it started with a kiss

by falsealarm

Summary

"Now Kara's kissed girls before, well, girl, one girl and it was soft and sweet and gave Kara the gentlest of butterflies but kissing Lena Luthor is like a tidal wave."

Notes

Filled a quartet of kissing prompts for these two on Tumblr and since they were all loosely connected I thought it would nice to put them on AO3 in a chaptered fic. Chapters 1, 3 and 4 are mostly unchanged but chapter 2 was reworked slightly. Enjoy!
(first kiss aka what should’ve happened in 2x03)

“You should stay for a drink.”

Kara’s hovering above the couch, halfway to standing when Lena reaches out to put a hand on her wrist. Her fingers wrap carefully around it in a loose hold and Kara gets a tingle up her arm, sharp but warm.

“You’re not in a rush, are you?” Lena’s voice is practically a purr and Kara can feel the heat of a blush at her neck as she mumbles:

“Oh, I don’t really drink.”

Lena looks a little upset but offhandedly so. Her grip on Kara’s wrist tightens as she uses Kara to help herself stand and Kara has barely enough time to brace her own self lest they fall into each other. Lena pauses when she stands, leans in a little closer and gives Kara an easy smile. “Then just stay and keep me company, I try not to drink alone.”

“Oh,” Kara watches Lena move to a small bar on the opposite wall before sitting back down. She pushes up her glasses, “sure, of course.”

“Do you want a coffee or something? Tea? I could call out for whatever you like.” Lena’s got her back to Kara, placing perfectly cubed ice into a glass in front of her, the gentle clink ringing in Kara’s ears as each cube is settled.

“No, I’m fine, I don’t need anything.”

Kara sees Lena pour an amber liquid into her glass, smells the smoky hint of whiskey in the air, hears the quiet crack of the ice. Lena turns, glass in hand, “you’re sure? Not even a water?”

“No, I’m alright, I promise.”

There’s a certain slink in Lena’s walk as she moves back to the couch. The sway of her hips isn’t overtly seductive but there’s a subtle power in her movements and Kara swallows thickly as Lena takes her seat again, this time a few inches closer to Kara. There’s plenty of space between them still but Kara has settled back onto the couch at an awkward angle, hip pressed into the side of the couch and legs spread a little too wide for the dress she’s wearing. She moves to adjust and Lena’s line of sight immediately drops to Kara’s exposed knees as she closes her legs, shifts her dress.

Lena takes a long drink from her glass and Kara sees a hint of a smile at her lips.

There’s a long pause then, Lena brings her glass to her lap and surveys Kara quietly. When she licks her lips Kara can almost feel herself start to sweat. Her gaze drops straight to her lap where her hands are fidgeting slightly, thumb gently rubbing against the pads of her fingers. It’s not that she’s nervous, it’s just that being alone with Lena Luthor is much different on a small couch in dim light than it was in the bright daylight of her spacious office. Kara didn’t have time to prepare herself, not that she needs to prepare herself because she’s a strong, confident young woman and nothing about Lena Luthor makes her nervous, at all.

“Do I make you nervous, Kara?”
Kara looks up from her hands and tries her best not to look like a deer caught in headlights. “No, I just,” Kara wets her lips, tries not to look at Lena’s and fails miserably. Lena’s smile gets a little wider and Kara feels her ears blush. “Okay, maybe.”

The truth is better than a flimsy lie, especially since Kara is now half convinced that Lena can read her mind. Supergirl might not be easily intimidated but Kara Danvers certainly is and everything about Lena scooting closer to Kara reads as intimidation, well until she lets out a thin laugh, her smile finally crinkling to her eyes. It’s then that Kara’s perfectly steady heartbeat perks up, a heavy thump against her rib cage.

“And why’s that?”

