Emboldened by Red Kryptonite, Kara and Lena Luthor take control of Cadmus and decide to change the hearts and minds of the women of the Arrowverse—and look good doing it. Is the universe prepared to handle this burgeoning new world order?
Chapter 1

CHAPTER 1:
Lena slammed her whisky down on the table with a glower. Her foray into villainy so far had been less than ideal, especially in comparison to the work she had accomplished whilst on the other side of the light. Before she had started to follow in the family lineage, she had been a bastion of success. But now, she was finding herself unable to pull the trigger on any of her plans.
It had come so easy to Lex. Why had it come so easy to Lex?
She decided to approach this question as she did with all questions, using logic and science. First was the obvious question of what was motivating this shift. That was easy; it had been anger. A broken heart. Feelings of betrayal at the hands of Supergirl. Of Kara. She wanted to make Kara pay. She wanted to see her hurt the way she had hurt her. And this became moments of steely resolve.
Resolve that crumbled when she considered what that meant. Her first kernel of doubt was whether hurting Supergirl meant hurting the rest of the city as well. And she had no beef with the rest of the city, nor its citizens. Save for pockets of frustrating people, the city had been kind to her in her mission to redeem herself from the family name and the baggage tied intrinsically to it, baggage that she was now finding herself attempting to willingly lift and struggling mightily. They didn't deserve to be collateral damage. Did they? Just because she was mad at Kara?
And why was she even mad? It's possible that Kara had good intentions in deceiving her, wanted to avoid the baggage that came from their warring families, wanted to avoid the baggage of what inevitably happens to those in a hero's life when the hero's life is made public. She had seen what Lex was willing to do to Lois Lane, to James Olson before he moved here, to Perry White. Supergirl had no dearth of enemies, and Lena had enough of a target on her back without that as well.
No. It was no excuse. Kara knew that she valued honesty and openness above all. She shared with Kara all of her own secrets, discussed her family legacy, and Kara for all she knew could have run back to her cousin and worked to hit her where it hurts even further.
She should have told her. She set their friendship under false pretenses. Lena may not have done anything differently, but she'd never have the chance to make that call. She wanted so badly to punch Supergirl down, to make her hurt, to take the control over their dynamic. Not to kill her, no, and not even to end their friendship permanently, because despite everything she still annoyingly loved the little brat, and it would break her heart to fully destroy her.
And there, she tripped on her problem.
Her heart. She was thinking with her heart. Or rather, the brain chemicals and areas that poets ascribe to the heart, that channeled empathy, remorse, guilt, outrage. The anterior insula and midcingulate cortices. The somatosensory cortex. The ventromedial prefrontal cortex. She cursed her strength in these areas, of the socialization of women in general to be stronger in these areas. If she could re-route those feelings to become a feeling of pleasure, of ecstasy even, she could be just as effective if not moreso than a supervillain than her brother. They were both geniuses, but only she was encumbered by this.
Yes, a reroute. But why stop with her? Women everywhere were being subjugated to not being the CEO, to not being the supervillain, to not being the damsel, to not being elected (though they'd had a female president, but she turned out to be an alien), because they were not trained in the macrocosm of the Cobra Kai dojo. They were not being told it was okay to have a killer instinct. Think about how this will affect others, Susan. Think about how it hurts your man to not be home to cook dinner because of your promotion, Beatrice.
This had just become bigger than her and Kara.
In fact, Kara could prove a valuable ally working alongside her. They could truly rule. And this would satisfy her desire to redefine their friendship on her own terms.
And now came the technical part. How to do it? Clearly no one would be willing to go through brain surgery, so it would need to be an external source that could conduct inwards. A quick scan of the brain showed that all of the required sections in the brain lay in the center, between the middle and front of the head. Well that's easy, Lena smiled to herself. So all she would need is a conductor to reroute the signals from the center of the brain to the fr-

It was so obvious.

All it would take is a front hair poof. She could build the technology into a fastener clip placed neatly at the center. Then the clip could use the hairs as conductor wires to send messages to the brain. Doing a vertical poof in front would increase the kinetic energy of the stimuli, resulting in an instantaneous signal shift. And continuous wear would train the brain to automatically redirect those signals, permanently offing any sense of empathy and making evil enjoyable and desirable. With enough power to the signal, in fact, that retrain could also be managed in under an hour. And once she had Kara on board, they could enlist the services of the two best scientists Kara knew - Caitlin Snow and Felicity Smoak. They could mass produce. They could build their army of women, all at the same level, working for evil not because of some gross hypnotism or zombification control, but just because it makes them happy. Like rich deep chocolate happy.

