his stool.

Sara rolled her eyes and walked back behind the bar after bringing the fantasy football guys a round of pitchers. The two other guys in the group were bro’ing out with each other over going to a concert the following weekend. At first, she thought they were typical meat heads until they started discussing the history of WW2 and how science could have ended the conflict sooner and without such a loss to life.

That left one person in the group that Sara simply was having trouble reading. The tall blond always had a smile on her face but it was clearly masking something. She appeared to be having a good time but there was a heaviness that weighed on her. She made specific actions to engage each person around her, even getting a grunt of two from the gruff looking beer guzzler. All outward signs said this girl was just out having a good time, but something just wasn’t connecting for Sara.

“Happy birthday,” Sara said placing a shot in front of the tall blond as she approached the bar.
“Excuse me,” the blond asked confusion displayed on her face?
“Your group of friends is celebrating something and from all the cheers you have been getting I figured it was your birthday.”
“Oh…oh no it’s not my birthday.”
“But you are being celebrated?”
“I guess I am the reason for the gathering tonight,” the blond tried to downplay.

Sara pushed the shot glass back in front of the blond.

“So, what is the big honor if not your birthday? Promotion? Engagement? Breakup,” Sara enquired?
“You celebrate breakups,” the blond asked with a chuckle?
“Some breakups absolutely should be celebrated,” Sara laughed.

The blond couldn’t help but chuckle.
“Yeah I guess you’re right. It is nothing major I am just traveling soon and with this group it really doesn’t take much to get them to come out and have a drink. They actually had to pull me out tonight.”

“Well, I am glad you came out tonight,” Sara said with a smile, “I am glad you’re all here it makes my night go by faster. I am Sara by the way.”

“Ava.”

“So, Ava where are you traveling?”

“No place exciting and mostly for work. Seems pretty busy in here, it always like this,” Ava asked hoping to deflect away from her.

“No, usually just our regulars come in on Wednesdays but that group of guys is here doing a fantasy football draft which has kept that group of ladies here trying to get their attention. So far it has been hilariously unsuccessful.”

“Oh I can only imagine…thanks,” Ava said taking the shot and placing the glass back on the back.

“You’re welcome. Plus, there is your group, fascinating dynamic.”

“Really? How so?”

“I’m pretty good at reading people…perk of the job. That guy that is kind of by himself but also with the group…rough guy gets himself into some shit doesn’t care about much…except this group. I am guessing he is pretty protective of this lot and when shit goes down, he is the first one there.”

Ava looked impressed.

“That’s pretty accurate…Mick, he’s run into some trouble had a tough time growing up, but we are his family and you don’t cross a man’s family.”

Sara was pretty proud of herself for the accurate description.

“Those two girls need to get a room and in a hurry. They aren’t together yet but damn you can cut the sexual tension with a knife.”

Ava couldn’t help but laugh.

“Yeah, I am pretty sure they are the only two that don’t know they are inevitable. Charlie and Zari will figure it out eventually…hopefully sooner rather than later. I think they will be pretty good together.”

“Zari and Charlie are their names…seriously? They are practically made for each other.”

“All right three down who is next,” Ava asked curious as to what Sara could read of her friends?

“Well, there is the goofy guy with glasses that is pinning over the toolbag that wont stop trying to smoke inside.”

“Ha yeah Gary he is a good guy but John is going to stomp all over his heart. I think John has a crush on you so he is being extra aggravating tonight.”

Sara couldn’t help the hysterical laugh that came out of her mouth.

“He has a crush on me…oh man that’s a good one.”

“Not you’re type?”

“I mean he looks like he could be fun but I more prefer the ladies. Plus, smoking is a turn off.”

Ava eyes the shorter blond up filing that information away for another time.

“At least Gary still has a chance tonight.”

“And that leaves the bromace and you.”

“Bromance?”

“Yeah, but they aren’t your typical guys are they.”

“Ray and Nate? No, they certainly are not.”
“Ray is super smart like other worldly smart and Nate has a weird love of history. Those two have been having some confusingly smart yet entertaining conversations tonight.”
“Yeah, I always learn something with them around but a lot of time I just have to nod and smile when they are trying to explain things to me.”
“Somehow I don’t think that is the case. I think you’re way more brilliant than you let on. You try and deflect a lot of attention away from yourself but I have a feeling you have done some pretty amazing things in your life.”
“And how do you gather that?”
“Just call it a hunch. What do you do for a living?”

“YO HOTPANTS GET ANOTHER ROUND,” Mick yelled.

Ava couldn’t help but laugh as she rolled her eyes.

“You heard the man, another round please. I should really get back to my friends, I am the reason we are all out tonight.”
“Nice deflect. I will send the drinks over Ava, it was nice talking with you.”
“Likewise.”

Sara watched the group closely for the rest of the night. She couldn’t help but smile at the group of friends that clearly shared a close bond. Often times Sara’s eyes met Ava’s and they shared a smile, there was still something mysterious about the tall blond…Sara wanted to know more.

“Closing out for the night,” Sara asked seeing Ava approach the bar again credit card in hand.
“We are, I still have some stuff to get done before I leave. I don’t want to be totally hung over tomorrow.”
“It’s your night out and you’re paying,” Sara questioned?
“They already Venmoed me way too much to cover the tab and a very generous tip for you…plus I get the bonus points on my card,” Ava smiled.
“And you’re the most sober of your friends so you can actually pay the bill.”
“That too.”
“Greatly appreciated.”

Sara closed out their tab and gave Ava the receipt. She watched as she filled out the tip and sign the bottom.

“Here you go, thanks for the drinks and good conversation.”
“You are very welcome. Hope to see you in here again.”
“Might be a while…”
“Right traveling…to where again?”

“BLONDY UBER IS HERE,” Mick yelled out.

Ava smirked at Sara.

“Guess I should get going,” she said avoiding the question once again.
“Touché Ava…have a good night and a safe trip wherever your travels take you.”

Ava offered Sara another smile before heading back to her friends and out of the bar.

The next night found Sara back at the bar, Thursday being significantly busier than Wednesday nights. Sara barely had time to breath between the end of happy hour and the start of the college kids
rolling in for thirsty Thursdays. Every time a new group walked in Sara couldn’t help to glance at the door hoping to see Ava and her friends. She knew it was unlikely to happen but a girl could hope.

“Looking for you mystery woman.”
“Put a sock in it Snart.”
“Can I get a beer?”
“I am on my break.”
“Pleecease no one pours it like you.”
“It’s beer Snart…not complicated.”
“No but they either get too much foam or don’t put it in a frosty glass. You always take care of me.”
“Oh god don’t make this dirty, Sara shot back at her friend before placing a beer in front of him.
“Ahh simply the best,” he smiled, “I saw you chatting her up last night.”
“Who,” Sara played dumb?
“Your blond lady friend…could’t close the deal huh you must be slipping,” he laughed taking another swig from his frosty glass.
“I wasn’t trying to close a deal. I was just talking with her. She was hear with from friends…as a going away party.”
“She is moving? That’s a shame she looks fun.”
“Back off, she is just doing some extended travel for work.”
“You like her,” Snart said like a sudden realization came over him.
“I don’t know her. I talked to her for like 15 minutes.”
“But you want to know her…Ms. Lance do you have a crush?”
“Shut up it isn’t a thing because I am never going to see her again.”
“I wouldn’t be so sure about that,” Snart said looking over to the door before getting up and heading back to his table.

Sara followed his eyes and was shocked to see Ava had just walked in and was scanning the bar. Their eyes met after a minute and she smiled before heading over to the bartender.

“Hey Ava. I didn’t think I would see you so soon.”
“I actually wasn’t planning on coming back here tonight.”
“I’m glad you did. What can I get you,” Sara asked putting a napkin on the bar even though she was on her break?
“Oh umm just a water please.”
“Easy enough,” Sara said getting her a glass of water.
“Thanks.”
“So what brings you in?”
“You,” Ava said without thinking.

Sara raised an eyebrow a little shocked by her bluntness.

“I mean I feel like I owe you a little more of an explanation than what I gave you yesterday.”
“Ava really it is ok…you don’t own me anything. I’m a curious individual, one of the downfalls of my job. I always want to know what people are doing and what make them tick.”
“I don’t think that is a downfall, it is actually a very useful skill. Besides in the sort time we spoke I really enjoyed it and I wish we had more time to talk and get to know each other.”
“Well, maybe I can get your number and we can talk a little more while you’re traveling,” Sara asked thinking this was her opening.
“I would like that, but my travel will make that a little complicated. I really would like to get to know you more so here,” Ava said handing Sara a slip of paper.
“What is this,” Sara said opening the slip of paper.

CPT Ava Sharpe
“It the only way to really reach me and I really do hope I hear from you. I have to get going.”
“Wait, what is this,” she asked not understanding what was written down?
“An address…put it down exactly like that and any letter or package will get to me. Bye Sara.”

And just like that Ava was going leaving a still confused Sara by the bar.

“So you got her number…way to close the deal,” Snart said plopping onto the stool Ava occupied a few moments ago.
“I am not sure what I got,” Sara said still looking at the paper.
“Not her number?”

Sara passed the piece of paper to her friend.

“Oh shit,” he said shocked.
“What?”
“Your girl is a Captain in the Army…this is the address of her base.”
“What,” Sara said shocked.
“You might have found the one woman more badass than you.”
“Shut up…where is she going?”
“I don’t know what these codes mean but somewhere overseas…what did she say?”
“Just that she would like to hear from me and using this address will get any letter or package to her.”
“I suggest you start writing than…don’t want to disappoint your girl.”
“Shit, I suck at writing.”
Sara sat cross legged on her couch starring at her laptop which rested on the coffee table. A word document was open to a blank page and the curser was blink in a steady, taunting pace. She had typed and deleted seven different ways to open this letter and she deleted all of them. So far all she had was, ‘Hey Ava.’

“Ugh why did I agree to this, I am terrible at writing,” Sara said to herself getting up to refill her coffee cup.

Armed with a fresh, hot cup of caffeine, she started pacing the living room floor.

“Maybe I should just not send her anything. I mean we barely talked, she probably doesn’t even remember me,” Sara rationalized.

She put her coffee cup down next to her computer and ran her hands through her hair in frustration.

“Come on Sara she is a damn American hero serving her county…you can write a simple letter,” she berated herself for even thinking about backing out.

She walked back over to her laptop, sat down and really focused.

‘Hey Ava-

I hope this letter finds you well. I was a little surprised to figure out what that address meant and even now I am not totally sure. So, my guess was Captain in the US Army, am I right? Are you deployed overseas? Can you even answer that question?

Ha just a warning I am really bad at writing letters, I do much better with face to face conversation. Go figure I am the one millennial that likes conversation instead of text. I have so many questions I want to ask, if we were in the bar I am sure we would talk for hours.’

“God, I need a drink,” Laurel said walking into the apartment she shared with her sister.
Sara nearly jumped off the couch and slammed the laptop closed. Laurel looked at her confused which gave way to a smirk.

“What the hell is wrong with you? Were you watching porn,” she laughed plopping down on the couch?

“What? NO, god Laurel I wasn’t watching porn.”

“Good because respect communal space please,” she said taking a sip of her sister’s coffee.

“Oh, you mean like when you and Tommy were nearly procreating on this couch last weekend. There is a fresh pot you don’t have to steal mine,” Sara whined taking her cup back.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Laurel played coy getting off the couch, “your coffee is missing something,” she said adding a little Bailey’s to her own cup before filling it with coffee.

“Isn’t it a little early to be drinking,” Sara asked hoping to deflect the attention from herself?

“Shut up I just finished my last study session before the exam. If I don’t know it now I never will.”

“Right how is that going? You think you’re ready?”

“Nice try…If you weren’t watching porn what the hell were you doing that nearly had you break your laptop shutting it?”

“Nothing?”

“Bullshit spill it,” Laurel said now fulling invested in figuring out what was going on with her younger sister.

Sara sighed not knowing even where to begin because really there wasn’t very much to tell.

“You’re going to think it is stupid.”

“No, I am not,” Laurel quickly defended herself.

Sara just gave her an unbelievable look.

“Ok, I promise I won’t.”

“I don’t even know what to say…it just I don’t know…weird?”

“Sara what the hell are you even talking about? I literally have no context here.”

“I guess I met someone at the bar the other day.”
Laurel got a smile on her face and settled further into the couch.

“Tell me everything.”

“It’s not like that…its complicated.”

“Tell me something, anything. Do I have to drag it out of you,” Laurel pleaded?

Sara shrugged.

“Ok, lets start with something simple. Man or woman?”

“Woman,” she said with a soft smile

“Now we are getting somewhere,” Laurel smiled knowing Sara was always more serious about her female relationships. “How did you meet her exactly?”

“She was at the bar on Wednesday which is the slowest night of the week.”

“Hopefully not alone,” Laurel laughed.

“No, she was with a group of friends and I was just…”

“People reading and making up their life stories,” Laurel interrupted knowing her sister well.

“Yeah, I guess so. She was with like 7 or 8 other people.”

“So at least she has friends and isn’t socially awkward or something.”

“Are you going to interrupt me every other minute?”

“Sorry, continue.”

“I watched their group for a little while and figured everyone out pretty quickly, except her. All I could figure out was that she was the reason they were out in the middle of the work week. She came up to the bar and I poured her a shot and said happy birthday.”

“It was her birthday?”

“No, but it was the only thing I could think of.”

“What was the real reason?”

“She was traveling for work for an extended period of time.”

“Ahh the complication,” Laurel said putting the pieces together.

“You have no idea,” Sara mumbled.
“What is she like? What has my sister so fascinated?”

“I don’t know…didn’t you ever just have a feeling about someone before?”

“I think you’re asking the wrong person…Tommy and I have been friends since forever.”

“Right yeah pre-school sweethearts,” Sara rolled her eyes.

“Shut up,” Laurel said shoving her little sister playfully.

The two sisters shared a smile. Sara actually loved Laurel and Tommy’s romance and was thankful she had a positive role model for relationships. Her own parents had spent much of her childhood arguing before divorcing before she started high school. Laurel, Tommy and Oliver had been thick as thieves since they were little even though Laurel didn’t run in the same social circles. It was actually their father and his role in law enforcement that made the initial introductions as he attended many city functions where the Queen’s and Merlyn’s were staples.

After watching a couple toolbags treat Laurel less than proper Tommy manned up and made his move. It was hard going from friends to more but they eventually found their way during their college years and they haven’t looked back since.

“So, when does she get back? You going to call her? You have plans to meet up,” Laurel asked rapid fire?

“Slow down like I said it was complicated.”

“Yeah travel I got it but how long can that last?”

“She is a Captain in the US Army.”

“Damn how old is she?”

“Shut up she is not old, she is so beautiful,” Sara sighed not even realizing what she was saying.

“Oh my god you really like her.”

Sara shrugged.

“I don’t know I mean I don’t get it I just met her and barely talked to her.”

“Doesn’t matter when it is right it just hits you like a ton of bricks.”

“She gave me her mailing address I guess to her base and asked I write her as that is the only way to reliably reach her.”

“You’re going to write her right….right,” Laurel asked again when her sister delayed.
“Yea, I just suck at writing. That is what I was trying to do when you walked in. I mean she is a Captain in the US Army and I am just a bartender…what the hell could I add to her life.”

“Hey do NOT put yourself down,” Laurel said seriously. “You have chosen to be a bartender and your damn good at it. You just won best bartended in Star City.”

“And she has probably led troops into battle.”

“Both serve their purpose. She isn’t asking for a proposal Sara just a letter. God knows where she is and what she is doing…a letter from a nice girl she is interested in from back home will probably mean a lot to her.”

“Until she gets it and realizes I suck at writing.”

“My first suggestion don’t use this,” Laurel said grabbing the laptop.

“What do you suggest I use?”

“This,” Laurel said reaching into her bag and pulling out a legal pad of paper. “Write the letter by hand and just have a conversation. Imagine you were in her spot what would you like to read about in a letter. Tell her things about yourself that you want to know about her. Tell her things that have been going on in Star city…I doubt she is getting the Star City Inquirer with the latest news.”

“All good ideas…you want to write this for me.”

Laurel rolled her eyes.

“I only have the brain power for one thing right now and that is passing this bar exam. You go write and I am going to nap.”

“How is that focusing on the exam?”

“Like I said if I don’t know it by now, I am never going to know it. I am going to rest and relax before the exam process starts tomorrow.”

“I love you sis, you’re going to crush this exam no problem.”

“And you’re going to crush this letter.”

It had been two weeks and Ava was finally starting to get used to the accommodations on base. Sure, this had been her life for the last ten years but with each deployment it took her some time to settle into the challenges life in the Army brought.
“Mail call,” her First Lieutenant called out as she walked into the Captain’s quarters.

“Alex, please by all means walk right on in,” Ava joked to her First Lieutenant.

“Well, you said your door is always open,” she smirked.

“Except when it’s not actually open.”

“Semantics,” she waved off sitting on the Captain’s bed.

Ava and Alex had known each other since they were stationed together in Fort Bragg and had become fast friends. Ava was a little ahead of Alex in the military ranks because Alex pursued her doctorate before getting a direct commission while Ava went through the enlisted services after attending West Point. When they were together often they finished one and two in academic and physical testing standards, getting the attention of the higher ups. Currently, they were the only all-female Captain and First Lieutenant duo in the US Army serving their Company with respect and honor.

“Anyway, you got a letter today which is odd since I can’t remember the last time you received a letter before.”

“I have received mail before Alex,” Ava said not sure why she was so interested in this letter.

“No, you have received packages before from home, from your family. This is a letter, from a Sara Lance of Star City.”

Ava’s heart jumped a beat at the mention of her name but she tried to play it cool.

“And you’re point.”

“Shut up Sharpe and spill who is Sara Lance?”

Ava remained silent.

“Spill or I open this letter and read it myself,” Alex said holding the letter hostage.

“You know that is a federal offense.”

Alex just raised an eyebrow waiting for an answer.

“She is just someone I met before I got deployed.”
“And she wrote you…she is more than just someone. Do you have a girlfriend,” Alex asked getting excited?

“No, I do not have a girlfriend,” Ava said trying not to blush.

“Yeah that reaction tells something different.”

“I literally met her 24 hours before I was deployed.”

“Wow that is poor timing but something must have happened if she wrote to you,” Alex said still holding onto the letter.

“My friends took me out to celebrate my send off and she was the bartender at the place we went to. We didn’t talk much but she is really good at reading people. She nailed pretty much everyone in my group. I kept things about myself pretty private.”

“Naturally,” Alex said rolling her eyes.

“I don’t know there was just something about her. The next night I stopped in and gave her my address and told her I would like it if she would write. The next morning, I shipped out,” Ava shrugged.

“Look at you putting yourself out there,” Alex smiled, “and it seems like it paid off. Happy reading,” she smiled handing off the letter before leaving the Captain’s quarters.

Ava looked down at the letter and smiled. Sara’s handwriting was kind of messy but Ava somehow expected it would be. She ran the letter through her hands almost unable to believe it was actually real. As Ava sliced the letter open she had a moment of doubt thinking maybe this would just be a simple note, a courtesy, but when she pulled the letter out and it was multiple pages she couldn’t stop the smile.

‘Ava hey-

Yeah sorry that is the best I could come up with. I typed and deleted about ten different openings but none of them seemed good enough. I hate to admit this but I thought about not writing at all because I am kind of terrible at writing. My sister actually told me to put away the laptop and hand write a letter about what I would want to know about you…and I have so many questions.