Kara feels the bubble of a giggle escape her throat and then the rambling starts in, full force right out of the gate. “You’re Lena Luthor, billionaire woman of mystery. You’re a global icon,” Kara’s hands move up into some weirdly expressive gesture as if to say, wow, hey, that’s crazy and Lena just continues to smile at her. “You’ve done so much with your life, you’re smart and powerful and beautiful—”

Suddenly there’s pressure at Kara’s knee and when she looks down Lena’s hand is settled on it. Her fingers are a little wet with condensation, cold from the ice in her glass but Kara’s skin feels like it’s on fire. “Flattery will get you everywhere, Kara, but I don’t think that’s the real reason you’re nervous.”

“Oh,” Kara reaches up to adjust her glasses with both hands and Lena chuckles softly.

“Now, I hate to ruin the surprise but I’m all for consent and since you seem especially nervous I’m going to ask this for your sake and for my own.”

Kara simply nods as Lena leans a little closer. Her fingers slide ever so slightly under the hem of Kara’s dress, “would you like me to kiss you?”

Kara feels herself nodding yes before she opens her lips to say anything, a soft hum of a response, “please.”

Lena laughs once, short and breathy, at the politeness of Kara’s answer before she sets her drink on the table beside them and reaches a hand up to Kara’s neck, fingers sliding easily into Kara’s hair. Lena smells like sandalwood, musky and inviting and Kara finds herself meeting Lena halfway as she closes the distance between them.

Now Kara’s kissed girls before, well, girl, one girl and it was soft and sweet and gave Kara the gentlest of butterflies but kissing Lena Luthor is like a tidal wave. A fluttery sort of thing starts in Kara’s stomach but then it shoots out to all her nerve endings at once, like a full body shiver in the best way possible, warm and electric. Lena pulls back before Kara is ready and Kara leans forward to follow after her, stops only when she hears Lena laugh again.

“You’re going to be late for your dinner if you don’t leave soon,” Lena says as Kara finally opens her eyes. She’s back to sipping her whiskey, smirk on her lips. “Dinner,” Kara repeats, brain slowly catching up to the real world again, “with my sister, yes, oh.” Kara looks down at her watch and she’s meant to be back at her apartment in a half hour but she’s flying so she really only needs five minutes. Lena doesn’t know that though, Lena thinks she’s taking the bus which is what normal people do because they can’t fly. “I should get going, yes.”

“Will I see you again, Kara Danvers?” Lena asks as Kara stands, carefully smoothing out the front of
her dress. Lena stands too and leans forward to adjust Kara’s glasses for her, hand brushing against Kara’s cheek as it retreats.

“Yes,” Kara says with a smile, “I’d like that.”
“You were genuinely worried about me, weren’t you?”

“You got shot,” Kara repeats again, nearly spitting out the last word in an effort to get Lena to realize how horrible the idea is. “With a bullet, someone shot you.”

(‘you nearly died’ kiss)

It happens again: a public attack, in broad daylight, in front of a crowd. Kara’s at the DEO with Alex, working on a Cadmus lead and when J’onn comes in to tell her, says the words “Lena Luthor was shot”, Kara’s hands go numb.

She leaves a whirlwind of papers in her wake, weaves her way dangerously in and out of skyscrapers so fast she nearly slams straight into two consecutive billboards. Her descent is a little too fast, the pavement cracking beneath her feet as she lands just next to Lena’s ambulance. Lena’s still conscious, the bullet just a graze to her bicep and she nods to the police officers across the street when she sees Supergirl. The shooter is already in custody; they don’t need her.

“What happened?” The Supergirl suit always puts Kara into a certain state of mind, it’s a uniform after all. When she wears it her posture is impeccable and the timbre of her voice is steady. She is level-headed, calm but the blood dripping down Lena’s arm rattles something loose in Kara’s stomach.

Lena smiles at her then winces as the medic wraps another length of gauze around her arm.

The medic answers first, “it’s only a flesh wound, she’s lucky.”

Lena lifts her arm to give the medic more space to tie off her bandage. “Disgruntled ex-employee,” she adds, almost as an afterthought, as if things like this have happened before.