Lena got to work on the device while following her thought patterns so as to not gain cold feet and start being weighed down by the very emotions she was seeking to control.

Kara. Her thought drifted back. Kara never wore her hair in a poof. It was always pulled back in a bun or ponytail, or straight down in flowing locks while in the cape and tights. Kara would often tease her sister in earshot of Lena about spending so much time on her looks. It was meant to be playful joshing, as they were wont to do and as Kara was not a malicious person by nature, but Lena knew that Kara would blanche and be awkward about an attempt at a changed hairstyle. She'd need a holdover. Something like -

Yes. It was perfect.

Lena's smile grew dark and sinister as she fixed up her hair and affixed the clip to her head. The effect was as quick as she'd hoped, the look was as stylish as she'd hoped, and as an added bonus the rewiring was giving her a much needed head massage. She wasn't worried about hurting Kara anymore. She wasn't worried about hurting National City anymore. In fact, she found herself humming with excitement at the thought.
Lena has a gift for Supergirl. She finds herself *looking* so good...her thoughts are a different matter.

CHAPTER 2
Kara grumbled and pulled the blankets back over her head. It was only 10 am after all; what was this indignance?
"Come ON, Kara," Alex huffed.
"Why?"
"Because you need to get up," Alex stated, in her scary even-keel I-run-the-Agency-now voice. But Kara wasn't getting up or backing down.
"It's not like I have a job to go to now cause Lena fired me and never told me why."
"Well then you need to patrol. Or do something to keep on your routine so that when you do get back to work you're not late all the time again. At least trim these beautiful flowers Mon El sent you from Daxom."
"Okay, okay, I'm going. Sorry Alex," Kara sighed and started shuffling out of bed, vamping for time in hopes Alex will forget but also acknowledging her annoyingly valid point. Kara's cell buzzed at this point. Lena. Kara played with her hands nervously in debate of whether she should answer. She wasn't mad at Lena, but ashamed that she must have done something wrong to hurt their friendship and working relationship. Also frustrated that she had no idea what and could thus not swoop in and fix it, but mostly ashamed that it must have been pretty bad. But this was the first time Lena had called her in days and she didn't want to disappoint her again. Also maybe everything was going to hell without her and Lena reconsidered. A girl could dream.
"H-hi Lena," Kara said.
"Well hello there yourself, sunshine."
"What's up...girlfriend?" Kara twitched at how awkward that obviously spilled out.
"Well I haven't heard from you much."
"You did fire me." Kara was finding her voice again. "Which I'm not sure why but-"
"That's why I'm calling. Extend an olive branch. Discuss a new position. You just weren't right for that one. Mani-Pedis on me."
"Wow! Okay, that's amazing. I knew you didn't stop loving-"
"Yeah, sure. I've got my girl coming by my office to get us all nice and pampered and dolled up." "I'll be there in a jif."
Kara hung up. Alex shot a look of consternation.
"What?" Kara shot. "You wanted me up and out."
"I don't trust this, Kara," Alex warned.
"You never do. But I should at least see this through. Could be an exciting new opportunity."
Alex sighed. At least she was up.
-----------
Lena met Kara at the door with a hug. Kara returned it with the exuberance she felt she was missing.
"Okay, okay, you're crushing me," Lena laughed.
"Sorry," Kara smiled. Lena gestured towards a chair, with a young nail tech standing close by. "I never did things like this much, Alex wasn't really into it and I didn't have many girlfriends. So
how does this work?"
"Well, I picked out a color that I think both suits you and looks supes professional," Lena responded. Kara shrugged and sat down. Lena put out her hand to her nail tech. Kara followed suit. The nail tech grabbed her brush and stroked on a brilliant crimson.
"Oh wow, this is nice!" Kara beamed then began to feel...hot. "Lena, did you turn up the heat?"
"Oh no, dear, that's all you," Lena chirped.
"I really do like this color though," Kara stated. A new sensation drifted over her. Not new that she hadn't felt before, just one she hadn't expected.
"I do too. I also got you matching lipstick." Lena handed Kara the stick; Kara put it on and smacked. "Perfect. It makes you look...powerful."
"Yes."
"Regal."
"Yes." Kara's voice grew darker. The tenor of her smile shifted.
"Like you could rule over."
"These pathetic little ants. Like I could be their god. Hey, why am I NOT being worshipped?"
"You are Supergirl, after all."
"Yeah! That's the problem. Supergirl is weak, pathetic, never puts herself first. Fuck her."
"And Kara Danvers does?"
"She does now."
"Brilliant. How would you like to never feel that weak again?"
"I don't follow."
"The nail polish, the lipstick, that's all red kryptonite. You remember red kryptonite."
"Yeah. And I remember coming down from that. It was such a drag. I was so whiny and apologetic. Oh please forgive me, waah, waah, I didn't mean it. So pathetic." Kara groaned.
"Come work with me at Cadmus and I can make it so that never happens again. So even if they take away the red kryptonite you'll still be free. It'll require a slight hairstyle change though."
"Anything to rid of that inspid little mouse."
Kara and Lena decide to market their new invention to the women in the Arrowverse. First stops: DEO and STAR LABS.