Ok, family first. I grew up in Star City with my parents who are divorced now thank god and my older sister Laurel who is my best friend. We actually share an apartment in Star City. I was always the rebel and she was always the good one. It is kind of fitting that I work in a bar and she is taking the Bar Exam tomorrow. She would yell at me if she read that…she hates when I put myself down so I’m going to try not to.
I started bartending when I was 18 and I don’t know just loved it. I loved interacting with people and hearing their stories. It became more than just mixing alcohol, I loved the science behind making drinks and developing new concoctions. I am actually a pretty good bartender, I just won best Bartender in Star City. I started looking into it and found out there are some state, national and world competitions. It seems kind of crazy to me but I think I want to stick with this bartending thing and see where it can take me. I know it is not a conventional job but I have never been a conventional type of person.

I feel like there is a lot I should say but can’t think of anything. I swear I do much better in person and can hold a conversation. I might be one of the only millennials that prefers conversation over text or writing…but there is something special about you Ave Sharpe. Some random facts about me since I don’t know what to really say. In elementary school I starred in Peter Pan but on opening night I froze, did a tap dance and ran off stage in tears. I did recover about an hour later and got rave reviews…I think unforgettable performance was used, but I guess looking back on that it could be for other reasons haha.

I do dance though like for real. I just danced in the clubs I was bartending in but then started break dancing when I was 20 with a club. We practiced in the open space warehouse and these martial arts guys practiced in there as well. They would teach us martial arts and we would teach them break dancing.

Ok, I think that is enough about me for one letter. Hopefully if I get a response from you, I could answer whatever questions you have and that could help me write some more. I also hope in your response you address the fact that you’re a CAPTAIN in the US Army. I got that right though right…you are a Captain in the US Army? Such a badass!

I hope to hear from you soon

Catch you on the flip side

Sara’
Chapter 3

WOW...thank you for all the comments and likes for this story. It is amazing to me so many people are interested in it and really helps me get to writing the next chapter.

It had been a couple days since Ava received the letter from Sara and she really hadn’t had time to write back yet. Her first couple weeks were always busy and with each passing day she felt bad for not writing Sara back. Between the delay in her writing and the time it would take the letter getting back to Star City Sara would probably think Ava wasn’t interesting in writing again.

“Burning the midnight oil Captain,” Alex asked seeing Ava in the command center?

“How...oh yeah Danvers you know how the first couple weeks are,” Ava said look through operational plans from the Battalion Headquarters.

“All is quiet on the western front,” Alex joked.

Ava couldn’t help but laugh and she sat back rubbing her eyes.

“Seriously Ava, we have a good group this tour and everything has fallen in line seamlessly. I have night command tonight, I will let you know if anything comes down. Go get some rest.”

Ave’s first instinct was to fight back but she knew her First Lieutenant was right. Ava trust Alex with her life and her assessment of the Company.

“Maybe you’re right.”

Alex did a double take.

“I’m sorry what? Are you feeling all right?”

“If you’re going to make fun I will just stay here and micromanage you,” Ava threatened.

“No, no please go kick your feet up and relax.”
“Don’t worry I am going,” Ava said standing up, “I have a letter to write.”

“Oh yeah…what was her name…Bella?”

Ava made an insulted face.

“She is NOT a Bella…her name is Sara.”

“So oo00 sorry to get your girlfriends name wrong,” Alex smirked.

“Not, my girlfriend.”

“Yet.”

Ava didn’t want to fight that point.

“Let me know if anything changes,” Ava said walking out of the room and back to her quarters.

Ava grabbed Sara’s letter which she kept in her desk drawer and read the letter again, but really it was about the fourth time. Every time she thought about the letter she smiled and when she read the now familiar words over again, she got a happy feeling inside her. She didn’t want to read too much into that feeling right now, but anything that makes her happy in the current environment she would take.

She sat down at her desk and pulled out a pad of paper hoping to make a solid dent in her return letter to Sara. As she stared at the blank page before her, she suddenly realized the difficulty Sara must have been feeling. A sheet of paper with no words on it was a little intimidating.

Ava shifted a couple times in her chair before deciding sitting at her desk was not going to work for her. Instead, she went through her nighttime routine before grabbing the pad of paper and getting comfortable in bed.

“All right Ava lets get this done,” Ava said giving herself a little pep talk.
Sara didn’t have normal work hours so when she rolled out of bed at about noon, that was pretty
typical for her. Often times she wouldn’t get home until 2am and by the time she settled down to
sleep it was closer to 3am. Sara was pretty certain she could never work a normal 9 to 5 job…she
certainly could never do what her sister was doing.

Her and Laurel actually had a pretty good routine going even with seemingly opposite schedules.
Laurel was studying for the bar and hit the books usually from 8am until whenever your sister would
wake up and they would have lunch/breakfast together. Sometimes the sisters would spend a couple
hours together other times Laurel would get back to studying. She would take another break for
dinner before Sara headed off for work and study after her sister left.

Now that The Bar Exam was over Laurel was floating around the space of recovering from studying
for the last few months, waiting for the result and getting back in touch with her family and friends.
Yes, she saw her sister because they lived together, but almost everyone else had been cut off
including their parents.

“Good afternoon sleeping beauty,” Laurel teased her sister seeing Sara stumble out of her room.

Sara grunted rubbing her eyes trying to get her body to start functioning.

“Man, you look rough, long night,” Laurel questioned?

“Love you too sis…and yes I didn’t leave the bar until almost 3. Damn 21st birthday but big tippers
so I can’t be that mad.”

“Always a bonus,” Laurel smiled flipping through the mail.

It took Sara a moment to realize what her sister was doing. With a new-found energy Sara jumped
over the back of the couch and flopped down next to her sister.

“Is that the mail?”

“What? Oh this…yes, it is,” Laurel smirked knowing her sister was waiting for a letter from
overseas.

“Any results from the bar exam,” Sara asked trying to be polite and interested in her sister’s life?
“Not yet, probably another week or two. I will probably find out the pass/fail results online next week but my exact score won’t be mailed out for another couple weeks.”

“That must be a painful wait.”

“Excruciating,” Laurel said flipping back through the mail.

“Anything else interesting in the mail,” Sara asked trying to play it cool?

Laurel had to try her hardest not to bust out laughing.

“Hmm nothing really in this pile,” Laurel played off.

“Oh ok,” Sara responded a bit dejected.

It had been close to a month since she mailed off her letter to Ava and she really had hoped to hear something by now.

“Of course, there is this letter over here…I mean it is addressed to you but has such a weird return address I think it might just be spam mail,” Laurel grinned holding up a letter…the letter Sara had been waiting for.

“You bitch you knew I was waiting for that,” Sara said playfully lunging to grab the letter.

Laurel quickly jumped off the couch preventing her sister from tackling her.

“Come on I was studying for the damn Bar Exam for so long I needed a little fun in my life.”

“Ok you have had your fun now give me the letter,” Sara said holding out her hand.

“Yeah, you totally are acting like someone who isn’t interested her in,” Laurel snarked with a smile as she passed the letter over.

Sara smiled and quickly retreated to her room. She had waited so long for this letter she almost didn’t want to open it. She imagined what this letter might have contained and maybe set her hopes a little high. She couldn’t wait any longer and tore into the letter.

‘Hey Sara,
I certainly don’t think there is anything wrong with that greeting. In fact, I use it on a regular basis, you know when I am not giving official orders. We actually use last names a lot over here so forgive me in advance if I fall back and call you Lance from time to time. I was very glad to get your letter and you didn’t talk yourself out of writing me. As I sit to write my first letter to you, I now completely understand the difficulty starring at a blank sheet of paper.

It sounds like you have a pretty good sister that really cares about you. PS. I don’t want you to put yourself down either. I’m jealous you have a sister. I am an only child, no siblings that I know of. That might sound like a totally weird statement, but I was adopted when I was a baby so I guess I could have some half siblings out there I don’t know about. Both my adopted parents are actors and yes you probably have heard of them. I will let you investigate to see if you can figure out who they are…really I am just testing your internet stalking ability 😊 What do your parents do? How did your sister do on her exam? Did she hear back yet?

I think you seriously downplayed your bartending abilities when we first met. You gave me a straight up shot and some beers. Next time I want a Sara Lance original drink! In fact, I think you should get a couple drinks together I might need a few once I get home. I think it is cool you want to pursue bartending as a career. Sounds like you have plans to take it next level and do some really interesting things. Do you have any competitions or anything coming up? Have you created any drinks recently? If there is anything I have learned in my life it’s you have to do what makes you happy…being normal is boring, dare to be different!

The Army might not be a “happy” job but it is a calling I couldn’t ignore. I didn’t have a lot of stability or structure growing up and it was something I craved. I spent a lot of time on movie and television sets growing up always coming and going as I pleased. Don’t get me wrong I think what my parents do is important, they bring to life characters that really resonate with people. Some of their roles have given light to underrepresented people and made a difference. I just wanted to do something different that was important and larger than myself. I went to West Point and worked my way up to Captain…yes you are right I am a Captain. I might be described as a bit of an overachiever and reached Captain at 26 and hope in a couple years to be promoted to Major.

I cannot tell you exactly where I am currently but I have been deployed here once before. I don’t know if it is better knowing what to expect out of a deployment or being surprised and having to learn a new base. I have done 3 other overseas deployments and a handful of stateside special assignments. That is enough about my job it is probably boring anyway.

So you dance? Seems like you are a woman of many talents. Not many people know this about me but I love to dance. I don’t do it professionally or anything just when I am out with friends. Maybe we can go dancing when I get back home…some of your original drinks and dancing seems like a perfect night to me.

I would be interested in seeing your martial arts skills. I have been trained in so many types of hand
to hand combat maybe that is something I can further assist you with...and maybe I can learn a thing or two from you. I am very interested in different types of combat. When I was stationed for a couple months in Japan I got to train with samurai’s...might be the most amazing experience of my life.

Ok some facts about me, my parents are actors but I don’t watch much tv. Which I guess is a good thing considering we don’t exactly get HDTV here. I love to read and will devour almost any book put in front of me. Wow that makes me sound like a total nerd...I guess I am a little bit. I want a dog so badly but my job doesn’t lend itself to that. There are street dogs where I am stationed and even though we aren’t supposed a couple usually end up on base. It really help with overall moral...might be the one rule I am willing to bend.

It is kind of weird but great we are writing each other. You’re going to continue to write me right...I hope so. You are kind of a stranger but I want to get to know you more. So, what is your favorite color? Food? Time of year? Holiday? If you had a choice between luxury vacation or roughing it which would you choose? Dog or cat person? Favorite movie and TV show? I will laugh hysterically if it is something my parents were in. Are you single? Wait ignore that...how old are you? I am 27, if you don’t want to answer you don’t have to.

I think I might have rambled on more than I thought I would. I swear a couple hours ago this page was blank and now it is filled with a bunch of words. I hope it wasn’t too much. It is not often I get mail or have the expectation of writing back so I hope it was everything you wanted. Oh I also apologize for the time delay...yes mail over here takes a little longer but I also had to settle in and I couldn’t write back immediately. I will put the date on the letter so you know when I wrote and mailed it and you can start to figure out how long a letter takes to get to you.

I guess that is it for now. I hope to hear from you soon.

Until next time

Ava’

Sara flopped back on her bed a smile on her face. The letter was everything and so much more. She got so much unknown information about Ava and it only made her want to know more. First, she would need to try and find out who Ava’s parent were...that couldn’t be hard with the internet these days. She was already thinking about things to put in her second letter. Her brain was running with a million ideas, unlike her first letter she knew this one would flow freely.

“You done reading your love letter yet, I’m hungry,” Laurel said yelling from the living room.
Sara couldn’t help but roll her eyes.

“Ugh you’re such a pain butt,” Sara laughed getting out of bed, “I still have to shower so your going to need to wait a little longer.”

“Hurry up my stomach is eating itself.”

“Damn girl get a snack. Is Tommy going to join us?”

“Is it alright if he does,” Laurel said not wanting to invite her boyfriend in on sister time?

“I know you haven’t seen him much since you have been studying and you see my beautiful face on the daily it is cool with me if you invite him. I am shocked you’re not attached at the hip since you have been done with the exam.”

“He still has a job Sara.”

“And a trust fund and he works for the family business he can take some time off to see his girlfriend.”

Laurel remained silent.

“What,” Sara asked confused by her silence?

“He is actually breaking away from his family business, but please don’t tell anyone.”

Sara was shocked.

“What is he going to be doing?”

“He wants to open a night club…make it the place to be in Star City. With his connections I really think he could make it something special.”

“Does he need a bartender,” Sara asked with a smile.

“He has already asked if you would be willing to jump ship and I said you probably would but when the time comes to talk to you. He is scouting properties right now and securing funding so he has been very busy.”

“Wow I am impressed with Tommy…I didn’t think either him nor Oliver would ever leave the family business and looks like they are both springing out. I wonder if he would let me be the bar manager.”

“Sara you’re the hottest bartender in the city I am pretty sure you could make that happen. Now go shower I still hungry.”
“Going, going,” Sara smiled heading to the bathroom her day looking even brighter now.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Another letter but something has Sara spooked.

Chapter Notes

Your continued support, comments and likes of this story amaze me. I hope you enjoy the next installment.

Sara was in her room about to start writing a letter back to Ava when she heard a terrifying scream coming from the living room. Sara sprung off her bed with ninja like quickness and ran full speed into the living room not sure what to expect.

“Laurel what the hell,” Sara yelled seeing her sister sitting on the couch.

Sara waited for a response but wasn’t getting anything from Laurel.

“Why the yelling? It sounded like you were being murdered out here,” she asked louder this time annoyed at her sister’s antics.

“I passed.”

“What,” Sara asked her mind having to quickly switch gears?

“The results are posted…I passed the exam,” Laurel said still in a state of shock.

“Oh my god Laurel,” Sara yelled jumping over the couch and tackling her sister in a hug.

The two wrestled around in excited hugs and playful banter. Sara knew this was everything Laurel had been working for and to pass meant everything.

“We have to go out and celebrate,” Laurel jumped up already grabbing her phone.

“Tonight?”

“Yes, come on Sara I just passed the bar exam…please,” Laurel asked putting on her puppy dog
“You don’t play fair.”

Laurel squealed with excitement and was already texting Tommy their plans to go out.

Sara normally loved going out with her sister and friends to get drinks. Often times it led to her meeting some people and potentially falling into a hook up. She wanted to celebrate her sister and enjoy the night but she also wanted to stay home and finish writing her letter to Ava.

Sara couldn’t help but laugh as she heard Laurel practically yell into the phone to Tommy that she passed the exam. Her sister was usually a very put together individual but seeing her like this, so excited and filled with pure joy, Sara couldn’t help but just be happy.

“Ok Tommy is going to pick us up at 8pm and we are heading to Rouge. You want to invite anyone he is getting us in VIP,” Laurel asking still bouncing with excitement.

“Laur it is your night, I don’t need to invite anyone.”

“It is a celebration the more the merrier.” “Are Thea and Felicity going to be there?”

“I don’t know but I am sure Tommy will invite Oliver.”

“Ok I will text the two of them and make sure they know about it.”

“Excellent.”

Laurel was already back deep in her phone texting people and setting up plans for tonight.

“Hey Laurel,” Sara called to her.

“Yeah,” Laurel asked looking up from her phone.

“I’m really proud of you. I know how hard you have worked to get to this point, how much time you studied, how much you sacrificed for this…I love you.” “Aww sis you’re going to make me cry,” Laurel said already tearing up, “but thank you.”

Sara headed back to her room to try and at least start writing, if not get her letter to Ava finished before she had to go out tonight. She was looking forward to celebrating her sister tonight but she
knew she would enjoy it more if she got this letter into the mail.

Hey Aves-

This letter writing thing is getting a little easier now that we have communicated and have some back and forth going. I can at least answer some of your questions and it is kind of like we are having a real convo...just a small delay in between. You are right though, a blank sheet a paper is way more intimidating than it should be.

My mom is a Professor of Greek and Medieval history at Central City University. Yeah, your guess is as good as mine because even after she explained it to me, I am still not sure what she actually teaches or how that leads to a degree in anything. I mean Greek mythology is cool and all but I probably wouldn’t spend $2000 to sit in a class for it. However, school was ever really my thing so I wouldn’t sit through any college classes really. I do like to learn I don’t want you to think I am an idiot or something, but a classroom setting way never for me. My dad is a detective with Star City PD for about the last four years. He worked his way up from being a beat cop and has goals to make Police Chief one day. He is pretty badass but I might be a little bias. I think him being a cop is a big reason why my parents split. It’s a dangerous job and my mom couldn’t handle the constant worrying, often times taking her fears out on us and my dad when he was around. They are both good people and parents...just not together.

And onto the most exciting news of the day...

LAUREL PASSED THE BAR EXAM!!!

I am so excited and proud of her. I initially wanted to kill her because she was in the living room when she found out and let out this scream I interpreted as terror. I thought she was being attacked or something and I shot off my bed and down the hall ready to take someone out. Nope, just her freaking out but I guess rightfully so. She wants to go out tonight to celebrate so we are going to hit up a couple clubs...always an interesting time. I have been so busy working recently I haven’t really gone out much. It’s like when you work in a bar going out to a bar is not really as appealing, but I want to celebrate with her tonight. She has worked so hard and scarified so much to make it to this point...she really does deserve this. Oh, wait should I even be telling you that? I mean you are god knows where protecting this country and here I am about to go clubbing...and I’m complaining about it. Doesn’t seem right, I’m sorry.

It’s cool that your adopted...ok now I sound like a total idiot. I am not sure cool was the right word there but interesting at least. I don’t think I know anyone personally that is adopted, but I guess I could they just haven’t said anything. Have you ever thought about looking for your birth parents or siblings? I mean with all these DNA testing kits out there now you never know what could happen with a little swab. And no, I have not figured out who your adopted parents are yet and its annoying me. I haven’t put much attention to it (I honestly thought it would be easy), but don’t tell me I will figure it out. You clearly don’t share a last name. Did you keep your birth name or do they have stage names? No more hints...yet.

Something interesting happened since our last letter that I did not see coming. My sister’s boyfriend, well he is a trust fund baby, no other way to say that. He was working for his family's business but apparently didn’t want that life for himself. He is opening his own night club and he wants me to be his lead bartender. I thought he was joking about that but we talked and he seems pretty serious and has an actual business plan involving me. I don’t want to get my hopes too high but I am a little excited about this. I want to be a lead bartender and have total control over my bar. I have so many ideas it is hard not to let them run wild sometimes. I don’t know I’ll see where it goes. He is
currently securing investors and looking at properties, then he wants to really sit down with me and lay out his vision.

I have come up with a few of my own drinks and they have been pretty successful in the bar I work at. I am constantly trying to come up with new and unique drink ideas…I might have almost burned down the apartment the other day working on a fireball drink. No worries no one was hurt and there was no lasting damage…just don’t tell Laurel. I told her a burned a pizza not a dish rag. I am competing in a state competition in a couple weeks, you are actually the first person I have told about it. I wasn’t sure I was going to enter but I don’t know I just made a video filled out an application and I was accepted. I’m kind of nervous. I have done some local stuff and people nominate me for city awards but this is a state-wide thing, judged by professionals. Guess I will find out if I really have what it takes huh.

When you get back, I will be your personal bartender and make you anything you desire. I will also take you out to my dancing grounds and see what you really got Sharpe. This isn’t a square dance…What are some of your favorite drinks? Favorite flavors? Maybe I can start working on an Ava Sharpe original. Actually, when are you even getting back? Do you know?