“You’re sure you’re alright?” Supergirl isn’t needed here but Kara Danvers feels an obligation to stay, to make sure Lena gets home safe.

“The police have it under control.” She’s standing now, wiping dust from the front of her pants and Kara sees her blazer on the floor of the ambulance, spots the bullet hole and clenches her jaw. “I’m sure you’re needed elsewhere. You don’t need to waste any more time here.”

Kara wants to say “it’s not a waste” but Supergirl and Lena Luthor aren’t friendly yet, their interactions have been prompted only by violence and terrorism. Lena Luthor isn’t as comfortable with Supergirl as she is with Kara Danvers and it shows in her body language, guarded but amenable. Alex buzzes into Kara’s ear before she can reply, tells her to come back to the DEO so Kara nods at Lena and turns to an officer behind her. “She needs a police escort home.”

The woman signals to an officer still in his car at the end of the block and he pulls up along the sidewalk, gets out to open the door for Lena.

Lena shakes her head, “fine, but I need to stop by the office first.”
Kara waits until Lena’s in the car before she flies away.

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Lena doesn’t go home. When Kara finds her later she’s still at her office, dictating a memo to her computer and flipping through a series of documents on her tablet.

“Kara,” Lena’s smile is warm, welcoming despite the surprise. “I wasn’t expecting you.”

“Are you okay?” The question tumbles out of Kara’s mouth before she’s ready for it and she brings a hand up to cover her lips, embarrassed by the spill.

Lena looks briefly down to the bandage on her arm before she stands. “Flesh wound, disgruntled ex-employee.” She grabs a file from her desk and walks to the bookshelf to slot it into place alongside its sisters. “Hardly anything worth a story, I’m afraid.”

“Oh,” Kara takes a step forward, waves a hand in protest, “no, I wasn’t, that’s not why I’m here.” Lena almost looks surprised when she turns around, her eyebrow is raised and her smile’s gone a little flat. Kara suddenly feels like she’s overstepped her bounds but she moves to correct anyway, explain. “I just wanted to make sure you were alright.”

Lena’s eyes go a little soft around the edges and suddenly Kara can feel her heartbeat in her stomach. “I’m fine, no harm done.”

“You got shot, Lena.” It sounds a little more helpless than Kara thought it would and Lena takes note.

“You were genuinely worried about me, weren’t you?”

“You got shot,” Kara repeats again, nearly spitting out the last word in an effort to get Lena to realize how horrible the idea is. “With a bullet, someone shot you.”

Lena laughs, “I know how getting shot works, Kara, I was there.” She rounds her desk, leans against the front of it.

“But you don’t sound like you care.” Kara’s getting a little wound up and she can feel her body start to tense. “Do you not care that someone shot at you?”

Lena looks more amused than Kara wants her to. “Of course I care, that blazer was Chanel.” A joke.

“I can’t believe this,” Kara’s hands are fisted at her sides and she’s two seconds away from pacing the room when Lena pushes up from her desk and closes the space between them. She stops just close enough that Kara can smell her perfume again then slides a hand down Kara’s arm, lets her fingers press into the soft flesh of Kara’s wrist in a reassuring squeeze.

“I’m okay, Kara. I promise.”

Kara wasn’t expecting this, honestly hadn’t even expected Lena to be at her office still but now she’s too close, watching Kara with those bright eyes and all Kara wants to do is kiss her again, so she does.

It’s firmer this time, a little hungrier and Kara slides a hand to Lena’s neck to keep her steady. Lena’s grasp on Kara’s wrist tightens and she takes a step forward, pressing into Kara’s front. They’re holding hands by the time they break apart and the grin on Lena’s face is pure delight. Her lipstick is
half-smeared away and Kara realizes where it’s gone when Lena lifts her free hand to brush at Kara’s bottom lip.

“I think this color’s a little too dark for you,” Lena says as she makes a second, slower swipe at Kara’s lip.