CHAPTER 3

Alex paced around the office of the DEO. Kara's depression was making her antsier than ever, and she hated having her focus thrown. Worse yet, with Hank and Winn gone and Brainiac-5 only around sometimes, she had no one to talk out that concern with save her subordinates, and that usually came by yelling. She took a breath of relief when Kara flew in followed by a twinge of puzzlement.

"So you and Lena did...makeovers?"
"Yeah, I love it? Don't you love it? All that time I gave you hell about your little hair poof but it's really changed the game for me. Which reminds me, I got a little something for you. A gift."
"That's...sweet? With what money?"
"Oh you always worry. Lena gave me a new job and an advance. See? You had nothing to worry about as per usual. Try it on." Kara gently stroked the front hairs on Alex's head. Alex raised them up and Kara clipped on the device.

"Now we're bump buddies!" Kara laughed. Alex began humming contentedly.
"What is that feeling?"
"Oh, they're massaging too. Isn't it great?"
"I love this a lot."
"And wait till I show you the best part."
"What's-" Alex began, cut off by Kara incinerating a soldier with her heat vision. Alex's expression shifted, almost to a frown but then to a very twisted smile. "Do it again!" she cheered. Kara complied and incinerated two more soldiers. Both Kara and Alex felt waves of ecstasy wash over them. Alex pulled out her gun. "My turn!" she squeed as she shot two of her soldiers.

What followed was a bloodbath at the DEO, with Alex and Kara mowing down their former army with precision, letting out squeaks, sighs, and occasionally a moan of pleasure. Kara dramatically wafted her long flowing locks in the air. Kara and Alex joined in a sinister laugh that echoed through the chambers.

When the laugh subsided, the sisters let out a contented sigh.
"I needed that," Alex smiled. "But now what?"
"There's a position open at Cadmus," Kara smiled as she increased the size of her poof. Alex nodded but was cut off by a sound which had been going but evaded their notice up until then. The alarm had been tripped during the slaughter.
"More fun?" Kara asked.
"More fun," Alex stated. Footsteps ambled with increasing volume. Maggie Sawyer peered her head in, with at least three other police officers trailing behind her. "Kara, you have any more of those devices?" Kara smiled and passed Alex one. Alex sauntered over to Maggie and wrapped her arm around her, leaning in close. "I see you got my booty call alarm."
"Wait, what?" Maggie asked, clearly startled.
"All this carnage, it's got me hot," Alex breathed, leaning in close and twirling her fingers in Maggie's hair. "And bothered."
"Danvers, this is a cri-" Maggie said, struggling with the words. Alex's eyes were very piercing.
"We can do this later but I have to w-why are you so beautiful? Dammit, Danvers. Work first." By now Alex had a full lock of her hair in her hands. Alex folded the hair back to the center of her temple and with Kara's nod, made a poof. "This is not time for a ma-" Alex stopped her with clicking on the device, securing her poof. Alex laid a passionate kiss on Maggie then grabbed Maggie's gun and shot an officer behind her. Hearing the officer's cries ignited a fire in Maggie she had not felt in some time, and she locked their kiss tighter. Maggie grabbed her gun back then shot the two remaining cops without looking. "I see what you mean now," Maggie cooed, jumping into Alex's arms and reconnecting their kiss. Maggie brought Alex down. "Kara, you're not technically related right? Come and join if you want.