Let’s be clear I could listen to you talk about your job all day because nothing about what you said is boring. You went to West Point and worked your way up to Captain…that is badass. I’m assuming you carry a gun, I guess that is kind of mandatory, which is also hot. I think you are winning on all fronts Ava don’t sell yourself short. I am pretty confident you don’t like bringing attention to yourself but I will get some stories out of you one day I swear. I will wear you down Captain that is a promise plus I know the perfect mix of alcohol to get those lips loose.

I will absolutely keep writing you Ava, I mean it is the least I could do. You are putting your life on the line in a dangerous area to keep me safe at home. That is not the only reason I want to keep writing though…I too want to get to know you. The more I learn the more I want to know…it sucks we are thousands of miles apart but I’m confident we will make it work. Sometimes I am just a little impatient and I want all the answers now but this different dynamic makes things exciting.

Questions are good I can handle answering them…my favorite color is red. When I was little my family would go mini golfing and when we had to pick which golf ball we wanted I would always demand the red one and my first car was red. My favorite food hmmmm casual buffalo chicken pizza, if going out prime rib. I am not a big meat eater but when I do it is a well-prepared prime rib. My favorite time of year…fall duh. I am pretty sure you have to turn in your girl card if you don’t like fall. Favorite holiday would be my birthday cause I was born on Christmas. Vacations…give me a beach and a drink with an umbrella any day of the week. I am not sure I have a favorite movie or tv show but I have been watching Law and Order SVU for as long as I can remember. If your mom is Mariska Hargitay, I will track you down and drag you back here to introduce us haha. I love Sandra Bullock and Julia Roberts movies as well. I will not ignore any questions you ask me, I am single and 23.

So what about you? All those questions and some more. If you weren’t in the military what do you think you would be doing? What do you do in your down time either over there or when you back state side? What is something you really miss when your away? Are you staying safe? What is one thing no one else knows about Ava Sharpe? Or something very interesting?

Ok now I think I am the one rambling. I will cut this off, not because I want to, but I have to start getting ready to head out of the night. I will make sure I drop this in the mail box tonight so it will start its long journey to you.

Can’t wait to hear from you…when you have time.
“SARA YOU READY?”

Sara couldn’t help but roll her eyes as she finished putting in her earrings. Laurel was always early for everything and even though Sara planned to be ready by 7:45 she clearly should have aimed for 7:30.

“JUST ABOUT,” Sara yelled back.

Sara ran her hands through her hair and down over her red dress to smooth out any bumps. She normally wouldn’t put this much effort into her attire for going out but they weren’t just going to any club. They were going to one of the hottest bars in town and into their VIP section. Plus, it was an important night for Laurel and this special occasion warrant her best.

“Damn,” Sara heard as she walked into the living room.

Sara smiled at Tommy.

“I am going to be the envy of every person in that club when I walk in with the two most beautiful women in Star City,” Tommy charmed giving Sara a kiss on the cheek.

“You clean up nicely yourself Tommy. Where did Laurel go? She was just yelling at me to hurry up.”

“Ha yeah she just went to put her other necklace back.”

“Her other necklace?”

“I got her one as a present and she wanted to wear it.”

“Smooth Mr. Merlyn, real smooth,” Sara smiled shoving his shoulder playfully.

Tommy smirked back as Laurel walked back into the living room.

“Everyone ready?”
“Only after I see your new accessories,” Sara said walking up to her sister to inspect the necklace.

“He does have good taste,” Laurel smiled fingering the necklace.

“Yeah, I will give him that.”

“So, are you ladies ready? The car is downstairs,” Tommy asked taking a step toward the door.

“Yes, but can we swing by the post office first,” Sara asked a little shyly?

“The post office,” Tommy questioned?

“She wants to put a letter in the mail to her girlfriend,” Laurel explains.

“…not my girlfriend,” she said pointedly at her sister, “just a friend in the army and getting letters helps ease some of the awfulness that I can only imagine goes on there. So yes, I would like to get a letter off to her before I go out for the night celebrating my amazing sister’s accomplishments.”

“I can have the driver take care of that for you,” Tommy started before Sara shot him a look, “or I can have him make a pit stop to the post office,” Tommy chuckled.

Sara smiled.

“I knew I liked you Tommy…let’s roll.”

After they made a brief pitstop so Sara could mail her letter, they arrived at Rouge just after 8:30pm. The club was already alive and the VIP section was filling up with familiar faces around the Star City scene. A handful of Tommy and Laurel’s friends were already there when they arrived including Thea and Felicity.

“Damn girl some nights you almost make me wish I wasn’t straight,” Thea laughed kissing Sara’s cheeks.

Sara couldn’t help but laugh at her friends’ antics. Thea was always a party girl and definitely played by her own rules always making for a good time.

“Don’t let Roy hear you say that,” Felicity joked already sipping on a colorful drink.

“I said almost,” Thea feigned innocents.

“I’m sure,” the taller blonde said rolling her eyes.

“Just because you’re with an uptight vanilla bean don’t go getting jealous of me and Roy living it up.”
“I’m dating your brother.”

“Exactly…such a vanilla bean.”

Sara couldn’t help but laugh at both of her friends. This was exactly what she needed, a total distraction from reality, to let loose and have fun. Tommy ordered a couple bottles for their table to get the night kicked off.

Sara spent much of the first hour chatting up her friends and laughing with Laurel. Eventually everyone started moving to smaller groups or hitting up the downstairs dance floor.

“I’m going to go to the bar you want anything,” Sara asked Laurel and Felicity?

“Nope, just refilled,” both girls held up fairly full drinks.

“And you didn’t ask me…I see how it is,” Sara playfully huffed.

“You were in the bathroom.”

“Excuses, excuses,” Sara laughed shaking her head as she headed downstairs.

Sara knew there was a bar in the VIP area but she liked being downstairs in the crowds, feeling their energy. The only thing she didn’t like was a line at the bar, luckily for her she was able to squeeze her way through the crowd pretty quickly.

“Vodka martini extra dirty, stirred,” she ordered.

The bartender nodded and got to work on the drink.

“Stirred not shaken,” came a questioning voice from beside her.

Sara looked to her right and saw a beautiful brunette eying her up.

“Shaken is for light-weights who like their booze watered down.”

“And James Bond.”
Sara couldn’t hold back the laugh that escaped her lips.

“He probably never did a single stunt of his own.”

“You’re probably right.”

The bartender returned with her drink.

“Put it on my tab J,” the woman said to the bartended.

“You got it, G.”

Sara took a sip of her drink before setting it back on the bar.

“J and G…well I guess that makes me S.”

“Genevieve, but it’s a mouthful so most people just call me G.” “Nothing wrong with a mouthful,” Sara smirked taking another healthy sip of her drink.

“Or maybe more,” G said looking down at her own full-figured body.

Sara smirked as the two continued their banter. She glanced up to her table in the VIP section and saw all her friend animatedly having a conversation and laughing. She wouldn’t be missed for a few minutes.

“You want to dance,” G asked once Sara was nearing the end of her drink.

“Huh,” she asked a little thrown for some reason.

“Dance, like move our bodies usually in rhythm to the music.”

“I know what dancing is smartass, sorry I guess I have had a little to drink. Let’s dance,” Sara said pushing her glass back to the center of the bar.

Sara and G danced for a song getting to know each other’s moves. Sara had to admit G was pretty good on her feet, keeping up with every twist and turn. The music took a slower turn and G pulled Sara closer to her body. It was only a few cords in to the new song when Sara felt G press her lips to her neck which almost made her jump. G pulled back for a second to see if there was any hesitation and when she thought she didn’t see any moved in against this time to Sara’s lips.
“I umm, I sorry,” Sara said pulling back suddenly, “I umm have to…I have to go.”

And with that Sara took off out of the club.
Chapter Summary

Our girls are getting closer to admitting what they want but still think it’s farfetched.

“Guess it really is a small world…

Oh my god that is so exciting…

Hmm never really thought about that I guess I could…

Wow getting to be a bar manager that’s pretty cool and a state competition she is going to crush it…

Aww she is so cute…

Hahaha I wish my mom was Mariska Hargitay talk about a total badass…”

“Oh MY GOD would you just read me the letter already,” Alex burst out after listening to Ava mumble responses to herself from her most recent letter.

Ava startled slightly having been totally lost in her letter.

“I am not going to read you MY letter.”

“Give me the cliff notes at least. It sounds pretty interesting based on your mumbled responses.”

“I wasn’t mumbling,” Ava said blushing.

“You totally were not spill what’s in there.”

Ava looked over the letter again thinking about what she wanted to tell her First Lieutenant and friend.

“There is something rather interesting in here that kinda pertains to you…such a small world we live in.”

“Oh yeah what’s that?”

“Maggie works for SCPD right?”

“Yeah, she transferred there from NCPD about a year ago. Why?”
“Sara’s father is a detective for SCPD. I bet they know each other.”

“No shit that is kind of a small world. What is his name? I will ask Maggie next time I am able to call her.”

“Um I don’t know his first name but the last name is Lance. She said he was a cop for a long time before being promoted to Detective about four years ago. I don’t know how big the department is or how often cops work with detectives but surely they know each other.”

“They must. I wonder if Sara and Maggie know each other?”

Ava looked stunned at that prospect.

“What’s the matter Sharpe? A little nervous I might have my own inside connection to your girl.”

“She is not my girl and no…I just never really thought Sara and Maggie might know each other.”

“I doubt they really know each other. Maggie might know Detective Lance has a daughter but I don’t think they are actually friends. I mean if they are I haven’t heard anything about it in the year we have been living together…or since we got married.”

Ava’s head shot up so fast she thought she gave herself whiplash.

“Excuse me, I think I heard you wrong. Did you say married?”

Alex pulled out her dog tags from under her shirt and revealed a silver ring also resting on the chain.

“We eloped the night before I deployed,” Alex admitted.

“And you’re just telling me now,” Ava jumped up shocked but pulled her friend into a bone crushing hug.

Alex could help but laugh at her friends’ actions.

“Come on you know how the first couple of weeks are around here…tons of stuff to do and little down time. I didn’t want to drop something like this in-between briefings or platoon assignments.”

“Fine, I guess I will let that slide. Now tell me everything. How the hell did you end up married?”

“I honestly don’t even know. I was all set to be deployed and Maggie and I were just laying in bed…”
“No details needed there,” Ava smirked.

Alex just stuck her tongue out at her.

“We were just laying in bed talking, mostly about silly things. We started talking about some things we wanted to do when I get back…go on vacation although we can’t agree on where yet, start looking at houses, probably get a dog. I don’t know, sometime when we were talking it just hit me. I want to be married to this woman and I couldn’t wait another day. It wasn’t the most romantic proposal, I literally just said marry me, please.”

“Cute…guess she said yes,” Ava chuckled.

“Yeah, she did. God her face, that smile when I asked…that is an image that will never leave my mind.”

“Congratulations Alex. You and Maggie are perfect for each other I wish I could have been there.”

“When we get back, we are going to have a huge party, but we really just couldn’t wait.”

“I better get an invite to that.”

“Absolutely. Now, let me what else was in your letter.”

Ava couldn’t help but roll her eyes slightly.

“Nothing major I don’t think. She told me a little more about her family, her sister just found out she passed the bar exam. Sara was telling me about how they are going to go out to celebrate and then was worried I wouldn’t want to hear about that but I am stuck here.”

“What do you think about that?”

“About what? Sara celebrating with her sister?”

“Yeah.”

“Umm I am fine with it what do you think I am supposed to be feeling,” Ava asked confused?

“I don’t know but she is going to be going out and drinking…having a good time. You worried she might meet someone?”

“I can’t really stop her from meeting anyone Alex. We talked for less than an hour and then I shipped out. We are friends and that’s it.”

“But if you were home you would want to be more than friends,” Alex assumed?

“But I am not home and I can’t change that. We are basically pen pals, I can’t ask her to…I don’t know what wait for me? That just sounds insane.”
“Have you two talked about that and what it is your doing here?”

“We are writing each other letters just getting to know each other.”

“Listen Ava this might not be the most conventional start to a relationship, but that is what you are essentially doing. You’re getting to know each other and instead of doing so on a date your doing so through letters because of the circumstances.”

“How could anyone want to get involved with me, look at my life.”

“You mean a beautiful, smart, hard working woman willing to sacrifice so much for her country… yeah you sound like a total loser.”

“Are you hitting on me,” Ava laughed?

“Stop trying to deflect…Ava you’re a catch, but if you’re not willing to put yourself out there a little and talk to Sara about this you might miss out on something great. What is the worst that could happen?”

“She freaks out and stops writing me altogether and I lose a friend.”

“That is not going to happen.”

Ava threw her hands up in the air frustrated.

“How do you know? You don’t know Sara.”

“No, but how many of your other friends have written you since you have been here.”

Ava remained silent.

“This isn’t just a friendship babe,” Alex said leaving her friend alone to think about her situation.

If Ava was honest with herself yeah, she did want to have a chance at dating Sara. Besides the fact Sara was beautiful, gorgeous…she was funny and passionate about life. Ava had honestly never met someone like her before and they had barely had the chance to get to know each other. That is what Ava couldn’t get over, she couldn’t believe in the extremely short time they knew each other there was this deep attraction.

Ava was going to try and put Alex’s words out of her mind for a little while and just focus on writing a letter in response to the one she received. There was plenty to talk about without bringing up potentially being more than friends.
As it turns out we live in an extremely small world. My First Lieutenant Alex Danvers is married to a cop at SCPD. Your dad probably knows and works with her, Maggie Sawyer. The marriage is recent so I don’t know if she changed her name or not. Do you know Maggie? She moved here about a year ago to be with Alex and yes they are one of those sickeningly sweet couples that makes you want to puke haha.

Tell your sister congratulations on passing The Bar! That is a huge accomplishment and I am sure she is over the moon excited…if for no other reason than she can stop studying. What are her plans now? What type of law is she going to focus on?

How was your night out with her? Where did you end up going? Hope you had a good time…I want details. I have to live vicariously through you right now. We do have a “bar” on base but I use that term very, very loosely seeing as how there is no alcohol here. We try and get creative but at the end of the day I’m pretty sure most people would give their left foot for a bottle of whiskey.

I am not a huge drinker, but when I do it is usually rum. Yes, I have heard all the Captain Morgan jokes out there but if you think you can come up with new ones lets hear them. I hate beer but will drink anything fruity so I am sure any drinks you come up with I will enjoy. I really like pineapple and cranberry mixed together so start working on my custom drink.

I haven’t really thought about looking for my birth parents before or any other siblings. I had always been focused on school and then my career to really think about it. I guess I could at the very least take one of those ancestry DNA tests that show your family tree. It would be interesting to at least know a little more about my background and who knows what else will come from it. That will have to wait until I get back though, I don’t think they ship to overseas military bases.

I am honestly not sure when this deployment will be over. They give us a general timetable but, in my experience, the exact day usually never sticks. Right now, we are hearing sometime around Thanksgiving so that means anytime between Labor Day and Christmas. I know that’s not really helpful, I wish I could have more specific details but if I hear anything more concrete, I will let you know.

Wow everything happening with your sister’s boyfriend potentially opening his own club sounds really exciting. That would be an amazing opportunity for you. I know you would crush it and it would definitely be the place to be with you behind the bar. Tell me about some of your ideas for your own bar. There is nothing wrong with have a lot of ideas and letting your imagination run wild.

Also competing in a state competition is great. When is it? If you have already competed how did you do? What did you have to do? I don’t know how they really work. Do you have to just make drinks on demand? Come up with your own drinks? Oh, do you have to like flip bottles and stuff? I saw that on TV once it was pretty cool. Good luck if you haven’t already competed.

My favorite color is blue and that was also the color of my first car and all my cars since then. My favorite casual food would be turkey club wrap and my dinner out food probably a surf and turf. I guess you are right about the girl card and fall because fall is my favorite time of year as well. No beaches…no more sand ever again haha. I would prefer the mountains and a lake…laying out on a boat surrounded by water. Yeah, I could totally get down with that and maybe a drink in my hand but only if you made it. I literally laughed out loud when you asked if Mariska Hargitay was my mom, she is not by the way. I have met her though and yes, she is every bit the badass you imagined. My parents and I do have different last names, they thought it would be easier to protect me that way. I know you said no more hints but I will give you one, they both have won at least one major award.
I honestly have never thought about what I would be doing if I wasn’t in the military because I have known this is what I wanted to do for so long. I guess I would be in the FBI or some other government agency protecting people in different ways…and no I have never thought about being an actor. In my down time now, I write letters to you or read a book. I can get lost in either activity and forget for a little while where I am. When I am home, I sometimes like going for a long run or a sparring class…helps me clear my head. The things I miss while I am away…sooo many things. Simple things like 2 ply toilet paper, ice tea, granola bars, tasty cakes, hot sauce, rum…being able to take someone on a date. Little known fact about me…I was an extra in a handful of my parent’s movies. Yup, my younger self graced the big screen uncredited so good luck finding them 😊

I guess I have rambled on long enough. I should probably go and do something good for the government, ya know earn my pay check haha. I wish things could be different for us but for now I guess letter will have to do. Don’t get me wrong I love the letters but for the first time in a long while I kind of wish this deployment was over and I was back home. It would be nice to have a face to face conversation with you. What’s your number? I can’t make calls often but maybe I could call you sometime.

Ok I am really going to wrap this letter up now

Talk to you Later

Ava

“SARA I’M HOME,” Laurel yelled walking into the apartment.

Laurel was flipping though the mail but was otherwise met with a silent apartment. This was not an uncommon occurrence over the last few days. More often than not Sara had been MIA or when she was around she was acting like a brooding teenager.

“SARA,” Laurel called out again walked towards her sisters’ room.

Laurel pushed the door to her sister’s room open slightly and saw her sister laying in bed face away from her. Laurel knew she was awake because she was doing something on her phone.

“Are you deaf? Did you not hear me calling you,” Laurel asked slightly annoyed leaning against the door frame?

Sara didn’t say anything she just shrugged her shoulder.
“All right enough of this shit,” Laurel said walking over to the bed, shoving her sister over and sitting down.

“What the hell Laur,” Sara whined?

“Yeah, that is exactly what I want to know Sara. What the hell is going on with you? For damn near the past week you have been a moody bitch and I have had enough. What is going on?”

“Nothing.”

“Bull shit Sara. Ever since we went out you have been acting weird. You disappeared without saying anything and then have been spoken to anyone. Did something happen at the club? Did someone assault you.”

“What,” Sara said jumping out of bed, “god no!”

“Well, what the hell am I supposed to think Sara! I’m your sister and I love you, please tell me what is going on.”

Laurel was completely unprepared for what came next; Sara burst into tears. Laurel jumped up and quickly wrapped Sara in her arms wanting to give her whatever comfort she could.

“Its ok baby girl, Im here just let it out,” Laurel whispered running her hand softly up and down Sara’s back.

It took a few minutes but Sara started to pull herself together and they settled back on her bed. Laurel remained silent letting Sara talk whenever she was ready.

“When we went out, I went downstairs to get a drink from the bar. There was this woman that started chatting me up and we danced and I was having fun. We kissed, I kissed her back, but it felt so wrong. I told her I had to go and I basically ran out of there. I am sorry for leaving without saying anything…I just freaked out.”

“Sara it’s fine you left but why did you feel so freaked out. I know this isn’t the first woman you have hooked up with,” Laurel smirked hoping to lighten the moment a little.