Kara chuckles softly, reaches up to carefully wipe at a smudge by Lena’s top lip. “Sorry.”

“Well worth the mess, Miss Danvers,” Lena says as she leans in to kiss Kara again, soft and languorous. Kara feels a fluttering in her stomach and smiles into the kiss just as Lena pulls away. “I’ll just have to keep you in mind when I pick my shade.”
“You have a meeting,” Kara says against Lena’s lips. Lena ignores her, sucks at Kara’s bottom lip, releases it with a gentle pop.

“I’m the boss,” Lena purrs and Kara gets a thrill up her spine, “meetings don’t start without me.”

(kisses because I don’t want you to go and maybe I can convince you to stay just a few minutes longer)

It starts as lunch dates. Harmless lunch dates with light work talk and light flirting where Kara eats her hastily prepared sandwich and Lena eats something that looks fit for royalty (later Kara will eat three more sandwiches and still be hungry). Sometimes it’s in Lena’s office, other times it’s in the park but always it’s close quarters, knees touching, shoulders brushing. If they’re alone, inside with the door closed and locked, there’s a kiss goodbye, sweet usually but hungry always and every time Kara thinks they should do this more often.

More often happens again on a Wednesday, five minutes to 1pm and the goodbye kiss is two minutes in with no immediate end in sight. Lena sighs into Kara’s mouth and Kara fists her hands in Lena’s blouse as they press into each other, the space between them never lasts long anymore.

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“I’m the boss,” Lena purrs and Kara gets a thrill up her spine, “meetings don’t start without me.”

Kara would be remiss to deny the attraction that power holds, especially since it’s what’s afforded them so much time together but with that power comes a busy schedule. It’s not like Lena would be upset with Kara for making her late (because it will be Kara’s fault, Lena always blames Kara) but she will be upset with herself later when things start bumping into each, when they start overlapping.

It’s actually painful to back away from Lena but the pain doesn’t last long because Kara, in all her grace, has forgotten how close they are to the couch so a step backwards becomes a fall backwards. Lena ignores the surprise on Kara’s face, takes the action as an invitation and the kissing starts again in earnest, horizontal on the couch. Lena is hovering over Kara more than she’s pressing but Kara can still feel the weight of her against her breasts, her stomach, her thighs. It’s immediately overwhelming and Kara can feel her palms start to sweat but then Lena’s licking into her mouth and the panic, pointy and cold in her chest, starts to melt away.

The minutes melt away too and when Kara deigns to open her eyes again the clock over Lena’s shoulder reads quarter past 1pm. Lena’s late to her meeting and Kara is soon to be late to a meeting with Snapper. She can already hear his voice in her head, abrasive, annoyed and that jolts Kara back to reality.

She’s got a hand up Lena’s blouse, thumb skirting the underwire of her bra and Lena’s so far up Kara’s skirt that her hand is pressed against the bare skin of Kara’s upper thigh. Kara blushes
immediately, ears and cheeks and neck and probably thigh too because Lena suddenly pulls her hand away, looks up to Kara with a curious smile. “Too much?”

Well it’s not so much curious as it is mischievous because her hand is still hovering against the outside of Kara’s thigh and she looks more than ready to skate it across new skin.

Kara swallows, drops her hand from under Lena’s blouse and adjusts her glasses, wets her lips. “No, it’s just,” Kara winces a little, “you’re fifteen minutes late to your meeting.” Kara’s voice pitches high at the end, like she’s asking a question and it takes Lena a full second to react.

“Shit.” She’s up off Kara and moving quick, tucking and re-tucking and smoothing and Kara watches her speed around the office, checking her lipstick in the mirror, wiping it away, re-applying it. She’s back to pristine in under a minute and Kara is still lying on the couch, disheveled and a little breathless, with her skirt hiked up to her waist.

Lena looks proud of herself as Kara scrambles to cover up, standing to readjust basically every bit of her wardrobe. “I should get going,” Kara says as she pushes her glasses up her nose.