"So what now?" Alex purred, once they had finished.
"Now," Maggie smiled, "I think I'll try my hand at running a mafia. Maybe do some profiling, a little excessive force. Could muscle Roulette into working for me. Mmm. I'm excited just thinking about it. You should join me, Lexi. It's not like Supergirl will stop us. National City could be ours."
"I have a world to conquer," Kara smiled. "Several even. But if you need some extra fires spread don't hesitate to call." Kara flew off, leaving Alex and Maggie sitting alone. Ah, alone time. With new horizons spreading before them.
"I know where there's some whiskey and where Jonn kept his cigars," Alex said. "If we're going to start this, we should do it right. And then we go for round 2."

-------------

Barry was finding himself a few steps slower, and having some difficulty catching back up to Reverse Flash who somehow managed to escape Earth X. Portals were opening everywhere, it seemed, and the multiverse was collapsing in on itself with rapid pace.
"Got another one two blocks down," Cisco reported.
"For the love of-Wally, Jesse, little help?"
"On it like a-ah man, I have no rhyme for on it. Still gotta get these quips down," Wally responded.
"Sonnet? Bonnet?" Jesse offered.
"On it like a - I can't say on it like a bonnet! What does that even mean?"
"We're on it like a bonnet," Jesse said.
"Ah come on," Wally opined.
"Looks like you got a new catchphrase," Barry laughed.
"I do not cosign on this!" Wally responded.
"Who put the bees in Wally's bonnet?" Cisco laughed.
"Not helping!"
"Think we can get shirts made up?" Iris joined in.
This time nothing.
"Did I go too far?" Iris asked.
"404 Wally not responding. Jesse, you got eyes on him?" Cisco asked.
"He ran ahead of me and-" Jesse started then stopped. "Found him. Frozen in a block of ice. Where's Caitlin?"
"Sitting right next to Cisco," Caitlin growled. "God, I've gone fully good for some time now and you still don't trust me." She walked off in a huff.
"So not Frost then," Barry said. "Snart?"
"Died while working with the Legends," Cisco stated.
Jesse noticed a familiar figure floating in front of her.
"Supergirl," she whispered. "Thank God you're here. Wally-"
Supergirl laughed maniacally then zapped Jesse's headset.
"Lost Jesse's feed," Cisco reported.
"Supergirl, what's gotten into you?"
"Ah, Jesse, Jesse, Jesse. I remember the hero's optimism well. A great tool for the young crimefighter. But you're not that young anymore, are you? Everyone treats you like you are but
they underestimate you."
"We need to help Wally!"
Supergirl sighed in pleasure at Jesse's distress. "Wally who rejects your advances and barely
notices you when you're not in your suit? You finally have a captive audience. He doesn't have the
chance to run away."
Jesse growled and threw a punch at Supergirl, who dodged and laughed her off.
"You know, Jesse, if you want to be taken seriously, you need to carry yourself more like an adult."
Supergirl furnished a clip. Jesse attempted to run away; Supergirl froze her feet. "Let's start by
changing your look a little."
----------------------------------------------------------
Wally found the ice melting around him little by little. He noticed Supergirl and Jesse standing in
front of him. But something was...different.
"Oh, thank God you're here," Wally smiled. "If you can finish unfreezing me, we can-"
"I'm gonna stop you there," a voice responded. To his surprise, it was Jesse's. "I've been waiting a
long time to get you back for tearing out my heart." Jesse's hands began speeding. She placed one
in her suit and moved the other towards Wally's chest. "Finally something about you is giving me
pleasure," she sneered as she jabbed her hand into his chest cavity and moaned as she stopped his
heart. She laughed and fixed her bump.
Kara's army increases, and with a little help from some scientists, soon she'll be able to mass produce her device. Luckily she knows just the two...

CHAPTER 4

Felicity adjusted her eyes then grabbed her glasses. The phone had been ringing for some time now. Ollie sighed.

"It's our day in," Oliver said. "I made you a promise to take a breather today and that's exactly what we're going to do."

"Yeah so we might need to rain check on it," Felicity said. "It looks like Barry and the gang have some portal problems."

"He's fast, he can handle it. I am going to go make you some brunch. How does brunch sound?"