It worked as Sara smirked back at her.

“No, it certainly wasn’t…but there is Ava.”

“Ohhhh.”
“Ohhh what,” Sara asked suddenly getting defensive?

“You like her.”

“Yeah, she is cool.” “She is more than just cool to you Sara…you’re in a relationship with her,” Laurel stated.

“What? That’s impossible. She is overseas.”

“So what?”

“We have barely been in the same room together.”

“Again, so what?”

“Laurel your being insane.”

“No, Sara you are the one being insane here. It doesn’t matter that you only had limited time together before she deployed and it doesn’t matter that she is overseas right now…your feelings and actions say you are in a relationship. You just haven’t acknowledged it yet.”

“How is that even possible? We barely know each other.”

“You have been writing each other every chance you get…you guys are on like a 5th date already. You are actually really getting to know each other because of the circumstances and setting up a foundation most people don’t have. You feel guilty because you kissed someone…tell Ava and tell her everything your feeling. Establish what it is you two are doing and I promise you will feel better about things.”

“Oh yeah hey Ava I kissed someone but I really want you,” Sara rolled her eyes.

“She will apricate the honesty and will understand. You didn’t even realize what was happening between you and Ava until you kissed someone. There is nothing easy about this situation Sara but I have never seen you this into someone before. Just tell her,” Laurel said laying a letter down from Ava on Sara’s bedside table and leaving her sister alone for a while.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Sara puts everything in words

Sara pulled open the doors to the police station and walked inside. She chuckled to herself thinking about how many times she was so close to being brought in in cuffs instead of her own free will. If her father wasn’t a cop she knew it would have happened a time or two already but those days were mostly behind her.

“Hey Detective Hank is my dad around,” Sara asked seeing her dad’s desk partner filling out some paperwork?

“Sara, hey it’s good to see you. Your dad should be back in a few minutes if you want to wait at his desk,” the older man offered with a smile.

“Thanks Detective. How are you doing?”

“You know same old, same old….catching bad guys, doing paper work. What brings you by? Gonna show some of the rookies up again?”

Sara chuckled thinking back to when she came to the station during the rookies defensive tactics class. Her dad asked her to join and she proceeded to mop the floor with the best the academy had to offer.

“I’m not sure anyone wants me back for that. I just stopped by to visit the old man. Haven’t seen him in a little while, thought we might get lunch.”

“I am sure he will love a lunch date with his little girl.”

Sara couldn’t help but blush a little. She was a daddy’s girl when she wasn’t being a pain in the ass for him. Looking around his desk Sara smiled picking up a photo she remembers taking at Laurel’s graduation. He was looking at Laurel so proud, she faltered for just a moment wondering if she would ever get that look.

“He talks about you all the time. Open his top desk draw,” the Detective knowingly smiled.

Sara gave him a confused look but opened the desk. She immediately saw what he was talking about
and pulled out the article about her being Star City’s up and coming bartender and another dated a year later about being named best bartender in Star City.

“He is very proud of both his girls.”

“Thanks Detective,” Sara smiled knowing her father was proud of her even though her and her sister were taking very different career paths.

Sara put the articles back in the desk.

“Hey, do you know if an Office Sawyer is in,” Sara asked suddenly?

“Hmm I don’t know you can check the board to see if she’s on. If she is they sit in the bullpen over there,” the Detective advised pointing to the adjacent room separated by a glass wall.

“Thanks,” she said popping up.

She didn’t know what she was doing. So what if Maggie was in? What was she going to do? What was she going to say? Sara was a stranger to her and walking up to say hey your wife and my… friend…I just met said you work here. God ever since she met Ava, Sara had been doing things she never thought she would be.

“Excuse me is Officer Sawyer in,” she asked another cop walking by?

“I think she is out on a call but you can wait at her desk,” the cop said pointing to a desk along the wall.

“Thanks.”

Now Sara really had no idea what she was doing. Maggie was the wife of Ava’s First lieutenant and really nothing more than that. She didn’t have a direct connection to Ava and there was a very good chance she didn’t really even know her. That still didn’t stop the small hope that Maggie was friends with Ava as well and could tell Sara more about her.

When Sara got to her desk, she couldn’t help but look at the few photo’s that were there. The first one she picked up must have been Maggie and Alex. It was a cute picture but Sara couldn’t help but laugh that she didn’t know which one was Maggie and which one was Alex. Th question was quickly answered when she looked at the next photo of Maggie, Alex in her uniform and Ava in hers.
“Oh my god,” she gasped out tracing her fingers over the photo.

“Excuse me can I help you?”

Sara jumped at the voice behind her and she almost dropped the picture.

“I’m sorry Maggie,” Sara said quickly putting the picture down.

“Do I know you? Did I arrest you before or something,” Maggie said trying to place the blonde in front of her?

“What? No, no nothing like that. You probably know my father Detective Lance.”

That seemed to make the lightbulb go on for the young officer.

“Right so your Sara?”

“How do you know I am not Laurel?”

“I’m a good cop,” the officer smiled.

Sara gave her a disbelieving look and put her hand on her hip.

“Your dad is a great Detective and I try and work with him as much as possible. Laurel came by the station a couple times so you must be the elusive Sara…oh my god YOUR SARA,” Maggie said suddenly realizing exactly who she was.

“Umm yes,” Sara said confused.

“You’re Ava’s Sara.”

That caused Sara to blush deeply.

“I don’t think I am Ava’s anything but yes we have been writing each other. She mentioned your wife was her First Lieutenant and that you probably know my dad since you’re a police officer here. Kind of a small world considering how far apart we are from them at the moment.”

“Right, you’re not Ava’s anything,” Maggie said rolling her eyes. “Just all she talks about with Alex these days.”
Maggie picked up the photo Sara was looking at knowing exactly which picture it was.

“This was right before their last deployment,” Maggie said handing the picture back to Sara, “Alex and I were still dating then but I knew she was it for me. Of course, I had to get in the Captain’s good graces, they are like sisters.”

“Since you’re married now, I take it you managed to win the Captain over.”

“I don’t intimidate easily but damn when Ava gave me the shovel talk, I knew she wasn’t kidding about the things she said she would do,” Maggie chuckled.

“She is pretty badass. Do the three of you hang out often,” Sara asked wondering how close the three were?

“Yeah, Alex and Ava used to be roommates so we were together a lot. When Alex and I moved in with each other we got a two-bedroom knowing we would need a place for Ava.”

“She still lives with you?”

“No, she has a place but she still stays with us a fair amount. You would think with the amount of time they spend together they would be sick of each other but it hasn’t happened yet.”

“And you don’t mind her being around?”

“Nah, Ava is great and really like the sister I never had. Plus, if I can’t be there to have Alex’s back I am glad is it Ava’s”

“I can’t imagine being overseas for months at a time.”

“This one was a 9-month deployment and I thought I was going to go nuts waiting for Alex to get back,” Maggie said looking at the picture.

“Any word on how long this deployment will be,” Sara asked wondering if Maggie had any updated information.

“Hopefully before Thanksgiving. I know Ava and Alex are pushing for that but it’s always a fluid situation over there.”

“Yeah, Ava said it could be anytime between Labor Day and Christmas but probably close to Thanksgiving.”

“How did you and Ava meet?”

“SARA,” A voice called out.

Sara smiled seeing her dad walk into the squad room.

“I am going to lunch with my dad, you want to join,” Sara offered?
“I don’t want to crash a father daughter lunch, but maybe we can get drinks soon? Our girls are overseas, kind of a unique situation we have to deal with.”

Sara was about to protest but Maggie cut her off.

“Maybe drinks tonight.”

“I have to work tonight but maybe tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sounds good,” Maggie said handing Sara her card, “my cell number is on there.”

“Cool, thanks.”

Sara walked over to her dad and gave him a hug.

“What are you doing here kiddo? Officer Sawyer bring you in,” he laughed?

“No, I came to take you out to lunch but I ran into Officer Sawyer. We have some friends in common and I just wanted to say hi.”

“Aw I will never turn lunch down with my baby girl,” he said with a smile slinging an arm around her shoulder.

Sara was thankful she was able to have lunch with her dad. She really hadn’t been able to catch up with him in a while and it was a great distraction from all the other events swirling around in her life. After lunch she headed straight to work knowing a busy night would keep her from thinking too much about anything involving overseas.

It was just after midnight when Sara made it home from work but she wasn’t really tired yet. She walked down the hall and checked in on her sister who was fast sleep, cell phone in hand. Sara laughed as she pulled the phone out and set it on her bedside table. She pulled the covers further up around Laurel and watched her snuggle deeper down.

Sara continued to her room and got ready for bed hoping she would settle down. Once she got into bed she fiddled with her phone for a little while, but she knew what she really wanted to be doing. Tossing her phone aside she picked up a pad of paper and pen.

Aves-

Sorry for taking so long to write back, some things happened here that I needed to process and deal
I still don’t know who your parents are and it is driving me nuts. I need a hint. Are they most known for movies or television? Cable or streaming services? Give me something to work with. I am not giving up on this Sharpe! It’s a good thing I am not the cop in the family...but speaking of cops.

I don’t know Maggie but I went down to the station to have lunch with my dad and I ran into her. Ok, so maybe I stalked her out a little but she is cool. We went out for drinks to get to know each other a little better. We are going to meet up soon for more drinks and to play pool. She said she was pretty decent at pool...should I tell her I’m amazing or just let her figure that out on her own? Maybe I can make some bets and get some more juicy information out of her...and yes you should be worried. She told me more about Alex and about you...and your threats if she ever hurt Alex. I’m impressed, I knew you were a badass but damn. You will also have to tell me about the night before your first deployment...Maggie said that story can only come from you.

The state competition is at the end of the month, I will let you know how things go. There are multiple parts on how we will be judged. To start we will all have to make a series of common drinks found in a bar. After that we are given ingredients and have to make drinks based on what is at our station. Last, we will make our own signature drinks. We are judged on taste, creativity and presentation. We are also judged on crowd interaction and entertainment value so a lot of different values go into the results. I’m nervous but I think I am ready. I think you have been holding out on me in these letters.

Things are starting to come together with Tommy’s (Laurel’s boyfriend) night club. He secured other investors and found a location. I am going to go see it next week and then meet with Tommy about managing the bar and giving him some ideas for what I hope to be able to do. He is really excited about this and making things happen faster than I thought they would. I’m excited but still keeping my expectations realistic. Maybe by the time you get back the club will be up and running!

So, Laurel, Tommy and I went out to celebrate her passing The Bar. We met up with some other friends and it started out to be a pretty good night. Tommy naturally got us a VIP table and we were upstairs drinking and hanging out and just having fun. At some point I wanted to go to the downstairs bar...I don’t know there is just something about the energy that just draws to me it. Plus I like to see how other bartenders work...I’m always willing to learn new things or pick up little tricks others use. There was this woman at the bar and she asked me to dance so I did.

God Ava, I don’t even know what to say. My brain has a million things it wants to spit out but when I try it just comes out in a jumbled mess. I have tried putting some coherent thoughts on another piece of paper to organize and it is not going well. I guess I should just tell you how the next series of events unfolded and try not to sound like a rambling idiot, but I make no promises.

I danced with her, I mean I figured we were out having fun why not. We danced but then, she kissed me and for a moment I kissed her back. I guess that is what I normally would have done in the past. I would go out to bars and hooked up with a pretty girl girl or a guy. Did I mention I was bi-sexual before? Is that a problem? I know some people don’t like it...like they think I can’t make up my mind or something. See here comes the jumbled thoughts again. Focus ok...so this girl kissed me and for a moment I kissed her back but then I pulled away and just I don’t know ran away? I guess I freaked out and left the club immediately with barely a word or explanation.

To say I was a miserable bitch in the week that followed would be an understatement. Finally, my sister called me out on my shit and demanded to know what was going on with me. I’m pretty sure she wasn’t expecting the emotional breakdown I had. Yeah, she asked me what was going on and I
I knew what was going on but it sounded so insanely impossible to me that I didn’t know how to articulate them...kind of like right now. I kissed someone and I felt horrible after because all I could think about...was you. I like you Ava, a lot and I don’t know what to do with that. When I asked her, it felt like I was cheating on you or something. I’m here, your over there and we have spent a total of like 2 hours together in person yet you’re the only person I want in my life right now. That is insane right, you can tell me I’m insane...I pretty much already believe that.

OK, I am going to put aside our unique situation and pretend that doesn’t exist at the moment. God, I thought doing this in person was hard, but putting this on paper and seeing the words not knowing what to expect in return is the hardest thing I have done. I really like you Ava and I don’t want to...I don’t know talk to other girls. I want to continue to talk to you in whatever form that comes in and I want to get to know you more and see where this can go. You have to come home, eventually right? I know it sounds crazy starting a...relationship...when we are on opposite side of the world but I have never been normal why start now. What do you think? I know you have a lot going on over there and I don’t want to be a distraction so this can be whatever you want it to be. Pen pals, friends, the start of a relationship I just think we need to figure out what it is we have going on right now. We don’t have to really define things but I don’t know do you even like me?

I love writing you but if there were ever a conversation, I wish I could have in person with you it would be this one. I am going to send this off immediately so hopefully I hear from you sooner rather than later. My number is 555-550-2424 if there is a chance you can call me, I would love to hear from you again. If not, I will await your letter.

Oh and your “bar” over there sounds totally pathetic. I will make sure I work on your specialty drink and the first chance I get I will make you The Captain, that’s what I am calling your drink. I will show you what a real bar and bartender can do.

Stay Safe

Sara

Even though it was now past one in the morning Sara slipped her shoes back on and a sweatshirt and walked to the post box in their mail room slipping the letter inside. Now she couldn’t talk herself out of sending the letter, tomorrow morning it would be picked up and on its way.

The following week Sara was meeting up with Tommy and Laurel to get an up-close look on the location Tommy had secured for the new club. The outside didn’t look like much, after all why would it? They were in an abandoned industrial part of town in a building with no distinct features or markings. Even in the early stages of development it was hard not to get excited for Tommy and his new business. Laurel was happy her boyfriend was branching out on his own and risking a lot to follow his passion. Sara was happy for her friend but also about the potential this had for her.

She and Tommy had preliminary talks about her role with the new club even before he secured a
building or investors. In the weeks since they talked more and Tommy laid out his vision for the club, the bar and Sara’s important role. She was going to be the bar manager but Tommy stressed her primary role was lead bartender. If needed he could get her an assistant for the behind the scenes stuff, but he wanted her out front making drinks and creating her magic. He almost wanted her to be the face of the club (no pressure there).

“What do you ladies think,” Tommy asked grinning like crazy at a literally abandon factory.

“Babe I know you have a vision but you’re going to have to spell it out a little for us beyond the leaking roof and concrete floor we are currently looking at,” Laurel chuckled at her boyfriend.

“Ok, ok so the entrance is going to be right here and lead directly to the main floor. There will be a stage in the center either for a DJ or live entertainment. The bar area will be over here and take up this whole wall,” Tommy explained wildly with his arms.

Sara was in awe of the size of the bar Tommy was talking about. If he could pull it off it would easily be the largest bar she ever worked at let alone managed. She had never operated with this much room and the ideas endless of what she could do.

“Upstairs is going to be our VIP area but also another bar which will connect to this one. I want the whole wall filled various bottles that will be able to be retrieved by technology and on both ends I want like a drink escalator. That way no matter if your upstairs or downstairs if people request YOU make their drink you can get it to them quickly.”

“Seriously Tommy…you think people are actually going to request I make their drinks,” Sara asked incredulously?

“Yes, I know so. I have even had an investor say he would only sign on if you were going to be the bartender. He is a PR guy and really has a vision for you.”

Sara didn’t know what to say, she couldn’t understand why everyone thought she was such a draw. Laurel was bouncing with excitement for her sister knowing this was something that was going to be amazing for her.

“Have you thought of a name for the place,” Laurel asked looking around the room.

“Veritas.”

“Truth,” Sara questioned.

“How did you know that means truth,” Laurel asked shocked?

Sara just shrugged.
“In vino veritas…in wine there is truth. Well, with the levels of alcohol that will be flowing I think there will be a lot of truth flying around as well.”

“I like it Tommy,” Laurel said giving him a kiss.

“Everything sounds great Tommy. I do have to get to work though, I am covering for someone,” Sara said not wanting to leave but she would be late if she didn’t.

“Ok, we can meet next week and hopefully talk about an exit plan at your current job.”

“I’m not leaving any job until I have another one.”

“You will be working before the club opens, you will be getting paid for more than just bartending around here.”

“Hopefully getting paid for more than just bartending,” Sara smiled.

“I think you will like your compensation package.”

“All right, we will meet later. Bye guys.”

Between meeting Tommy for a walk through of the new club location and a double shift at the bar Sara was spent. Why she thought covering for someone and working a double on a Saturday was a good idea was beyond her. She had been busy from the time she arrived at 2pm to last call at 2am. By the time she got home she only had the energy to change clothes and fall into her bed.

Sara had just started to slip into a deep sleep when her phone started vibrating against her bedside table. She groaned and was torn between ignoring it and picking up and yelling at whoever was calling at 3am.

“You better be bleeding and on fire,” Sara grumbled into the phone.

“Sara?”

“Who is this,” Sara asked looking at her phone quickly to see a blocked number?

“It’s Ava.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The phone call that changed everything

Chapter Notes

Wow the response to the last chapter was amazing, thank you to everyone who commented. It really does help motivate me to write more and post a little sooner. I hope everyone enjoys this chapter.

*Sara had just started to slip into a deep sleep when her phone started vibrating against her bedside table. She groaned and was torn between ignoring it and picking up and yelling at whoever was calling at 3am. “You better be bleeding and on fire,” Sara grumbled into the phone.*

“Sara?”

“Who is this,” Sara asked looking at her phone quickly to see a blocked number?

“It’s Ava.”

*Sara jolted out of her tired fog, nearly dropping the phone as she tangled herself in her sheets trying to it up. Was this real? Was Ava really calling her from god knows where? Or was this some sick joke, teasing her about something she dreamed about for so long.*

“Sara?”

Her voice broke the long silence, bringing Sara back from reality.

“Yes, sorry I’m here. I think I am just in shock,” Sara replied still not believing this was happening.

“Did I catch you at a bad time?”

“I mean besides it being 3 in the morning, no not a bad time,” she chuckled.

“Oh my god, I thought I had calculated right and it was midnight I was hoping to catch you after work. I will let you get back to sleep. I’m so sorry, sweet dreams Sara,” Ava said truly feeling bad about miscalculating the time difference.

“What? NO! WAIT,” Sara yelled into the phone.

*Sara panicked as she heard nothing but silence on the other end of the line.*
“AVA! Ava are you still there? Please, please, please still be there…,” Sara was desperate to hear her voice again.

Sara waited a breath before she heard a soft chuckle.

“Gotcha, I didn’t go anywhere,” Ava said playfully.

Sara took a deep breath relieved.

“You jerk,” she said but the smile on her face gave way her true feelings.

Ava could practically feel the happiness emanating from Sara through the phone. The playful banter to friends would share if they were actually in the same time zone. Ava craved this small semblance of normalcy.

“I thought it was pretty funny…but I really am sorry about calling so late or I guess early.”

“No, don’t worry about it. I mean I hope 3am phone calls don’t become a habit but I’m so glad you called.”

“I promise next time I will make sure it is not 3am. We have certain times we can make calls but it isn’t so strict I can’t call you during normal business hours,” Ava laughed.