“This was fun.” Lena’s walking towards the door but she’s got her eyes on Kara. “Next time let’s free up our schedules a little more.” A wink follows, sly and quick, as Lena finally opens the door.

Kara’s smile is shy but her softer parts are screaming, hot and wanting, and Kara can still feel the ghost of Lena’s hand on her thigh. The blush creeps again. “Definitely.”
a little more skin

Chapter Summary

The cup is warm in her hands and the coffee itself is warmer, hot actually, way too hot and Kara doesn’t exactly spit it out but half her sip does end up on her shirt.

(hungry kisses on every bit of newly visible skin as clothing is slowly peeled away)

Lena’s apartment is the lap of modern luxury. Clean lines and a monochromatic palette interspersed with splashes of vibrant artwork, fluid and sensual against their surroundings. It’s not an uncomfortable space, there’s a fire burning and the fabric of the couch is soft, welcoming against Kara’s hands but Kara’s never been here before and everything is so uniquely Lena that it’s distracting. Lena’s in the kitchen, busy with an extravagant machine she swears is a coffee maker and Kara’s sitting quietly on the couch, watching the flicker of firelight bounce off the marble around it.

She’s here for business, an article that needs clarification before publication, a few quotes, bullet points to confirm. They’d started in Lena’s office late into the afternoon and around hour two (an hour longer than Kara had planned to stay) Lena had suggested a change of location. Kara thought they would end up at dinner or a martini bar but instead Lena’s car had pulled up to a shining glass tower of a building and Lena had brought Kara up to the penthouse suite, to her apartment.

“One moment more,” Lena calls and Kara turns to find her fiddling with two cups, pouring in steamed milk with an elegant hand.

After another minute or so Lena’s walking to the couch with careful steps, a cup in each hand and Kara scoots forward a little as Lena sets their drinks on the coffee table. The cups are filled to the brim and Lena, of course, has managed the latte art of a professional barista.

Kara’s almost afraid to touch her cup. “That’s amazing.”

“Months of practice, I assure you,” Lena answers with a smile that crinkles at her eyes. She’s got her cup in her lap, a flat hand under the saucer and fingers loose at the stem, cradling rather than drinking. “So, Miss Danvers, what have we left to discuss?”

“Oh!” Kara’s posture immediately rights itself, back straight, shoulders back and she reaches into her bag to pull out her reporter’s pad. She flips a couple pages in then pulls her pen from the binding, there are really only two more things to go over, both of which, Kara realizes now, could be answered with a simple yes or no. Kara feels a jolt of nervous energy in her stomach at the thought, twitchy and electric, and instinctively she reaches for her coffee, takes a sip hoping the warmth will settle her. The cup is warm in her hands and the coffee itself is warmer, hot actually, way too hot and Kara doesn’t exactly spit it out but half her sip does end up on her shirt.

It doesn’t hurt, the temperature was more of a surprise than anything, but Lena’s face goes from serene to apologetic and concerned in a millisecond. “Oh I should’ve-,” she stops mid-sentence, abandons her cup on the table and rushes into the kitchen to grab a rag. Kara sets her cup on her table and stands slowly, untucking her blouse and pulling it out to cradle whatever remaining liquid hasn’t seeped into her shirt.
Lena’s back with the rag and presses it with nervous hands to the puddle of coffee, soaking it up carefully. Kara feels like an idiot, can sense the tingling edges of a blush at her ears, her cheeks and she ducks eye contact, takes the rag from Lena’s hands. “Bathroom?”

“Oh,” Lena turns, lets her hands fall from Kara’s shirt and points around the corner, “first door on the left.”

Kara’s off like a shot, closes the bathroom door quickly behind her and presses her back against it, the rag and her wet shirt to her stomach. She leans her head back too, closes her eyes and breathes out hot and heavy into the cool bathroom air. The nervous energy in her stomach has only amplified, is squirming around, batting at the rest of her internal organs. Her heartbeat is loud and quick in her ears.