"Oh, I love this new Ollie but no, we need to do this."

"Fine, fine."

Felicity picked up and asked, "What's the big hubbub?"

On the other line came Barry.

"It's bad. We're getting overworked here and even with Wally and Jesse, we can't contain everything. You wanna tell Oliver to put on his pants and get over here?"

"Ollie, Barry said-"

"I heard him, I heard him. Well, I guess if it's bad as he says, we'll need to rally your ragtag mod squad."

"Alright! I'll make some calls. Barry, hang tight."

----

Barry attempted a smile. "I'll try. Hey, Wally, Jesse, how's it going over there?"

Jesse responded. "Wally's hurt. I need to bring him back."

Barry grumbled but attempted to maintain his disposition. "Be quick."

"T's my name."

Jesse grinned sadistically then nodded to Supergirl. They zoomed back to the lab, Wally's lifeless body in tow. Iris met them in the hallway and immediately collapsed in tears. Jesse nodded Supergirl onward. Supergirl nodded back then headed in to meet the others. Jesse knelt down and wrapped her arms around Iris. She felt no real sympathy, of course, and Iris's shattered self was bringing back the tingling satisfaction from earlier, but those acting classes paid off nicely. Iris rested her head on Jesse's shoulders and heaved sobs. Jesse didn't appreciate the water and salt on her beautiful costume but she smiled nonetheless. She's making this so easy. Jesse stroked Iris's hair ever so gently, deftly moving a tuft of her front hair into position and locking in the clip, continuing to stroke her hair. Finally Iris spoke, softly.

"Did he scream?"

"Yes."

Iris hummed contentedly into Jesse's shoulder. "How did it sound?"

"He was in a lot of pain, both physically and emotionally. You could hear the betrayal on top of the actual ripping his heart from his chest."

"I wish I could have been there."

"To save him?"

"To hear." Jesse felt Iris tightening her embrace, not in a threatening way but in a throes of ecstasy.
way. "When you do my dad, can you make sure I'm there to hear?"
"Of course."
"Thank you." Jesse was sure Iris's hands had moved downward a bit. She wasn't fighting it. "What was it like? To kill?"
"Like finishing a marathon, the best sex you ever had, and chocolate strawberries afterward."
"Sounds nice." Iris was clearly here for this. "I can't wait to get my first."
"We can make that happen." Jesse's voice grew loud and scared. "Dad!!" Acting lessons for the win again. HR came bolting out the door.
"What is it swe-" he began, but stopped in his tracks after noticing a blade run straight through his side. Iris giggled and twisted the knife, causing HR to collapse with each turn. Iris sang to herself as she continued twisting the knife, then with one dramatic slash grounded the traveler permanently. Iris and Jesse shared a sadistic laugh.
Inside, Caitlin continued to growl to herself. Kara approached her. Kara was getting good at faking empathy to get her way.
"What's wrong?"
"They never stop seeing me as the villain. Yeah, I did some rough things as Killer Frost but I'm so much more than that. And I'm controlling my powers, I really am. And I've used them for good. But no, every time someone is hurt by ice it's where's Caitlin? Even as a joke it's getting old and tired."
"They don't appreciate you."
"Until they need me. Then it's hey, where's Killer Frost? Can you save us with your ice powers? And we're cool for a bit, until some villain uses ice then suddenly none of that matters."
"You worked so, so hard to control the goddess inside you for others, and they don't appreciate it at all."
"No. And you know what the sad part is? The really sick thing?"
"That there's a part of you that really, truly loved being Killer Frost in all her glory, and you feel you're chaining yourself down and making yourself a good girl for people who will only see you as the villain anyway?"
Caitlin hung her head in shame. "Basically."
"No shame in that! Seems a lot of trouble though for no reward. I guess that's what society does to us women though. We have to live for everyone else and god forbid we should enjoy ourselves once in a while. God forbid we ever enjoy our confidence, our sexuality. But actually that's what I wanted to talk to you about. You see this clip?"
"Yeah, I did notice your style was different. Fierce. I kinda love it."
"So this clip was built by my other science friend Lena to help women like you and me get our confidence and be able to stand up for what we want. Because we shouldn't have to cower and deprive ourselves all the time. We were hoping that you and Felicity could help us mass produce these and help yourselves and the women of your universe." Kara handed Caitlin a clip from her pocket. "We had a few made but we feel this could really do good. We're thinking of calling it Social Butterfly."
Caitlin poofed her hair and affixed the clip "Wow, this head massage is really nice and-" She noticed the blonde returning to her hair. She looked in the mirror - not full Frost, but lips and hair. Her blue lips curled up in an evil grin. "I spent so much time fighting this that I didn't realize how good I looked as a blonde."
"I'd hit that," Kara confirmed.
"Hit what?" a voice called from the doorway. It was Felicity, right on cue. Kara and Caitlin smiled then closed the door.
Total Eclipse