“You get a free pass while you are over there to call whenever you like.”

“You might be sorry about that.”

“Just know I am not responsible for what comes out of my mouth after being woken up from a dead sleep so be advised. You might be a pro at handling combat but nothing can prepare you for Sara Lance pulled from her sleep unwillingly and grumpy.”

“Ha I will take that under advisement. I will have to start putting together an operation plan for our next call,” Ava laughed.

“So this won’t be the only call,” Sara asked hopeful?

“I usually give my time away to others in my platoon who might need extra call time home. I have three guys who are expecting babies in the next few weeks, but I think I kind of needed to use my time this week and I certain can make more calls in the future. Before I just never really had a reason to call home,” Ava admitted.

“Wow that is really great of you Ava. I can’t imagine what they are going through being so far away
and missing the birth of a child. I’m a hot mess without having a life changing event on the line,” Sara said with a light huff.

“Yeah, kind of why I felt like I should probably call. The letters are great and I love getting them but some things need to be said in person…or at least verbally.”

“How long do you have? We aren’t going to get cut off in 10 minutes, are we?”

“No, we have some time. Things are actually pretty calm here right now and most guys are at the chow hall.”

Sara nodded and then chuckled to herself realizing Ava couldn’t see her actions.

“So, you got my letter,” Sara said not really knowing where or how to start.

“What letter?”

Sara stuttered not sure what to say.

“The um last letter, the one where I…the one with…”

“Sara I’m kidding I got your letter…how else would I have your number?”

“You’re some super badass army chick I am sure you could have found it.”

“All true points but I got your letter,” she chuckled to herself as Sara’s cute nervousness.

“Where should we start?”

“I have some time how about we talk about the easy stuff first. Maybe we will both feel a little more relaxed just talking about family and friends and definitely your competition.”

“We have time right? I don’t want to waste…waste is the wrong word because it is all important to me…I don’t want to not have time to get to deep dive,” Sara explained.

“We have time.”

“Great, who the hell are your parents?”

Ava laughed out loud and Sara’s face broke into a big stupid grin. It was the first time she heard Ava laugh, like really laugh and she would do anything to hear her laugh again.

“Nope, not telling. You are going to have to figure it out on your own…with some hints. I will say they started more in television mostly as guest starring roles before moving to movies. They have a couple major films between them before venturing back to television. They each currently have their
own shows one cable and one streaming.”

“I’m going to feel like an idiot when I figure out who your parents are, aren’t I?”

“Hmm I don’t think so I would probably say they are B list stars who do a pretty good job at maintaining their privacy. I mean it’s not like my mom is Mariska Hargitay,” Ava laughed.

“How cool would that be though…”

“She is every bit as cool as you would imagine.”

“Totally jealous you have met her before,” Sara grumbled.

“Ha, well maybe I will introduce you to her one day. Although, I am not sure I should seeing as how you have stalker like tendencies,” Ava playfully shot back, “You met Maggie?”

“I swear I didn’t go there with the intent to meet her, I really wanted to take my dad to lunch and just ask if he knew her. He was late and as I was waiting, I just asked if she was in and then I walked over to her desk but she wasn’t there but she had some pictures on her desk…”

“Sara, take a breath. It’s ok you met her.”

Sara did take a breath trying to clam her racing heart. She wasn’t sure why her heart was racing but if she was spiraling this much over Maggie, Sara knew she was screwed when they started talking about whatever the hell this relationship was.

“She had this picture on her desk of herself, Alex and you…both you and Alex in uniform. I have never seen you in uniform before,” Sara said still in awe of the mental image she held.

“Oh yeah we were in our combat fatigues, wait until you see me in my service uniform.”

“You have another uniform? Do you have pictures? Or does someone here have pictures of that,” Sara asked very interested in seeing Ava in any uniform?

“I am sure I could find some and get them to you.”

“I would very much so apricate that.”

“You like a person in uniform huh,” Ava chuckled.

“I never thought about it before but hell yes.”

“Well turn about is fair play…if I am getting you pictures you have to send me some.”

“I can make that happen. How is Alex doing? I am meeting Maggie in a couple days for dinner it would be nice if I had something to report to her.”

“Alex is good but I know she is missing Maggie terribly. This isn’t her first tour being away from Maggie but it is her first tour being away from her wife. They only had one night together really and she is very much so looking forward to being with her wife.”

“I can’t blame her there, hopefully you ladies get home sooner rather than later.”
“I don’t think I will be home in time for your competition but maybe for the opening of your club… both of which I want to hear about.”

“Well, it is not MY club but I will officially be the bar manager and bartender there. Tommy and I worked everything out and I signed a contract a couple days ago. I am going to continue at my current job until about a month before Veritas opens.”

“Veritas?”

“The name of the club.”

“Truth huh…that’s a pretty cool name.”

“Of course you know Latin.”

“And Spanish, French, Russian and am learning Arabic but I digress. When is the target date for opening?”

Sara was momentarily stunned at all the languages Ava knew, but she shouldn’t be surprised. The more she learned about Ava the more she realized Ava was beyond smart and loved to learn.

“Umm soft opening beginning of November, grand opening mid-November. Some of the biggest drinking days of the year come towards the end of the year and Tommy wants to be open and have an established reputation before those days arrive.”

“Smart man. So, what exactly will you be doing?”

“I will be the bar manager and lead bartender. He really wants me to be the face of the drinks so he is hiring me an assistant manager so I don’t have to worry about all the paper work, ordering and day to day operation but the bar will still be my vision.”

“Wow that sounds pretty cool.”

“Yeah, we just hired the assistant manager yesterday, her name is Cindy. She reminds me a lot of myself when I was younger. She has had a tough life and I think could go either way, I’m hoping with the job and maybe a little guidance she’ll stay on the right path. Maggie actually recommended her.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, her mom died when she was really young so it as just her and her dad growing up. Last year her dad was killed in collateral damage from a gang shooting. Maggie has been keeping tabs on her and thinks I will make a good mentor. I think she is insane but I will give it a try.” “Ohh you hired Sin,” Ava said suddenly realizing who Sara was talking about.

“Huh?”

“Cindy, she goes by Sin. I have met her a couple times. She really is a good kid but plagued by the pain of her past. Might take her a while to connect but once she trusts you’re not going anywhere she will start to open up. I think Maggie is right, you will be good for her.”

“God we really do live in a small world. If we didn’t meet at my bar I am convinced we would have
met eventually.”
“I feel the same.”

Both took a pause to really let that sink it. It was maybe the first time they realized or verbalized the feeling of inevitability in meeting each other. It was like no matter what these two people would have met because they were destined to do so. They made a little more small talk before Sara knew they needed to jump into the real matter at hand.

“I guess we should address the elephant in the room,” Sara suggested getting nervous again.
“Oh yeah, what’s that?”
“Ava…”
“Ok, ok yeah I guess now is as good a time as any.”
“I don’t even know how to start this. Do you feel as insane as I do? Am I just imagining all this?”
“I don’t think your imagining anything. I think we have a connection but our circumstances are unlike either of us have probably dealt with before. That could lead to a little insanity and a lot of uncertainty.”

Sara nodded mostly to herself buying some time.

“Did I…did I mess everything up before anything could happen by kissing that girl,” Sara asked fearful of her answer?
“There was nothing to mess up when you went out that night Sara. We weren’t anything other than friends writing each other letters.”
“Maybe, but I knew there was something more and I still let this happen.”
“I’m not going to lie reading that part of your letter, that someone kissed you, felt like a punch in the gut. I guess that is my insane part because I have no right to feel like that.”
“Your feelings are valid Ava.”
“Maybe but you didn’t do anything wrong. You had every right to go out and do whatever you wanted.”
“I think you feeling like you took a punch to the guy and my feeling like I did something wrong is telling us something.”
“Oh yeah and what’s that,” Ava asked wanting to hear it from Sara?
“That we mean more to each other than just pen pals.”
“At this point I don’t think there is any denying that,” Ava agreed.

“I usually don’t think twice about going out with my sister or friends, but that night I hesitated because I wanted to finish a letter to you. Obviously, I ultimately went out and when that woman kissed me any doubts or questions I had about my feelings for you were gone.”

“I’m pretty sure when I read a girl kissed you and all I wanted to do was hunt her down any doubts or questions I had were gone.”

“So where does that leave us?”

“In a challenging situation of wanting to continue to build what we have going, start a relationship in whatever form that looks like and hopefully you will have patience with me until I get back home.”

“Ava I am pretty sure I have no other options but to wait for you because I’m in this, I’m all in. People might think it is weird starting a relationship with someone so far away but I don’t care. I’m not normal, I’ve never been normal and I won’t be normal for anyone.”

“I don’t want you to be normal.”

“God, I wish I could kiss you right now.”

“Same but unfortunately that is something we are going to have to wait for.”

A silence fell over the line as neither new what to do next.

“I feel like an awkward teenager with a girlfriend for the first time,” Sara laughed.

“Haha yeah I know the feeling.”

“I do kinda of want to ask you about something,” Sara said suddenly a little nervous.

“Anything,” Ava replied with such a calming tone.

“I kind of mentioned this in the letter but we haven’t talked about it. I am bi-sexual. I have been with guys before. Is that, is that a problem?”

“Are you currently sleeping with a guy,” Ava asked already knowing the answer?

“WHAT? NO!”

“Then I don’t have any issues. Love is love Sara or attraction is attraction…if you are attracted to both men and woman who am I to tell you that’s somehow wrong. Just to be clear though I have no desire what so ever for the male species,” Ava chuckled.

Sara couldn’t help but laugh.

“So no threesomes got it.”
“At least not with a man.”

Sara could practically see the smirk on Ava’s face.

“Noted.”

“But maybe we should try and figure us out before adding any third parties.”

“Trust me I don’t plan on sharing you anytime soon if ever,” Sara admitted.

“We are really doing this huh…this is our official start.”

“Yeah, we really are Sharpe. Back out now or forever hold your peace.”

“You’re not going to scare me off Lance, but I do have to get back to work.”

“So soon,” Sara pouted?

“So soon? We have been talking for over half an hour. Trust me if I could I would talk to you all day…I guess for you it really would be all day since I woke you up.”

“Best wakeup call ever.”

“Oh I don’t know I think I can come up with some better ways to wake you up.”

“Ugh your killing me smalls.”

“Ha that’s the plan. I am not sure when I will be able to call next but I will still write and call when I can.”

“Looking forward to your letters and your calls and for you to get home.”

“I have never been more excited for a deployment to end than I am for this one. Sadly, it will still be a little while.”

“I’m patient when it is worth it…and this, us is definitely worth it.”

“You are smooth.”

Sara smirked proud of herself.

“I guess I should let you go. Stay safe Ava.”

“Always.”

A few more goodbyes between the two and they finally got off the phone with each other. Sara collapsed back in bed a smile so wide she thought her face would split in two. She couldn’t believe
that just happened. Just having Ava call and hearing her voice again would have been enough but it was so much more. She was starting a relationship with someone unlike anyone she had ever met before. Ava was beautiful and smart and just a badass. Sara had hooked up with girls before but Ava was a woman, a force to be reckoned with. She glanced at the clock and saw it was approaching 4am but knew sleep would elude her today.

After her phone call with Sara, Ava took a few minutes to herself to process what just happened. It was crazy but she had never been more excited to start a relationship with someone before and they weren’t even on the same continent. There was something different about Sara. She was exciting and had a free spirit about her that Ava was often times afraid to reveal.

“Someone looks like they just got laid,” Alex said walking into the room.

“What? No, I don’t.”

“I mean the pink cheeks, big goofy grin…someone got lucky.”

“I didn’t get laid, but I do have a…girlfriend,” Ava said with almost an astonishment in her voice.

Alex her a shit eating grin.

“Shut up,” Ava smirked.

“I didn’t say anything.”

“No but I know what you were going to say.”

“I know nothing of which you speak of.”

“Ugh god I never should have told you…I mean its not like you told me you were married.”

“Ouch hit a girl where it hurts,” Alex faked a chest wound.

“She kissed someone,” Ava admitted.

“Ok now I need details. How does her kissing someone lead to you two starting a relationship?”

“She went out to celebrate her sister passing The Bar and a girl asked Sara to dance so she agreed just wanting to have a good night out. The girl ended up kissing her and Sara freaked out and ran out of the club.”

“I have heard of bad kisses before but never to the point a girl ran screaming out of the place,” Alex joked.

“Yeah well it made Sara fully realize she wanted me,” Ava said proudly.

“Man that must have been some terrible kiss.”
“Hey I am not so bad,” Ava said as they laughed together.

“In all seriousness I’m happy for you Ava. I hope it works out for you two.”

“Same, but for now we have to get to work.”

“Fine but I will get the fully story out of you later… I want details,” Alex yelled running after Ava as she left the room.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Short chapter with a little angst but that's what happens in a long distance relationships with a solider.

It had been a month since Ava called Sara and they officially started their version of a relationship. In that time they were able to exchange a couple letters and have another phone call. They were as close as two people could be…well, two people that were literally thousands of miles apart. Sara still couldn’t believe this was happening but as she told her sister and a few friends about the relationship, they were all very supportive.

She wasn’t exactly sure how her life would unfold with a long-distance girlfriend. Could she go out? Was she allowed to dance with other people? Want about her natural instinct of flirting? All things she worried about but discussed with Ava and they talked it out. She had never been in a relationship with such open lines of communication, but with long distance it was one of the most important pieces. Ava wanted Sara to continue going out and having fun, drinking, dancing and just being herself…just no kissing other she joked. Sara emphatically confirmed the next lips she kissed would be Ava’s.

Sara was thankful the night club was really starting to come together as it was a way to keep her brain busy. The shell of the bar was complete giving Sara a real picture of what she was working with and it was going to be amazing. However, not everything was going as smoothly.

“Uuuggghhhhh,” Sara groaned slamming her hands down on the countertop.

“Problem boss,” Sin smiled hopping up to sit on the counter.

“Stop calling me boss and I am seriously lacking in detective skills right now.”

“No problem boss,” she smirked as Sara gave her some nasty side eye, “and what are you trying to detect?”

“Ava is adopted and her parents are actors but with different last names. I have been trying to figure out who they are and really am just having no success. You would think in this day and age with everyone all up in everyone’s shit and social media it would be easier.”

Sin smirked eliciting a curious look from Sara.

“Oh, I know who her parents are.”
“What,” Sara said shocked?

“Yes, her mom literally changed my life.”

“Who the hell is she?”

“Yeah, not telling.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have been told not to tell you.”

“But I am your boss.”

“Technically Tommy probably is but I get your point and still no dice. You have to figure it out on your own. I have been told I can give you a hint.”

“Who is pulling the strings around here,” Sara asked knowing Sin wasn’t talking to Ava?

“Do you want your hint or not?”

Sara gave her a mini death stare before giving in.

“Fine hint away.”

“I said her mom changed my life and she did. Her mom is on a show where she has a non-binary lesbian daughter. The show deals with the daughter coming out to her friends and family…some supportive, others very much not so. Her parents didn’t initially understand their daughter and struggled with her life,” Sin practically whispered the emotional pain behind her words making it very clear to Sara where this was going.

Sara placed a comforting hand on Sin’s knee giving her a minute to collect herself.

“I’m pretty sure my parents wanted me dead…but definitely out of the house. So, at 16 I left.”

Sara had to hold in the gasp that was threatening to escape her lips. She could barely look after herself now let alone when she was 16. No matter what she had done in her life she knew her family would always be there for her and they were.

“The show came out a few months after and I don’t know how my mother ever ended up watching it but she did. Almost a year after I left, she showed up at this place I was staying…god I don’t even know how she found me…but she showed up with tears in her eyes and just hugged me. She didn’t understand me when I first told her and it scared her, but she told me this show helped her and we started watching together. I never moved back in but it started with me coming over once a week to
watch the show and we gradually built a relationship back up.”

“I can’t imagine what you went through Sin. No matter how old you get a girl always needs her mother…and a big sister,” Sara smiled nudging her.

“Yeah, but that’s all the hint your getting. If you can’t figure it out now your going to put your dad to shame,” Sin laughed no longer waning a heavy moment hanging between them.

“What channel is this show on,” Sara asked hoping to slip in one more hint?

“Ha no way sis, figure the rest out on your own,” Sin said hopping off the counter with a big grin on her face as she walked into the storage room.

Sara couldn’t help but laugh as she went back to her research.

“There can’t be many shows with that description come on Lance get it together.”

Sara gave herself a pep talk before diving back into the internet search. She was determined to figure this out now that she had a massive clue of where to start looking. It took another twenty minutes and multiple cross checks but finally, finally she figured it out.

“I GOT IT,” Sara yelled to no one in particular.

She looked around really hoping someone, anyone was around but sadly the place was quiet.

Aves-

I figured it out. I figured out who your parents are, Barbra and Randy Hart, and there is literally no one around me to share this with...so I’m writing you. I know you haven’t written me back yet from my last letter but I don’t care, I’m too excited. I FINALLY figured it out! When you said they are private people you weren’t kidding. Outside of their birthdays, where they were born, some minor details like education and training and filmography there is literally nothing else about them out there. Every interview they do is focused mostly on the projects they are working on and joke off any personal questions. It really is impressive with all the technology, internet and social media around these days they have kept their personal lives that private. Now that I know who they are and can look up their IMDb page and watch some of their shows and movies...see if they stack up against my Peter Pan performance.

Anything interesting happening over there? I know I haven’t heard back from my other letter yet where you will probably tell me all about the coming and goings but thought I would ask again just
in case it was lost in the mail. As a follow up to coming in second at the state bartending competition the Star City News wants to do a feature article on me. That’s crazy right? I mean who the heck is going to be interested in my story? I don’t think I am that interesting but Tommy thinks it will be really good for me and great publicity for the bar so I am going to do it. I’m actually a little nervous about it. I have no problem working a room, making drinks for hundreds of people but one on one about me…that’s a little different.

The bar is really coming along and I think we are going to be able to stick to our original schedule. Assuming no setbacks we will have the soft opening in about a month and the grand opening two weeks after that. Tommy wants to do the soft opening with family and friends so we can work out any kinks before we bring in the investors the following weekend with the grand opening the week after that. The bar frame is in and ohhh man Ava I’m so excited. It’s so big and beautiful and spacious the ideas just keep rolling in the more the bar comes together. The designers really went all out. I can’t wait for it to be finished; I will send you a picture. Tommy has this idea for a floating bar…don’t ask I have no idea but I really hope it doesn’t have me suspended in the air!

I guess that is everything for right now. I really just wanted to write because I figured out who your parents are. Did you know your mom changed Sin’s life because of her latest roll playing the mother of a non-binary lesbian? She really is a good kid, kind of becoming like my little sister. Never thought I would have someone look up to me but it is pretty cool.

Ok really going to go now.

Stay safe

Xo

Sara

Sara looked the letter over and hesitated at the end. She had never signed off with an XO before and thought it might be too much. However, she didn’t want to cross it out and bring attention to it or write the letter again so she decided to leave it as is.

“Hey Maggie, I need to break and am headed down to the precinct if your around to catch lunch shoot me a text or something,” Sara said leaving a voicemail for her new partner in crime bestie.

Sara grabbed her letter and headed out of the bar.
“Hey Laur, I am headed down to the precinct and just wondering what your up to give me a call,” Sara said leaving another voicemail for her sister.

She laughed to herself shaking her head, seemed everyone was busy today. When she walked into the station it was pretty quiet. Most officers were already well into their shifts and the few remaining at the station were mostly at lunch.