Being alone with Lena is nothing new, Kara’s long been used to that but alone takes a whole new meaning in the privacy of Lena’s home. It was the sudden intimacy that surprised her: the firelight, the domesticity of Lena making her coffee. Truly not much but enough to startle Kara, to encourage a small dust up of anxiety.

Breathing out once more Kara pushes up from the door and moves to the sink, wets her rag and begins to tend to her shirt. The water doesn’t help at all and wiping at it just emboldens the stain, the bloom spreading with each pass of the cloth. Kara’s blouse is more coffee stain than blouse now and she’s three buttons into taking it off for a better chance at cleaning it when she hears a creak at the door. Lena’s poking her head in cautiously, looking more curious than apologetic now. Her eyes are still soft but they’re not so subtly focused on Kara’s hands, stilled at her chest.

Kara gulps as discreetly as the can manage, smiles awkwardly, “I made it worse.”

“It seems so,” Lena’s eyes flick down to the stain and her eyes narrow, the semblance of an idea creeping in. “Would you like something to change into?”

“Oh,” Kara looks down to her shirt, feels the cool weight of wet fabric against her skin, “that would be great.”

“Let’s go upstairs,” Lena says as she opens the door a little further. She offers Kara an outstretched hand and Kara takes it with little hesitance, interlocks their fingers. Lena leads her back through the living room then up the stairs and Kara’s heart rate climbs with each step they take.

The whole right side of the room is floor to ceiling windows and Kara can see the lights of the city, bright against the darkening sky. It calms her for a moment, reminds her of flying, the serenity of a sunset, the twinkling of streetlights below but then Lena tugs at her hand and Kara turns to see Lena’s bed. It’s a behemoth of luxurious bedding and Kara feels her throat go dry, her palms sweat. Lena avoids the bed though, guides Kara around it and they stop at an open doorway. Kara peers inside to find racks of clothes, one beautifully organized row after another. Lena’s hand slips from Kara’s grasp and she moves along the racks, fingerling fabrics as she goes. She pulls a shirt from a far rack, a soft blue that Kara’s only seen her wear once before, remembers the feel of it fisted in her hands and blushes.

“How’s this?”

Kara nods, wets her lips. “It’s beautiful, thank you.” Kara goes to reach for the shirt but Lena pulls it back just out of her reach, hangs it up on a hook by the doorway.

“First,” Lena says as she turns back to Kara, taking a step forward, “we need to get you out of this one.”
Her hands are already at Kara’s blouse, guiding ghostly from the hem then up across Kara’s chest to
the button she left off on. Kara gulps and Lena just smiles, undoes the button and slides a flat hand
against Kara’s chest, pushing the shirt back to expose a little more skin. She leans in slow, presses a
gentle kiss to the top of Kara’s breast and Kara feels a fluttering in her stomach followed by an
unmistakable wanton heat. The next button pops free and Lena’s lips trail it, over the hem of Kara’s
bra, down the plane of her stomach, each button revealing just a little bit more skin for Lena to kiss.
At the last button Lena’s bent at the waist, lips to the space just above the button of Kara’s pants and
she lingers, lets her fingers skim along Kara’s waistband. Lena’s hands slowly move up and her lips
follow them again from navel to collarbone as she slowly helps Kara out of her shirt.

The shirt falls to the floor and Lena’s hands press into the soft flesh of Kara’s back, pulling her in a
little closer as Lena noses up her neck just high enough to tongue Kara’s earlobe, quick and wet.
Kara shudders audibly and she can feel Lena smile against the skin of her cheek as she leans back
just enough to whisper, “I’ll leave you to change, Miss Danvers.”

Then she’s heading for the stairs and Kara watches with heavily lidded eyes as she disappears down
them. Kara swallows thickly, blinks once, twice. This night might be more trouble than her article is
worth.

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