Chapter Summary

With Felicity onboard, there may be no stopping the evil that's bound to overtake several realities.

CHAPTER 5

Felicity stretched her legs out and gave a contented sigh, then looked in the mirror and admired herself. She knew that Dinah could pull off the bump but she had no idea how easy it was.

"That feels so much better," she purred. "I feel like I can finally be my full self. And the massage—oh, I love this. So let me get this straight—this clip rewires the neural pathways that would create associations to remorse, guilt, shame, outrage, sympathy, empathy here in the mid-brain and uses the curve of this stylish little bouffant, having the hairs act as conductors to send those signals to the nucleus accumbens or pleasure center here in the front. So anything that would make you feel any sort of bad gives you a searing shot of pleasure instead."

"That seems to be the science of it, yes," Caitlin confirmed. "The massage you feel is a deep rewiring."

"And the rewiring—"

"From what Lena tells me, permanent," Kara responded.

"So no more wimpy damsel in distress good girl," Felicity stated. "We're just going full, unchangeable evil. No turning back, cross the rubicon."

"Yep," Kara answered.

"Rad," Felicity said. "And if you take the clip off at any point?"

"The brain's already started the rewiring work so my guess is it just deactivates all those pesky sympathy signals, but without the pleasure. And the massage is so nice, why would you want to take it off?" Caitlin asked.

"True. So the plan?"

"First we take the heroes, the police, control. We run these cities," Kara stated. "No one will stop us. Then we put these on market, and the women of the city can finally stop being treated like lesser waifs. We take what we want. We kill who we want. We fuck who we want."

"Why don't we start with the last one," Felicity grinned, "then work our way back."

All three laughed evilly as the door closed.

Joe rushed in. His daughter's frantic distress call was almost too much to bear. He saw his daughter, looking down upon their fallen relative. Tears welled in his eyes.

"Oh Iris," he sobbed. "I'm so sorry. I didn't want this life for you. For either of you. I can't bear to
see this. This is awful." Iris opened her arms. Joe ran into them and wailed onto her shoulders. "I can't take this. It's too much. It's too much."

"Aw dad," she whispered into his ears. "You won't have to much longer." She stabbed him in the back. He staggered back to look at her face, glowing with a dark smirk. "Well, maybe a little longer." She grabbed his head and pushed it down to look at Wally. Joe gasped for breath between tears.

"Iris. Baby. Why?"

"Easy," she said. She punctuated each word with more stabs. "I. Just. Wanted. To." Joe collapsed, gasping for air and failing. Iris's laugh grew haughtier. She kicked his body, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a cigar. She lit it and sat on the chair, propping her feet up on her father's lifeless body. Jesse threw Cisco's corpse on the pile then reached out her hand. Iris grabbed another cigar from her father's pocket and passed it to Jesse, who lit and took a satisfied drag.

"It just feels better each time," Iris noted. Jesse blew out and nodded. Barry ran in to see the commotion.

"Do you like it, lover?" Iris cooed. "We have a hub for our very own crime syndicate."

"Iris," Barry pleaded. "This isn't you."

"You don't get to tell me who I am," Iris sneered. "You don't know me like that."

"Yeah," Jesse added. She got up and sashayed over to Barry. She blew a big puff in Barry's face; he coughed it away. She planted a quick kick on him. Barry staggered back and landed at an opening door, where Supergirl and Caitlin were standing. "Oh, thank God," Barry started. "Can you-" Supergirl and Caitlin responded with twin ice blasts that froze Barry to his neck, slowly constricting his airway. Felicity entered through the doorway. Barry gagged out, "Felicity, please-"

Felicity walked over to an empty chair. Iris passed Felicity her cigar. Felicity puffed contentedly and put her hand down her pants pleasuring herself as she watched the air leave Barry's body.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!