She walked over to Maggie’s and was unsurprised to see she wasn’t there. Sara grabbed a post it note from her desk scribbled ‘Sara was here’ and stuck it on her computer screen. She headed over to her dad’s desk thankful someone was finally around.

“Hey daddy-o,” Sara smiled plopped into the chair beside he desk.

“Hey Sara surprised to see you here,” he smiled pushing aside the paperwork he was doing.

“Yeah needed a little break from the bar, but everything is really coming together.”

“I’m really proud of you kid.”

“Thanks dad. Remember we are doing a soft opening for friends and family on the 22nd please bring any co-workers.”

“I will make sure I spread the word.”

“You know when Maggie might be back,” Sara asked nodding over towards her desk?

“Oh probably not til next week. Something happened with her wife and she headed out to the military base to handle it.”

Sara’s heart missed a beat hearing something happened with Alex.

“What do you mean something happened with her wife? Is she ok?”

“Her wife is on deployment right now and her base took incoming fire. She is ok but injured and apparently the only way to video conference her wife is for Maggie to be on a military base.”

Sara wanted to be sick. The base took incoming fire, the base where Alex was stationed, which meant the base where Ava was. Her dad had no idea she was in a relationship with Ava so she knew he would have no answers about the Captain. A million thoughts ran through her mind, no one which were particularly promising.

“Thanks for letting me know dad. I have to get back to the bar, I will stop over for dinner sometime
this week.”

“Sounds good sweetheart, bring your sister too. I swear I saw more of her when she was studying for the Bar then now that she is working.”

“I promise I will,” Sara put on her best smile before darting out of the station.

When she got onto the street she took a big gulp of air feeling like her lunges were restricting her.

“Hey Maggie I know your probably really busy but I just heard about Alex. My dad said she was ok, but still injured. I wanted to make sure she was ok and if you know what actually happened over there. I’m worried about Ava. I just hope everyone is ok. Give me a call when you can.”

Sara hung up the phone and looked around not sure what she should be doing right now but curling up in a ball and crying sounded about it.
'Laurel…I know your working but please come home when you can’

Laurel had no idea what happened but when she heard that voicemail left by her sister an hour ago her blood ran cold. She had never heard her sister so broken, the tears that were undoubtingly in her eyes could be heard in her voice. At first, she thought something must have happened to their parents to elicit this kind of reaction, but after receiving texts confirming their wellbeing the momentary relief was replaced by panic. Sara was not ok, not even close to it and she had no idea why. Not caring what her boss thought, she dropped everything she was doing and raced home.

“SARA,” Laurel yelled entering the apartment.

Frantically looking around for any signs of her sister and seeing or hearing anything, she immediately dumped her bag on the couch and headed back for Sara’s room. Laurel was able to take in a momentary breath as she saw her sister curled up in a ball on her bed. At least Sara was here, safe and apparently unharmed as far as she could see. She took a moment to calm her racing heart before carefully making her presence known.

“Sara,” Laurel said again softer as she approached the bed.

When Sara looked up at her sister, her heart broke seeing such obvious pain. She had never seen Sara look like this before and only prayed it was something she could fix.

“Sara, what’s going on,” Laurel asked brushing back a few stray hairs from Sara’s tear stained face?

Laurel watched and waited as Sara tried to get herself together enough to verbalize her distraught. A few times she tried but tears consumed her body before words could be formed.

“Ok, sweetie you just relax,” Laurel said kicking off her heals and getting in bed bringing her baby sister in her arms.

For a while Laurel just held Sara, rubbing her back and hoping to at the very least make her feel safe and comforted. She wished she could do more for her sister but she was flying a little blind right
now. Outside of their parents dying she wasn’t sure what would cause this reaction from Sara.

“Ava’s base was attacked.”

The voice was so soft Laurel wanted to ask her to repeat that to make sure she heard her right, but knew she couldn’t. It took everything Sara had in her just to get it out once there was no repeating it. Laurel hugged her tighter knowing there were no words in this situation. She felt bad not thinking about Ava before. She knew her sister was in a relationship with Ava but since it was still new and Ava had overseas it just wasn’t a thought.

“Have you heard from her?”

“No. Dad said Maggie had to leave work because Alex was injured in the attack. I haven’t been able to reach Maggie either. She is on base trying to get into communication with Alex.”

“So, Alex is ok,” Laurel asked with a little bit of hope?

“According to dad, he thinks she is.”

“That’s good news.”

“Ava would protect her,” Sara said sadly.

“Sara you don’t know what happened yet.”

“You’re right she could be dead,” Sara suddenly yelled.

Laurel sat up trying to calm her sister.

“Sara that is not what I am saying. Alex is ok so Ava probably is as well. It sucks to wait but you have to have belief Ava is ok.”

Sara sighed; waiting was never really her thing.

“Is this what mom felt like every time dad left the house? Because if it was no wonder they didn’t last because this feeling…this is the worst feeling I have ever had in my entire life.”

“Helpless.”

“What?”

“You’re helpless right now. You have no information, you don’t know what happened, you don’t know if Ava is ok and there is nothing you can do to change that right now. You have to wait and it is the only thing you can do. Helplessness can make you feel so out of control it is overwhelming.”

“God I am not even her wife so if something did happen, I don’t even know how I would find out about it.”

“Maybe that is something you can talk with Ava about…and you WILL talk to her again.”

“I have never wanted anything more than to hear her voice.”

“You will Sara I know it. When is the last time you called Maggie?”

“I umm god I don’t even know what time it is. A couple hours I guess.”
“How about you trying calling her again and I will go try some of my army contacts. I might not be able to get a status on individual personnel but I might be able to find out how bad the attack was.”

“Thanks Laurel.”

Sara didn’t even think about asking what army connections Laurel had. Honestly, she didn’t care right now, all she wanted to know is if Ava was ok.

“Hey Maggie, just calling to check on how you are doing and if you were able to touch base with Alex. God, I hope she is ok. My dad indicated she was ok ish. Do you know what happened? I worried about Ava…I just don’t know anything right now. You have a lot going on but when you can please give me a call back.”

Sara sighed and tossed her phone on the bed frustrated. Laurel was right she did feel helpless and it sucked. Her phone rang a second later and she practically dove on top of it to answer it.

“Maggie,” Sara rushed out!

“Sara.”

“AVA!”

“Hey, hi,” Ava said almost relieved to finally being talking to Sara.

“Ava,” Sara repeated tears once again taking control of her.

“Yeah, it’s me. Sara are you ok,” Ava asked worried?

Sara couldn’t respond. Ava was just under attack and here she was asking if she was ok.

“Ava?”

Ava was getting a little worried with Sara’s lack of a response. Sara wanted to say something, anything but her senses were on overload. She got off her bed and ran into the living room thrusting her phone in Laurel’s direction.

“What’s going on,” Laurel asked confused.

Sara just pointed at her phone as sobs took over her body.

“Hello,” Laurel said hoping to get some information.

“Ava,” Ava asked confused as it didn’t sound like her girlfriend?

“This is Laurel who is this?”

“Oh, ok this is Ava.”

“Ava…oh my god AVA,” Laurel said looking at her sister.

“Is Sara ok? She was just on the phone and then something happened. I just…is she ok?”

Laurel looked at her sister who had tears running down her face as she tried to get her breathing under control.
“Yeah, she just needs a minute…it’s been a long day for her,” Laurel explained looking at her sister.

“Is it mostly my fault,” Ava asked nervous?

“What? No, god no. We are both so happy you’re ok. She just didn’t know what happened and if you were ok. Hearing that Alex was injured wasn’t helping her and she really hasn’t had to deal with this before…just a lot to process. She will be ok in a minute.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry I kind of come with this baggage and complications,” Ava said feeling guilty.

“Ava, really it is not your fault. Every relationship brings different challenges, some harder than others but Sara is a tough girl she will be fine. Maybe you two can work on a way where if something happens you can touch base.”

“Yeah, I didn’t think about this before but I will figure something out. I don’t ever want Sara in distress because of me.”

“You have a risky job and Sara is a passionate individual it is going to happen but I think having a plan in place will help. I think she is ready for you again.”

“Thanks Laurel. It was nice speaking to you, hopefully next time it will be under better circumstances.”

“I’m looking forward to it and I am glad you safe. Here is Sara.”

Ava waited a moment and heard some hushed conversation between the sisters before Sara was back on the phone.

“Ava, sorry, I honestly didn’t think I was going to hear from you. God I wasn’t sure I was ever going to hear from you again.”

“I’m ok, sorry you have to deal with this.”

“No, don’t apologize. You’re the one over there risk your life for us, it just got real, really quickly. I think I went on an emotional overload,” Sara huffed at herself.

“I’m going to put you as my emergency contact,” Ava said suddenly.

“What?”

“If I make you my emergency contact, they will contact you if I am ever unable to.”

“You mean if you’re…dead,” she said hesitantly to even say the word.

“No, not necessarily. They will also contact you if I am injured and unable to do so myself. It is the only thing I can think of right now to do so if something does happen, you’re not just left wondering.”

“What about your parents? They should know.”

“I can list two people. Right now, Maggie is the other person in case something happens with or without Alex.”

“Oh, ok I would like that. What umm what happened over there? Can you even tell me?”

“We took unexpected fire.”
“Like someone shot at the base?”
“More like rocket fire but they weren’t consistently accurate.”
“Rocket fire? How does anyone survive that?”
“This sounds worse than it actually was and we already had teams in the field that neutralized the situation before more damage was done. Usually our patrol teams will detect enemy combative or we will be aware of pack movement and expect fire if we are not able to neutralize them first. This time though, man we were caught off guard. I need to make sure that never happens again.”
“Ava it is not your fault. You can’t know what evil people are going to do.”
“No, but it is my job to predict these attacks, know the movement in the surrounding area and keep this camp safe. I failed my platoon tonight.”
Sara knew there wasn’t much she could say to Ava right now to make her feel better. She really wished more than anything she could just give her a hug.
“Did you sustain any injuries,” Sara asked hoping to change the topic a little?
“Couple stitches and sprained wrist but it really is nothing.”
“How did you get the stitches?”
“The initial blast jolted the building enough I stumbled and tripped catching the side of my forehead on the side of a table and landed on my wrist.”
“It’s a good thing I dig a chick with scares,” Sara joked.
For the first time all day, Ava laughed.
“You’re going to think I’m smokin…I got some pretty impressive scares.”
“I already think your hot as hell and I can’t wait to discover every single scare and hear how you got it.”
“You have any scares?”
“Ha I was a tomboy growing up and didn’t back down from any challenge so yeah I have my marks as well.”
“Looks like we will both have fun discovering each other’s bodies,” Ava said knowing full well the double meaning behind it.
“When do you get home again,” Sara groaned wishing it was right now?
“Before you know it.”
“I haven’t heard from Maggie…is Alex ok?”
“She will be. Unfortunately, she was on the stairs on first impact and she fell down a flight, hit her head. She has a concussion, bumps and bruises and a sprained ankle. For a doctor she is the worst patient, I should check on her soon.”
Sara starting thinking about all the bad things that could have happened. How close she was to never
seeing Ava again, never getting to see were this relationship would take them.

“Sara? You still there?”

“Oh yeah, sorry just spaced for a second. I’m glad you have each other’s backs over there. Make sure she comes back in one piece or Hurricane Maggie will storm the castle.”

“I have been given direct orders to bring her home safe and I never disobey an order.”

Sara paused for a moment.

“You come home to me safe, that’s an order.”

“Copy that,” Ava smiled even though she knew Sara couldn’t see it.

“I wrote you two letters I hope you are still able to get them.”

“I got the first letter but didn’t have time to write back yet.”

“Take your time…this phone call has meant everything to me. I am going to send you a care package next with a couple of surprises in there for you.”

“I am very much so looking forward to that. I have to get going though, things are still a little crazy over here but I wanted to touch base.” “Thank you for that Captain.”

Ava couldn’t help but blush when Sara used her official title.

“We will talk soon,” she promised.

Once they said their goodbyes, Sara tossed her phone on the coffee table.

“You doing ok kid,” Laurel asked sliding into the space next to her?

“Much better than I was an hour ago. I’m sorry about that voicemail and pulling you out of work.”

“Just like I told Ava there is nothing to be sorry about. You are my sister and come first above all else.”

“Even Tommy,” Sara joked?

“It’s close but you little sister are my world and I will always be here for you.”

“Thanks Laurel,” Sara said settling into her sisters’ arms.
The base took fire unexpectedly and while there were no casualties there were plenty of injuries. The attack could have been worse and for the first time Ava feared not making it home. She knew the risks of the job and never had an issue with them before, but things were different now. She had something waiting for her at home…this unknown relationship…something she very much so wanted to explore.

Ava never felt like she fit in anywhere before she joined the army. The army gave her a different kind of family and relationships she never dreamed of. By happenstance she ran into this gorgeous woman and by unknown forces they were drawn to each other. The type of job she held didn’t lend itself to romantic relationships. She convinced herself that was ok, until now. More than anything she wanted to get home and see what this could be.

“You, Sara Lance, are turning my life upside down,” Ava chuckled to herself looking at the last two letters she had received.

One letter she had read already while the other was holding new information Ava couldn’t wait to discover. However, that would have to wait as she had a VIP patient she needed to check on.

“Doc, I’m fine really,” the insistence of the self-diagnosed prognosis made Ava chuckle.

“Your blood pressure is still elevated.”

“Yes, because you won’t let me out of here.”

“You took a nasty hit to the head; we have to keep you for observation.”

Ava finally stepped in saving the poor doctor.

“How many fingers am I holding up,” Ava playfully asked holding up 2?

“Sixteen,” Alex spat.

“Ha, she is fine doctor.”

“She still needs observation.”

“Lieutenant you are to remain under doc’s medical supervision until cleared. That’s an order,” Ava smirked.

Alex huffed knowing she couldn’t disobey a direct order from her superior. Even if it was in jest, she wouldn’t disobey the order.

“Thank you, Captain,” the doctor smiled knowing exactly what just transpired.

“You’re welcome. I’m going to stay here for a while.”

“Great, at least now I know she won’t go UA.”

Ava smiled and Alex pouted as the doctor left.

“You know for a doctor you are a god-awful patient.”

“Says the woman who literally ripped out her IV line, gave herself 10 stitches just to barge into a command meeting and rip Hunter a knew one for the security breach.”
“He had it coming. He was pushing the boundaries for months going on his own crusade…he was putting everyone in danger and for what? To impress Gideon and stroke his own ego…I can’t stand that.”

“Don’t get me wrong it was total badass and highly entertaining…just don’t classify me as the bad patient here.”

“Touché. Did you reach Maggie?”

“Yes, and I am to remind you, you were given a direct order to bring us home safe,” Ava couldn’t help but smile.

“Seems the women in our lives have no problems ordering me around. I was given a direct order to come home safe.

“So, you were able to get ahold of Sara?”

“Yeah, but not before she heard the news via vague details from her father.”

“Oh my god she must have been going insane.”

“To put it mildly from what I gather. Everyone knows the risks of this job but until something like this happens I don’t think they believe it’s a reality. Its like yeah I know you could get injured or killed but that’s not going to happen…until it does.”

“You guys ok?”

“Yeah, we talked and I am going to put her down as my emergency contact. It is the only thing I can think of right now to maybe prevent this from happening again.”

“I will talk to Maggie and make sure if she hears anything, she relays it to Sara.”

“Thanks Alex.”

Ava rubbed her hands over her face, once again the gravity of the situation hitting her.

“Hey, are you ok,” Alex asked seeing her friend more troubled than usual.

“It’s just different this time. I have been in battle, faced incoming fire, found myself in situations I’m still not sure how I got out of but…”

“…But Sara wasn’t waiting for you at home.”

“Yeah,” Ava whispered. “And that’s crazy right? I mean we haven’t even gone out on a date yet.”

“Ava if you were state side you would probably be married by now,” Alex laughed.

Ava couldn’t help but roll her eyes.

“I have known you for a long time and I have never seen you this smitten with a woman before. Sure, the start of this relationship is a little unorthodox but you know it is something special. All you need now is time and that was almost taken away from you. Sara might have to get used to you being overseas doing a dangerous job but you have to get used to the face that someone you deeply care about is waiting for you at home. That changes a person. I know it did with me when I met Maggie.”
“I never really thought about it like that before.”

“Good thing I’m the brains of this friendship,” Alex grinned.

“Damn right about that one.”

“I don’t think you’re doing so bad for yourself Captain.”

Ava nodded her head not liking the attention back on herself.

“You going to stay here until doc clears you without being badgered or do I need to babysit you? Or better yet I’ll send your shadow to baby sit.”

“NOPE, I will be on my best behavior.”

“Good I need to go make my rounds but I will be back…maybe smuggle you in some ice cream, the good stuff,” Ava whispered.

“Thank you,” Alex mouthed as Ava headed out.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Ava and Alex hope to head home soon but still there is no end in sight. Meanwhile the club is getting ready for the grand opening and Sara is getting nervous.

Chapter Notes

Once again the feedback for this story has been wonderful. I hope this chapter doesn’t feel too rushed as it packs a lot in but I want to get something posted before I dive head first into this holiday weekend! Hope you all enjoy

“So how is the patient doing,” Ava smirked walking into the command post?

“It’s been a month, the joke is getting a little old,” Alex rolled her eyes as Ava sat across from her very pleased with herself.

“It still annoys you so it still brings me pleasure.”

“Well, it should bring you more pleasure to know all squads have reported in and the insurgents we thought were moving in have heeded our warning fire and moved off to the east. Squad Charlie is keeps tabs on them with assist from satellite but they don’t appear to be regrouping elsewhere.”

“That is excellent news. Have you heard from Sargent Alverez?”

“Yes, she reported back to base with squad Bravo about twenty minutes ago. The damage to the west wall has been fixed and no longer a security threat. All systems are fully operational and functioning as normal.”

“Best news I have heard all night. Who is out on patrol now?”

“Squads Echo and Kilo until 22:00 and Squads Alpha and Zulu will rotate in. There is nothing to suggest anything other than a quiet night.”

“Yeah that is what we thought before the mortar shells started flying last time.”

“Yes, and since then we have increased security via technology and personnel. Unless you have a crystal ball or know any time travelers, we cant account for every single thing.”

Ava wanted to fight back but instead huffed knowing Alex was right.

“You’re right.”
“I’m sorry…I’m what now,” Alex joked knowing how much Ava hated to admit someone else was right.

“Shut up.”

“No, I mean I suffered a concussion…I missed it the first time. Say it into my good ear,” Alex laughed turned her ear towards Ava.

“Ohh so now you’re feeling the effects of the concussion? Maybe I need to take you back to med bay to get reevaluated.”

“What! No way…just kidding I am totally fine…good even,” Alex jumped up with a smile plastered on her face.

“I don’t know I have strict orders from Officer Sawyer to keep you healthy and return you in one piece.”

“And you are doing an excellent job Captain,” Alex mock saluted her.

“Suck up.”

Alex stuck her tongue out before sitting back down.

“Any word on our release date. They moved out squad foxtrot last week and haven’t replaced them yet.”

“Yeah but they brought in two new sergeants so who knows what that means. I hope it is a signal they are starting to moved out personnel but I wouldn’t get your hopes up. I haven’t even heard rumors of senior leadership rotating out.”

“Yeah, wishing thinking I guess. I mean why would I want to plan anything it’s not like I just got married or something,” the sarcasm dripping from Alex’s voice ever present.

“Where are you going to go for your honeymoon?”

“Honestly, right now we might opt for a staycation. I have been traveling so much I just want to be home. I feel bad because Maggie has been there the whole time. I was thinking after we don’t leave our beds for a solid 72 hours we could head to The Ritz or some other way too expenses hotel for a couple nights and just be pampered.”

“That sounds like an excellent idea. Just remember to plan a honeymoon in the future. Getting away from life is always a good idea.”

“What about you? Any big plans with Sara?”

Ava couldn’t help but blush just thinking about Sara and what would happen the first time they saw each other. She was actually incredibly nervous for it, some days not wanting the deployment to end, other days wishing she was home immediately.
“I don’t know. I mean it will be the first time we see each other in a relationship. It will be the first time we spend any real time together. What if it is awkward? What if we don’t work in person?”

“And what if you see fireworks when you kiss her? What if your skin turns to fire when she touches you? What if you have one of those gross fairytale romances? Ava you guys have been writing and calling each other for months without so much as an awkward moment or sentence you want back. There is nothing indicating that when you see each other again it will be anything but the stuff of legends.”

Ava lost herself in the daydream that was Sara Lance. That smile, those eyes, her freckles…Ava loved everything that made up Sara and she couldn’t wait to learn more.

“Oh yeah you got it bad,” Alex laughed at her friend.

Sara had spent the last hour setting everything up that she would need for this last run through. She checked and rechecked she had everything when the door opened.

“Thank god you’re here,” Sara sighed, “I’m borderline OCD over here.”

Laurel and Maggie laughed at the poor girl. The soft opening was next weekend and Sara was finalizing the special menus for the soft opening and grand opening in addition to other bar tasks. The girl was busy to say the least.

“Remind me again why I thought this was something I wanted,” Sara joked.

“Because your one of the best bar tenders in the state, probably the country. You have skills baby sis and your going to crush this.”

“And if you fail at least everyone will be very, very drunk,” Maggie smirked.

“Thanks for that. I hope your prepared to get very, very drunk right now,” Sara said gesturing to her line up of liquors behind her.

“I am sooooo ready for this,” Maggie smiled shimmying out of her leather jacket and sitting at the island.

“Ditto,” Laurel said joining Maggie at the island.
“Ok so here is a drink list of all original ideas. Some will be exclusively for the soft opening, others for the grand opening and some for both. You pick one, I will show you how I make it and you let me know what you think.”

“Ohhh this is excellent. VIP service from a top bar tender for free…I think you’re my new favorite Lance,” Maggie laughed as Laurel playfully hit her shoulder.

“I see how it is…just wait to you need me to sign off on a search warrant.”

“I will come bearing chocolate.”

“Just so long as we understand each other,” Laurel winked.

“Can we focus please…this is serious.” “Sar relax, you are the best but I get practice makes perfect. Let’s start with…ohh how about a strawberry shot to start us off,” Laurel decided looking everything over.

“Agreed alcohol and fruit a totally balanced meal. Let’s have it Lance,” Maggie agreed.

“For those the shots will already be made before hand because they take time to set but there is a little presentation with it,” Sara explained pulling out a row of strawberries from the fridge. “Most bars just use Jell-O because it is quick and easy but I have my own mix.”

Maggie and Laurel watched as Sara dipped the strawberries in a sugar rim and top it with a swirl of whipped cream. She placed two on each plate garnished with the green tops of the strawberries and pushed them towards her customers.

“Cheers,” Laurel said holding up a strawberry.

Maggie tapped her strawberry against Laurels before popping it in her mouth. Sara laughed as she watched the two consume the first “drink” and couldn’t help but laugh at their theatrics. They banged their hands against the island top and let out exaggerated moans of delight.

“All right guys, what do you think?”

“I’m not usually one for Jell-O shots but holy fuck was that good,” Maggie said already eyeing up the second strawberry on her plate.

“I’ll second that. Seriously Sara what the hell is in that shot? The flavor just explodes in my mouth.”

“It’s my secret gelatin recipe.”

“It’s got my vote.”

“Me too…except I don’t think I will not like anything on this list,” Maggie said eyeing it up.

“Ok, what’s next. I will just make one drink you can split so I don’t give you both alcohol poisoning tonight.”
“Party pooper…let’s try the White Cosmopolitan. Why in the hell is this drink $30,” Maggie’s eyes popped out of her head seeing the price tag.

“You will see,” Sara smirked getting to work.

Maggie and Laurel watched as Sara mixed together vodka, white cranberry juice and St. Germain Elderflower liqueur. So far nothing screamed over the top warranting an extravagant price tag. As Sara went to pour the drink she turned her back to the audience, information them this was not something she would do at the bar, before grabbing something from the freezer.

“Holy shit,” Maggie said her jaw actually dropping.

“I don’t know if I want to drink it or frame it,” Laurel added starring at the breathtaking drink sitting before them.

“What is that?”

“An orchid frozen in a perfect sphere of ice and illuminated but a tiny LED light in the bottom of these special martini glasses. I do use other flowers as well but so far this flower has the most pop. I am more likely to change the flower out for holidays or special occasions.”

“I would pay $50 for this,” Maggie stated, “at least once anyway.”

“Good to know. Now how does it taste.”

Laurel and Maggie split the drink each taking a sip from the smaller glass.

“Delicious.”

“This is definitely a grand opening drink.”

“Agreed, I have scheduled it exclusively for the grand opening. A replica drink will be on display in the VIP area but anyone can order it. What’s next?”

“Hmmm oh how about The Captains Punch.”

Sara couldn’t help but smile just hearing the request for the drink.

“What was that,” Laurel asked quickly jumping on the moment?

“What was what,” Sara asked snapping out of her daydream?

“That…that little smile.”

“I don’t know what your talking about,” Sara deflected getting the ingredients in order.
“OH MY GOD…its her drink,” Maggie jumped up knowing she was right.

“Who’s,” Laurel asked confused.

Maggie just gave Laurel an are you kidding me look.

“Oh my god you made her a drink that’s so cute.”

“Yeah whatever,” Sara mumbled trying to downplay the situation.

“I never had anyone make a drink after me before.”

“Me either,” Maggie piped up.

“Maybe if you weren’t such brats I would consider it.”

“I want a fruit drink but low on sugar…that’s what gives you the nasty hangover,” Laurel requested.

“I want scotch.”

“I’m pretty sure I am the bartender here…when you earn a drink I will create it.”

“Ohhh now we have to earn her love,” Laurel playfully rolled her eyes.

“I have pictures of Ava I could bribe you with,” Maggie laughed.

Sara froze for a moment hearing about pictures from Ava. Maggie winked before Sara got back to work. Sara tried to concentrate on her job but the peanut gallery behind her were teasing and laughing so much it made it hard. Finally, Sara presented them with a multicolored drink and popped in an American flag tooth pick in to finish it off.

“Mine as well just call this drink Proud to be an American,” Maggie smiled.

“Or I’m Ava’s bitch whichever,” Laurel laughed with Maggie joining in.

“I mean you don’t have to try it,” Sara sneered taking the drink away.

“Hey get back here,” Laurel said quickly grabbing her arm, “we kid because we love.”

“The alcohol at least,” Maggie winked.

Sara couldn’t help but roll her eyes but busting up laughing.

“This one is made up of Cranberry juice, pineapple juice, Captain Morgan and garnished with a pineapple and flag.”
“Funny, I do believe those are Ava’s favorite ingredients.”

“Hmm I wouldn’t know,” Sara said playing innocent.

“You suck at lying,” Laurel said before taking a sip followed by Maggie.

“When Ava gets home you better have a gallon of this because she’s been dry for months and she is going to loooove this drink,” Maggie endorsed it.

Sara just smiled hoping that was true.

“You don’t even get a choice for the next drink…here,” Sara said placing a drink down in front of them.

Laurel and Maggie both looked at the fairly basic drink sitting in from of them, almost a little unimpressed.

“It will be presented better in the bar,” Sara said reading their minds.

“What it is?”

“Lavender Lemonade.”

“All yours kid,” Maggie said shoving it over towards Laurel.

She picked the drink up and took a sip. She took another before giving her opinion.

“That is fantastic,” she said taking another sip.

“Oh my god fine give me the glass,” Maggie said curious to see what all the fuss was about.

“Well,” Sara asked impatiently?

“Fruity drinks aren’t first on my list to order but damn Lance you’re converting me over. The lemonade brings a pop but then the lavender really mellows this out. I’d buy it.”

“And that is a ringing endorsement from the scotch queen.”

Sara made a few more drinks each better than the last. Laurel and Maggie were both impressed by the creatively, simplicity and diversity Sara showed in her drinks. It was very clear she had a passion for blending alcohol into something amazing. Both women were well into being tipsy but not drunk. They were thankful Sara made them split drinks or they for certain would have been on the floor by now.
“I do have a treat for you Maggie. Just know this is very much so a one-time thing…Tommy would probably kill me if he knew I swiped this. No ratting me out sis,” Sara playfully pointing a finger at her older sister.

“Who me,” Laurel asked holding her hands up in mock surrender?

“Yes, you girlfriend of said club owner.”

“Give me a taste of this surprise and I will keep my mouth shut.”

“Unlikely,” Sara winked before turning her back to her guests and pouring three drinks.

Sara hid the bottle before returning to the island with three glasses of an amber liquid. Maggie’s eyes were already glowing knowing she was about to taste some good scotch.

“This is to be savored not gulped,” Sara warned.

Maggie nodded before taking a small sample. Sara couldn’t help but laugh as Maggie almost fell out of her chair.

“Holy shit Lance this is the best scotch that I have ever had. What is it,” Maggie asked taking another small sip?

“Nope, no questions until we are done the drinks. Just enjoy them,” Sara said holding her glass up to cheers.

Three glasses clinked together each enjoying the basic drink in front of them. They made small talk and placed an order for food as they finished their drinks.

“Ok, seriously Sara what did I just drink? That must have been an expensive glass. It was so smooth and the flavors just cascaded together in a perfect harmony.”

“I think Maggie just had an orgasmic experience,” Laurel laughed.

“Damn near closet thing to it without Alex around,” Maggie shot back.

“TMI…so how much did we just cost Tommy,” Laurel asked curious herself.

“About $400.”

“A bottle that’s not too bad.”

“A glass,” Sara informed.

“Excuse me? Come again?”
“You just consumed a $400 glass of scotch. I hope you enjoyed it.”

“Every last damn drop. What the hell was it?”

“Macallan No. 6.”

“I love Macallan I have never had this before though…and I probably never will again.”

“Just wait for the club to take off…I might be able to get you the friends and family discount. I know a bartender,” Sara laughed.

Sara was thankful her sister and friend came over to give her feedback and prepare for the soft opening. She felt a touch more relaxed knowing her drinks were on point and if people didn’t have a good time it wouldn’t be because the drinks sucked.

“Hey Daddy-O what can I get ya,” Sara smiled as her dad approached the bar.

“Can’t a father just want to tell his daughter how incredibly proud he is of her,” Quintin said his smile so big Sara thought his face might split.

“Thanks daddy,” Sara said softly a blush creeping up her cheeks.

Sara always wanted to make her parents proud but she never thought she would as bartender. She had to admit she was pretty proud of herself for taking something she was passionate about and turning it into a successful career.

“But really what can I get you…we need all the feedback we can get.”

“Well, the bartender is a little bossy pushing drinks on people,” he laughed.

Sara playfully rolled her eyes.

“Whatever you want to make your old man…non-alcoholic please.”

“I’m proud of you too dad,” Sara said with a smile before heading off to make a drink.

She returned with an Arnold Palmer garnished with a lemon and sprig of mint to dress it up. For a soft opening the place was really jumping. Between Tommy’s friends and family and his investors
friends and family they VIP lounge was pretty full. Friends and family of the club’s employees plus a little word of mouth advertising had the main floor steadily busy.

“Way to be fashionably late to your own boyfriend’s soft opening Laur,” Sara smirked as her sister came to the bar.

“Yeah, well someone needed a last-minute search warrant signed and ONLY because she brought me a very large almond chocolate bar did I appease her.”

“I take it Maggie isn’t here yet,” Sara said looking around but not having seen the short brunette yet that night.

“She should be here soon. They aren’t actually doing the warrant until next week I think.”

“Then why did they need it so urgently tonight?”

“Their CO was being a pain in the ass and wanted it ASAP to prepare for the op.”

“Wait Maggie is a cop…do they even do search warrants?”

“She is attached to the detective’s unit for the next month. They need a female UC.”

“Does that mean that dad…”

“Was the pain in the ass CO? Yup.”

“Ha, that girl deserves a shot immediately upon arrival.”

Not a moment later did she cop show up.

“I need a drink like yesterday,” Maggie said dramatically throwing herself towards the bar.

“This one is on the house,” Sara said placing a shot in front of Maggie, “Now what else can I get ya?”

“Just a beer for now please.”

“Man, you make it too easy…holy shit,” Sara gasped looking past Maggie and Laurel.

“What,” both said in unison looking around?

“Is that Lena Luthor?”

“Oh yeah and Kara is here.”

“Who is Kara,” Laurel asked?

“Alex’s little sister.”

“You know Lena Luther,” Sara asked Maggie?
“Yeah, I arrested her once,” Maggie laughed.

“What?”

“Yeah, she was framed but now we just laugh about it. Don’t let the name fool you, she is a sweetheart.”

“She is coming over here,” Sara said almost panicked.

“Sar chill you run with the Queen’s and the Merlyn’s…she is just another billionaire to add to your list,” Laurel joked.

Sara wanted to strike back at her sister but Lena and Kara arrived before she could.

“Hey Maggie,” Kara said her bubbly personality shining through.

“Kara, I am so glad you could make it,” Maggie said giving her a hug.

“Well, when my sister in law calls and said I need to be here, this cub is going to be a big deal how could I not.”

“Kara, Lena this is Laurel Lance the newest Assistant US Attorney,” Maggie introduced first.

“An ASUA that is good to know,” Lena smiled shaking Laurel’s hand.

“Ha I have only been there a half a minute I don’t think I can pull any favors,” Laurel joked.

“If you see Bob around tell him I said hello.”

“Bob…like Robert Williams, the District Attorney?”

“Yes, he is a good family friend. I haven’t spoken to him in a while, I should really touch base.”

Laurel wasn’t sure what just happened but she feels like it was something important.

“And this is the famous Sara Lance,” Maggie introduced second.

“I wouldn’t say famous,” Sara mumbled.

“Ahh you’re dating Ava,” Kara burst out and almost jumped across the bar to hug Sara.

“As much as someone 2,000 miles away can be dating someone, yeah that’s me. I can’t wait for her to get home.”

“Yeah I have a countdown waiting for Alex to get home…except we don’t actually know the end date. It sucks,” Kara pouted for a half second before her smile returned.

“It is nice to meet you Sara…looks like you have some competition for the most talented sisters,” Lena joked to Kara.
“You guys can go up to the VIP area I am sure Tommy has already given you access,” Sara said hoping Lena’s arrival wasn’t a total surprise.

“No, it is totally alright. I like being down here,” Lena smiled as her eyes drifted to Kara.

“So, what can I get you two?”

“Kara will have a club soda and I would like…oh a glass of the 2005 Château Pétrus. Tommy has some very good taste,” Lena said sounding impressed.

“I actually picked out all the inventory or the bar.”

“Well, then my compliments to you.”

“That sounds good I will have a glass as well,” Laurel added.

“Umm Laur…that’s like $400 a glass,” Sara tried to say as discreetly as possible.

Laurel almost choked on the price tag. Of course, she shouldn’t have ordered what a billionaire was going to drink.

“Don’t worry just put it on my tab…put everyone’s on my tab…please get what you like,” Lena informed their small group.

“Are you serious…because this might be my only time to order another Macallan,” Maggie asked floored by the offer.

“Sara please just get us a bottle of the wine, a bottle of Macallan’s and a little club soda bubbly for Kara and send it over to our booth please,” Lena requested.

Maggie wanted to kiss Lena’s feet right now but also wanted to act like she has been here before. Sara said the order would be right over and Lena and Kara headed for their booth. Laurel and Maggie hung back for a moment.

“Do they know they are gay for each other,” Sara asked with a laugh?

“I’m impressed you picked up on it already. They might be the only two who don’t but they are getting closer to figuring it out,” Maggie chuckled.

“I can’t believe she just picked up a massive tab,” Laurel said still a little shocked.

“Yeah, she does this stuff all the time and I am still a little floored by it. The company Kara works for was going to be sold to a totally corrupt asshole and turn it into his own personal propaganda so Lena bought it,” Maggie explained.

Sara and Laurel looked at each other shocked.
“And that girl still doesn’t know Lena wants to bang her brains out,” Sara asked incredulously.

“Kara can be a little…blind sometimes,” Maggie explained nicely, “they started out as just friends for a while and I think Kara struggles with change. She will get there though…Lena isn’t going anywhere.”

“Well, I will send over the order…wish I could join you but there is many a drink to be made still.”

“Have fun sis….god knows I will,” Laurel smiled and headed off with Maggie to chat more with her new friends.

The soft opening was nothing short of a raging success. There were a few hiccups but nothing they couldn’t sure up before the grand opening. That is what found Sara and Laurel sitting in the living room working on. Sara was putting some finishing touches on the menu for opening night which was two weeks out and Laurel was looking over some contracts. She wasn’t an expert but she knew how to read and understand the very legal terms which Tommy requested her to do even though he had a lawyer.

“Who the…,” Laurel trailed off looking at her ringing phone with some weird ass number on it?

“What’s wrong,” Sara asked looking up from her notepad?

“Oh nothing probably wrong number,” Laurel said accepting the call, “Hello?”

“Laurel. It’s Ava. If you’re near Sara don’t let her know it is me.”

“Tommy? What number is this? It came up weird on my phone?”

“So, I take it Sara is near you?”

“Yeah, I think I saw them in my room just give me a second,” Laurel said getting off the couch.

“What did Tommy forget this time,” Sara asked knowing that boy’s tendency to lose things?

“His watch and office keys. I pretty sure he lost his mind as well the way he leaves things around.”

“And I am trusting this guy with my career goals…TOMMY YOU BETTER NOT FORGET PAYROLL,” Sara shouted loud enough for the person on the phone to hear her.

Laurel laughed and walked back to her room, quietly shutting the door.
“Ava? You still there?”

“Yeah, hi. Sorry to call out of the blue. I know it probably seems stalkerish but I got your number from Maggie.”

“No, it’s not a problem. I probably should have already given it to you. What’s going on?”

“I need your help.”
“How are you holding up Lieutenant,” Ava’s supervisor voice clear as day?

“Nervous actually…you,” Alex said wringing her hands slightly.

“Pretty confident.”

“Of course, you are…you’re Captain Sharpe ready for anything,” Alex joked rolling her eyes.

“When it comes to the important things, always. This might be one of the most important missions we complete…at least to me.”

“Hey, me to! I have really just never been this nervous before and it is wigging me out a little bit. Plus being in batteldress uniforms is making my skin itch,” Alex sighed pulling at the collar of her camouflage jacket.

“Yeah, whoever thought these were a good idea was clearly drunk,” Ava chuckled.

“That is probably a true statement.”

“Just think in a couple of hours this will all be over and everyone will be better off for it.”

“You better be right,” Ava gave her the side eye.

“I’m always right,” Ava said with a confident smile, laughing was Alex threw a crumpled-up piece of paper at her.

“LAUREL WHERE IS THE STRAIGHTENER,” Sara yelled from the bathroom.

“How the hell should I know I got my hair done this morning,” Laurel yelled back from the bedroom.

“I swear to god if I come in there and find it, I am going to kick your ass and mess up your hair,” Sara banged another cabinet closed.

Sara stopped when she heard a bedroom door slam closed. She popped her head in the hallway and
saw the straightener sitting there in front of Laurel’s, presumably locked, bedroom door.

“BRAT I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS FOR TEN MINUTES,” Sara yelled through the door.

“WELL, YOU DIDN’T FIND IT IN HERE SO THERE WILL BE NO ASS KICKING TONIGHT.”

“The night is still young,” Sara grumbled heading back into the bathroom to continue getting ready.

It was the Grand Opening of Veritas and anyone who was anyone was going to be there tonight. The guest list was packed to the point usual VIPs were being pushed to the main floor, the upstairs section simply overflowing. Tommy was hoping to turn the whole club into a VIP experience tonight and keep everyone happy and wanting to come back for more.

However, since it was the opening night and famous faces were going to be popping up left and right everyone was a little on edge. Laurel was stressed and nervous for her boyfriend knowing this was his dream playing out. He had a goal of creating something separate of his family and all of his own and he had done it. She tried to be there for him and do anything to help him relax, but she knew he had one focus in mind and he was set on his goal. She really admired his drive towards making this club successful but that just added pressure to make sure tonight went off without a hitch.

Sara had been a bit all over the place as well, practically living at the club the last 36 hours making sure everything was set for opening night. They were missing a case of champagne and she practically jumped through the phone to strangle the sales rep. Luckily Sin was around to take that particular phone call and handle the small fires. Everything that could be pre-prepped was ready and now the only this she really had to do was getting dressed and get down to the club…that was if her and her sister didn’t kill each other getting out the door.

“Is that what your wearing,” Laurel asked standing in her sister’s doorway?

“Yes, Laurel. I will be working tonight. I can’t show up in a red ballgown,” Sara said eyeing her sister up.

“I’m not saying you should but damn show off your assets.”

“Excuse me.”

Sara watched as Laurel walked over to her closet and rummaged through it before pulling out a sleeveless black top. She grinned tossing it to her sister.

“Put that on, trust me everyone with a pulse will be drooling over your arms.”
Sara immediately looked down a little shelf conscious of her arms.

“They look too strong it will probably scare them off.”

“No way in hell…its hot to be a strong woman.”

“I’m sure Ava will love to hear my sister is trying to pimp me out.”

“I’m not saying hook up with anyone…in fact I am strictly forbidding that.”

“Forbidding huh,” Sara asked with a raised eyebrow?

“Yes, you’re a little badass but your girlfriend is a big badass and I don’t want to have to search for your body when she gets back and finds out.”

“The thought actually never crossed my mind. OH MY GOD! What if I flirt and don’t mean to? What if someone gives me their number? I really am not interested in other people but I don’t know sometimes it just comes across that way.”

“Sweetie relax. You’re a people person and you like engaging other people. There is nothing wrong with that and it is part of the reason your amazing at your job. You will know when something doesn’t feel right and back out of a situation. You did it before, just trust yourself.”

Sara nodded while quickly striping off her one shirt and putting on the sleeveless tank.

“How do I look?”

“Stunning babe…lets rock this,” Laurel smiled offering Sara her hand.

By the time they got to the club Tommy where already there running around. Laurel went back into the office to hang up his suit he was supposed to change into later. Sara made her rounds around the bar double checking things, although at this point it was about the tenth check. She took a moment to watch as her barbacks, waiters and waitresses, hostesses, chefs, and others roamed around. She remembered back to when it was an empty concrete warehouse with a leaky roof. The transformation of this build and all the work Tommy put in was really something incredible.

“Hey Sara I need you to do something for me,” Tommy said approaching.

“Sure, what is it,” she asked hoping it wasn’t a crazy last-minute request.
He simply handed her a bottle and whispered instructions.

“CAN I HAVE EVERYONE’S ATTENTION PLEASE,” Tommy called out, “EVERYONE GATHER ROUND FOR A MOMENT.”

He waited a minute as everyone from various part of the club made their way to center stage.

“I just wanted to thank everyone for all the hard work they have put in over the last couple of months to make this club and this night possible. I know sometimes I was a pain in the ass but I’m not sorry,” he laughed, “I think this club is going to something special and it is in no small part due to all of you. We have DJ Marshmello in the house tonight to set this place on fire and some other surprises along the way. I just wanted to take this moment before all hell breaks loose to raise my glass to all of you and say thank you for making my dreams come true.”

Tommy waited as a few waiters walked by handing everyone a plastic shot glass filled with premium whiskey. Once he saw everyone had a shot, he raised his glass higher nodding before downing the shot. Everyone else quickly followed.

“NOW LET’S GET THIS PARTY STARTED.”

“Do you see them,” Alex asked peering over Ava’s shoulder?

“Yes, get back,” Ava whispered pushing Alex back against the wall and spinning back to conceal herself.

“Are we safe,” Alex asked trying to control her breathing?

“Yeah, we are good. We have come too far to call this mission a failure now. We just have to hang back and lay low until we are clear.”

“I’m getting a little antsy here.”

“It won’t be long now. We have them in our sights, we just have to be patient.”

“Easy for you to say,” Alex huffed.
Ava gave her first lieutenant and best friend a sympathetic smile. Every mission brought some risk, some more so than other. This one, while not life and death brought on new challenges they hadn’t faced before, but Ava was confident because they were tackling it together.

“Sara I am going to tell you something but you have to promise not to freak out,” Sin said walking behind the main bar.

“What is it?”

“You didn’t promise.”

“SIN.”

“Fine we ran out of Dom.”

“What? How is that even possible?”

“SARA, calm down do not alarm anyone. I sent Jackie and Bob to different store to get whatever they had in stock but we need a long-term solution here. It is not even midnight and the VIPs are guzzling Dom like its water,” Sin said amazing at how much people could consume.

“Ok, get on the phone with three of our distributors order 5 cases from each and tell them they are competing against two other companies…the first to arrive gets a $1,000 cash tip. Tip the other two nicely but keep it reasonable.”

“On it boss,” Sin said already heading for the back.

“AND STOP CALLING ME BOSS.”

“Well, you sound nice and relaxed.”

Sara spun around and saw Maggie, Lena and Kara standing there.

“Oh yeah you know nothing like a grand opening to keep the blood pressure down,” Sara smirked, “you ladies just getting here?”

“Oh no we were upstairs for a while,” Maggie nodded to the VIP section.

“Yeah, I am pretty sure if I didn’t make the rounds up there Tommy’s head would have exploded,” Lena laughed.

“Oh one thousand percent. He freaked out you didn’t go up there last time and was afraid you weren’t on some list and he might have offended you.”

“He needs to relax and realize I am just a regular person,” Lena smiled.
“I’m sorry what drink do you have in your hand,” Sara questioned knowing full well what it was.

“Oh, a Dom-ara. Tasty little thing, my compliments to the bartender,” Lena titled her glass towards Sara.

“Thank you very much, but that is not a normal person drink. You are a very impressive woman Ms. Luthor and I am glad I have the privilege of being able to call you Lena and a friend. You have a big reputation just give Tommy the chance to know you a little… he will relax.”

“Yeah, you can be a little scary to walk up to,” Kara said with a smile, “but once you say hi and show people your heart, they see quickly just how impressive you really are.”

Lena and Kara got lost in each other’s smiles. Sara and Maggie shared a knowing looked before Sara got everyone’s attention.

“And on that note, anyone need a refill.”

“Beer me,” Maggie said placing her bottle on the bar top.

“Club soda please.”

“And Lena…”

“All on my tab…yes Maggie you can change your drink to scotch,” Lena laughed.

Sara got Kara’s drink first before teasing Maggie, but ultimately getting her the bronze liquid gold she was looking for. Sara looked up when the music died down and Tommy took to the stage.

“What is he doing now,” Maggie wondered?

“No, idea. Probably just thanking everyone for being here tonight. This really has been his dream and I think tonight has been going pretty well.”

“CAN I HAVE EVERYONE’S ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT,” Tommy said into the mic.

He waited a few minutes for the chatter in the club to die down.

“I won’t take up much of your time, it seems like everyone is havin fun tonight,” Tommy smiled.

Everyone in the club cheered.
“That’s what I like to hear. I have to say this idea came to me almost a year ago when I was trying to figure out what I could do that was mine. I know a lot of you know my family and their company, but I wanted to branch out from them. While this idea might have been mine there are so many people that trusted me and made this night possible.”

Sara went on making drinks while she heard Tommy list his investors and thank various managers and staff. She was really impressed with his passion for the club and commitment to make sure everyone felt included.

“And last but not least I want to thank my girlfriend Laurel. It’s amazing I can still call her my girlfriend after putting up with me for the last several months.”

The club broke out laughter and cheers.

“I’m very lucky and fortunate I am able to stand before you today living my dreams with my friends, family and this amazing woman by my side,” he said giving Laurel a kiss, “not everyone is lucky enough to have that. So, when I got a call to help my friends, I didn’t hesitate to do everything in my power to help. I have honestly never had a chance to be a part of something like this and it is pretty cool. Without further ado, please everyone join me in welcoming home…direct from National City Airforce base after a long deployment First Lieutenant Alex Danvers and Captain Ava Sharpe.”

The crowd explode as hype music came one and the two-woman dressed in their army fatigues made their way to the stage. The crowd started chanting USA, USA so loudly it drowned out the music. Alex and Ava waved as they were furiously looking though the crowd trying to find a few specific people, but with a packed house and everyone going nuts it was almost impossible.

Sara and Maggie looked at each other stunned. They had no idea any of this was happening and still thought Alex and Ava were overseas. It only took another second for Maggie to take off towards the stage. Kara wanted to speed after her, but Lena gripped her arm.

“Give them a minute,” Lena said kissing Kara’s cheek knowing how hard it was to wait even a fraction of a moment longer.

Kara squirmed but understood. Sara still couldn’t believe she was seeing Ava in person and in her fatigues…defiantly drool worthy.
“What are you waiting for…go get your girl,” Laurel nudged her sister.

“I…I um…working…can’t,” Sara bumbled out barely able to for a coherent sentence.

“Don’t worry Tommy knows…even the famous bartender gets a thirty-minute break. I suggest you use it wisely.”

“You knew,” Sara asked confused?

“Let’s just say she is special Sara and you should hold onto this one.”

The club was still going crazy as Maggie and Alex reunited on stage not caring who was around. A few minutes later Kara forced her way on stage as well and tackled her sister with hugs and kisses. Before anyone could settle down the DJ was hyping everyone up again ready to keep the party going. After being frozen for a moment Sara bolted through the crowd and caught up to Ava before she could step off stage.

“I was looking for you,” Ava said with a bright smile.

“I have been waiting far to long to do this,” Sara said pausing just a moment to give Ava a chance to back out.

When no resistance came, Sara pulled Ava in her arms and gently pressed her lips against her girlfriends. The soft kiss quickly grew heated, the only thing breaking them apart was the crowd whistling and catcalling. Knowing Ava wasn’t one for attention, Sara broke the kiss and led her off stage.

Instead of heading back to the bar Sara took them to a back office with a little more privacy. She had so many questions and a loud club was not conducive to conversation.

“Hey,” Ava smiled again as Sara shut the door behind them.

“Hey,” Sara couldn’t help but smile.

For a few moments Ava and Sara stood in each other’s arms, foreheads resting together just enjoying being able to touch one another.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming home? How long have you been back? How long did you know you were coming back? How long are you home for?”

“Whoa easy tiger we have some time,” Ava said directing them over to the couch.
“Sorry, I am just so surprised.”

“That was in fact that goal,” Ava smirked.

“I don’t know whether to shove you off the couch or kiss you.”

“I would prefer the latter.”

Sara smiled and leaned over for another kiss.

“I don’t think I am ever going to get tired of that.”

“Me either.”

“OK, so start talking…when, where, how.”

“I have only known for about a week…they really didn’t give us much notice this time but it is almost better that way. When we have an official date too far in advance the countdown can be torture and sometimes the date can be pushed which is just depleting.”

“I can’t even imagine being that devastated.”

“I guess the stars aligned for us. I called Laurel to let her know Maggie and I were coming home. I thought we could do something small and simple like getting everyone together for drinks and us just show up. Laurel and I have been back and for the last couple days and a ton over the last 24 hours trying to figure everything out. I was in Germany for about 18 hours and I could actually call her like a normal person.”

“That’s why she has been darting out of the room and acting weird with her phone all week,” the light bulb coming on for Sara.

“She really has been amazing. She had multiple plans for if we arrived before the opening, if we arrived after the opening and of course if we arrived during the opening.”

“Wow so you legit like just got here?”

“Yeah, pretty much. God I don’t even know what day it is. I haven’t slept in like 27 hours.”

“What! How are you even functioning right now?”

“Pretty much pure adrenaline and desire to see you.”

“I apricate that greatly but you still need sleep.”

“And miss the famous bartender in action? Never! I might have been overseas but don’t think I haven’t heard about the Black Canary.”

Sara groaned dropping her head into her hands.
“Tommy’s PR guy thought it would be a good stage name.”

“I think it is hot.”

Sara’s head shot up and she smirked.

“Well, if you like it who am I to complain.”

“Let’s get out there I need a drink and I hear I have one in my honor.”

“Laurel has a big mouth,” Sara grumbled as she took Ava’s hand and let her back out to the bar.

When Sara returned to the bar Maggie, Alex, Lena, Kara, Laurel and Tommy had all commandeered a section for themselves. It seemed everyone was finally pairing off as Maggie was glue into Alex’s arms, Kara and Lena were leaning into each other, Laurel and Tommy were already sickening sweet and now Sara had Ava.

“I feel like this group needs a drink,” Sara said getting behind the bar but not releasing Ava’s hand just yet.

“Hell yes lets celebrate the return of our hero’s,” Tommy shouted over the music.

“What will it be,” Sara asked finally getting back into bartender mode?

“Bartenders choice,” Ava announced taking control.

“Risky Ms. Sharpe but coming right up.”

Ava couldn’t take her eyes off Sara as she flowed behind the bar. She moved with such ease and precision it was impressive. She finally lined up 10 shots along the bar filling each tiny glass without a wasteful drop.

“Why are there 10,” Kara asked?

“Because a couple people need to catch up,” Sara smirked.

“And what is this little drink called,” Maggie asked knowing it would be good but still a little fearful of what it was?

“Sunburn.”

The group laughed and each took a tiny glass.
“To making it home safe,” Sara held up her glass and everyone followed.

“And the amazing sex to be had tonight,” Tommy followed.

They all laughed for downing the shot. Alex and Ava cheered their second shot and quickly down the burning liquid.

“Oh yeah sunburn is a great name for that one,” Alex said clearing her throat. “Now please get me a glass of scotch.”

“Make that a double,” Maggie added.

“Get your girl The Captains Punch so we can drink to the night we probably won’t remember,” Tommy laughed knowing none of the group would get that drunk tonight.

Over the course of the night Ava mostly sat at the bar talking to friends and strangers that often times bought her drinks. All she really wanted to do was watch Sara work and just be around her. The letters she received from Sara describing her passion for bartending were great but nothing to compare to seeing her in action. Occasionally she would dance with Alex, Maggie or Kara but wouldn’t be away from the bar for very long.

Sara had never been more thankful for last call or having a staff that could clean up and reset the bar so she didn’t have to. There were some perks for being the boss. While Alex and Maggie left a couple hours ago, most their friends stuck it out until the very end.

“I can’t wait to face plant into bed,” Kara hummed barely keeping her eyes open.

“I might not be face planting but bed is certainly calling my name,” Lena concurred.

“Oh crap I have to call an uber, I came with Maggie.”

“I will have my driver take us…no one should be calling an Uber at this hour. Sara, Ava do you need a ride,” Lena offer?

“Oh, no we are good thank you. Just make sure Kara is…taken care of,” Sara smiled.

“Absolutely.”

Sara chuckled as she watched a more drunk Kara lean on Lena as they headed for her town car.
“They aren’t married,” Ava asked confused?

Sara burst out laughing.

“They aren’t even officially dating but I am pretty confident they are waking up in bed together tomorrow.”

“Oh crap I need to call a hotel…now I feel like Kara.”

“What? Don’t you have an apartment?”

“I do but I am renting it out until the end of the month. I usually just crash with Maggie and Alex but I am not going need that house for a solid 48 hours and not until it gets disinfected,” Ava laughed.

“Good plan. Come stay with me,” Sara said without thinking.

“What?”

“…um yeah I mean why not? You need a bed, I have a bed,” Sara smiled.

“Sara, thank you…but I am just so tired. I don’t think I…”

“Hey, no there are no expectations here Ava. I’m exhausted I know you have to be beyond exhausted. I just want…I just want to be around you as much as possible. God that sounds lame.”

“Not at all, take me back to your place.”

Sara looked into Ava’s eyes to see if this was something she really wanted and found nothing but the truth. She took Ava’s hand and they headed back to her apartment.

“So this is home,” Sara said opening the door.

“Wow its nice.”

“Did you think I lived in a little shack,” Sara laughed.

“No, sorry god no. I’m just delirious at this point.”

“Let’s get you to bed.”

“Maybe a shower first.”

“Right shower on it,” Sara said feeling like a teenager bringing a girl home for the first time or something.

“And Sara?”
“Yeah?”

“Relax,” Ava said giving her a soft kiss.

Sara took a deep breath and practically melted into Ava. This woman really had an effect on her. Sara got her fresh towels and pointed her in the direction of the bathroom advising her she could use anything in there and take as long as she needed. While Ava was showering Sara stripped her bed and changed the sheet for Ava. She didn’t know what living on a base was like but she imagined thread counts weren’t on the army’s priority list.

“Sorry I took so long but the hot water felt amazing. It really is the simple things in life you miss the most.”

“No worries, you deserve a long hot shower. I hope you feel better now.”

“Amazing but still ready to pass out.”

“I changed the sheets so everything is fresh. You obviously know where the bathroom is and kitchen if you get hungry. I put water on your bedside table.”

“Thanks,” Ava smiled but it faulted as she watched Sara shuffle towards the door. “Where are you going?”

“I wasn’t sure if you wanted me to stay or I could sleep in Laurel’s room.”

“Stay, please.”

Sara smiled and walked back to her bed pulling back the covers.

“Oh my god I think I am in heaven,” Ava melted into the comfort that was Sara’s mattress.

“Best mattress on the lot, 50-year warranty, and it’s like sleeping on a cloud. Best investment I ever made.”

Sara slide into bed next to Ava and she was convinced Ava had already fallen asleep. Once Sara settle in, she hit the bedside lamp allowing only the moon to illuminate the room. It only took but a minute before Sara was being spooned into Ava’s arms and the Captain’s breathing to even out.

“I am certainly in heaven,” Sara whispered before succumbing to sleep herself.
First I need to say thank you, thank you, thank you to everyone who reads and comments and likes this story. It really does mean a lot to see people enjoy something I write.

I should also add I am not a big drinker so any drink mentioned in this story I pulled directly from the good old internet lol

So now for the good news, I got this story to a point where our girls are together. The bad news is either this will be the last chapter or there will be major delays and/or I won't be able to post until September. I am away for work training for 4 months and the intensity of the training leaves me very little time to write. I will certainly try if people are interested but I make no promises.

Sorry for any mistakes I know there are a bunch especially later in the chapter but I'm a week in and already have zero time. I just badly wanted to get this chapter out. Thank you again!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!